Golden Thread

5.

# To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
Was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
with Nature, to out-do the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse, as he has hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

# To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a ſtrife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in braſſe, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then ſurpaſſe
All, that was euer writ in braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

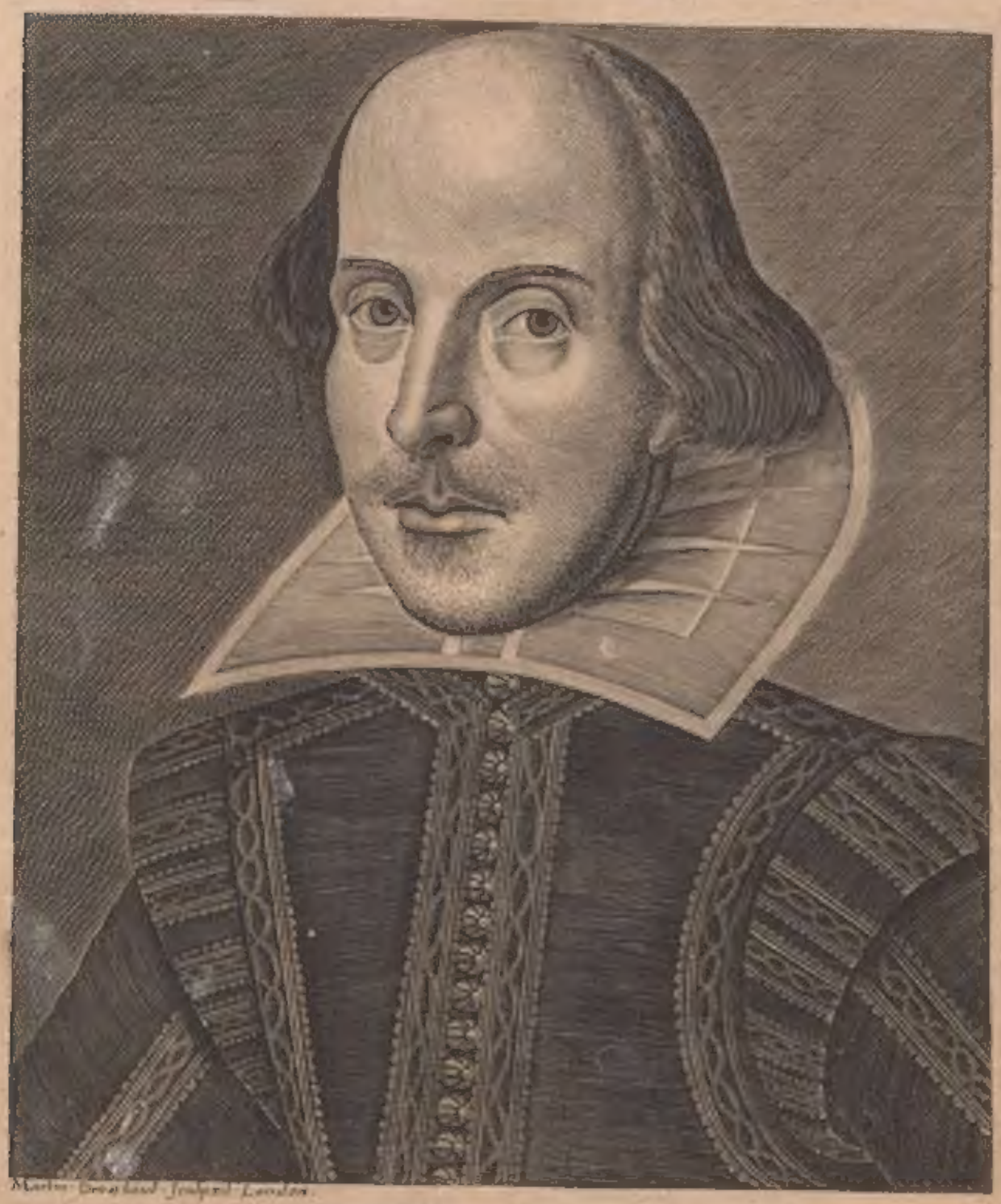
B. I.

Mr. WILLIAM

# SHAKESPEARES

## COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



*LONDON*

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

# TO THE MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM

Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the *Kings most Excellent Maiesty.*

AND

PHILIP

Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good LORDS.

Right Honourable,

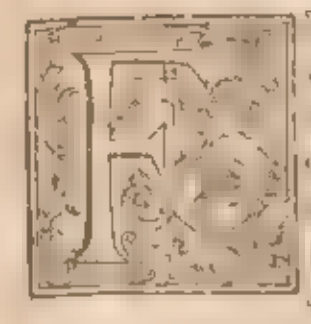
WHilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L we are faine vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know them dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore: and haue prosequuted both them, and their Authour liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done

*vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, ſo much were your L. L. likings of the ſeuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were publiſhed, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of ſelfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of ſo worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our* SHAKESPEARE, *by humble offer of his playes, to your moſt noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iuſtly obſerued, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addreſſe; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Preſenters, to make the preſent worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we muſt alſo craue our abilities to be conſiderd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the moſt, though meaneſt, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H. H. theſe remaines of your ſeruant* Shakeſpeare; *that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre ſo carefull to ſhew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is*

**Your Lordſhippes moſt bounden,**

**IOHN HEMINGE.**
**HENRY CONDELL.**

*To the great Variety of Readers.*



Reader, more than welcome, for I can scarce tell whether I should style thee Gentle, or Ingenious, or Judicious, or Learned, or Honourable, or Christian, or by all these attributes, because I suppose thou art endued with them all, or the most of them, at least I am sure I have so found thee, and therefore have presumed to entitle thee by them all. Now, whether I have done thee right herein or no, I am not to be judged by my self, but by thee, for I have done it to please thee, and if I have not done it to thy liking, I am sure I have done it against my own. Thou art the Mirror of my Muse, the Patron of my Pains, the Life of my Labours, the Grace of my Writings, the Crown of my Glory, and the Honour of my Name; and therefore I am sure thou wilt not envy me the Encomiums which I have given thee, since they are all due unto thee. Thou art the Life that animates my Lines, the Spirit that inspires my Soul, the Genius that guides my Pen, the Hand that leads my Thoughts, the Judgment that governs my Fancy, the Wit that sharpens my Conceits, the Memory that records my Notions, the Reason that rectifies my Opinions, the Eye that observes my Errors, the Ear that listens to my Censures, the Tongue that speaks my Mind, the Heart that loves my Friends, and the Soul that animates my whole Body. Thou art the Touchstone that tries my Gold, the Balance that weighs my Words, the Rule that squares my Actions, the Square that proportions my Figures, the Line that directs my Courses, the Card that points my Way, the Compass that bounds my Travels, the Port that receives my Wearied Muse, and the Haven that entertains my Tired Thoughts. Thou art the Object of my Love, the Subject of my Labours, the Mistress of my Affections, the Life of my Delights, the Joy of my Heart, the Crown of my Head, the Darling of my Eyes, the Apple of my Eye, the Treasure of my Soul, and the Saint of my Devotion. Thou art the Theme of my Praises, the Argument of my Verses, the Matter of my Poems, the Subject of my Songs, the Burden of my Ballads, the Life of my Rhymes, the Grace of my Numbers, the Air of my Tunes, the Ear of my Auditors, the Delight of my Readers, the Pleasure of my Hearers, the Content of my Friends, the Credit of my Profession, the Honour of my Country, the Glory of my Nation, the Wonder of Strangers, the Admiration of Beholders, the Envy of Rivals, the Scorn of Detractors, the Contempt of Slanderers, the Reproach of Backbiters, the Shame of Calumniators, the Confusion of Impudent Persons, the Disgrace of Malicious Tongues, the Vexation of Envious Minds, the Torment of Malevolent Spirits, the Plague of Ignorant Souls, the Curse of Barbarous Natures, and the Hell of Wicked Consciences. Thou art the Reward of my Pains, the Recompence of my Labours, the Requital of my Studies, the Satisfaction of my Endeavours, the Contentment of my Desires, the Accomplishment of my Hopes, the Fruition of my Wishes, the Possession of my Thoughts, the Enjoyment of my Affections, the Life of my Delights, the Joy of my Heart, the Crown of my Head, the Darling of my Eyes, the Apple of my Eye, the Treasure of my Soul, and the Saint of my Devotion. Thou art the Theme of my Praises, the Argument of my Verses, the Matter of my Poems, the Subject of my Songs, the Burden of my Ballads, the Life of my Rhymes, the Grace of my Numbers, the Air of my Tunes, the Ear of my Auditors, the Delight of my Readers, the Pleasure of my Hearers, the Content of my Friends, the Credit of my Profession, the Honour of my Country, the Glory of my Nation, the Wonder of Strangers, the Admiration of Beholders, the Envy of Rivals, the Scorn of Detractors, the Contempt of Slanderers, the Reproach of Backbiters, the Shame of Calumniators, the Confusion of Impudent Persons, the Disgrace of Malicious Tongues, the Vexation of Envious Minds, the Torment of Malevolent Spirits, the Plague of Ignorant Souls, the Curse of Barbarous Natures, and the Hell of Wicked Consciences.

Behold Reader, we contemn, worthily, to be esteemed the Author's Client, who dedicates his Book to his Patron, for Gain, or Reward, or Preferment, or Favour, or Credit, or Honour, or Glory, or Fame, or Applause, or Love, or Affection, or Friendship, or Kindness, or Courtesy, or Civility, or Humanity, or Gentleness, or Meekness, or Patience, or Temperance, or Chastity, or Modesty, or Sobriety, or Discretion, or Wisdom, or Knowledge, or Learning, or Judgment, or Understanding, or Reason, or Memory, or Invention, or Fancy, or Wit, or Eloquence, or Rhetoric, or Poetry, or Music, or Mirth, or Pleasure, or Delight, or Joy, or Comfort, or Consolation, or Ease, or Quiet, or Peace, or Rest, or Sleep, or Death, or Life, or Heaven, or Hell, or Purgatory, or Limbo, or Paradise, or Elysium, or Tartarus, or Erebus, or Styx, or Acheron, or Phlegethon, or Cocytus, or Lethe, or Avernus, or Stygian Lake, or Fiery Lake, or Brimstone Lake, or Pool of Fire, or Pool of Brimstone, or Pool of Hell, or Pool of Damnation, or Pool of Perdition, or Pool of Destruction, or Pool of Ruin, or Pool of Misery, or Pool of Torment, or Pool of Anguish, or Pool of Grief, or Pool of Sorrow, or Pool of Woe, or Pool of Lamentation, or Pool of Mourning, or Pool of Weeping, or Pool of Crying, or Pool of Howling, or Pool of Gnashing of Teeth, or Pool of Wailing, or Pool of Groaning, or Pool of Sighing, or Pool of Sobbing, or Pool of Tears, or Pool of Blood, or Pool of Water

Collins Transit

# To the memory of my beloued,
## The AVTHOR
### Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:
### AND
### what he hath left vs.

[illegible]

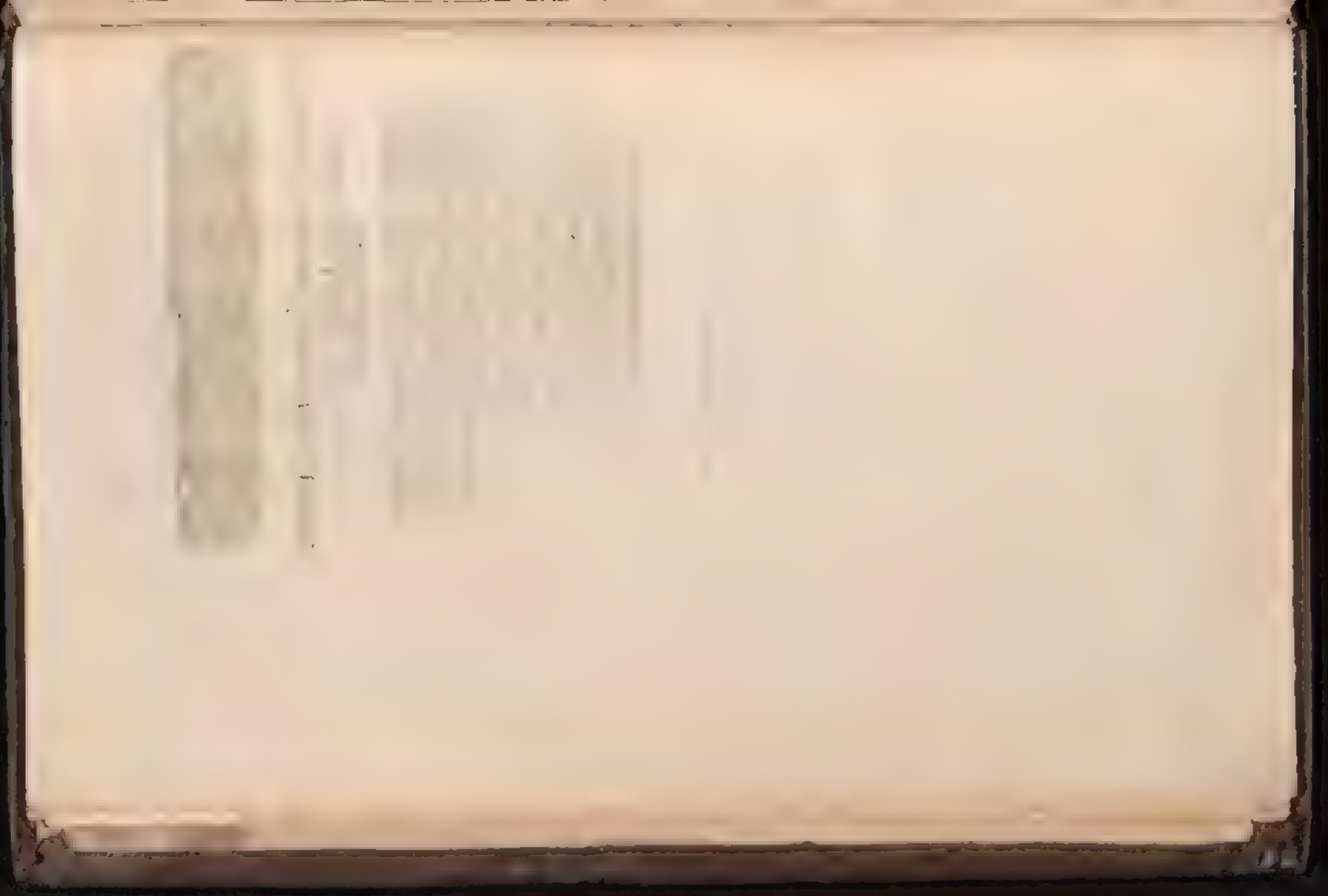
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
  Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come,
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to show
  To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
  And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warme
  Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
  And joy'ed to weare the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
  As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
  Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please
But antiquated, and deserted lye
  As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
  My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
  His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
  (such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anvile: turne the same,
  (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame
Or for the stage, or to the curious, come,
  To make a Poem eternall, as becomes
Thy learned Poets made as well as borne.
And such wert thou! Looke how the fathers face
  Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeares mind, and manners brightly shines
  In his well turned, and true filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
  As brandish't at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
  To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
  That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
  Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
  Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage,
Which, since thy flight fro hence, hath mourn'd like night,
  And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.

# Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THose hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* braue; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Thespian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phœbus* clouds his rayes
That corpes, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All those he made, would scarse make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring house) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went soone about,
The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

*HVGH HOLLAND.*



# A CATALOGVE

of the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tra-
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# TO THE MEMORIE

## of the deceased Author: Master W. Shakespeare.

[illegible]

L. D[illegible].

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## To the memorie of M. W. Shak-speare.

[illegible]

I. M

Galileo Thermal

# The Workes of William Shakespeare,

containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first ORIGINALL.

## The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

William Shakespeare.

Richard Burbadge.

John Hemmings.

Augustine Phillips

William Kempt.

Thomas Poope.

George Bryan.

Henry Condell.

William Slye.

Richard Cowly.

John Lowine.

Samuell Crosse.

Alexander Cooke.

Samuell Gilburne.

Robert Armin.

William Ostler.

Nathan Field.

John Underwood

Nicholas Tooley.

William Ecclestone

Joseph Taylor.

Robert Benfield.

Robert Gough.

Richard Robinson.

John Shancke

John Rice.

# THE TEMPEST.

## Actus primus, Scena prima.

*A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard. Enter a Ship-master, and a Boat-swaine*

*Master*

Boat-swaine.

*Boats.* Here Master. What cheere?

*Mast.* Good, speake to th'Mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestirre, bestirre *Exit.*

*Enter Mariners*

*Boats.* Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts. yare, yare. Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th'Masters whistle. Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.*

*Alon.* Good Boatswaine haue care. Where's the Master? Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now keepe below.

*Anth.* Where is the Master Boson?

*Boats.* Do you not heare him? You marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

*Gonz.* Nay, good be patient.

*Boats.* When the Sea is heere, what cares these roarers for the name of King? To Cabine, silence: trouble vs not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboord.

*Boats.* None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thankes you haue liu'd so long, and make your readie cabine in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say. *Exit.*

*Gon.* I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes. stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

*Enter Boatswaine.*

*Boats.* Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague——

*A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*

vpon this howling: they are louder then the weather or our office. Yet againe? What do you heere? Shall we giue ore and drowne? Haue you a mind to sinke?

*Seba.* A pox o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

*Boats.* Worke you then.

*Anth.* Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drowned then thou art.

*Gonz.* I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanched wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a hold a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

*Enter Mariners wet*

*Mari.* All lost, to prayers to prayers, all lost.

*Boats.* What must our mouths be cold?

*Gonz.* The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

*Seba.* I am out of patience

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou might'st lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

*Gonz.* He'le be hang'd yet,

Though euery drop of water sweare against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him. *A confused noyse within.*
Mercy on vs.
We split, we split, Farewell my wife and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

*Ant.* Let's all sinke with' King

*Seb.* Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

*Gonz.* Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground. Long heath, Browne furres, any thing. the wills aboue be done, but I would fain dye a dry death. *Exit.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Mira.* If by your Art (my dearest father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Roare, allay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces. O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I bynature God of power, I would
Haue funcke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
The freighting Soules within her.
*Prof.* Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your piteous heart
there's no harme done.
*Mira.* O woe the day.
*Prof.* No harme
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
*Mira.* More to know
Did neuer meddle with my thoughts.
*Prof.* 'Tis time
I should informe thee further: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me. So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touches
The very vertue of compassion in thee
I haue with verie prouidence vsed the Act
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sinke. Sit
For thou must now know further.
*Mira.* You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootelesse inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.
*Prof.* The hour's now come
The very minute bids thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiue. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I do not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.
*Mira.* Certainly Sir, I can.
*Prof.* By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
*Mira.* 'Tis farre off
And rather like a dreame then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Foure, or fiue women once, that tended me?
*Pro.* Thou had'st; and more *Miranda*. But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou else
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
If thou remembrest ought ere thou came'st here,
How thou came'st here thou mayst.
*Mira.* But that I doe not.
*Prof.* Twelue yeere since (*Miranda*) twelue yeere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power.
*Mira.* Sir, are not you my Father?
*Prof.* Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said, thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his only heire,
And Princesse no worse issued.
*Mira.* O the heauens,
What foule play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?
*Prof.* Both, both my Girle,
By foule-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.
*Mira.* O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;
*Prof.* My brother and thy vncle, call'd *Antonio*
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncle
(Dost thou attend me?)
*Mira.* Sir, most heedefully.
*Prof.* Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
How to deny them, who t'aduance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new formed 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th' State
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckes fresh verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not?
*Mira.* O good Sir, I doe.
*Prof.* I pray thee marke me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being so retir'd
O're-prized all popular rate, my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in proportion, as great
As my trust was: which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not only with what my reuenew yeelded,
But what my power might else exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memorie
To credit his owne lie, he did beleeue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th'outward face of Royaltie
With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare?
*Mira.* Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.
*Prof.* To haue no Screene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*. Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall royalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(So dry he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping
*Mira.* Oh the heauens!
*Prof.* Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
*Mira.* I should sinne
To thinke but Nobly of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.
*Pro.* Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and i'th' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.
*Mir.* Alack, for pitty!
I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.
*Pro.* Heare a little further.
And then I'le bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
*Mir.* Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy vs?
*Pro.* Well demanded wench:
My Tale prouokes that question. Deare they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloody on the businesse: but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs aboord a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast: the very rats
Instinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyst vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roares to vs; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back againe
Did vs but louing wrong.
*Mir.* Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
*Pro.* O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preserue me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck't the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which raised in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should ensue.
*Mir.* How came we a shore?
*Pro.* By prouidence diuine,
Some food we had, and some fresh water that
A noble *Neapolitan*, one
Out of his Charity (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs and necessaries
Which since haue steeded much: so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes: he furnish'd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.
*Mir.* Would I might
But euer see that man.
*Pro.* Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this Iland we arriu'd, and here
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Than other Princesse can, that haue more time
For vainer hours, and Tutors, not so careful.
*Mir.* Heauens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind; your reason
For raising this Sea-storme?
*Pro.* Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
I find my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A most auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will euer after droope. Here cease more questions,
Thou art inclin'd to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not choose.
Come away, Seruant, come: I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come *Enter Ariel.*
*Ar.* All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,
To swim, to diue into the fire, to ride
On the curled clowds: to thy strong bidding, task
*Ariel*, and all his Qualitie.
*Pro.* Hast thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.
*Ar.* To euery Article.
I boorded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Deake, euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'ld diuide
And burne in many places, on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-sprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. Ioues Lightnings, the precursors
O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea his dread Trident shake.
*Pro.* My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not so much as moue?
*Ar.* Not a soule
But felt a feauer of the madde, and play'd
Some tricke of desperation. All but Mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessell,
Then all a fire with me: the King's sonne *Ferdinand*
With hayre vp-staring (then like reeds, not hayre)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are here.
*Pro.* Why that's my spirit!
But was not this nye shore?
*Ar.* Close by, my Master.
*Pro.* But are they *Ariel*, safe?
*Ar.* Not a haire perished.
On the contrary, their garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I haue dispersed them 'bout the Isle.
The King's sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.
*Pro.* Of the Kings ship,
The Mariners say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?
*Ar.* Safely in harbour
Is the Kings ship: in the deepe Nooke where once
Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid,
The Mariners all vnder hatches stowed,
Who with a Charme ioyn'd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleepe: and for the rest o'th' Fleete

(Whil'st I dispers'd, they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Naples*
Supposing that they saw the King ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.
*Pro. Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is performd, but there's more worke
What is the time o'th day?
*Ar.* Past the mid season.
*Pro.* At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most precious.
*Ar.* Is there more toyle? Since you haue giuen me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
*Pro.* How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
*Ar.* My Liberty.
*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more:
*Ar.* I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, seru'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou did promise
To bate me a full yeare.
*Pro.* Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
*Pro.* Thou do'st, & think'st it much to tread ooze
Of the salt deepe,
To run vpon the sharpe wind of the North,
To do me businesse in the veines o'th Earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
*Ar.* I do not Sir.
*Pro.* Thou lyest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The foule Witch *Sycorax* who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?
*Ar.* No Sir.
*Pro.* Thou hast: where was she borne? speak, tell me:
*Ar.* Sir, in *Argier*.
*Pro.* Oh, was she so? I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir
*Pro.* This blew-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the Saylors: thou my slaue, as such,
As thou report'st thy selfe was the Instrument,
And for thou was't a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By help of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmitigable rage,
Into a cloue'n Pine, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou did'st vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike. Then was this Island,
Saue for the son, that she did litter here,
A freckled whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.
*Ar.* Yes *Caliban* her sonne.
*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in seruice: thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in: thy groanes
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
*Ar.* I thanke thee Master.
*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.
*Ar.* Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spriting, gently.
*Pro* Do so: and after two dayes
I will discharge thee.
*Ar.* That's my noble Master:
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?
*Pro.* Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euery eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
*Pro.* Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.
*Mir* The strangenes of your story, put
Heauinesse in me.
*Pro* Shake it off. Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answere.
*Mir* 'Tis a villaine Sir, I do not loue to looke on.
*Pro.* But as 'tis
We cannot miss him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serues in offices
That profit vs. What ho! slaue! *Caliban*:
Thou earth, thou speake.
*Cal.* (within) There's wood enough within.
*Pro.* Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-*
Fine apparition: my quaint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.
*Ar.* My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*
*Pro.* Thou poysonous slaue, got by the deuill himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
*Cal.* As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.
*Pro.* For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
*Cal* I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou strok'st me, & made much of me: would'st giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which first was mine owne King: and here you sty me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you do keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island.

*Pro.* Thou

*Pro.* Thou most lying slaue
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnesse. I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.
*Cal.* Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopled else
This Ile with *Calibans*
*Mira.* Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodnesse will not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took paines to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (sauage)
Know thine owne meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Though thou didst learne) had that in't, which good Natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deseruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who deseru'st
Deseru'st more then a prison.
*Cal.* You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language.
*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch vs wood, and bee quick (thou'rt best
To answer other businesse. Shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'st, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Cramps,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee roare,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.
*Cal.* No, pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such power,
It would controll my Dam goddesse *Setebos*,
And make a vassaile of him.
*Pro.* So slaue, hence.

*Exit Caliban.*

*Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel, inuisible playing and singing.*

*Ariel* Song. *Come vnto these yellow sands,*
*And then take hands:*
*Curtsied when you haue, and kist*
*The wilde waues whist:*
*Foote it featly here, and there, and sweet Sprites beare*
*the burthen.* (*Burthen dispersedly.*)
*Hark, hark, bowgh wawgh the watch-dogges barke,*
*bowgh wawgh.*
*Ar. Hark, hark, I heare the strayne of strutting Chanticlere*
*Cry Cocke-a-diddle-dowe.*
*Fer.* Where should this Musicke be? I'th'ayre, or th'earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God o'th'Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.
*Ariel* Song. *Full fathom fiue thy Father lies,*
*Of his bones are Corrall made:*
*Those are pearles that were his eyes,*
*Nothing of him that doth fade,*
*But doth suffer a Sea-change*
*Into something rich & strange*
*Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell*
*Burthen ding dong.*
*Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.*
*Fer.* The Ditty do's remember my drowned father,
This is no mortall businesse, nor do sound

That the earth owes. I heare it now aboue me.
*Pro.* The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And say what thou seest yond.
*Mira.* What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about. Beleeue me Sir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.
*Pro.* No wench, it eats, and sleepes, & hath such senses
As we haue, such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but he's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) you might call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strayes about to find 'em.
*Mira.* I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble.
*Pro.* It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
*Fer.* Most sure the Goddesse
On whom these aires attend. Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me here. My prime request
(Which I do last pronounce, is (O you wonder!)
If you be Maid, or no?
*Mira.* No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Maid.
*Fer.* My Language? Heauens!
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
*Pro.* How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples*. He do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weep: my selfe am *Naples*,
Who with mine eyes, neu'r since at ebbe, beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
*Mira.* Alacke, for mercy.
*Fer.* Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue Sonne, being twaine.
*Pro.* The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more braue Daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes. Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong. A word.
*Mira.* Why speakes my Father so vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pitty mooue my father
To be inclin'd my way.
*Fer.* O if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.
*Pro.* Soft Sir, one word more.
They are both in either eyes powres: But this swift businesse
I must vneasie make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more, I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou do'st here vsurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
*Fer.* No, as I am a man.
*Mira.* There's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will striue to dwell with't.
*Pro.* Follow me.

*Prof.* Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water ſhalt thou drinke: thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brooke Muſſels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.
*Fer.* No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
*He draws, and is charmed from moving*
*Mira.* O deere Father,
Make not too raſh a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.
*Prof.* What I ſay,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy ſword vp Traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: Come, from thence,
For I can heere diſarme thee with this ſticke,
And make thy weapon drop.
*Mira.* Beſeech you father.
*Prof.* Hence: hang not on my garments.
*Mira.* Sir haue pity,
Ile be his ſurety.
*Prof.* Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh:
Thou think'ſt there is no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Having ſeene but him and *Caliban:*) Foolliſh wench,
To th'moſt of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
*Mira.* My affections
Are then moſt humble: I haue no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
*Prof.* Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe,
And haue no vigour in them.
*Fer.* So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers loſſe, the weakneſſe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am ſubdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners elſe o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vſe of: ſpace enough
Haue I in ſuch a priſon.
*Prof.* It workes: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me,
Harke what thou elſe ſhalt do mee
*Mira.* Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by ſpeech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.
*Prof.* Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
*Ariell.* To th'ſyllable.
*Prof.* Come follow: ſpeake not for him. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.*

*Gonz.* Beſeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cauſe,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſſe; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, ſome Saylors wife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iuſt our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preſeruation) few in millions
Can ſpeake like vs: then wiſely (good Sir) weigh
Our ſorrow, with our comfort.
*Alonſ.* Prethee peace.
*Seb.* He receiues comfort like cold porredge.
*Ant.* The Viſitor will not giue him o're ſo.
*Seb.* Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will ſtrike.
*Gon.* Sir.
*Seb.* One: Tell.
*Gon.* When euery greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.
*Seb.* A dollor.
*Gon.* Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue ſpoken truer then you purpos'd.
*Seb.* You haue taken it wiſelier then I meant you ſhould.
*Gon.* Therefore my Lord.
*Ant.* Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue.
*Alon* I pre-thee ſpare.
*Gon.* Well, I haue done: But yet
*Seb.* He will be talking.
*Ant.* Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
Firſt begins to crow?
*Seb.* The old Cocke.
*Ant.* The Cockrell.
*Seb.* Done: The wager?
*Ant.* A Laughter.
*Seb.* A match.
*Adr.* Though this Iſland ſeeme to be deſert.
*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha.
*Ant.* So: you're paid.
*Adr.* Vninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.
*Seb* Yet
*Adr.* Yet
*Ant.* He could not miſſe't.
*Adr.* It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
*Ant. Temperance* was a delicate wench.
*Seb.* I, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliuer'd.
*Adr.* The ayre breathes vpon vs here moſt ſweetly.
*Seb.* As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
*Gon.* Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.
*Ant.* True, ſaue meanes to liue.
*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.
*Gon.* How luſh and luſty the graſſe lookes? How greene?
*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.
*Seb.* With an eye of greene in't.
*Ant.* He miſſes not much.
*Seb.* No: he doth but miſtake the truth totally.
*Gon.* But the rarety of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit.
*Seb.* As many vouch't rarieties are.
*Gon.* That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſſe and gloſſes, being rather new dy'de then ſtain'd with ſalte
[redacted]
*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could ſpeake, would it not ſay he lyes?
*Seb.* I, or very falſely pocket vp his report.

*Gon.*

*Gon.* Me thinkes our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

*Seb.* 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our returne.

*Adri.* *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with ſuch a Paragon to their Queene.

*Gon.* Not ſince widdow *Dido's* time.

*Ant.* Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido!*

*Seb.* What if he had ſaid Widdower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

*Adri.* Widdow *Dido* ſaid you? You make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

*Gon.* This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

*Adri.* *Carthage?* *Gon.* I aſſure you *Carthage*.

*Ant.* His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

*Ant.* What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

*Seb.* I thinke hee will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and giue it his ſonne for an Apple.

*Ant.* And ſowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

*Gon.* I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeeme now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

*Ant.* And the rareſt that ere came there.

*Seb.* Bate (I beſeech you) widdow *Dido*.

*Ant.* O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

*Gon.* Is not Sir my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I meane in a ſort.

*Ant.* That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

*Alon.* You cram theſe words into mine eares, againſt the ſtomacke of my ſenſe: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For comming thence My ſonne is loſt, and (in my rate) ſhe too, Who is ſo farre from *Italy* removed, I ne're againe ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heire Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what ſtrange fiſh Hath made his meale on thee?

*Fran.* Sir he may liue, I ſaw him beate the ſurges vnder him, And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water Whoſe enmity he flung aſide: and breſted The ſurge moſt ſwolne that met him: his bold head 'Bone the contentious waues he kept, and oared Himſelfe with his good armes in luſty ſtroke To th'ſhore; that ore his waue-worne baſis bowed As ſtooping to releeue him: I not doubt He came aliue to Land.

*Alon.* No, no, hee's gone.

*Seb.* Sir you may thank your ſelfe for this great loſſe, That would not bleſſe our Europe with your daughter, But rather looſe her to an Affrican, Where ſhe at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye, Who hath cauſe to wet the greeſe on't.

*Alon.* Pre-thee peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwiſe By all of vs: and the faire ſoule her ſelfe Weigh'd betweene loathneſſe, and obedience, at Which end o'th'beame ſhould bow: we haue loſt your ſon, I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue Mo widdowes in them of this buſineſſe making, Then we bring men to comfort them: The faults your owne.

*Alon.* So is the deer'ſt oth'loſſe.

*Gon.* My Lord *Sebaſtian*, The truth you ſpeake doth lacke ſome gentleneſſe, And time to ſpeake it in: you rub the ſore, When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

*Seb.* Very well. *Ant.* And moſt Chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir, When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foule weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this Iſle my Lord.

*Ant.* Hee'd ſow't with Nettle-ſeed.

*Seb.* Or dockes, or Mallowes.

*Gon.* And were the King on't, what would I do?

*Seb.* Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

*Gon.* I'th'Commonwealth I would (by contraries) Execute all things. For no kinde of Traffike Would I admit: No name of Magiſtrate. Letters ſhould not be knowne: Riches, pouerty, And vſe of ſeruice, none: Contract, Succeſſion, Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none. No vſe of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle. No occupation, all men idle, all: And Women too, but innocent and pure: No Soueraignty.

*Seb.* Yet he would be King on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common Nature ſhould produce Without ſweat or endeuour. Treaſon, felony, Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine Would I not haue: but Nature ſhould bring forth Of it owne kinde, all foyſon, all abundance To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his ſubiects?

*Ant.* None (man) all idle; Whores and Knaues,

*Gon.* I would with ſuch perfection gouerne Sir. T'excell the Golden Age.

*Seb.* 'Saue his Maieſty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*.

*Gon.* And do you marke me, Sir? (me.

*Alon.* Pre-thee no more: thou doſt talke nothing to

*Gon.* I do well beleeue your Highneſſe, and did it to minniſter occaſion to theſe Gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vſe to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

*Ant.* What a blow was there giuen?

*Seb.* And it had not falne flat-long.

*Gon.* You are Gentlemen of braue mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her ſpheare, if ſhe would continue in it fiue weekes without changing.

*Enter Ariell playing ſolemne Muſicke.*

*Seb.* We would ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay good my Lord be not angry.

*Gon.* No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my diſcretion ſo weakly: Will you laugh me aſleepe, for I am very heauy.

*Ant.* Go ſleepe, and heare vs.

*Alon.* What, all ſo ſoone aſleepe? I wiſh mine eyes Would (with themſelues) ſhut vp my thoughts, I finde they are inclin'd to do ſo.

*Seb.* Pleaſe you Sir. Do not omit the heauy offer of it: It ſildome viſits ſorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.
*Alon.* Thanke you. Wondrous heauy
*Seb.* What a strange drowsinesse possesses them?
*Ant.* It is the quality o'th' Clymate.
*Seb.* Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe disposd to sleepe.
*Ant.* Nor I, my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? No more:
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th'occasion speakes thee, and
My strong imagination sees a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.
*Seb.* What art thou Noble?
*Ant.* Do you not heare me speake?
*Seb.* I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open, standing, & going, and
And yet to fast asleepe.
*Ant.* Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe, die rather, wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
*Seb.* Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.
*Ant.* I am more serious than my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebles thee o're.
*Seb.* Well: I am standing water.
*Ant.* Ile teach you how to flow.
*Seb.* Do so: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
*Ant.* O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere their fortunes dye
By their owne feare, or sloth.
*Seb.* Prethee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee: and a birth indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
*Ant.* Thus, sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath (heere new) left by all
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, only
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.
*Seb.* I haue no hope
That he's vndrown'd.
*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.
*Seb.* He's gone.
*Ant.* Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?
*Seb.* *Claribell*.
*Ant.* She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able. She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours and my discharge.
*Seb.* What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is she heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.
*Ant.* A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnnecessarily
As this *Gonzallo*. I my selfe could make
A Chough as deepe chat. O, that you bore
The minde that I do, what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?
*Seb.* Me thinkes I do.
*Ant.* And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
*Seb.* I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.
*Ant.* True.
And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,
Much feater then before. My brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
*Seb.* But for your conscience.
*Ant.* I, sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my Slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome. Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Milan*, candied be they,
And melted ere they molest. Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now he's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsell, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest
They'le take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'le tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befits the houre.
*Seb.* Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,
I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
And I the King shall loue thee.
*Ant.* Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.
*Seb.* O, but one word.
*Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.*
*Ariel.* My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keepe them liuing.
*Sings in Gonzalos eare.*
*While you here do snoaring lie,*
*Open-ey'd Conspiracie*
*His time doth take:*

*If of Life you keepe a care,*
*Shake off slumber and beware.*
*Awake awake.*

*Ant.* Then let vs both be sodaine.

*Con.* Now, good Angels preserue the King.

*Alo.* Why how now hoa awake? Why are you drawne?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons: did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

*Alo.* I heard no'ght.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare,
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

*Alo.* Heard you this Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Vpon mine honour Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

*Alo.* Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poore Sonne.

*Gon.* Heauen keepe him from these Beasts.
For he is sure i'th Iland.

*Alo.* Lead away. *Exeunt.*

*Ari.* Prospero my Lord, shall know what I haue
So King goes safely on to seeke his Sonne. *Exeunt.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter* Caliban, *with a burthen of wood: a noyse of Thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the Sunne sucks vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meale a Disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse: but they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em: but
For euery trifle are they set vpon me:
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedgehogs, which
Lye tumbling in my barefoote way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloues and hisses
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo now Lo.
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in slowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

*Tri.* Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another Storme brewing, I heare it sing i'th wind: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foule bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, he smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-John: a strange fish: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer: there would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*. Leg'd like a man, and his Fingers like Armes: warme o'my troth. I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt. Alas, the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellowes. I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme be past.

*Enter Stephano singing.*

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die ashore.*
This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*

*Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine and I,*
*The Gunner and his Mate*
*Lou'd Mall, Meg and Marrian and Margerie,*
*But none of us car'd for Kate.*
*For she had a tongue with a tang,*
*Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:*
*She lou'd not the sauour of Tar nor of Pitch,*
*Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.*
*Then to sea boyes, and let her go hang.*
This is a scuruy tune too:
But here is my comfort. *drinkes.*

*Cal.* Do not torment me, oh

*Ste.* What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put tricks vpon's with Saluages, and Men of Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legges: for it hath been said; as proper a man as ere went on foure legges, cannot make him giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Stephano* breathes at'nostrils.

*Cal.* The Spirit torments me sigh.

*Ste.* This is some Monster of the Ile, with foure legs, who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the deuil should he learne our language? I will giue him some reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now; and does not talke after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle: if he haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will go neere to remoue his Fit. If I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* works vpon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat, open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

*Tri.* I should know that voyce:
It should be,

But

But heere is drowne; and theere are Furies. O defend me,

*Ste.* Powre legges and two voices; a most delicate Monster: his forward voice now is to speake well of his friend: his backward voice is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague. Come: Amen. I will powre some in thy other mouth.

*Tri.* *Stephano.*

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone.

*Tri.* *Stephano*: if thou beest *Stephano* touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*: be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

*Ste.* If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth: I'le pull thee by the lesser legges: and if any be *Trinculo*'s legges, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how camst thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculos*?

*Tri.* I take him to be kild with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not dropt from heauen? I hope now thou art not drownd. Is the Storme ouerblowne? I hid me vnder the dead Moone-calfes gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two Neapolitanes scap'd?

*Ste.* Prethee come not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, and if they be not sprites: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

*Ste.* How did'st thou scape? How camst thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou camst hither. I escap'd vpon a butt of Sacke, which the Sailors heaued ouer-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree with mine owne hands, since I was cast a-shore.

*Cal.* I'le sweare vpon that Bottle to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here: sweare then how thou escapedst.

*Tri.* Swom ashore man, like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke, I'le be sworne.

*Ste.* Here, kisse the booke: though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

*Tri.* O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole Butt man: my Cellar is in a rocke by the sea-side, where my Wine is hid. How now Moone-Calfe, how does thine Ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropt from heauen?

*Ste.* Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man i'th Moone, when time was.

*Cal.* I haue seene thee in her, and I doe adore thee: My Mistris shewed me thee, and thy Dog and thy Bush.

*Ste.* Come, sweare to that, kisse the booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents. Sweare.

*Tri.* By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afeard of him? A very weake Monster: The Man i'th Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster.

Well drawne Monster in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'le shew thee euery fertile inch o'th Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

*Tri.* By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's asleepe, he'le rob his Bottle.

*Cal.* Ile kisse thy foot: Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect.

*Ste.* Come on then: downe and sweare.

*Tri.* I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppy-headed Monster: a most scuruie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

*Ste.* Come, kisse.

*Tri.* But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

*Cal.* I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fish for thee: and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue; I'le beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee thou wondrous man.

*Tri.* A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

*Cal.* I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts, shew thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to clustring Filberts, and sometimes I'le get thee young Seamells from the Rocke. Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, beare my bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by a-gaine.

*Caliban Sings drunkenly.*

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

*Tri.* A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'le make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
'Ban 'ban Cacaliban
Has a new Master: get a new Man.

Freedom hey-day, hey-day freedom, freedom hey-day, freedom.

*Ste.* O brave Monster, lead the way. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Ferdinand, bearing a Log.*

*Fer.* There be some Sports are painfull, & their labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseneſſe
Are nobly vndergone, and most poore matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taske
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures. O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshneſſe. I must remoue
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a sore iniunction: my sweet Mistris
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such baseneſſe
Had neuer like Executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts doe euen refresh my labours,
Most busie lest when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Prospero,*

*Mir.* Alas now pray you *behind.*
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for having wearied you: my Father
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,

He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.
*Fer.* O most deere Mistris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must striue to do.
*Mir.* If you'l sit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.
*Fer.* No precious Creature,
I had rather crack my sinewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,
While I sit lazy by.
*Mir.* It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
*Pro.* Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.
*Mir.* You looke wearily.
*Fer.* No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you
Chiefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
*Mir.* *Miranda*, O my Father,
I haue broke your hest to say so.
*Fer.* Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deerest to the world! full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for seuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerelesse, are created
Of euerie Creatures best.
*Mir.* I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember
Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene
More that I may call men, than you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilelesse of; but by my modestie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.
*Fer.* I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slauerie, than to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your seruice, there resides
To make me slaue to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man.
*Mir.* Do you loue me?
*Fer.* O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
And crowne what I professe with kinde euent
If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert
What best is boaded me, to mischiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.
*Mir.* I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.
*Pro.* Faire encounter
Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.
*Fer.* Wherefore weepe you?
*Mir.* At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
What I desire to giue; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may refuse me, but Ile be your seruant
Whether you will or no.
*Fer.* My Mistris (deerest)
And I thus humble euer.
*Mir.* My husband then?
*Fer.* I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.
*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't, and now farewel
Till halfe an houre hence.
*Fer.* A thousand, thousand. *Exeunt.*
*Pro.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time must I performe
Much busines appertaining. *Exit.*

## *Scœna Secunda.*

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

*Ste.* Tell not me, when the Butt is out we will drinke
water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord
em Seruant Monster, drinke to me.
*Trin.* Seruant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they
say there's but fiue vpon this Isle, we are three of them,
if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.
*Ste.* Drinke seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy
eies are almost set in thy head.
*Trin.* Where should they be set else? hee were a
braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.
*Ste.* My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne me, I swam
ere I could recouer the shore, fiue and thirtie Leagues
off and on, by this light thou shalt be my Lieutenant
Monster, or my Standard.
*Trin.* Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.
*Ste.* Wee'l not run Monsieur Monster.
*Trin.* Nor go neither; but you'l lie like dogs, and yet
say nothing neither.
*Ste.* Moone-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest
a good Moone-calfe.
*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe.
Ile not serue him, he's not valiant.
*Trin.* Thou best most ignorant Monster, I am in case
to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou,
was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much
Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?
*Cal.* Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my
Lord?

*Cal.*

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

*Cal.* Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

*Ste.* *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

*Enter Ariell inuisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tyrant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Iland

*Ariel.* Thou lyest.

*Cal.* Thou lyest, thou ieasting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

*Ste.* *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more: proceed.

*Cal.* I say by Sorcery he got this Isle From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certaine.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compast? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a nayle into his head.

*Ariell.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him. When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

*Ste.* *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lyed?

*Ariell.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I take you at your word, Giue me your hand, I am sorry I beate you: But while you liue, keepe a good tongue in your head.

*Cal.* Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* I on mine honour.

*Ariell.* This will I tell my Master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch You taught me but whileare?

*Ste.* At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason. Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skout 'em, and flout 'em,*
*Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune,

*Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O forgiue me my sinnes.

*Ste.* He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy vpon vs.

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No Monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard, the Isle is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe, Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and shew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe.

*Ste.* This will proue a braue kingdome to me, Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

*Cal.* When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the storie.

*Trin.* The sound is going away. Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

*Ste.* Leade Monster, We'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer, He layes it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

*Exeunt*

*Scena*

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's braue Vtensils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall. And that most deeply to consider, is The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman But only *Sycorax* my Dam, and she; But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*, As great'st do's least.

*Ste.* Is it so braue a Lasse?

*Cal.* I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes: Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* I on mine honour.

*Ariell.* This will I tell my Master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch You taught me but whileare?

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*Ste.* Leade Monster, We'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer, He layes it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

*Exeunt*

*Scena*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.*

*Gon.* By't lakin, I can goe no further, Sir.
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth-rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes muſt reſt me.
*Al.* Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my ſelfe attach'd with wearineſſe
To th'dulling of my ſpirits: Sit downe, and reſt.
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we ſtray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: well, let him goe
*Ant.* I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope:
Doe not for one repulſe forgoe the purpoſe
That you reſolu'd t'effect.
*Seb.* The next advantage will we take thoroughly.
*Ant.* Let it be to night,
For now they are oppreſs'd with travaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vſe ſuch vigilance
As when they are freſh.
*Solemne and ſtrange Muſicke: and Proſper on the top (inuiſible:) Enter ſeuerall ſtrange Shapes, bringing in a Banket, and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.*
*Seb.* I ſay to night: no more.
*Al.* What's a matter is this? my good friends, harke
*Gon.* Marueilous ſweet Muſicke
*Alo.* Giue vs kind keepers, heauens: what were theſe?
*Seb.* A liuing *Drollerie*: now I will beleeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.
*Ant.* Ile beleeue both:
And what doe ſel e want credit come to me
And Ile be ſworne 'tis true: Trauellers ne're did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne em.
*Gon.* If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they beleeue me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Iſlands;
(For certes, theſe are people of the Iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humaine generation you ſhall finde
Many, nay almoſt any.
*Pro.* Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well: for ſome of you there preſent,
Are worſe then diuels.
*Al.* I cannot too much muſe
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound expreſſing
(Although they want the vſe of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe diſcourſe.
*Pro.* Praiſe in departing.
*Fr.* They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
*Seb.* No matter, ſince (macks.
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue ſtoW'le pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
*Alo.* Not I. (Boyes
*Gon.* Faith Sir, you needs not feare: when wee were
Who would beleeue that there were Mounteyneeres.
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breſts: which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.
*Al.* I will ſtand to, and feede,
Although my laſt, no matter, ſince I feele
The beſt is paſt. brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.
*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harper) claps his wings vpon the Table, and with a quient deuice the Banquet vaniſhes.*
*Ari.* You are three men of ſinne, whom deſtiny
That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer ſurfeited Sea,
Hath cauſ'd to belch vp you; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men,
Being moſt vnfit to liue. I haue made you mad;
And even with ſuch like valour men hang, and drowne
Their proper ſelues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are miniſters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowe that's in my plumbe. My fellow miniſters
Are like-inuulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my buſineſſe to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*,
Expoſd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying, (not forgetting) haue
Incenſd the Seas, and Shores, yea, all the Creatures
Againſt your peace. Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonſo*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worſe then any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your waves, whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe falls
Vpon your hearts, is nothing but heart-ſorrow,
And a clere life enſuing.
*He vaniſhes in Thunder: then (to ſoft Muſicke) Enter the Shapes againe, and dance, (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.*
*Pro.* Brauely the figure of this *Harpe*, haſt thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Inſtruction, haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou had'ſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſeruation ſtrange, my meanes
Their ſeuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And theſe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their diſtractions: they now are in my powre,
And in theſe fits, I leaue them, while I viſit
Young *Ferdinand* (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.
*Gon.* I'th name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?
*Al.* O, it is monſtrous: monſtrous
Me thought the billowes ſpoke, and told me of it,
The windes did ſing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe my Treſpaſſe,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le ſeeke him deeper then ere plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*
*Seb.* But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

*Ant.* Be thou my Second. *Exeunt.*
*Gon.* All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits. I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now prouoke them to.
*Ad.* Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

*Pro.* If I haue too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue; who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her.
*Fer.* I doe beleeue it
Against an Oracle.
*Pro.* Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.
*Fer.* As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
*Pro.* Fairely spoke:
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne.
What *Ariell*; my industrious seruant *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*
*Ar.* What would my potent master? here I am.
*Pro.* Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
*Ar.* Presently?
*Pro.* I, with a twinckle.
*Ar.* Before you can say come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so,
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Master? no?
*Pro.* Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*. doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.
*Ar.* Well: I conceiue. *Exit.*
*Pro.* Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow.
*Fer.* I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.
*Pro.* Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft musick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*
*Ir.* *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe
Thy banks with pioned, and twilled brims
Which spungie *April*, at thy best betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chast crownes; & thy broome-
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groues;
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge sterrile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends.*
To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*
*Cer.* Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?
*Ir.* A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bles'd Louers.
*Cer.* Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
The meanes, that dusky *Dis*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandald company,
I haue forsworne.
*Ir.* Of her societie
Be not afraid. I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Dooue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
*Mars* hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed Sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrowes,
And be a Boy right out.
*Cer.* High'st Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.
*Iu.* How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
To blesse this twaine that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*
*Iu.* *Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,*
*Long continuance, and increasing,*
*Hourly ioyes, be still vpon you,*

*Iuno*

*Iuno ſings her bleſſings on you.*
*Earths increaſe, foyſon plentie,*
*Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.*
*Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,*
*Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:*
*Spring come to you at the fartheſt.*
*In the very end of Harueſt.*
*Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,*
*Ceres bleſſing ſo is on you*

*Fer.* This is a moſt maieſticke vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. may I be bold
To thinke theſe ſpirits?
*Pro.* Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.
*Fer.* Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wife
Makes this place Paradiſe
*Pro.* Sweet now, ſilence
*Iuno* and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly,
There's ſomething elſe to doe: hush, and be mute
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.
*Iuno and Ceres whiſper, and ſend Iris on employment.*
*Iris.* You Nimphs call'd *Nayades* of y' wauering brookes,
With your ſedg'd crownes, and euer harmleſſe looke,
Leaue your criſpe channels, and on this greene-Land
Anſwere your ſummons, *Iuno* do's command
Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.
*Enter certaine Nimphes.*
You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of Auguſt weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nimphes encounter euery one
In Country footing.
*Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a graceful dance towards the end whereof, Proſpero ſtarts ſodainly, and ſpeakes, after which to a ſtrange hollow and confuſed noiſe, they heauily vaniſh.*
*Pro.* I had forgot that foule conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confederates
Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come: Well done, auoid: no more.
*Fer.* This is ſtrange: your fathers in ſome paſſion
That workes him ſtrongly.
*Mir.* Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd
*Pro.* You doe looke (my ſon) in a mou'd ſort,
As if you were diſmaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: Theſe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baſeleſſe fabricke of this viſion
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The ſolemne Temples, the great Globe it ſelfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolue,
And like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are ſuch ſtuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakeneſſe, my old braine is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repoſe, a turne or two, Ile walke
To ſtill my beating minde.
*Fer. Mir.* We wiſh your peace. *Exit.*

*Pro.* Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.
*Enter Ariell.*
*Ar.* Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleaſure?
*Pro.* Spirit: We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban*.
*Ar.* I my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres*
I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaſt I might anger thee.
*Pro.* Say againe, where didſt thou leaue theſe varlots?
*Ar.* I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they ſmote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kiſſing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noſes
As they ſmelt muſicke, ſo I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, ſharpe firzes, pricking goſſe, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the foule Lake
Ore ſtunck their feet.
*Pro.* This was well done (my bird)
Thy ſhape inuiſible retaine thou ſtill.
The trumpery in my houſe, goe bring it hither
For ſtale to catch theſe theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*
*Pro.* A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whoſe nature
Nurture can neuer ſticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt,
And, as with age, his body vglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.
*Enter Ariell, loaden with gliſtering apparell, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*
*Cal.* Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.
*St.* Monſter, your Fairy, which you ſay is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.
*Trin.* Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſſe, at which
My noſe is in great indignation.
*Ste.* So is mine. Do you heare Monſter: If I ſhould
Take a diſpleaſure againſt you: Looke you.
*Trin.* Thou were but a loſt Monſter.
*Cal.* Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour ſtill,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this miſchance: therefore ſpeake ſoftly,
All's huſht as midnight yet.
*Trin.* I, but to looſe our bottles in the Poole.
*Ste.* There is not onely diſgrace and diſhonor in that
Monſter, but an infinite loſſe.
*Trin.* That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmleſſe Fairy, Monſter.
*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.
*Cal.* Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seeſt thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchiefe, which may make this Iſland
Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.
*Ste.* Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.
*Trin.* O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.
*Cal.* Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash
*Trin.* Oh, ho, Monſter: we know what belongs to a
frippery, O King *Stephano*.

*Ste.* Put off that gowne (*Trincolo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

*Trn.* Thy grace shall haue it. (meane

*Cal.* The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you
To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne wee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stuffe

*Ste.* Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

*Trin.* Doe, doe, we steale by line and leuell, and't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that ieſt; heer's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

*Trn.* Monster, come put some lime vpon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With forcheads villanous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

*Trn.* And this.

*Ste* I, and this.

*A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey *Mountaine*, hey

*Ari. Siluer*: there it goes, *Siluer*.

*Pro.* Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
With dry Conuulsions, shorten vp their sinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

*Ari.* Harke, they roare.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me seruice. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.*

*Enter* Prospero (*in his Magicke robes*) *and* Ariel.

*Pro.* Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My charmes crackle not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixt houre, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and 's followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the *Lime-grone* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your release: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

*Ar.* Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

*Pro.* And mine shall.
Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relish all as sharpely,
Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Do I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariell*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their senses Ile restore,
And they shall be themselues.

*Ar.* Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

*Pro.* Ye Elues of hils, brooks, stãding lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
Do chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce
To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymm'd
The Noone tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread rattling Thunder
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* stowre Oke
With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie
Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Senses, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did euer Plummet sound
Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musicke.*

*Heere enters* Ariel *before: Then* Alonso *with a franticke gesture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebastian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Francisco: *They all enter the circle which* Prospero *had made, and there stand charm'd: which* Prospero *obseruing, speakes.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
To an vnsettled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
For you are Spell-stopt.
Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace,
And as the morning steales vpon the night
(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising senses
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzallo*
My true preserver, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Didst

Did thou *Alonſo*, vſe me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebaſtian*. Fleſh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature, whom, with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore
That now lyes foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me. *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelfe preſent
As I was to the ſtrute *Milane* quickly Spirit,
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

*Ariell ſings, and helps to attire him.*

*Where the Bee ſucks, there ſucke I,*
*In a Cowſlips bed, and,*
*There I couch when Owles do cry,*
*On the Bats back I do flie*
*after Summer merrily.*
*Merrily, merrily ſhall I liue now*
*Vnder the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.*

*Pro.* Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I ſhall miſſe
Thee, but yet thou ſhalt haue freedome: ſo, ſo, ſo.
To the Kings ſhip, inuiſible as thou art,
There ſhalt thou finde the Mariners aſleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Maſter and the Boat-ſwaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And preſently, I pre'thee.

*Ar.* I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulſe twice beate. *Exit.*

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: ſome heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.

*Pro.* Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Milane*, *Proſpero*:
For more aſſurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now ſpeake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

*Alo.* Whether thou beeſt he or no,
Or ſome enchanted tryfle to abuſe me,
(As late I haue beene I not know) thy Pulſe
Beats as of fleſh, and blood: and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneſſe held me: this muſt crave
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy Dukedome I reſigne, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be liuing, and be heere?

*Pro.* Firſt, noble Friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honor cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

*Gonz.* Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not ſweare.

*Pro.* You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o'th'Iſle, that will not let you
Beleeue things certaine. Welcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords were I ſo minded
I heere could plucke his Highneſſe frowne vpon you
And iuſtifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

*Seb.* The Diuell ſpeakes in him:

*Pro.* No:
For you (moſt wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.

*Alo.* If thou beeſt *Proſpero*
Giue vs particulars of thy preſeruation,
How thou haſt met vs heere, whom three howres ſince
Were wrackt vpon this ſhore? where I haue loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere ſonne *Ferdinand*.

*Pro.* I am woe for't, Sir

*Alo.* Irreparable is the loſſe, and patience
Saies, it is paſt her cure.

*Pro.* I rather thinke
You haue not ſought her helpe, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſſe, I haue her ſooueraigne aid,
And reſt my ſelfe content.

*Alo.* You the like loſſe?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late, and ſupportable
To make the deere loſſe, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue loſt my daughter.

*Alo.* A daughter?
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my ſonne lies: when did you loſe your daughter?

*Pro.* In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceiue theſe Lords
At this encounter doe ſo much admire,
That they deuoure their reaſon, and ſcarce thinke
Their eies do offices of Truth: Their words
Are natural breath: but howſoeu'r you haue
Been iuſtified from your ſenſes, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Milaine*, who moſt ſtrange
Vpon this ſhore, where you were wrackt, was landed
To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breake-faſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome ſince you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

*Here Proſpero diſcouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Cheſſe.*

*Mir.* Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.

*Fer.* No my deareſt loue,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,

*Mir.* Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdomes, you ſhould
And I would call it faire play.

*Alo.* If this proue
A viſion of the Iſland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loſe.

*Seb.* A moſt high miracle.

*Fer.* Though the Seas threaten they are merciful:
I haue curs'd them without cauſe.

*Alo.* Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father, compaſſe thee about.
Ariſe and ſay how thou cam'ſt heere.

*Mir.* O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

That has ſuch people in't.

*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee. (play?

*Alo.* What is this Maid, with whom thou waſt at
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is the the goddeſſe that hath ſeuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus ſo neere?

*Fer.* Sir, ſhe's mortall,
But by immortall Prouidence, ſhe's mine,
I choſe her when I could not aſke my father
For his aduice, nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, ſo often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer ſaw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a ſecond life; and ſecond father
This Lady makes him to me.

*Alo.* I am hers.
But O, how odly will it ſound that I
Muſt aske my childe forgiueneſſe!

*Pro.* There's ſome ſinne,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauineſſe that's gone.

*Gon.* I haue inly wept,
Or ſhould haue ſpoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple driue gentle hornes
For this is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

*Alo.* I ſay Amen, *Gonzalo*

*Gon.* Was *Millaine* thruſt from *Millaine*, that his Iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and ſet it downe
With gold on laſting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her daughter to *Tunis*,
And ſonne to the King of *Naples*, poſſeſſe a Wife,
Where ſhe her ſelfe was loſt: *Proſpero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Iſle: and all of vs, our ſelues,
When no man was his owne.

*Alo.* Giue me your hands:
Let griefe and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart
That doth not wiſh you ioy.

*Gon.* Be it ſo, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Maſter and Boatſwaine amazedly following.*

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophecied, if a Gallowes were on land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt Grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore;
Haſt thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

*Bot.* The beſt newes is, that we haue ſafely found
Our King and company: The next, our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gaue out ſplit,
Is tyte and yare and bravely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.

*Ari.* Sir, all this ſeruice
Haue I done ſince I went.

*Pro.* My trickſie Spirit.

*Alo.* These are not naturall euents, they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither?

*Bot.* If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld ſtriue to tell you: we were dead of ſleepe
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where but euen now, with ſtrange, and ſeuerall noyſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chaines,
And more diuerſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were a waked; ſtraight way, at liberty,
Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter
Capring to eyes her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

*Ari.* Was't well done?

*Pro.* Bravely (my diligence) thou ſhalt be free.

*Alo.* This is as ſtrange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this buſineſſe, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: ſome Oracle
Muſt reſcribe our knowledge.

*Pro.* Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infect your mind, with beating on
The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe, at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolue you,
(Which to you ſhall ſeeme probable) of euery
These happened accidents: till when, be cheereful
And think of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Caliban and his companions free
Vntye the Spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their ſtolne Apparell.*

*Ste.* Euery man ſhift for all the reſt, and let
No man take care for himſelfe, for all is
But trouble: double and treble Monſter *Caraſſo*.

*Tri.* If these be true ſpies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly ſight.

*Cal.* O *Setebos*, theſe be brane Spirits indeede:
How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha:
What things are theſe my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy 'em?

*Ant.* Very ſure, one of them
Is a plaine fiſh, and no doubt marketable.

*Pro.* Marke but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay if they be true: This mis-ſhapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controule the Moone, make flowes, and ebbs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three haue robd me, and this demy-deuill;
For he's a baſtard one, haue plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe Fellowes you
Muſt know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneſſe, I
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I ſhall be pinch't to death.

*Alo.* Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

*Seb.* He is drunke now,
Where had he wine?

*Alo.* And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where ſhould they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

*Tri.* I haue bin in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones
I ſhall not feare fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why how now *Stephano*?

*Ste.* O touch me not I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

*Pro.* You'ld be King o'the Iſle, Sirha?

*Ste.* I ſhould haue bin a ſore one then.

*Alo.* This is a ſtrange thing as ere I look'd on

*Pro.* He is as diſproportion'd in his Manners
As in his ſhape. Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handſomely

*Cal.* I that I will: and I'le be wiſe hereafter

And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?
*Pro.* Goe sirra, away. (to Cal.
*Ant.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
*Seb.* Or stole it rather.
*Pro.* Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away: The story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne
I le bring you to your ship, and hence to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
*Alo.* I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the ears strangely.
*Pro.* Ile deliver all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off. My *Ariel*, chicke
That is thy charge. Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.
*Exeunt omnes*

# EPILOGVE,
## Spoken by *Prospero*.

*NOw my Charmes are all o're throwne,*
*And what strength I have's mine owne*
*Which is most faint: now 'tis true*
*I must be here confinde by you,*
*Or sent to Naples. Let me not*
*Since I have my Dukedome got,*
*And pardon the deceiver, dwell*
*In this bare Island, by your Spell,*
*But release me from my bands*
*With the helpe of your good hands:*
*Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes*
*Must fill, or else my project failes,*
*Which was to please. Now I want*
*Spirits to enforce, Art to enchant,*
*And my ending is despaire,*
*Vnlesse I be relieu'd by prayer*
*Which pierces so, that it assaults*
*Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.*
*As you from crimes would pardon'd be,*
*Let your Indulgence set me free* Exit

## The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

## *Names of the Actors.*

*Alonso* K. *of Naples:*
*Sebastian his brother.*
*Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine*
*Anthonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of Millaine.*
*Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples*
*Gonzalo, an honest old Councellor.*
*Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.*
*Caliban, a salvage and deformed slaue.*
*Trinculo, a Iester.*
*Stephano, a drunken Butler.*
*Master of a Ship.*
*Boate Swaine.*
*Marriners.*
*Miranda, daughter to Prospero.*
*Ariell, an ayrie spirit.*
*Iris* } spirits.
*Ceres*
*Iuno*
*Nymphes*
*Reapers*

FINIS.

THE

# THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

## *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.*

*Valentine.*

Cease to perswade, my louing *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, haue euer homely wits.
Were't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy trauaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger do enuiron thee)
Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadel-man, *Valentine*.

*Val.* And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

*Pro.* Vpon some booke I loue I will pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow Story of deepe loue,
How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellespont*.

*Pro.* That's a deepe Story, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-shooes in loue.

*Val.* 'Tis true; for you are ouer-boots in loue,
And yet you neuer swom the *Hellespont*.

*Pro.* Ouer the Boots? nay giue me not the Boots.

*Val.* No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

*Pro.* What?

*Val.* To be in loue; where scorne is bought with groanes:
Coy looks, with hart-sore sighes: one fading moments mirth,
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights;
If hap'ly won, perhaps a hapelesse gaine;
If lost, why then a grieuous labour won,
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

*Pro.* 'Tis Loue you cauill at, I am not Loue.

*Val.* Loue is your master, for he masters you,
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And Writers say, as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Loue, the young, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

*Val.* Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And likewise will visite thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

*Val.* As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*

*Pro.* He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue.
Thou *Iulia* thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought.

*Sp.* Sir *Protheus*: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millaine*.

*Sp.* Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

*Pro.* Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

*Sp.* You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then, and I Sheepe?

*Pro.* I doe.

*Sp.* Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or sleepe.

*Pro.* A fully answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

*Sp.* This proues me still a Sheepe.

*Pro.* True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

*Sp.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

*Sp.* The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

*Pro.* The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

*Sp.* Such another proofe will make me cry baa.

*Pro.* But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter to *Iulia*?

*Sp.* I

*Sp.* I Sir: I (a loft-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a loft-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

*Pro.* Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons.

*Sp.* If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were best sticke her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound you.

*Sp.* Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for carrying your Letter

*Pro.* You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

*Sp.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and ouer,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer

*Pro.* But what said she?

*Sp.* I.

*Pro.* Nod-I, why that's noddy.

*Sp.* You mistooke Sir, I say she did nod;
And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I

*Pro.* And that set together is noddy

*Sp.* Now you haue taken the paines to set it together, take it for your paines.

*Pro.* No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.

*Sp.* Well, I perceiue I must be fain to beare with you.

*Pro.* Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

*Sp.* Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

*Sp.* And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what said she.

*Sp.* Open your purse, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered.

*Pro.* Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

*Sp.* Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her

*Pro.* Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?

*Sp.* Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for deliuering your letter
And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare she'll proue as hard to you in receiuing your minde.
Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele.

*Pro.* What said she, nothing?

*Sp.* No, not so much as take this for thy paines (me;
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cestern'd
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe: And so Sir, I'le commend you to my Master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone to saue your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish hauing thee aboarde,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:
I must goe send some better Messenger,
I feare my *Iulia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiuing them from such a worthlesse post. *Exit.*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Iulia and Lucetta.*

*Iul.* But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)
Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

*Luc.* I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully.

*Iul.* Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,
That euery day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

*Luc.* Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde.
According to my shallow simple skill.

*Iul.* What think'st thou of the faire sir *Eglamoure*

*Luc.* As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine,
But were I you, he neuer should be mine.

*Iul.* What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

*Luc.* Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so so

*Iul.* What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

*Luc.* Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in vs.

*Iul.* How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

*Luc.* Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,
That I (vnworthy body as I am)
Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen

*Iul.* Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

*Luc.* Then thus: not many good, I thinke him best.

*Iul.* Your reason?

*Luc.* I haue no other but a womans reason
I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

*Iul.* And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?

*Luc.* I if you thought your loue not cast away.

*Iul.* Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer moou'd me.

*Luc.* Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye.

*Iul.* His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.

*Luc.* Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.

*Iul.* They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue.

*Luc.* Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue.

*Iul.* I would I knew his minde.

*Luc.* Peruse this paper Madam.

*Iul.* To *Iulia*: say, from whom?

*Luc.* That the Contents will shew.

*Iul.* Say, say: who gaue it thee?

*Luc.* Sir *Valentines* page: & sent I think from *Protheus*.
He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,
Did vnder your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

*Iul.* Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and conspire against my youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else returne no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for loue, deserues more fee, then hate.

*Iul.* Will ye be gon?

*Luc.* That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

*Iul.* And yet I would I had o're-look'd the Letter;
It were a shame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,
Which they would haue the profferer construe, I.
Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish loue;
That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,
And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?
How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly, I would haue had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile?
My penance is, to call *Lucetta* backe
And aske remission, for my folly past.
What hoe: *Lucetta*.

*Luc.* What would your Ladiship?

*Iul.* Is't neere dinner time?

*Luc.* I would it were,
That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,

And

And not vpon your Maid.
*Iu.* What is't that you
Tooke vp so gingerly?
*Lu.* Nothing.
*Iu.* Why didst thou stoope then?
*Lu.* To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
*Iul.* And is that paper nothing?
*Lu.* Nothing concerning me.
*Iul.* Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.
*Lu.* Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.
*Iul.* Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
*Lu* That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set
*Iul* As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue.*
*Lu.* It is too heauy for so light a tune.
*Iu.* Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?
*Lu.* I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,
*Iu.* And why not you?
*Lu.* I cannot reach so high.
*Iu.* Let's see your Song
How now Minion?
*Lu.* Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.
*Iu.* You do not?
*Lu.* No (Madam) tis too sharpe.
*Iu.* You (Minion) are too saucie.
*Lu.* Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
*Iu.* The meane is drownd with you vnruly base.
*Lu.* Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus.*
*Iu.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation:
Go, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me.
*Lu.* She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter.
*Iu.* Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words,
Iniurious Wasps, to feede on such sweet honny,
And kill the Bees that yeelds it, with your stings;
Ile kisse each seuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde *Iulia*: vnkinde *Iulia*,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruzing-stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.
And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus.*
Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a souereigne kisse.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ
*Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:*
*To the sweet Iulia:* that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.
*Lu.* Madam: dinner is ready and your father staies.
*Iu.* Well, let vs goe.
*Lu.* What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
*Iu.* If you respect them; best to take them vp.
*Lu.* Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
Yee here they shall not lye, for catching cold.
*Iu.* I see you haue a months minde to them.
*Lu.* I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you iudge I winke.
*Iu.* Come, come, will please you goe. *Exeunt.*

## *Scœna Tertia.*

*Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.*

*Ant.* Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?
*Pan.* 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.
*Ant.* Why? what of him?
*Pan.* He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discouer Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Vniuersities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.
*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.
I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world.
Experience is by industry atchiu'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?
*Pan.* I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
*Ant.* I know it well. (thither.
*Pan.* 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercise
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.
*Ant.* I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:
And that thou mayst perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Euen with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.
*Pan.* To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are iourneying, to salute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their seruice to his will.
*Ant.* Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.
*Pro.* Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To seale our happinesse with their consents.
*Pro.* Oh heauenly *Iulia.*
*Ant.* How now? What Letter are you reading there?
*Pro.* May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him.
*Ant.* Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.
*Pro.* There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish?
*Pro.* As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court;
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me.
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.
*Pro.* My Lord I cannot be so soone prouided,
Please you deliberate a day or two.
*Ant.* Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on *Panthino*; you shall be imployd,
To hasten on his Expedition.
*Pro.* Thus haue I shund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my Father *Iulias* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my loue.
O how this spring of loue resembleth
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.
*Pan.* Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in hast, therefore I pray you go.
*Pro.* Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

*Exeunt. Finis.*

## Actus secundus: Scœna Prima.

*Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.*

*Speed.* Sir, your Gloues.
*Valen.* Not mine: my Gloues are on.
*Sp.* Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
*Val.* Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah *Siluia*, *Siluia*.
*Speed.* Madam *Siluia*: Madam *Siluia*.
*Val.* How now Sirha?
*Speed.* She is not within hearing Sir.
*Val.* Why sir, who bad you call her?
*Speed.* Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.
*Val.* Well: you'll still be too forward.
*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
*Val.* Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Siluia*?
*Speed.* Shee that your worship loues?
*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in loue?
*Speed.* Marry by these special markes: first you haue learn'd (like Sir *Proteus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to relish a Loue-song, like a *Robin*-red-breast: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence: to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Masse: You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner: when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money. And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.
*Val.* Are all these things perceiu'd in me?
*Speed.* They are all perceiu'd without ye.
*Val.* Without me? they cannot.
*Speed.* Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Vrnall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady.
*Val.* But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Siluia*?
*Speed.* Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at Supper?
*Val.* Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane.
*Speed.* Why sir, I know her not.
*Val.* Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?
*Speed.* Is she not hard-fauour'd, sir?
*Val.* Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd.
*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.
*Val.* What do'st thou know?
*Speed.* That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fauour'd.
*Val.* I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her fauour infinite.
*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?
*Speed.* Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.
*Val.* How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.
*Speed.* You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.
*Val.* How long hath she beene deform'd?
*Speed.* Euer since you lou'd her.
*Val.* I haue lou'd her euer since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.
*Speed.* If you loue her, you cannot see her.
*Val.* Why?
*Speed.* Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Proteus*, for going vngarter'd.
*Val.* What should I see then?
*Speed.* Your owne present folly, and her passing deformitie: for he being in loue, could not see to garter his hose, and you, being in loue, cannot see to put on your hose.
*Val.* Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last morning You could not see to wipe my shoos.
*Speed.* True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours.
*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
*Speed.* I would you were set, so your affection would cease.
*Val.* Last night she enioyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loues.
*Speed.* And haue you?
*Val.* I haue.
*Speed.* Are they not lamely writt?
*Val.* No (Boy) but as well as I can do them
Peace, here she comes.
*Speed.* Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.
*Val.* Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.
*Speed.* Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n: here's a million of manners.
*Sil.* Sir *Valentine*, and seruant, to you two thousand.
*Speed.* He should giue her interest: & she gines it him.
*Val.* As you enioynd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship.
*Sil.* I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly done.
*Val.* Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
*Val.* No (Madam) so it stead you I will write
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet ——
*Sil.* A pretty period: well, I ghesse the sequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
*Speed.* And yet you will; and yet, another yet.
*Val.* What meanes your Ladiship?
Doe you not like it?
*Sil.* Yes yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.
*Val.* Madam, they are for you.
*Sil.* I, I entreat them Sir at my request.
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more movingly.
*Val.* Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.
*Sil.* And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,
And if it please you, so: if not: why so.
*Val.* If it please me, (Madam?) what then?
*Sil.* Why if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so good-morrow Seruant. *Exit Sil.*
*Speed.* Oh Iest vnseene: inscrutible: inuisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Weathercocke on a steeple
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Suitor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor
Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?
That my master being scribe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?
*Val.* How now Sir?
What are you reasoning with your selfe?
*Speed.* Nay: I was rime: 'tis you y' haue the reason.
*Val.* To doe what?
*Speed.* To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Siluia*.
*Val.* To whom?
*Speed.* To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.
*Val.* What figure?
*Speed.* By a Letter, I should say.
*Val.* Why she hath not writ to me?
*Speed.* What need she,
When shee hath made you write to your selfe?
Why, doe you not perceiue the Iest?
*Val.* No, beleeue me.
*Speed.* No beleeuing you indeed Sir:
But did you perceiue her earnest?
*Val.* She gaue me none, except an angry word.
*Speed.* Why she hath giuen you a Letter.
*Val.* That's the Letter I writ to her friend.
*Speed.* And y' letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end.
*Val.* I would it were no worse.
*Speed.* Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messenger, y' might her mind discouer
Her selfe hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.
Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.
*Val.* I haue dyn'd.
*Speed.* I, but hearken sir: though the Camelion Loue can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna secunda.*

*Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.*

*Pro.* Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:
*Iul.* I must where is no remedy.
*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will returne.
*Iul.* If you turne not: you will return the sooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* sake.
*Pro.* Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
*Iul.* And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse.
*Pro.* Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (*Iulia*) for thy sake,
The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulnesse:
My father staies my comming: answere not
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
*Iulia*, farewell: what, gon without a word?
I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.
*Panth.* Sir *Protheus*: you are staid for.
*Pro.* Goe: I come, I come:
Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.
*Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Launce, Panthion.*

*Launce.* Nay, 'twill be this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious sonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge. oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on. Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

*Panth.* *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares: what's the matter? why weep'st thou man? away ase, you'l loose the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Laun.* It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

*Panth.* What's the vnkindest tide?

*Laun.* Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

*Pant.* Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice: —— why dost thou stop my mouth?

*Laun.* For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

*Panth.* Where should I loose my tongue?

*Laun.* In thy Tale.

*Panth.* In thy Taile.

*Laun.* Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes.

*Panth.* Come: come away man, I was sent to call thee.

*Laun.* Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

*Pant.* Wilt thou goe?

*Laun.* Well, I will goe.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.*

*Sil.* Seruant.

*Val.* Mistris.

*Spee.* Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

*Val.* I Boy, it's for loue.

*Spee.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my Mistresse then.

*Spee.* 'Twere good you knockt him.

*Sil.* Seruant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

*Thu.* Seeme you that you are not?

*Val.* Hap'ly I doe.

*Thu.* So doe Counterfeyts.

*Val.* So doe you.

*Thu.* What seeme I that I am not?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quoat you my folly?

*Val.* I quoat it in your Ierkin.

*Thu.* My Ierkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well then, Ile double your folly.

*Thu.* How?

*Sil.* What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?

*Val.* Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.

*Thu.* That hath more minde to feed on your blood, then liue in your ayre.

*Val.* You haue said Sir.

*Thu.* I Sir, and done too for this time.

*Val.* I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volly of words, gentlemẽ, & quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

*Sil.* Who is that Seruant?

*Val.* Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire, Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes, And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt. (words,

*Val.* I know it well sir: you haue an Exchequer of And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers: For it appeares by their bare Liueries That they liue by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

*Duk.* Now, daughter *Siluia*, you are hard beset. Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health. What say you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes?

*Val.* My Lord, I will be thankfull, To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duk.* Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

*Val.* I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duk.* Hath he not a Sonne?

*Val.* I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues The honor, and regard of such a father.

*Duk.* You know him well?

*Val.* I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie We haue conuerst, and spent our howres together, And though my selfe haue beene an idle Trewant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To clothe mine age with Angel-like perfection: Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name) Made vse, and fare aduantage of his dayes: His yeares but yong, but his experience old: His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe; And in a word (for far behinde his worth Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
*Duke.* Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.
*Val.* Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he.
*Duke.* Welcome him then according to his worth:
*Siluia*, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.
*Val.* This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.
*Sil.* Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.
*Val.* Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners still.
*Sil.* Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?
*Val.* Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
*Thur.* They say that Loue hath not any.
*Val.* To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.
*Sil.* Haue done, haue done: here comes the Gentleman.
*Val.* Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall fauor.
*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.
*Val.* Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-seruant to your Ladiship.
*Sil.* Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.
*Pro.* Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.
*Val.* Leaue off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.
*Pro.* My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.
*Sil.* And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse
*Pro.* Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.
*Sil.* That you are welcome?
*Pro.* That you are worthlesse. (you.
*Thur.* Madam, my Lord your father would speak with
*Sil.* I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.
*Pro.* We'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.
*Val.* Now tell me: how do all from whence you came?
*Pro.* Your friends are well, & haue thē much cōmended.
*Val.* And how doe yours?
*Pro.* I left them all in health.
*Val.* How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue?
*Pro.* My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.
*Val.* I *Protheus*, but that life is alterd now,
I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with pennerniall groues,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.
*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?
*Val.* Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?
*Pro.* No; But she is an earthly Paragon.
*Val.* Call her diuine.
*Pro.* I will not flatter her.
*Val.* O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.
*Pro.* When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pils,
And I must minister the like to you.
*Val.* Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
*Pro.* Except my Mistresse.
*Val.* Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Loue.
*Pro.* Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?
*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a fauor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlastingly.
*Pro.* Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?
*Val.* Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, makes other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.
*Pro.* Then let her alone.
*Val.* Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in having such a Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgiue me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:
My foolish Riuall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'st is full of iealousie.)
*Pro.* But she loues you? (howre,
*Val.* I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.
*Pro.* Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,
And then Ile presently attend you.
*Val.* Will you make haste? *Exit.*
*Pro.* I will.
Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
Is it mine, or *Valentines* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shee is faire; and so is *Iulia* that I loue,
(That

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire
Beares no impreſſion of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reaſon I loue him ſo little.
How ſhall I dote on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reaſons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compaſſe her Ile vſe my skill.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter* Speed *and* Launce.

*Speed.* *Launce*, by mine honeſty welcome to *Padua*.

*Laun.* Forſweare not thy ſelfe, ſweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place, till ſome certaine ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſſe ſay welcome.

*Speed.* Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of fiue pence, thou ſhalt haue fiue thouſand welcomes: But ſirha, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Iulia*?

*Laun.* Marry after they cloas'd in earneſt, they parted very fairely in ieſt.

*Spee.* But ſhall ſhe marry him?

*Laun.* No.

*Spee.* How then? ſhall he marry her?

*Laun.* No, neither.

*Spee.* What, are they broken?

*Laun.* No; they are both as whole as a fiſh.

*Spee.* Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

*Laun.* Marry thus, when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

*Spee.* What an aſſe art thou, I vnderſtand thee not.

*Laun.* What a blocke art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaffe vnderſtands me?

*Spee* What thou ſay'ſt?

*Laun.* I, and what I do too: looke thee Ile but leane, and my ſtaffe vnderſtands me.

*Spee.* It ſtands vnder thee indeed.

*Laun.* Why, ſtand-vnder, and vnder-ſtand is all one.

*Spee.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Laun.* Aske my dogge, if he ſay I, it will: if he ſay no, it will: if he ſhake his taile, and ſay nothing, it will.

*Spee.* The concluſion is then, that it will.

*Laun.* Thou ſhalt neuer get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

*Spee.* 'Tis well that I get it ſo: but *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou that that my maſter is become a notable Louer?

*Laun.* I neuer knew him otherwiſe.

*Spee.* Then how?

*Laun.* A notable Lubber: as thou reporteſt him to bee.

*Spee.* Why, thou whorſon Aſſe, thou mak'ſt it me.

*Laun.* Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Maſter.

*Spee.* I tell thee, my Maſter is become a hot Louer.

*Laun.* Why, I tell thee I care not, though hee burne himſelfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-houſe; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

*Spee.* Why?

*Laun.* Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Chriſtian. Wilt thou goe?

*Spee.* At thy ſeruice.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Sexta.*

*Enter* Protheus *ſolus*

*Pro.* To leaue my *Iulia*, ſhall I be forſworne?
To loue faire *Siluia*, ſhall I be forſworne?
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworne,
And euen that Powre which gaue me firſt my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.
Loue bad me ſweare, and Loue bids me for-ſweare;
O ſweet-ſuggeſting Loue, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted ſubiect) to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Starre
But now I worſhip a celeſtiall Sunne.
Vnheedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants reſolued will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe ſouereignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd,
With twenty thouſand ſoule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I ſhould loue.
*Iulia* I looſe, and *Valentine* I looſe,
If I keepe them I needs muſt looſe my ſelfe
If I looſe them, thus finde I by their looſe,
For *Valentine*, my ſelfe: for *Iulia Siluia*.
I to my ſelfe am deerer then a friend
For Loue is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelfe,
And *Siluia* (witneſſe heauen that made her faire)
Shewes *Iulia* but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Iulia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Siluia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now proue conſtant to my ſelfe,
Without ſome treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celeſtiall *Siluia's* chamber window,
My ſelfe in counſaile his competitor.
Now preſently Ile giue her father notice
Of their diſguiſing and pretended flight
Who (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine*
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickely croſſe
By ſome ſlie tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
*Loue* lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift
As thou haſt lent me wit, to plot this drift.

*Exit*

## Scœna Septima.

*Enter* Iulia *and* Lucetta.

*Iul.* Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle assist me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing *Protheus*.
*Luc.* Alas, the way is wearisome and long.
*Iul.* A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such diuine perfection as Sir *Protheus*
*Luc.* Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.
*Iul.* Oh, know'st thou not, his lookes are my soules food?
Pity the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou would'st as soone goe kindle fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.
*Luc.* I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Lest it should burne aboue the bounds of reason
*Iul.* The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes.
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with th'enamelled stones,
Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nookes he straies
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*
*Luc.* But in what habit will you goe along?
*Iul.* Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The loose encounters of lasciuious men
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may beseeme some well reputed Page.
*Luc.* Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.
*Iul.* No girle, Ile knit it vp in silken strings,
With twentie odde-conceited true-loue knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be. (chest
*Luc.* What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breech-
*Iul.* That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*.)
*Luc.* You must needs haue them with a cod-peece (Madam)
*Iul.* Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that will be ill-fauoured. (dam)
*Luc.* A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnlesse you haue a cod-peece to stick pins on.
*Iul.* *Lucetta* as thou lou'st me let me haue
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking so vnstaid a iourney?
I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.
*Luc.* If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.
*Iul.* Nay, that I will not.
*Luc.* Then neuer dreame on infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.
*Iul.* That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
*Luc.* All these are seruants to deceitfull men.
*Iul.* Base men, that vse them to so base effect;
But truer starres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.
*Luc.* Pray heau'n he prooue so when you come to him.
*Iul.* Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserue my loue, by louing him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me vpon my longing iourney:
All that is mine I leaue at thy disposE,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answere not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.*

*Duke* Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?
*Pro.* My gracious Lord, that which I would discouer,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me (vndeseruing as I am)
My duty pricks me on to vtter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter:
My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you haue determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.
*Duke.* *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valentine* her companie and my Court
But fearing leſt my iealous aymе might erre,
And ſo (vnworthily) diſgrace the man
(A raſhneſſe that I euer yet haue ſhun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy ſelfe haſt now diſclos'd to me
And that thou maiſt perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoone ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my ſelfe haue euer kept:
And thence ſhe cannot be conuay'd away.
*Pro.* Know (noble Lord) they haue deuis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently.
Where (if it pleaſe you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it ſo cunningly
That my diſcouery be not aymed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this preſence
*Duke.* Vpon my Honor, he ſhall neuer know
That I had any light from the of this.
*Pro.* Adieu, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is coming.
*Duk.* Sir *Valentine*, whether away ſo faſt?
*Val.* Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a Meſſenger
That ſtayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.
*Duk.* Be they of much import?
*Val.* The tenure of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.
*Duk.* Nay then, no matter; ſtay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of ſome affaires
That touch me neere, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue ſought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.
*Val.* I know it well (my Lord) and ſure the Match
Were rich and honourable: beſides the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?
*Duk.* No, truſt me, She is peeuiſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that ſhe is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cherifh'd by her childe-like duty,
I now am full reſolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre
For me, and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteemes not.
*Val.* What would your Grace haue me to do in all this?
*Duk.* There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I haue forgot to court,
Beſides the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beſtow my ſelfe
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.
*Val.* Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words,
Dumbe Iewels often in their ſilent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.
*Duk.* But ſhe did ſcorne a preſent that I ſent her,
*Val.* A woman ſometime ſcorns what beſt contents her.
Send her another, neuer giue her o're,
For ſcorne at firſt, makes after-loue the more.
If ſhe doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If ſhe doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatſoeuer ſhe doth ſay,
For, get you gone, ſhe doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extoll their graces:
Though ne're ſo blacke, ſay they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
*Duk.* But ſhe I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept ſecurely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſſe by day to her.
*Val.* Why then I would reſort to her by night.
*Duk.* I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
*Val.* What lets but one may enter at her window
*Duk.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.
*Val.* Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To caſt vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would ſerue to ſcale another *Hero*'s towre,
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.
*Duk.* Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduiſe me, where I may haue ſuch a Ladder.
*Val.* When would you vſe it? pray ſir, tell me that.
*Duk.* This very night; for Loue is like a child
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.
*Val.* By ſeuen a clock, ile get you ſuch a Ladder.
*Duk.* But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How ſhall I beſt conuey the Ladder thither?
*Val.* It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.
*Duk.* A cloake as long as thine will ſerue the turne?
*Val.* I my good Lord.
*Duk.* Then let me ſee thy cloake,
Ile get me one of ſuch another length.
*Val.* Why any cloake will ſerue the turne, my Lord.
*Duk.* How ſhall I faſhion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me ſee thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this ſame? what's here? *To Siluia?*
And here an Engine fit for my proceeding?
Ile be ſo bold to breake the ſeale forſooth.

*Sylu.* What ho, ſeruant?
*And here they come to me, that I ſtand thus.*
*Oh, could their Maſter come, and go as well,*
*Home to his Seruants, friends, and Countrey they are bound.*
*As Heralds, Thoughts, with ſpeede to their deſired home,*
*Leſt I (their hope) that thither them importune*
*Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,*
*Becauſe my ſelfe do want my ſeruants fortune.*
*I curſe my ſelfe, for they are ſent by me,*
*That they ſhould harbour where their Lord ſhould be.*

What's here? *Siluia, this night I will enfranchiſe thee.*
'Tis ſo: and here's the Ladder for the purpoſe.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* ſonne)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heauenly Carre?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?

Goe base Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too-much) I haue bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.
*Val.* And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die is to be banish'd from my selfe,
And Siluia is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if Siluia be not seene?
What ioy, is ioy, if Siluia be not by?
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Siluia in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on *Siluia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her fayre influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.
*Pro.* Run after him, man, and fetch him out.
*Lan.* So ho, soft, sir, soft, soft ——
*Pro.* What seest thou
*Lan.* Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*
*Pro.* *Valentine?*
*Val.* No
*Pro.* Who then? his Spirit?
*Val.* Neither.
*Pro.* What then?
*Val.* Nothing.
*Lan.* Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?
*Pro.* Whom wouldst thou strike?
*Lan.* Nothing.
*Pro.* Vnname, forbeare.
*Lan.* Why Sir, I'le strike nothing: I pray you.
*Pro.* Sirra, I say forbeare: friend *Valentine*, a word.
*Lan.* My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath possest them.
*Pro.* Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, vntuneable, and bad.
*Val.* Is Siluia dead?
*Pro.* No, *Valentine*
*Val.* No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Siluia*,
Hath she forsworne me?
*Pro.* No, *Valentine*.
*Val.* No *Valentine*, if *Siluia* haue forsworne me.
What is your newes?
*Lan.* Sir, there is a proclamation, y'are vanish'd.
*Pro.* That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Siluia*, and from me thy friend.
*Val.* Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth *Siluia* know that I am banish'd?
*Pro.* I, I, and she hath offered to the doome
(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tendred,
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer-shedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
*Val.* No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st
Haue some malignant power vpon my life:
If so, I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.
*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Hope, if this may not stay, thou canst not see thy loue:
Time, if this staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou are hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, I'le conuey thee through the City-gate,
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires.
As thou lou'st *Siluia* (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
*Val.* I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.
*Pro.* Goe sirra, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.
*Val.* Oh my deere *Siluia*; hapelesse *Valentine*.
*Launce.* I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue the wit to think my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now that knowes me to be but one, yet I am in loue, but a Louer he thinkes not: I care not for that neyther, because I loue crabbes: well, yet I haue gone well in my loue

*Sp.* Marry, the son of my Grand-father.

*La.* O illiterate loyterer, it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canst not read.

*Sp.* Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

*La.* There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy speed.

*Sp.* Inprimis she can milke.

*La.* I that she can.

*Sp.* Item, she brewes good Ale.

*La.* And thereof comes the prouerbe. (*Blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale*)

*Sp.* Item, she can sowe

*La.* That's as much as to say (*Can she so?*)

*Sp.* Item she can knit.

*La.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, When she can knit him a stocke

*Sp.* Item, she can wash and scoure.

*La.* A speciall vertue: for then we need not be washt, and scowr'd.

*Sp.* Item, she can spin.

*La.* Then may I set the world on wheeles, when she can spin for her liuing.

*Sp.* Item, she hath many nameles vertues.

*La.* That's as much as to say *bastard vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names.

*Sp.* Here follow her vices.

*La.* Close at the elbowe.

*Sp.* Item, she is not to be spoken in respect of her breath.

*La.* Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

*Sp.* Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

*La.* That makes amends for her sowre breath.

*Sp.* Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.

*La.* It's no matter for that; so she sleepe not in her talke.

*Sp.* Item, she is slow in words.

*La.* O villaine, that set this downe among her vices; To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue

*Sp.* Item, she is proud.

*La.* Out with that too: It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be ta'ne from her.

*Sp.* Item, she hath no teeth.

*La.* I care not for that neither: because I loue crusts.

*Sp.* Item, she is curst.

*La.* Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Sp.* Item, she will often praise her liquor.

*La.* If her Liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*Sp.* Item, she is too liberall.

*La.* Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ downe she is slow of: of her purse she shewes, for that we'll keepe shut: Now of another thing she may, and that cannot I keepe. Well proceede.

*Sp.* Item, she hath more hayre then wit, and more faults then hayres, and more wealth then faults.

*La.* Stop there, I'le haue her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that once more.

*Sp.* Item, she hath more hayre then wit.

*La.* More hayre then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the hayre that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

*Sp.* And more faults then hayres.

*La.* That's monstrous: O that that were out.

*Sp.* And more wealth then faults.

*La.* Why that word makes the rest gracious. Well, I'le haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.

*Sp.* What then

*La.* Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies for thee at *North-gate*.

*Sp.* For me?

*La.* For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man then thee.

*Sp.* And must I go to him?

*La.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serue the turne.

*Sp.* Why couldst not tell me so sooner? 'pox on your loue Letters.

*La.* Now will he be swinged for reading my Letter. An vnmannerly slaue, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correction. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Duke, Tharia, Protheus*

*Du.* Sir *Thurio*, feare not but that she will loue you Now I am come a hunting here my selfe.

*Th.* Since once she hath denyed me first, Fo[r] wooing me, yet can not she abide me most, Least I am determinate to obtaine her.

*Iul.* This weake impresse of loue is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate Dissolues to water, and doth loose his forme. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot. How now *Protheus*, is your countryman According to our Proclamation, gone?

*Pro.* Gone my good Lord.

*Iul.* My daughter takes his going grieuously?

*Pro.* A little time my Lord will kill that griefe.

*Du.* So I beleeue: but *Thurio* makes not so. *Protheus*, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shewne some signe of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer then I prooue loyall to your Grace, Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.

*Du.* Thou know'st how willing I would effect The match betweene sir *Thurio*, and my daughter?

*Pro.* I doe my Lord.

*Du.* And also I thinke, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

*Du.* I, and perseuers to, for euer so. What might we doe to make the girle forget The loue of *Valentine*, and loue *Sir Thurio*?

*Pro.* The best way is to slander *Valentine*, With falshood, cowardize, and poore discent: Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

*Du.* I, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* I, if his enemy deliuer it. Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Du.* Then you must vndertake to slander him.

*Pro.*

*Pro.* And that my Lord I shall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.
*Du.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
*Pro.* You haue prevayled (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue loue to him.
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that she will loue *Thurio*.
*Th.* Therefore as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Least it should ravell, and be good to none,
You must prouide to bottome it on me.
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As in your worth Captaine of her heart.
*Du.* And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already Loues firme votary,
And cannot soone revolt, and change your mind.
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue access,
Where you with *Thurio* may contend at large
For her in dumpish, weake disabled wise.
And for your friends sake will be glad of you,
Where you may temper her by your perswasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and loue my friend.
*Pro.* As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you (sir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough)
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires
By wailefull Sonnets, whose composed rimes
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.
*Du.* I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poesie.
*Pro.* Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discouer such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*
Forsake vnsounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Consort: To their instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grieuance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
*Du.* This discipline shewes thou hast been in loue.
*Th.* And thy aduice this night, ile put in practise:
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen, well skill'd in Musicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne
To gratifie the good acceptance.
*Du.* About it Gentlemen.
*Pro.* We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
*Du.* Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.*
1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.
3. *Out.* Stand sir, and throw vs that you haue about ye.
If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
*Sp.* Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.
*Val.* My friends.
1 *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.
3. *Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.
*Val.* Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;
A man I am, crost with aduersitie:
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I haue.
2. *Out.* Whether trauell you?
*Val.* To *Verona*.
1. *Out.* Whence came you?
*Val.* From *Millaine*.
3. *Out.* Haue you long soiourn'd there? (Said,
*Val.* Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?
*Val.* I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why ne're repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doome.
2 *Out.* Haue you the Tongues?
*Val.* My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.
1. *Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.
*Sp.* Master, be one of them.
It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.
*Val.* Peace villaine.
2. *Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?
*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.
3. *Out.* Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.
My selfe was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, allide vnto the Duke.
2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.
1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;
And partly seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2. *Out.* Indeede because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, aboue the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And liue as we doe in this wildernesse?
3. *Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.*

1. *Out.* But if thou ſcorne our curteſie, thou dyeſt.
2. *Out.* Thou ſhalt not liue, to brag what we haue of-
*Val.* I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fer d.
Prouided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poore paſſengers.
3. *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practiſes.
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And ſhow thee all the Treaſure we haue got;
Which, with our ſelues, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Hoſt, Muſitian, Siluia.*

*Pro.* Already haue I bin falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as vnioſt to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue acceſſe my owne loue to prefer.
But *Siluia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſſe guifts;
When I protect true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forſworne
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;
And notwithſtanding all her ſodaine quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a louers hope
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more ſhe ſpurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her ſtil,
But here comes *Thurio*; now muſt we to her window,
And giue ſome euening Muſique to her eare.
*Th.* How now, ſir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?
*Pro.* I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue
Will creepe in ſeruice, where it cannot goe.
*Th.* I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
*Pro.* Sir, but I doe: or elſe I would be hence.
*Th.* Who, *Siluia*?
*Pro.* I, *Siluia*, for your ſake.
*Th.* I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.
*Ho.* Now, my yong gueſt; me thinks your' allycholly;
I pray you why is it?
*Iu.* Marry (mine *Hoſt*) becauſe I cannot be merry.
*Ho.* Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where
you ſhall heare Muſique, and ſee the Gentleman that
you ask'd for.
*Iu.* But ſhall I heare him ſpeake.
*Ho.* I that you ſhall.
*Iu.* That will be Muſique.
*Ho.* Harke, harke.
*Iu.* Is he among theſe?
*Ho.* I: but peace, let's hoare'm.

*Song. Who is Siluia? what is ſhe?*
*That all our Swaines commend her?*
*Holy, faire, and wiſe is ſhe,*
*The heauen ſuch grace did lend her,*
*that ſhe might admired be.*
*Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?*
*For beauty liues with kindneſſe:*
*Loue doth to her eyes repaire,*
*To helpe him of his blindneſſe:*
*And being help'd, inhabits there.*
*Then to Siluia, let vs ſing,*
*That Siluia is excelling,*
*She excels each mortall thing*
*Vpon the dull earth dwelling,*
*To her let vs Garlands bring.*

*Ho.* How now? are you ſadder then you were before,
How doe you, man? the Muſicke likes you not.
*Iu.* You miſtake: the Muſitian likes me not
*Ho.* Why, my pretty youth?
*Iu.* He plaies falſe (father)
*Ho.* How out of tune on the ſtrings.
*Iu.* Not ſo; but yet
So falſe that he grieues my very heart-ſtrings.
*Ho.* You haue a quicke eare. (heart
*Iu.* I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a ſlow
*Ho.* I perceiue you delighte not in Muſique.
*Iu.* Not a what, when it iarres ſo.
*Ho.* Harke, what fine change is in the Muſique.
*Iu.* I: that change is the ſpight.
*Ho.* You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.
*Iu.* I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.
But Hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often reſort vnto this Gentlewoman?
*Ho.* I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nicke.
*Iu.* Where is *Launce*?
*Ho.* Gone to ſeeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Maſters command, hee muſt carry for a preſent to his
Lady.
*Iu.* Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.
*Pro.* Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will to pleade,
That you ſhall ſay my cunning drift excels.
*Th.* Where meete we?
*Pro.* At Saint *Gregories* well.
*Th.* Farewell.
*Pro.* Madam good eu'n to your Lad ſhip.
*Sil.* I thanke you for your Muſique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that ſpake?
*Pro.* One (Lady, if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
*Sil.* Sir *Protheus* as I take it.
*Pro.* Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.
*Sil.* What's your will?
*Pro.* That I may compaſſe yours.
*Sil.* You haue your wiſh; my will is euen this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed
Thou ſubtile, periur'd, falſe, diſloyall man.
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſſe,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiu'd ſo many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I ſweare)
I am ſo farre from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee, for thy wrongful ſuite;
And by and by intend to chide my ſelfe,
Euen for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
*Pro.* I grant (ſweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But ſhe is dead.
*Iu.* I were falſe, if I ſhould ſpeake it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.
*Sil.* Say that ſhe be; yet *Valentine* thy friend
Surniues; to whom (thy ſelfe art witneſſe)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

*Pro.*

*Pro.* Likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.
*Sil.* And so suppose am I: for in her grave
Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried.
*Pro.* Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
*Sil.* Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.
*Iul.* He heard not that.
*Pro.* Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'le speake, to that I'le sigh and weepe:
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow, will I make true loue.
*Iul.* If 'twere a substance you would sure deceiue it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
*Sil.* I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:
And so, good rest.
*Pro.* As wretches haue ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.
*Iul.* *Host*, will you goe?
*Ho.* By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.
*Iul.* Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?
*Ho.* Marry, at my house:
Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.
*Iul.* Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heauiest.

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Eglamore, Siluia.*

*Eg.* This is the houre that Madam *Silu'a*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
Tis' some great matter shee'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.
*Sil.* Who cals?
*Eg.* Your seruant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiships command.
*Sil.* Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.
*Eg.* As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
According to your Ladiships impose,
I am thus early come, to know what seruice
It is your pleasure to command me in.
*Sil.* Oh *Eglamore* thou art a Gentleman
(Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare vnto the banish'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhorr'd).
Thy selfe hast loued, and I haue heard thee say
No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue died,
Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:
Sir *Eglamore*, I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua* where I heare, he makes abode,
And for the wayes are dangerous to passe,
I doe desire thy worthy company,
Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.
Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the instice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a most vnholy match,
Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I doe desire thee, euen from a heart
As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
*Eg.* Madam, I pitty much your grieuances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I giue consent to goe along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wish all good befortune you.
When will you goe?
*Sil.* This euening comming.
*Eg.* Where shall I meete you?
*Sil.* At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.
*Eg.* I will not faile your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
*Sil.* Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure*. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.*

*Lan.* When a mans seruant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a present to Mistris *Silua*, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you serv'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Silu'a*: did not

not I bid thee ſtill marke me, and doe as I do; when did'ſt thou ſee me heaue vp my leg, and make water againſt a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'ſt thou euer ſee me doe ſuch a tricke?

*Pro.* *Sebaſtian* is thy name: I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſeruice preſently.

*Iu.* In what you pleaſe, ile doe what I can.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-ſon peazant,
Where haue you bin theſe two dayes loytering?

*La.* Marry Sir; I carried Miſtris *Siluia* the dogge you bad me.

*Pro.* And what ſaies ſhe to my little Iewell?

*La.* Marry ſhe ſaies your dog was a cur, and tels you currish thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

*Pro.* But ſhe receiu'd my dog?

*La.* No indeede did ſhe not: Here haue I brought him backe againe.

*Pro.* What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

*La.* I Sir, the other Squirrill was ſtolne from me By the Hangmans boyes in the market place, And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.

*Pro.* Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe, Or nere return againe into my ſight.
Away, I ſay: ſtayeſt thou to vexe me here?
A Slaue, that ſtill an end, turnes me to ſhame
*Sebaſtian*, I haue entertained thee,
Partly that I haue need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion doe my buſineſſe:
For 'tis no truſting to yond foolish Lowt;
But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behauiour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
Witneſſe good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go preſently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliuer it to Madam *Siluia*;
She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.

*Iul.* It ſeemes you lou'd not her, not to know her token:
She is dead belike?

*Pro.* Not ſo: I thinke ſhe liues.

*Iul.* Alas.

*Pro.* Why do'ſt thou cry alas?

*Iul.* I cannot chooſe but pitty her.

*Pro.* Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pitty her?

*Iul.* Because, meth inkes that ſhe lou'd you as well
As you doe loue your Lady *Siluia*:
She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,
You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
'Tis pitty Loue, ſhould be ſo contrary:
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

*Pro.* Well: giue her that Ring and therewithall
This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claime the promiſe for her heauenly Picture:
Your meſſage done, hye home vnto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt finde me ſad, and ſolitarie.

*Iul.* How many women would doe ſuch a meſſage?
Alas poore *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart, deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loues her, he deſpiſeth me,
Becauſe I loue him, I muſt pitty him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will
And now am I (vnhappy Meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine,
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would haue diſpraiſ'd.
I am my Maſters true confirmed Loue,
But cannot be true ſeruant to my Maſter,
Vnleſſe I proue falſe traitor to my ſelfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him ſpeed.
Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to ſpeake with Madam *Siluia*.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

*Iul.* If you be ſhe, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me ſpeake the meſſage I am ſent on.

*Sil.* From whom?

*Iul.* From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

*Sil.* O: he ſends you for a Picture?

*Iul.* I, Madam.

*Sil.* *Vrſula*, bring my Picture there,
Goe, giue your Maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

*Iul.* Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd
Deliuer'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiſhip.

*Sil.* I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

*Iul.* It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold
I will not looke vpon your Maſters lines.
I know they are ſtuft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As eaſily as I doe teare his paper.

*Iul.* Madam, he ſends your Ladſhip this Ring.

*Sil.* The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I haue heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure.
Though his falſe finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not doe his *Iulia* ſo much wrong.

*Iul.* She thankes you.

*Sil.* What ſai'ſt thou?

*Iul.* I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Do'ſt thou know her?

*Iul.* Almoſt as well as I doe know my ſelfe.
To thinke vpon her woes, I doe proteſt
That I haue wept a hundred ſeuerall times.

*Sil.* Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her?

*Iul.* I thinke ſhe doth: and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

*Sil.* Is ſhe not paſſing faire?

*Iul.* She hath bin fairer (Madam) then ſhe is,
When ſhe did thinke my Maſter lou'd her well;
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking glaſſe,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The ayre hath ſtaru'd the roſes in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as blacke as I.

*Sil.* How tall was ſhe?

*Iul.* About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulia* gowne,
Which ſerued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me.
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus* periury, and vniuſt flight;
Which I to make it acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.
*Sil.* She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady, deſolate, and left,
I weepe my teate to thinke vpon thy words:
Here youth, there is my purſe; I giue thee this (well.
For thy ſweet Mistris ſake, becauſe thou lou'ſt her. Fare-
*Iul.* And ſhe ſhall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Masters ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Mistris loue ſo much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it ſelfe:
Here is her Picture: let me ſee, I thinke
If I had ſuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleſſe I flatter with my ſelfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me ſuch a couloured Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glaſſe, and ſo are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high.
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpectiue in my ſelfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow vp,
For 'tis thy riuall: O thou ſenceleſſe forme,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there ſence in his Idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
Ile vſe thee kindly, for thy Mistris ſake
That vs'd me ſo: or elſe by *Ioue*, I vow,
I ſhould haue ſcratch'd out your vnſeeing eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Eglamoure. Siluia.*

*Egl.* The Sun begins to guild the weſterne ſkie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Siluia* at Fryer *Patricks* Cell ſhould meet me,
She will not faile, for Louers breake not houres,
Vnleſſe it be to come before their time,
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See where ſhe comes. Lady a happy euening.
*Sil.* Amen, Amen. goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Poſterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by ſome Spies.
*Egl.* Feare not: the Forreſt is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are ſure enough. *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.*

*Th.* Sir *Protheus*, what ſaies *Siluia* to my ſuit?
*Pro.* Oh Sir, I finde her milder then ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
*Thu.* What? that my leg is too long?
*Pro.* No, that it is too little. (der.
*Thu.* Ile weare a Boote, to make it ſomewhat rou-
*Pro.* But loue will not be ſpurd to what it loathes.
*Thu.* What ſaies ſhe to my face?
*Pro.* She ſaies it is a faire one.
*Thu.* Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.
*Pro.* But Pearles are faire; and the old ſaying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.
*Thu.* 'Tis true, ſuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
*Thu.* How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
*Pro.* Ill, when you talke of war.
*Thu.* But well, when I diſcourſe of loue and peace.
*Iul.* But better indeede, when you hold you peace.
*Thu.* What ſayes ſhe to my valour?
*Pro.* Oh Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
*Iul.* She needes not, when ſhe knowes it cowardize.
*Thu.* What ſaies ſhe to my birth?
*Pro.* That you are well deriu'd.
*Iul.* True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
*Thu.* Conſiders ſhe my Poſſeſſions?
*Pro.* Oh, I: and pitties them.
*Thu.* Wherefore?
*Iul.* That ſuch an Aſſe ſhould owe them.
*Pro.* That they are out by Leaſe.
*Iul.* Here comes the Duke.
*Du.* How now ſir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you ſaw *Eglamoure* of late?
*Thu.* Not I.
*Pro.* Not I.
*Du.* Saw you my daughter?
*Pro.* Neither.
*Du.* Why then
She's fled vnto that peaſant, *Valentine*;
And *Eglamoure* is in her Company:
'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forreſt:
Him he knew well: and gueſs'd that it was ſhe,
But being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides ſhe did intend Confeſſion
At *Patricks* Cell this euen, and there ſhe was not.
Theſe likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you ſtand, not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meete with me
Vpon the riſing of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Diſpatch (ſweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
*Thu.* Why this it is, to be a peeuiſh Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the loue of reck-leſſe *Siluia*.
*Pro.* And I will follow, more for *Siluia* loue
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.
*Iul.* And I will follow, more to croſſe that loue
Then hate for *Siluia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Siluia, Out-Lawes.*
1. *Out.* Come, come be patient:

We

We must bring you to our Captaine.
*Sil.* A thousand more mischances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.
But *Moyses* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: We'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vse a woman lawlesly.
*Sil.* O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scœna Quarta.*

*Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Out lawes.*

*Val.* How vse doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desart, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, vnseene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenantlesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was.
Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*.
Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy forlorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace:
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vncivill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?
*Pro.* Madam this service I haue done for you
(Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)
*Val.* How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbeare a while.
*Sil.* O miserable, vnhappy that I am.
*Pro.* Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my coming, I haue made you happy.
*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.
*Iul.* And me, when he approcheth to your presence.
*Sil.* Had I beene seazed by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a breake-fast to the Beast,
Rather then haue false *Protheus* rescue me:
Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false periur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.
*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke?
Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd
When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.
*Sil.* When *Protheus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd.
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy first best Loue)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Descended into periury, to loue me,
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.
*Pro.* In Loue,
Who respects friend?
*Sil.* All men but *Protheus*.
*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder forme,
Ile woo you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.
*Sil.* Oh heauen.
*Pro.* Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.
*Val.* Ruffian: let goe that rude vncivill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
*Pro.* *Valentine.*
*Val.* Thou cõmon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perswaded me: now I dare not say
I haue one friend aliue; thou would'st disproue me:
Who should be trusted, when one's right hand
Is periured to the bosome? *Protheus*
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The priuate wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst:
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?
*Pro.* My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,
As ere I did commit.
*Val.* Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I giue thee.
*Iul.* Oh me vnhappy.
*Pro.* I poke to the Boy.
*Val.* Why, Boy!
Why wag how now? what's the matter? look vp: speak.
*Iul.* O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring to Madam *Silvia*: which (out of my neglect) was neuer done.
*Pro.* Where is that ring? boy?
*Iul.* Heere 'tis: this is it.
*Pro.* How? let me see.
Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.
*Iul.* Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke:
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.
*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.
*Iul.* And *Iulia* her selfe did giue it me,
And *Iulia* her selfe hath brought it hither.
*Pro.* How? *Iulia*?
*Iul.* Behold her, that gaue aime to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.
How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.
*Pro.* Then men their minds? 'tis true: oh heauen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'sins;
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:
What is in *Siluia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Iulia's*, with a constant eye?
*Val.* Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pitty two such friends should be long foes.
*Pro.* Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.
*Iul.* And I mine.
*Out-l.* A prize: a prize; a prize.
*Val.* Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.
*Duke.* Sir *Valentine*?
*Thu.* Yonder is *Siluia*: and *Siluia's* mine.
*Val. Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy dead:
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Doe not name *Siluia* thine: if once againe,
*Verona* shall not hold thee: heere she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.
*Thur.* Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.
*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leaue her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Siluia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.
*Val.* I thank your Grace, y gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.
*Duke.* I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
*Val.* These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
*Duke.* Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.
*Val.* And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
*Duke.* I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.
*Val.* I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.
*Duke.* What meane you by that saying?
*Val.* Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The story of your Loues discouered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

## The names of all the Actors.

*Duke:* Father to Siluia
*Valentine.*
*Protheus.* } the two Gentlemen.
*Anthonio:* father to Protheus.
*Thurio:* a foolish riuall to Valentine.
*Eglamoure:* Agent for Siluia in her escape.
*Host:* where Iulia lodges.
*Out-lawes* with *Valentine.*
*Speed:* a clownish seruant to *Valentine.*
*Launce:* the like to *Protheus.*
*Panthion*, seruant to *Antonio.*
*Iulia:* beloued of *Protheus.*
*Siluia:* beloued of *Valentine.*
*Lucetta*, waighting-woman to *Iulia.*

FINIS.

THE

# THE
# Merry Wiues of Windſor.

## *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Enter Iuſtice* Shallow, Slender, *Sir* Hugh Euans, *Maſter* Page, Falſtaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtoll, Anne Page, *Miſtreſſe* Ford, *Miſtreſſe* Page, Simple.

*Shallow.*

SIr *Hugh*, perſwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow* Eſquire. (Coram.

*Slen.* In the County of *Glocester*, Iuſtice of Peace and

*Shal.* I (Coſen *Slender*) and *Cuſt-alorum.*

*Slen.* I, and *Ratolorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Maſter Perſon) who writes himſelfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

*Shal.* I that I doe, and haue done any time theſe three hundred yeeres.

*Slen.* All his ſucceſſors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

*Shal.* It is an olde Coate.

*Euans.* The dozen white Lowſes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: It is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

*Shal.* The Luſe is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh, is an old Coate.

*Slen.* I may quarter (Coz).

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Euans.* It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Euan.* Yes per-lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skarts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple coniectures: but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

*Shal.* The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

*Euan.* It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot. The Councell ſhall looke you ſhall deſire to feare the feare of Got, and not to feare a Riot: take your vizaments in that.

*Shal.* Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

*Euans.* It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my prains, which peraduenture prings good diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* *Miſtreſſe Anne Page?* ſhe has browne haire, and ſpeakes ſmall like a woman.

*Euans.* It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer is her Grand-fire vpon his deaths-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue, when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a good motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page.*

*Slen.* Did her Grand-ſire leaue her ſeuen hundred pound?

*Euan.* I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Slen.* I know the young Gentlewoman, ſhe has good gifts.

*Euan.* Seuen hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let vs ſee honeſt Maſter *Page*: is *Falſtaffe* there?

*Euan.* Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a liar, as I doe deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpite one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-wiſhers. I will peate the doore for Maſter *Page.* What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere.

*Mr. Page.* Who's there?

*Euan.* Here is Got's pleſſing and your friend and Iuſtice *Shallow* and here young Maſter *Slender*, that peraduentures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Mr. Page.* I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thanke you for my Venſon Maſter *Shallow.*

*Shal.* Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good do it your good heart. I wiſht your Venſon better, it was ill killed. How doth good Miſtreſſe *Page*? and I thanke you alwayes with my heart, la: with my heart.

*Mr. Page.* Sir, I thanke you.

*Shal.* Sir I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

*Mr. Pa.* I am glad to ſee you good Maſter *Slender.*

*Slen.* How does your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard ſay he was out-run on / *Cotſall.*

*Mr. Pa.* It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confeſſe: you'll not confeſſe.

*Shal.* That he will not, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

*Mr. Pa.* A Cur, Sir.

*Shal.* Sir he's a good dog and a faire dog: can there be more ſaid? he is good and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* here?

*Mr. Pa.* Sir, he is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

*Euan.* It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeake.

*Shal.* He hath wrong'd me (Maſter *Page.*)

*Mr. Pa.* Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

*Shal.* If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo (*M. Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith he is wronged.

*Ma. Pa.* Here comes Sir *Iohn*.

*Fal.* Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

*Shal.* Knight, you haue beaten my men, kil'd my deere, and broke open my Looge.

*Fal.* But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

*Fal.* I will anſwere it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now answer'd

*Shal.* The Councell ſhall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in counſell: you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eu. Pauca verba*; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

*Slen.* Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Rafcals, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

*Bar.* You Banbery Cheeſe.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter

*Piſt.* How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I ſay; *pauca pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

*Eua.* Peace, I pray you. Now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*), & there is my elfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Gater.

*Ma Pa.* We three to heare it, & end it between them.

*Euan.* Fery goo't, I will make a prieſe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

*Fal. Piſtoll.*

*Piſt.* He heares with eares.

*Euan.* The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

*Fal. Piſtoll*, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

*Slen.* I, by theſe gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeauen groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that coſt me two ſh illing and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloues.

*Fal.* Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

*Euan.* No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

*Piſt.* Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of denial; froth, and ſcum thou lieſt.

*Slen.* By theſe gloues, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

*Fal.* What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

*Bar.* Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

*Eu.* It is his fiue ſences: fie, what the ignorance is.

*Bar.* And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheerd, and ſo conclusions paſt the Car-eires.

*Slen.* I, you ſpake in Latten then too: but 'tis no matter; Ile ne're be drunk whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

*Euan.* So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

*Fal.* You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

*Mr. Page.* Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

*Slen.* Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*.

*Mr. Page* How now Miſtris *Ford*?

*Fal. Miſtris Ford*, by my troth you are very well met: by your leaue good Miſtris.

*Mr. Page.* Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venſon paſty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drinke downe all vnkindneſſe.

*Slen.* I had rather then forty ſhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I muſt wait on my ſelfe, muſt I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

*Sim* Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

*Shal.* Come Coz, come Coz, we ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderſtand me?

*Slen.* I Sir, you ſhall finde me reaſonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall doe that that is reaſon.

*Shal.* Nay, but vnderſtand me.

*Slen.* So I doe Sir.

*Euan.* Giue eare to his motions; (M. *Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* ſaies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuſtice of Peace in his Countrie, ſimple though I ſtand here.

*Euan.* But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* I, there's the point Sir.

*Eu.* Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. *Anne Page*.

*Slen.* Why if it be ſo; I will marry her vpon any reaſonable demands.

*Eu.* But can you affection the 'oman, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore preciſely, cã you carry your good wil to ỹ maid?

*Sh.* Coſen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

*Slen.* I hope ſir, I will do as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

*Eu.* Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeake poſſitable, if you can carry-her your deſires towards her.

*Shal.* That you muſt:
Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

*Slen.* I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your requeſt (Coſen) in any reaſon.

*Shal.* Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (ſweet Coz): what I doe is to pleaſure you (Coz:) can you loue the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her (Sir) at your requeſt; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreaſe it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occaſion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you ſay mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely diſſolued, and diſſolutely.

*Eu.* It

*En.* It is a fery diſcretion-anſwere; ſaue the fall is in the'ord, diſſolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

*Sh.* I: I thinke my Coſen meant well.

*Sl.* I, or elſe I would I might be hang'd (la.)

*Sh.* Here comes faire Miſtris *Anne*; would I were yong for your ſake, Miſtris *Anne*.

*An.* The dinner is on the Table, my Father deſires your worſhips company.

*Sh.* I will wait on him, (faire Miſtris *Anne*.)

*En.* Od's pleſſed-will: I will not be abſence at the grace.

*An.* Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

*Sl.* No, I thank you forſooth, hartely, I am very well.

*An.* The dinner attends you, Sir.

*Sl.* I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forſooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Coſen *Shallow*: a Iuſtice of peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

*An.* I may not goe in without your worſhip: they will not ſit till you come.

*Sl.* I'faith, Ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

*An.* I pray you Sir walke in.

*Sl.* I had rather walke here (I thanke you.) I bruz'd my ſhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares i'th' Towne?

*An.* I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

*Sl.* I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

*An.* I indeede Sir.

*Sl.* That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you, the women haue ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt. But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

*Ma.Pa.* Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

*Sl.* Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

*Ma.Pa.* By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

*Sl.* Nay, pray you lead the way.

*Ma.Pa.* Come on, Sir.

*Sl.* Miſtris *Anne*, your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

*An.* Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

*Sl.* Truely I will not goe firſt: truely la, I will not doe you that wrong.

*An.* I pray you Sir.

*Sl.* Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome: you doe your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Euans, and Simple.*

*Eu.* Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which is the way; and there dwels one Miſtris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe, or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

*Si.* Well Sir.

*Eu.* Nay, it is better yet: giue her this letter; for it is a'woman that altogeathers acquaintãce with Miſtris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; there's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Piſtoll, Page.*

*Fal* Mine *Hoſt* of the *Garter*?

*Ho.* What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpeake ſcholler'ly, and wiſely.

*Fal.* Truely mine *Hoſt*; I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

*Ho.* Diſcard, (bully *Hercules*) caſheere; let them wag, trot, trot.

*Fal.* I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

*Ho.* Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cæſar*, *Keiſer* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*. he ſhall draw; he ſhall tap: ſaid I well (bully *Hector*?)

*Fa* Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.

*Ho.* I haue ſpoke; let him follow: let me ſee thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

*Fal.* *Bardolfe*, follow him. a *Tapſter* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruingman, a freſh Tapſter: goe, adew.

*Ba.* It is a life that I haue deſir'd: I will thriue.

*Piſt* O baſe hungarian wight: wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

*Ni.* He was gotten in drinke: is not the humor conceited?

*Fal.* I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox: his Theeſts were too open: his filching was like an vnſkilfull Singer, he kept not time.

*Ni.* The good humor is to ſteale at a minutes reſt.

*Piſt.* Conuay: the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

*Fal.* Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heele.

*Piſt.* Why then ſet Kibes on't.

*Fal.* There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

*Piſt.* Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

*Fal.* Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

*Piſt.* I ken the wight: he is of ſubſtance good.

*Fal.* My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Piſt.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now *Piſtoll* (Indeede I am in the waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte: I am about thrift) briefely: I doe meane to make loue to *Ford's* wife. I ſpie entertainment in her: ſhee diſcourſes: ſhee carues: ſhe giues the leere of inuitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, & the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly, is, *I am Sir Iohn Falſtaffe*)

*Piſt.* He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will, out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

*Ni.* The Anchor is deepe: will that humor paſſe?

*Fal* Now the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe: he hath a legend of Angels.

*Piſt.* As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy ſay I.

*Ni.* The humor riſes: it is good: humor me the angels.

*Fal.* I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too: examin'd my parts with moſt iudicious illiads: ſometimes the beame of her view, gilded my foote: ſometimes my portly belly.

*Piſt.* Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

*Nim.* I thanke thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch me vp like a burning-glaſſe: here's another letter to her. She beares the Purſe too. She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee: they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt-Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Page*, and thou this to Miſtris *Ford*. we will thriue (Lads) we will thriue.

*Piſt.* Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

*Nim.* I will run no base humour: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold Sirrah, beare you theſe Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnace to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence auaunt, vanish like hayrie-lookes; goe,
Trudge, plod away o'th hoofe: ſeeke ſhelter packe
Falſtaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe and ſkirted *Page*.

*Piſt.* Let Vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and
Fullam holds & high and low beguiles rich & poore,
Tetter de naste in pouch, when thou ſhalt lacke,
Base *Phrygian* Turke.

*Nim.* I haue operations
Which be haue no ſtomacke to.

*Piſt.* Wilt thou reuenge?

*Nim.* By Welkin and her Starre.

*Piſt.* With wit, or Steele?

*Nim.* With both the humors, I
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Louſe to *Ford*

*Piſt.* And to *Page* ſhall eke ſuch cold
How *Falſtaffe* varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

*Nim.* My humour ſhall not coole: I will incenſe *Ford* to deale with poyſon. I will poſſeſſe him with yellow-neſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Piſt.* Thou art the Mars of *Malecontents*: I ſecond thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

## Scœna Quarta.

*Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Ferton.*

*Qu.* What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement, and ſeeke if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* coming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

*Ru.* Ile goe watch.

*Qu.* Goe, and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honeſt, willing kinde fellow, as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall: and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; he is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his faults: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

*Si.* I, for fault of a better.

*Qu.* And Maſter *Slender*'s your Maſter?

*Si.* Itorſooth.

*Qu.* Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers paring knife?

*Si.* No forſooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Cane-coloured Beard.

*Qu.* A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

*Si.* I forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

*Qu.* How ſay you: oh, I ſhould remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

*Si.* Yes indeede do's he.

*Qu.* Well heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune. Tell Maſter Parſon *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh——

*Ru.* Out alas: here comes my Maſter.

*Qu.* We ſhall all be ſhent: Run in here, good young man; goe into this Cloſſet: he will not ſtay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I ſay? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (*and downe, downe, adowne &c.*)

*Ca.* Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloſſet, vnboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I ſpeake? a greene-a-Box.

*Qu.* I forſooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himſelfe: if he had found the young man he would haue bin horne-mad.

*Ca.* *Fe te fe fe, mai foy, il fait fort chaude, Ie man vas a la Court la grande affaires.*

*Qu.* Is it this Sir?

*Ca.* *Ouy meſtre le mon pocket, de prech quickly*: Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

*Qu.* What *John Rugby*, *John*?

*Ru.* Here Sir.

*Ca.* You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugby*. Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

*Ru.* 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

*Ca.* By my troth: I tarry too long: od's-me *Que ay ie oublie*: dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſſet, dat I will not for the vnild I ſhall leaue behinde.

*Qu.* Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, and be mad.

*Ca.* O *Diable*, *Diable*: vat is in my Cloſſet?
Villanie, La-roone *Rugby*, my Rapier.

*Qu.* Good Maſter be content.

*Ca.* Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

*Qu.* The yong man is an honeſt man.

*Ca.* What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſſet: dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſſet.

*Qu.* I beſeech you be not ſo flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parſon *Hugh*.

*Ca.* Vell.

*Si.* I forſooth: to deſire her to——

*Qu.* Peace, I pray you.

*Ca.* Peace-a-your tongue: ſpeake-a-your Tale.

*Si.* To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

*Qu.* This is all indeede-la: but ile ne're put my finger in the fire, and needs not.

*Ca.* Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, baillow me ſome paper: tarry you a little-a-while.

*Qu.* I

*Qui.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe you your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, y French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house, and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

*Simp.* 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand

*Qui.* Are you a wis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, to tell you in your eare, I would haue no words of it, my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris *Anne Page* but notwithstanding that I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You, Iack Nake, giue-a me Letters: Nay *Hugh*, by gar it is a fine knaue: will you not murder me? Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Iack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make. —— you may be come it apace, you carry me? by gar I will cut all your two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

*Qui.* Alas he speakes but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter a verd dis: sorry you tell a me dat I shall haue *Anne Page* for my self? by gar, I vill kill de Iack Priest: and I haue appointed mine Host of de Iarteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I will myself haue *Anne Page*.

*Qui.* Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall be well. We must giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

*Caius.* *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore. follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

*Qui.* You shall haue *An*- scales head of your owne: No, I know *Anne's* mind: for that, neuer a woman in *Windsor* knowes more of *Anne's* mind then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

*Fenton.* Who's within there, hoa?

*Qui.* Who's there, I trow? Come neere the house I pray you.

*Fen.* How now good woman, how dost thou?

*Qui.* The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?

*Fen.* What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*?

*Qui.* In truth Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

*Fen.* Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit?

*Qui.* Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithstanding, Master *Fenton*, I'le be sworne on a booke she loues you. Haue not your Worship a wart about your eyes?

*Fen.* Yes marry haue I, what of that?

*Qui.* Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith it is such another *Nan*, (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: we had an hours talke of that wart: I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) she is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you —— well —— goe too ——

*Fen.* Well, I shall see her to day: hold there's money for thee: let me haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seest her before me, commend me. ——

*Qui.* Will I? I faith that we will. And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

*Fen.* Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

*Qui.* Fare-well to your Worship: truly an honest Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not: for I know *Anne's* minde as well as another does: out vpon't, what haue I forgot. *Exit.*

## Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Mistris* Page, *Mistris* Ford, *Master* Page, *Master* Ford, *Pistoll*, *Nim*, Quickly, *Host*, *Shallow*.

*Mist. Page.* What, haue scap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect for them? let me see.

*Ask me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Reason for his Precision, he admits him not for his Counsailour you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more sympathie: you loue sacke, and so do I: would you desire better sympathie? Let it suffice thee Mistris Page, at the least if the Loue of Soldier can suffice, that I loue thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like phrase, but I say, loue me.*

*By me,*
*Thine owne true Knight, by day or night:*
*Or any kinde of light, with all his might,*
*For thee to fight.* *Iohn Falstaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world! One that is well nie worne to peeces with age to show himselfe a young Gallant? What an vnweighed Behauiour hath this Flemish drunkard picke (with the Deuils name) out of my conuersation, that he dares In my Company what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth (heauen forgiue me) why I'le Exhibite a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of fat men, how shall I be reuenged on him? for reuenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Mist. Ford.* *Mistris Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mist. Page.* And trust me, I was coming to you: you looke very ill.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, I'le nere beleeue that; I haue to shew to the contrary.

*Mist. Page.* 'Faith but you do in my minde.

*Mist. Ford.* Well I do then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary. O Mistris *Page*, giue me some counsaile.

*Mist. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mist. Ford.* O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to very good.

*Mist. Page.* Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour: what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

*Mist. Ford.* If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment or so, I could be knighted.

*Mist. Page.* What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

*Mist. Ford.* We burne day-light: here, read, read: perceiue how I might be knighted. I shall thinke the worse of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet he would not swear;

praise

praiſe womens modeſty: and gaue ſuch orderly and well-behaued reproofe to al vncomelineſſe, that I would haue ſworne his diſpoſition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Pſalms to the tune of Greenſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale, (with ſo many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'ſhoare at Windſor? How ſhall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the beſt way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt haue melted him in his owne greaſe: Did you euer heare the like?

*Miſ.Page.* Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine neuer ſhall: I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blancke-ſpace for different names (ſure more): and theſe are of the ſecond edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preſſe, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Gianteſſe, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twentie laſciuious Turtles ere one chaſte man.

*Miſ.Ford.* Why this is the very ſame: the very hand, the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

*Miſ.Page.* Nay I know not: it makes me almoſt readie to wrangle with mine owne honeſty. Ile entertaine my ſelfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for ſure vnleſſe hee know ſome ſtrange ſinne in me, that I know not my ſelfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie.

*Mi.Ford.* Boording, call you it? Ile be ſure to keepe him aboue decke.

*Ma.Page.* So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting, giue him a ſhow of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

*Mi.Ford.* Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſſe of our honeſty: o, that my husband ſaw this Letter: it would giue eternal food to his iealouſie.

*Miſ.Page.* Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from iealouſie, as I am from giuing him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeaſurable diſtance.

*Miſ.Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Miſ.Page.* Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight: Come hither.

*Ford.* Well: I hope, it be not ſo.

*Piſt.* Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affaires.
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why ſir, my wife is not young.

*Piſt.* He woos both high and low, both rich & poor,
both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the
Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

*Ford.* Loue my wife?

*Piſt.* With liuer, burning hot: prouent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Actæon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

*Ford.* What name Sir?

*Piſt.* The horne I ſay: Farewell:
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere ſommer comes, or Cuckoo-buds do ſing.
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*:
Beleeue it (*Page*) he ſpeakes ſence.

*Ford.* I will be patient. I will find out this.

*Nim.* And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in ſome humors: I ſhould haue borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a ſword: and it ſhall bite vpon my neceſſitie: he loues your wife; There's the ſhort and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I ſpeak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falſtaffe* loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu.

*Page.* The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights Engliſh out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will ſeeke out *Falſtaffe*.

*Page.* I neuer heard ſuch a drawling-affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I doe finde it: well.

*Page.* I will not beleeue ſuch a *Cataian*, though the Prieſt o' th'Towne commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

*Page.* How now *Meg*?

*Miſt. Page.* Whether goe you (*George!*) harke you.

*Miſ Ford.* How now (ſweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe.

*Miſ.Ford.* Faith, thou haſt ſome crochets in thy head, Now: will you goe, *Miſtreſſe Page*?

*Miſ.Page.* Haue with you: you'll come to dinner *George*? Looke who comes yonder: ſhee ſhall bee our Meſſenger to this paltrie Knight.

*Miſ.Ford.* Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhee'll fit it.

*Miſ.Page.* You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne*?

*Qui.* Ifaſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne*?

*Miſ.Page.* Go in with vs and ſee: we haue an houres talke with you.

*Page.* How now Maſter Ford?

*For.* You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

*Pag.* Hang 'em ſlaues; I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his diſcarded men: very rogues, now they be out of ſeruice.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry were they.

*Ford.* I like it neuer the beter for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

*Page.* I marry do's he: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him; and what hee gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

*Ford.* I doe not miſdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

*Page.* Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when hee lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

*Hoſt.* How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caueleiro Iuſtice, I ſay.

*Shal.* I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow: Good-euen, and twenty (good Maſter *Page*.) Maſter *Page*, wil you go with vs? we haue ſport in hand.

*Hoſt.* Tell him Caueleiro-Iuſtice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Prieſt, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

*Ford.* Good

*Ford.* Good mine Hoſt o'th'Garter: a word with you.

*Hoſt.* What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

*Shal.* Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

*Hoſt.* Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-Caualeire?

*Shal.* None, I proteſt: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*: onely for a ieſt.

*Hoſt.* My hand, (Bully:) thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well,) and thy name ſhall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

*Shal.* Haue with you mine Hoſt.

*Page.* I haue heard the Frenchman hath good ſkill in his Rapier.

*Shal.* Tut ſir: I could haue told you more. In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*) is all: 'tis heere: I haue ſeene the time, with my long ſword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes ſkippe like Rattes.

*Hoſt.* Heere boyes, heere, heere: ſhall we wag?

*Page.* Haue with you: I had rather heare them ſcold, than fight.

*Ford.* Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily: ſhe was in his company at *Page*'s houſe: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I haue a diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaffe*: if I finde her honeſt, I looſe not my labor: if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. *Exeunt.*

## *Scœna Secunda.*

*Enter* Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Piſt.* Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Bright* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

*Piſt.* Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

*Fal.* Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: thinkſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Manor of *Pickt-hatch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you ſtand vpon your honor! why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can do to keepe the termes of my honor preciſe: I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

*Piſt.* I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

*Robin.* Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Qui.* Giue your worſhip good morrow.

*Fal.* Good morrow, good-wife.

*Qui.* Not ſo, and't please your worſhip.

*Fal.* Good maid then.

*Qui.* Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

*Fal.* I doe beleeue the ſwearer, what with me?

*Qui.* Shall I vouch-ſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

*Fal.* Two thouſand (faire woman) and Ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

*Qui.* There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my ſelfe dwell with M. Doctor Caius.

*Fal.* Well, on, Miſtreſſe *Ford*, you ſay.

*Qui.* Your worſhip ſaies very true. I pray your worſhip come a little neerer this waies.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

*Qui.* Are they ſo? heauen bleſſe them, and make them his Seruants.

*Fal.* Well, Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

*Qui.* Why Sir, thee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worſhip's a wanton: well, heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray———.

*Fal.* Miſtreſſe *Ford*: come, Miſtreſſe *Ford*.

*Qui.* Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it: you haue brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches, I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly: all muſke, and ſo rattling, I warrant you, as muſke and golde, and in ſuch alligant termes, and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my ſelfe twenty Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all, and yet there has beene Lords a-ſay, (which is more) Pen-ſioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what ſaies ſhee to mee? be briefe my good ſhee *Mercurie*.

*Qui.* Marry, ſhe hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which ſhe thankes you a thouſand times, and ſhe giues you to notifie that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleuen.

*Fal.* Ten, and eleuen.

*Qui.* I, forſooth: and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of. Maſters *Ford* her husband will be from home. alas, the ſweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very iealouſie-man, ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good hart.)

*Fal.* Ten, and eleuen.

Woman

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

*Qui.* Why, you ſay well: But I haue another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſſe *Page* hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let mee tell you in your eare, ſhee's as fartuous a ciuill modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſſe you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who ere bee the other: and ſhee bade me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldome from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman ſo doate vpon a man; ſurely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I haue no other charmes.

*Qui.* Bleſſing on your heart for't.

*Fal.* But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

*Qui.* That were a ieſt indeed: they haue not ſo little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed. But Miſtris *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page of all loues: her husband has a marueilous infection to the little Page: and truely Maſter *Page* is an honeſt man. Neuer a wife in *Windſor* leades a better life then ſhe do's: doe what ſhee will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will: and truly ſhe deſerues it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windſor*, ſhe is one: you muſt ſend her your Page, no remedie.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Qui.* Nay, but doe ſo then, and ſpeake you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any caſe haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

*Fal.* Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diſtracts me.

*Piſt.* This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more ſailes, purſue: vp with your fights
Giue fire: ſhe is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

*Fal.* Saiſt thou ſo (old *Iacke*) go thy wayes: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them ſay 'tis groſſely done, ſo it bee fairely done, no matter.

*Bar.* Sir *Iohn*, there's one Maſter *Broome* below would faine ſpeake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a mornings draught of Sacke.

*Fal. Broome* is his name?

*Bar.* I Sir.

*Fal.* Call him in: ſuch *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes ſuch liquor: ah ha, Miſtreſſe *Ford* and Miſtreſſe *Page*, haue I encompaſs'd you? goe to, *via.*

*Ford.* Bleſſe you ſir.

*Fal.* And you ſir: would you ſpeake with me?

*Ford.* I make bold, to preſſe, with ſo little preparation vpon you.

*Fal.* You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

*Ford.* Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue ſpent much, my name is *Broome.*

*Fal.* Good Maſter *Broome*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir *Iohn*, I ſue for yours: not to charge you, for I muſt let you vnderſtand, I thinke my ſelfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath ſomething emboldned me to this vnſeaſon'd intruſion: for they ſay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

*Fal.* Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe, for eaſing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deſerue to bee your Porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you ſir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

*Fal.* Speake (good Maſter *Broome*) I ſhall be glad to be your Seruant.

*Ford.* Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer ſo good means as deſire, to make my ſelfe acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcouer a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Regiſter of your owne, that I may paſſe with a reproofe the eaſier, ſith you your ſelfe know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

*Fal.* Very well Sir, proceed.

*Ford.* There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford.*

*Fal.* Well Sir.

*Ford.* I haue long lou'd her, and I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her: followed her with a doating obſeruance: Ingroſs'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd euery ſlight occaſion that could but nigardly giue mee ſight of her: not only bought many preſents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what ſhee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue purſu'd her, as Loue hath purſued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occaſions: but whatſoeuer I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am ſure I haue receiued none, vnleſſe Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchaſed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to ſay this,

" *Loue like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Loue purſues,*
" *Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*

*Fal.* Haue you receiu'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Neuer.

*Fal.* Haue you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

*Ford.* Neuer.

*Fal.* Of what qualitie was your loue then?

*Ford.* Like a fair houſe, built on another mans ground, ſo that I haue loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place, where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpoſe haue you vnfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some ſay, that though ſhe appeare honeſt to mee, yet in other places ſhee enlargeth her mirth ſo farre, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpoſe: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O Sir.

*Ford.* Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money; ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more; ſpend all I haue, onely giue

giue me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Fords* wife : vſe your Art of wooing ; win her to conſent to you : if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

*Ford.* O, vnderſtand my drift : ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe : ſhee is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattail'd againſt me : what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*?

*Fal.* Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your money : next, giue mee your hand : and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

*Ford.* O good Sir.

*Fal.* I ſay you ſhall.

*Ford.* Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

*Fal.* Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none. I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me : I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen : for at that time the ieelous-raſcally-knaue her husband will be forth : come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

*Ford.* I am bleſt in your acquaintance : do you know *Ford* Sir?

*Fal.* Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not : yet I wrong him to call him poore. They ſay the ieelous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauour'd : I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & there's my harueſt-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue, I will ſtare him out of his wits : I will awe him with my cudgell : it ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horne. Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ouer the peazant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night : *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtile : thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night.

*Ford.* What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to crack with impatience : who ſaies this is improuident ieelouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made : would any man haue thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a falſe woman : my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong : Termes, names : *Amaimon* ſounds well : *Lucifer*, well : *Barbaſon*, well : yet they are Diuel-additions, the names of fiends : But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold! the Diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe, hee will truſt his wife, hee will not be iealous : I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Parſon *Hugh* the *Welſh-man* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee ruminates, then ſhee deuiſes : and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect ; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealouſie : eleuen o'clocke the howre. I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe* and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too ſoone, then a minute too late : fie, fie, fie : Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

*Exit.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt.*

*Caius.* *Iacke Rugby.*

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* Vat is the clocke, *Iack*?

*Rug.* 'Tis paſt the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

*Cai.* By gar, he has ſaue his ſoule, dat he is no-come : he ha's pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come : by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already if he be come.

*Rug.* Hee is wiſe Sir, hee knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

*Cai.* By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I will kill him : take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I will tell you how I will kill him.

*Rug.* Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

*Cai.* Villanie, take your Rapier.

*Rug.* Forbeare : heer's company.

*Hoſt.* Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

*Shal.* 'Saue you Mr Doctor *Caius*.

*Page.* Now good Mr. Doctor.

*Slen.* 'Giue you good-morrow, ſir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

*Hoſt.* To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy punctio, thy ſtock thy reuerſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Frauncis? ha, Bully? what ſayes my *Eſculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Eldertree, ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

*Cai.* By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Preſt of de vorld : he is not ſhow his face.

*Hoſt.* Thou art a Caſtalion king Vrinall : *Hector* of *Greece*, my Boy.

*Cai.* I pray you beare witneſſe, that me haue ſtay, ſixe or ſeuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

*Shal.* He is the wiſer man (M. Doctor) he is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies : if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions : is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

*Page.* Maſter *Shallow*, you haue your ſelfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace ; if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one : though wee are Iuſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee haue ſome ſalt of our youth in vs, we are the ſons of women (M. *Page*.)

*Page.* 'Tis true, Mr *Shallow*.

*Shal.* It will be found ſo, (M. *Page*.) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home : I am ſworn of the peace : you haue ſhow'd your ſelfe a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhowne himſelfe a wiſe and patient Churchman : you muſt goe with me, M. Doctor.

*Hoſt.* Par-

*Hoſt.* Pardon, Gueſt-Iuſtice; a Monſieur Mocke-[illegible]

*Cai.* Mock-vater? vat is dat?

*Hoſt.* Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

*Cai.* By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de Engliſhman: ſcurvy-lack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

*Hoſt.* He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

*Cai.* Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

*Hoſt.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Cai.* By-gar, me doe looke hee ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

*Hoſt.* And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Cai.* Me tanck you for dat.

*Hoſt.* And moreouer, (Bully) but firſt, Mr. Ghueſt, and M. *Page*, & eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

*Page.* Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

*Hoſt.* He is there, ſee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

*Shal.* We will doe it.

*All.* Adieu, good M. Doctor.

*Cai.* By-gar, me will kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a lack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

*Hoſt.* Let him die: ſheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting: and thou ſhalt woo her: Cride-game, ſaid I well?

*Cai.* By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſts: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

*Hoſt.* For the which, I will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

*Cai.* By-gar, 'tis good: vell ſaid.

*Hoſt.* Let vs wag then.

*Cai.* Come at my heeles, *Iack Rugby*.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.*

*Euans.* I pray you now, good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruing-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

*Sim.* Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

*Euans.* I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo looke that way.

*Sim.* I will ſir.

*Euans.* 'Pleſſe my ſoule how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule: *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls: melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow:* 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls: [illegible] When as I ſit in Pabilon: and a thouſand vagrom Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.*

*Sim.* Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

*Euans.* Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers, to whoſe falls*: Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, Sir: there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the ſtile, this way.

*Euans.* Pray you giue mee my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes.

*Shal.* How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

*Slen.* Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

*Page.* 'Saue you, good Sir *Hugh*.

*Euans.* 'Pleſſe you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

*Shal.* What? the Sword, and the Word? Doe you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

*Page.* And youthfull ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

*Euans.* There is reaſons, and cauſes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr Parſon.

*Euans.* Fery-well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

*Shal.* I haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres, and vpward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

*Euans.* What is he?

*Page.* I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſician.

*Euans.* Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

*Page.* Why?

*Euans.* He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and he is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knaue, as you would deſires to be acquainted withall.

*Page.* I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

*Slen.* O ſweet *Anne Page*.

*Shal.* It appeares ſo by his weapons: keepe them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

*Page.* Nay good Mr. Parſon, keepe in your weapon.

*Shal.* So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

*Hoſt.* Diſarme them, and let them queſtion: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

*Cai.* I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; wherefore will you not meet-a me?

*Euans.* Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

*Cai.* By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn Ape.

*Euans.* Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors: I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

*Cai.* *Diable*: *Iack Rugby*: mine *Hoſt de Iarteere* haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

*Euans.* As I am a Chriſtians ſoule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter*.

*Hoſt.* Peace-quil ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* & *Welſh*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

*Cai.* I,

*Cai.* I, dat is very good, excellant.

*Hoſt.* Peace, I pray: here mine Hoſt of the Garter, Am I politike? Am I ſubtle? Am I a Machiuel? Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, he gues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he gues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celeſtial) ſo: Boy.

*Art.* I haue deceiued you ſo often, I haue deſerued to weare your Liuery: but now I haue ſeene you in a right place. Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn Saint *Ottes* Crowne. Let vſ by our ſwords to pawne, follow me Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Truſt me, a mad Hoſt: follow Gentlemen, follow.

*Sen.* O well ſung *Anne Page*.

*Cai.* And do I pertaine the deare: Haue you made-de-ſot of vs, ha, ha?

*Eua.* This is well, ſhe has made vs her vouching-boy: I deſire you that we may be friends, and let our prattles together to effect to morrow in the afternoone, when we may drink a boule at the Ordinary-comfort, and voyd our ſeuerall waies.

*Cai.* By gar me will kill de Prieſt, for him ſpeake me well of *Anne Page*: by gar me will kill him.

*Eua.* Well I will ſmite his noddles: pray you follow.

## Scena Secunda.

*Mr. Page, Ford, Fenton, Caius, Slender, Hoſt, Euans, Quiſ.*

*Mr. Pa.* Nay haue you no more to ſay? Cannot I go with you, but muſt I tell you my buſineſſe? Will you looke vpon my daughter, and not know how to diſpoſe of her? Muſt ſhe needs go and marry with her fortune-tooke? Shall I not know how to beſtow her? Muſt ſhe be directed by her owne eyes, or eyes of other mens heads?

*Slen.* Indeed I had rather haue ſpoken with her my ſelfe, then haue had any man elſe: I know not how I haue offended: but that (if a man will take vpon him to be mad) he muſt anſwer it himſelfe.

*Mr. Pa.* You are too impatient to beare croſſes. Wife, where is your daughter?

*Ford.* Where is my wife, Sir?

*Mr. Pa.* Truly Sir, I care not where you wife, ſhe is not here.

*Ford.* I, and ſo I am perſwaded ſhe may be, and in company I take your couſen Fenton to be one of: and they two would marry.

*Mr. Pa.* Before I that euer I conſented.

*Ford.* Where haue you that peeuiſh vanity found?

*Mr. Pa.* I can tell you what the doctor tells me, and more is my husband and mine, what do you ſay, Sir *Hugh*?

*Rob.* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

*Ford.* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

*Mr. Pa.* He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is ſuch a league betweene my goodman, and he: is breake out.

*Ford.* Indeed then.

*Mr. Pa.* By your leaue (for I am ſicke) I will depart.

*Ford.* Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eyes? Has he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, he hath no vſe of them: why this boy will carue a Hen-cocke, or a Capon-cocke, or a Prieſt-cocke, or a Sparrow, or a knaue, or a foole, and he ſees not the right caſe. He takes Wiues for Boyes, and Children for Riches, and flatteries for Friendſhips, and wiues for Huſbands. I am ſhrunke in my wiues affection, and my goods are melted away in my wiues humour. Well, I will find you twenty laſciuious Turtles ere one chaſte man.

*Hoſt.* Hearke you, M. *Ford*, you ſimple Aſſe: to morrow is a great day at Heath: come, if you be men, follow mine Hoſt.

*Ford.* Well, I will looke further into't, and I will not baſely depart the houſe.

*Cai.* By gar, nor I too: there is ſome bodies deceiue my ſelfe.

*Ford.* Will you go with vs to behold it? My Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: for (believe me) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter. Hearke I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

*Hoſt.* Will you go Maſters?

*Slen.* Will you go, Couſen?

*Cai.* Will I follow mine Hoſt, I warrant you, for de ſport.

*Ford.* Will you go, Gentlemen?

*All.* Haue with you, to ſee this Monſter. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Mr. Ford, Mr. Page, Seruants, Robert, Ford, Fenton and Euans.*

*Mr. Ford.* Where is Sir *Iohn*? Come, where is Sir *Iohn*?

*Mr. Page.* Quick, quick, where is the Knight?

*Mr. Ford.* I am glad I am ſo acquit of this tricke.

*Mr. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mr. Ford.* Here, ſet it downe.

*Mr. Page.* Giue your men the charge we muſt be briefe.

*Mr. Ford.* Marrie as I told you before (*Iohn* & *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the brew-houſe, & when I ſodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe or ſtaggering) take this basket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the Whitſters in *Datchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

*Mr. Page.* You will do it?

*Mr. Ford.* I haue told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

*M.Page.* Here comes little *Robin.* (with you?

*Miſt.Ford.* How now my Eyas-Muſket, what newes

*Rob.* My M.Sir *Iohn* is come in at your backe doore (Miſt.*Ford*, and requeſts your company.

*M.Page.* You little Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs

*Rob.* I, I'le be ſworne: my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerla-ſting libertie, if I tell you of it: for he ſweares he'l turne me away.

*Miſt.Page.* Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new dou-blet and hoſe. I'le go hide me.

*Mr.Ford.* Do ſo: go tell thy Maſter, I am alone: Miſt. *Page*, remember you your Cue.

*M.Page.* I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

*Miſt.Ford.* Go-too then: we'l vſe this vnwholeſome humidity, this groſſe watry Pumpion: we'l teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

*Fal.* Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed houre.

*Miſt.Ford.* O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

*Fal.* Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Miſt *Ford*) now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh: I would thy Huſband were dead, I'le ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

*Miſt.Ford.* I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould be a pittifull Lady.

*Fal.* Let the Court of France ſhine vpon her, and call her faire: I'le proue it in any Ladie of Venetian admittance.

*Miſt Ford.* A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*: My browes become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixure of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſem-icircled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou can'ſt not hide it.

*Miſt.Ford.* Beleeue me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee. There's ſomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deſerui'ſt it.

*Miſt Ford.* Do not betray me ſir, I feare you loue M.*Page.*

*Fal.* Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

*Miſt Ford.* Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you ſhall one day finde it.

*Fal.* Keepe in that minde, I'le deſerue it.

*Miſt Ford.* Nay I muſt tell you, ſo you doe; Or elſe I could not be in that minde.

*Hoſt.* Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*: heere's Miſtris *Page* at the doore ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needes ſpeake with you preſently.

*Fal.* She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce mee behinde the Arras.

*Miſt Ford.* Pray you do ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. What's the matter? How now?

*Miſt.Page.* O miſtris *Ford* what haue you done? You're ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

*M.Ford.* What's the matter, good miſtris *Page*?

*M.Page.* O welladay, miſt.*Ford*, hauing an honeſt man to your husband, to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

*M.Ford.* What cauſe of ſuſpition?

*M.Page.* What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am I miſtooke in you?

*M.Ford.* Why (alas) what's the matter?

*M.Page.* Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentle-man, that he ſayes is heere now in the houſe; by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence: you are vndone.

*M.Ford.* 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

*M.Page.* Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's com-ming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your ſelfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

*M.Ford.* What ſhall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. I had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

*M.Page.* For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a baſket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creepe in heere, and throw foule linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

*M.Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

*Fal.* Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't: I'le in, I'le in: Follow your friends counſell, I'le in.

*M.Page.* What Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*? Are theſe your Let-ters, Knight?

*Fal.* I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: I'le neuer——

*M.Page.* Helpe to couer your maſter (Boy:) Call your men (Miſt.*Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

*M.Ford.* What *Iohn*, *Robert*, *Iohn*; Go, take vp theſe cloathes heere, quickly: Where's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in Dat-cher mead: quickly, come.

*Ford.* 'Pray you come neere: if I ſuſpect without cauſe, Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your ieſt, I deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

*Ser.* To the Landreſſe forſooth?

*M.Ford.* Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

*Ford.* Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelfe of ſ Buck: Buck, buck, buck, I buck: I warrant you Buck, And of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appeare.
Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, I'le tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, finde out: I'le warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now vncape.

*Page.* Good maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelfe too much.

*Ford.* True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentlemen,
You ſhall ſee ſport anon:

Follow

Follow me Gentlemen.

*Euans.* This is fery fantaſticall humors and iealouſies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no-tne faſhion of France.
It is not iealous in France.

*Page.* Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

*Miſt Page* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Miſt Ford.* I know not which pleaſes me better,
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*

*Miſt. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

*Miſt. Ford.* I am halfe afraid he will haue need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

*Miſt. Page* Hang him diſhoneſt raſcal! I would all of the ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

*Miſt Ford* I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being here: for I neuer ſaw him ſo grоſſe in his iealouſie till now.

*Miſt. Page.* I will ſpeake of it to try him, and we will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

*Miſt Ford* Shall we ſend that fooliſh Carion, Miſt. *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

*Miſt. Page.* We will do it: let him be ſent for to-morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

*Ford.* I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

*Miſt. Page.* Heard you that?

*Miſt Ford.* You vſe me well, M. *Ford*? Do you?

*Ford.* I, I do ſo.

*Mi. Ford.* Heauen make you better then your thoghts

*Ford.* Amen.

*Mr. Page.* You do your ſelfe mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

*Ford.* I, I: I muſt beare it.

*Eu.* If there be any pody in the houſe & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes heauen forgiue my ſins at the day of iudgement

*Caius.* Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

*Page.* Fy, fy, M *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what deuill ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not haue your diſtemper in this kinde, for the welth of Windſor Caſtle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I ſuffer for it.

*Euans.* You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

*Cai* By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman

*Ford.* Well, I promiſd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Mi. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray heartily pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt: after we'l a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Eu.* If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Compaſſe

*Ca.* If there be one, or two, I ſhall make a-tother

*Ford.* Pray you go, M. *Page*.

*Eua.* I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

*Cai.* Dat is good by gar, with all my heart.

*Eua.* A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Quarta.*

*Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſt. Page.*

*Fen.* I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

*Anne.* Alas, how then?

*Fen.* Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it only by his wealth
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tells me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.

*An.* May be he tells you true.

*Fen.* No, heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne*)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtamps in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed bagges
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I aime at.

*An.* Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue, ſtill ſeeke it Sir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then hark you hither.

*Shal.* Breake their talke Miſtreſs *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.

*Slen.* Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, 'tis but venture.

*Shal.* Be not diſmaid.

*Slen.* No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

*Quic.* Hoſt ye M. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

*An.* I come to him. This is my Fathers choice.
O what a world of vile ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

*Quic.* And how does good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you

*Shal.* Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou had'ſt a father.

*Slen.* I had a father (M. *Anne*) my vncle can tell you good ieſts of him: pray you Vncle tell Miſt. *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

*Shal.* Miſtreſs *Anne*, my Coz loues you.

*Slen.* I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glocerſhire.

*Shal.* He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

*Slen.* I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioyncture.

*Anne.* Good Maſter *Shallow* let him woo for himſelfe.

*Shal.* Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort. She calls you (Coz) I leaue you.

*Anne.* Now Maſter *Slender*.

*Slen.* Now good Miſtreſs *Anne*.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke heauen) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

*Anne.* I meane M. *Slender*, what would you with me?
*Slen.* I [illegible] how neere it would be or
nothing [illegible] made
mowers of [illegible] mercers
[illegible] go [illegible] I can
you may take your [illegible] heere comes.
*Page.* Now Mr *Slender*, I [illegible] Mr.
Wee how now? What does Mr *Fenton* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haue my house
I told you Sir, my daughter is disposed of
*Fen.* Nay Mr *Page* be not impatient.
*Mrs Page.* Good M *Fenton* come not to my child.
*Page.* She is no match for you.
*Fen.* Sir, will you heare me?
*Page.* No, good M. *Fenton*.
Come, M. *Slender*, come *Slender*, in;
[illegible] M. *Fenton*)
[illegible] Speake Mistris *Page*.
*Fen.* Good Mr *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
[illegible] as I do,
Perfect [illegible] kisses, and manners,
[illegible] colours of my loue,
[illegible] Let me haue your good will
*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.
*Mrs Page.* I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband
[illegible] master M Doctor.
[illegible] had rather [illegible] quicke with earth,
[illegible] with Lungs.
*Mrs Page.* Come, trouble not your selfe good M.
*Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy
My daughter will I question how she loues you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
*Fen.* Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell *Nan*.
[illegible] Nay, mistris, will you
[illegible] a sole, and a dish apiece?
[illegible] M. *Fenton*, this is my doing.
[illegible] once to night,
[illegible] *Nan*'s dish of prawnes.
[illegible] good fortune, a thousand
[illegible] through fire & water
[illegible] however, I would my Maister
had Mistris *Anne*, or I would Master *Slender* had her, or (in
sooth I would) M *Fenton* had her, I will do what I can
for them all, three or two of them, they could, and I would
[illegible] as my word, but speciously for M. *Fenton*. Well, I
must of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* from my two
Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.*
[illegible]
*Fal.* Heere Sir
*Fal.* [illegible] put a toste in
[illegible] beare it in a basket like a barrow of
butchers proffer: and to be throwne in the Thames? Well,
if I be serued, I shall haue another tricke. I haue my braines
ta'ne out and buttered, and giue them to a dogge for a
New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer
with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'd a
blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may
know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking
[illegible] could not haue repeas'd me downe,
I should haue been [illegible] the flesh of a dead
man, and what a thing should I haue been, when I
had been swel'd? I should haue been a Mountaine of
Mummie.
*Bar.* Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to speake with you.
*Fal.* Come let me poure in some Sack to the Thames
water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-
balls, for pills to coole the reines. Call her in.
*Bar.* Come in woman.
*Qui.* By your leaue: I cry you mercy!
Giue your worship good morrow.
*Fal.* Take away these Chalices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.
*Bard.* With Egges Sir?
*Fal.* Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperme in my
brewage How now?
*Qui.* Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. *Ford*.
*Fal.* Ast ford: I haue had Ford enough. I was throwne
into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.
*Qui.* Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her
fault she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke
their erection (promise.
*Fal.* So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Woman's
*Qui.* Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern
your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a
birding, she desires you once more to come to her, be-
tweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickely,
she'll make you amends I warrant you.
*Fal.* Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her
thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailety, and
then iudge of my merit.
*Qui.* I will tell her.
*Fal.* Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?
*Qui.* Eight and nine Sir.
*Fal.* Well, be gone: I will not misse her.
*Qui.* Peace be with you Sir.
*Fal.* I meruaile I heare not of Mr *Broome*: he sent me
word to stay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere he comes
*Ford.* Blesse you Sir.
*Fal.* Now M. *Broome*, you come to know
What hath past betweene me, and *Ford's* wife.
*Ford.* That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my businesse
*Fal.* *M. Broome* I will not lye to you,
I was at her house the houre she appointed me.
*Ford.* And how speed you Sir?
*Fal.* very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome*.
*Ford.* How so Sir, did she change her determination?
*Fal.* No (M *Broome*) but the peaking Cornuto her hus-
band M *Broome*, dwelling in a continuall larum of iea-
lousie comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had
embrac't, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue
of our Comedy: and at his heele, a rabble of his companions
[illegible] and by his diuel-temper,
and [illegible] for his wiues Loue.
*Ford.* How? my Wife was there?
*Fal.* Why I was there.
*Ford.* And he was out for you, & could not find you?
*Fal.* You shall heare. As good [illegible] would haue it,
comes in one *Mist Page* giues me intelligence of *Fords* ap-
proach and his [illegible] on, and *Fords* wiues distracted,
they conuey'd me into a buck-basket.

*Ford*

*Ford.* A Buck-basket?

*Fal.* Yes a Buck-basket ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greate Napkins, (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that ever offended noſtrill.

*Ford.* And how long ay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what I haue ſuffered, to bring this woman to me, for your good. Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaues his Hindes, were call forth by their Miſtreſſe, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datcheret*: they tooke me on their ſhoulders, met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket: I quak'd for feare leaſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (for a while) ordain'd he ſhould be a Cuckold: held his hand: well: on I went: bleſſed an houre: into the Ditch they caſt me: with the foule Shirts: and there was I for foure houres ſtifled: (as I ſhall anſwere it Maſter *Broome*) I ſhall ſmell of it this ſeuenight. Neuer did Witch take more paines in Charming, than I did in Conſuring: that ſhall be my laſt Worke, I aſſure you. Next to be throwne into the Thames: and cooled glowing hot, in that ſcalding Liquor. Is not Eyſell enough to ſower Sweete Diſpoſitions? Is not Water enough to coole an Vnreaſonable Heate? Well: I ſuffer'd, I ſuffer'd for it: yet is this no Charme for Cold, nor a Med'cine for Moiſt: my Traine is almoſt choakt with the ſtinke of foule Linnen, that in the waſhing hath almoſt ſtifled me. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what I haue ſuffered, to bring this woman to me, for your good. Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaues his Hindes, were call forth by their Miſtreſſe, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datcheret*: they tooke me on their ſhoulders, met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket: I quak'd for feare leaſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (for a while) ordain'd he ſhould be a Cuckold: held his hand: well: on I went: bleſſed an houre: into the Ditch they caſt me: with the foule Shirts: and there was I for foure houres ſtifled: (as I ſhall anſwere it Maſter *Broome*) I ſhall ſmell of it this ſeuenight. Neuer did Witch take more paines in Charming, than I did in Conſuring: that ſhall be my laſt Worke, I aſſure you. Next to be throwne into the Thames: and cooled glowing hot, in that ſcalding Liquor. Is not Eyſell enough to ſower Sweete Diſpoſitions? Is not Water enough to coole an Vnreaſonable Heate? Well: I ſuffer'd, I ſuffer'd for it: yet is this no Charme for Cold, nor a Med'cine for Moiſt: my Traine is almoſt choakt with the ſtinke of foule Linnen, that in the waſhing hath almoſt ſtifled me. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what I haue ſuffered, to bring this woman to me, for your good. Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaues his Hindes, were call forth by their Miſtreſſe, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datcheret*: they tooke me on their ſhoulders, met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket: I quak'd for feare leaſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (for a while) ordain'd he ſhould be a Cuckold: held his hand: well: on I went: bleſſed an houre: into the Ditch they caſt me: with the foule Shirts: and there was I for foure houres ſtifled: (as I ſhall anſwere it Maſter *Broome*) I ſhall ſmell of it this ſeuenight. Neuer did Witch take more paines in Charming, than I did in Conſuring: that ſhall be my laſt Worke, I aſſure you. Next to be throwne into the Thames: and cooled glowing hot, in that ſcalding Liquor. Is not Eyſell enough to ſower Sweete Diſpoſitions? Is not Water enough to coole an Vnreaſonable Heate? Well: I ſuffer'd, I ſuffer'd for it: yet is this no Charme for Cold, nor a Med'cine for Moiſt: my Traine is almoſt choakt with the ſtinke of foule Linnen, that in the waſhing hath almoſt ſtifled me.

*Ford.* In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you haue ſuffered all this.
My ſuite then is deſperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

*Fal.* Maſter *Broome*, I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus. Her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambaſſe of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Maſter *Broome*).

*Ford.* 'Tis paſt eight already Sir.

*Fal.* Is it? Then will I addreſſe me to my appointment. Come to me at your conuenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeede: and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enioying her. Adieu. You ſhall haue her Maſter *Broome*. Maſter *Broome*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*.

*Ford.* Hum: ha? Is this a viſion? Is this a dreame? Do I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*: there's a hole made in your beſt coate. Maſter *Ford*, this is to be married; this is to haue Linnen, and Buck-baskets. Well, I will proclaime my ſelfe what I am. I will now take the Lecher: he is at my houſe: he cannot ſcape me: 'tis impoſſible he ſhould: he cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purſe, nor into a Pepper-Box: But leaſt the Deuill that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot auoyde; yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame. If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Miſtris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.*

*Mil. Page.* Is he at Maſter *Fords* already, thinkeſt thou?

*Qui.* Sure he is by this, or will be preſently; but truely he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtreſſe *Ford* deſires you to come ſodainely.

*Mil. Pag.* Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong man here to ſchoole. Looke where his Maſter comes, 'tis a playing day I ſee. How now Sir *Hugh*, no ſchoole to day?

*Eua.* No Maſter, becauſe it is the Boyes leaue to play.

*Qui.* Well ſaid, fellow Comfort.

*Mil. Pag.* Come hither, *William*, hold vp your head; come.

*Mil. Pag.* Come on Sirra; hold vp your head, anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

*Eua.* *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

*Will.* Two.

*Qui.* Truely I thought there had been one Number more, becauſe they ſay, Od's Nownes.

*Eua.* Peace your tatlings. What is *Faire, William?*

*Will.* Pulcher.

*Qui.* Powle-cats? there are fairer things than Powle-cats, ſure.

*Eua.* You are a very ſimplicity 'oman. I pray you peace. What is *Lapis, William?*

*Will.* A Stone.

*Eua.* And what is a Stone, *William?*

*Will.* A Pebble.

*Eua.* No, it is *Lapis*. I pray you remember in your prain.

*Will.* *Lapis.*

*Eua.* That is good *William*. What is *Lapis, William?*

*Will.* A Stone.

*Eua.* And what is a Stone, *William?*

*Will.* A Pebble.

*Eua.* No, it is *Lapis*. Vse it no more, than a Stone, and be remembers it.

*Will.* Well, I will vſe it then.

*Eua.* Harke you, what is your name, *William?*

*Will.* Jacke Rugby.

*Eua.* What is the Accuſatiue Caſe of *Mons?*

*Will.* *Mons?* A Hill.

*Eua.* What is the Genitiue Caſe multitudinis?

*Will.* Forſooth I forget.

*Eua.* Sticke not to tell me, *William*. Remember, *William*, Focatiue is *caret*.

*Qui.* And that's a good roote.

*Eua.* Oman, forbear.

*Mil. Pag.* Peace.

*Eua.* What is your Genitiue Caſe plurall, *William?*

*Will.* Genitiue Caſe?

*Eua.* I.

*Will.* Genitiue Caſe: horum, harum, horum.

*Qui.* Vengeance of Ginyes Caſe, fie on her, neuer name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

*Eua.* For ſhame 'oman.

*Qui.* You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hic, and to hac, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelues, and to call *horum*, fie vpon you.

*Eua.* Oman

*Euans.* O man, art thou lunatics? Haſt thou no vnderſtanding for thy Caſes, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as good a Chriſtian creature, as I would deſire.

*Mrs. Page.* Prethee hold thy peace.

*Euans.* Shew me now (for my ſtudy) the declenſions of your Pronounes.

*Will.* Forſooth, I haue forgot.

*Euans.* It is *Qui, quæ, quod*, if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches. Goe your waies and play, go.

*Mr. Page.* He is a better ſcholler then I thought he was.

*Euans.* He is a good ſprag memory: Farewel *Mrs. Page*.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu good Sir *Hugh*.
Get you home boy. Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Falſtaffe, Miſt. Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.*

*Fal.* Miſt. Ford. Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance: I ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a hayre: not only Miſt. *Ford*, in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a birding (ſweet Sir *Iohn*).

*Mr. Page.* What hoa, goſſip *Ford*! what hoa.

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn*.

*Mrs. Page.* How now (ſweet heart), whole at home before vs?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why none but mine owne people.

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Ford.* No certainly. Speake loader.

*Mrs. Page.* In truth, Maiſter *Ford*, you haue no body here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he ſo vexes me with my husband, for ſeruing him a Subpœna, to appeare before the Lords at *Ludlow* to morrow, or next day, for old matters of forty yeares ſtanding, time out of mind, time out of memory, and I know not what: that my husband came not home till foure of the clocke, that he ſtood in his owne doore, and could not be ſeene, with ſuch other Iniurious, vngodly, diſordered, and farre vnſeemely carriages, as euer honeſt wiues endured: but I am glad the Knight is not here now, he ſhall ſee his owne foolerie.

*Mrs. Ford.* How neere is he Miſtris *Page*?

*Mrs. Page.* Hard by, at ſtreet end, he will be here anon.

*Mrs. Ford.* I am vndone, the Knight is here.

*Mrs. Page.* Why then you are vtterly ſham'd, & he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him, better ſhame then murther.

*Mrs. Ford.* Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? ſhall I put him into the basket againe?

*Fal.* No, I come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas: three of Mr. *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

*Fal.* What ſhall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

*Mrs. Ford.* There they alwaies vſe to diſcharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* He will ſeeke there on my word: Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

*Fal.* Ile go out then.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

*Mrs. Ford.* How might we diſguiſe him?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, deuiſe ſomething: any extremitie, rather than a miſchiefe.

*Mrs. Ford.* My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Braineford*, has a gowne aboue.

*Mrs. Page.* On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

*Mrs. Page.* Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

*Mrs. Ford.* I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Braineford; he ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

*Mrs. Page.* Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

*Mrs. Ford.* But is my husband comming?

*Mrs. Page.* I in good ſadneſſe is he, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs. Ford.* Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did laſt time.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently: let's go dreſſe him like the witch of *Braineford*.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'le firſt direct my men, what they ſhall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him ſtraight.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe enough,
We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doo,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act that often ieſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eat all the draugh.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go Sirs, take the baskes againe on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if hee bid you ſet it downe, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare ſo much lead.

*Ford.* I, but if it proue true (Mr. *Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine. ſome body call my wife: Youth in a basket; Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conſpiracie againſt me: Now ſhall the diuel be ſham'd. What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt

…e I cloathes you forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, diſpaire M. *Ford*, you are not to goe loote any longer, you muſt be preſent.

*Euans.* Why, this is Lunatickes: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

*Shal.* Indeed *M. Ford*, this is not well indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the ielous foole to her husband I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

*Miſt. Ford.* Heauen be my witneſſe you do if you ſuſpect me in any dishoneſty.

*Ford.* Well ſaid Braſen-face, hold it out. Come forth ſirrah.

*Page.* This paſſes.

*Miſt Ford.* Are you not aſham'd let the cloths alone.

*Ford.* I ſhall finde you anon.

*Euan.* 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket I ſay.

*M. Ford.* Why man, why?

*Ford.* Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true, my ielouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

*Miſt. Ford.* If you find a man there, he ſhall dye a Fleas death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity this is not well *Mr. Ford*: This wrongs you.

*Euans.* *Mr Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſie.

*Ford.* Well: hee's not heere I ſeeke for.

*Page.* No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

*Ford.* Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-ſport: Let them ſay of me, *As iealous as Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wife's Leman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

*M. Ford.* What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman? what old woman's that?

*M. Ford.* Why it is my maids Aunt of *Braineford*.

*Ford.* A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane. Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes of errands do ſhe? We are ſimple men, wee do not know what's brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She works by Charmes, by Spells, by th' Figure, & ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you come downe I ſay.

*Miſt. Ford.* Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him ſtrike the old woman.

*Miſt. Page.* Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

*Ford.* Ile *Prat*-her. Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Bagge, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out: I'le conſure you, I'le fortune-tell you.

*Miſt. Page.* Are you not aſham'd?
I think you'll beate the poore woman.

*Miſt Ford.* Nay: he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

*Ford.* Hang her witch.

*Euan.* By yea and no, I think the o'man is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'o'man has a great peard: I ſpie a great peard vnder his muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow Gentlemen I beſeech you follow: ſee but the iſſue of my iealouſie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further. Come Gentlemen.

*Miſt Page.* Truſt me he beate him moſt pittifully.

*Miſt Ford.* Nay by th' Maſſe that he did not: he beate him moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

*Miſt Page.* Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung o're the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

*Miſt Ford.* What think you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood and the witneſſe of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further reuenge?

*M. Page.* The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the diuel haue him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recouery, he will neuer (I think) in the way of waſte attempt vs againe.

*Miſt. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we haue ſerued him?

*Miſt Page.* Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can finde in their hearts the poore vnuertuous fat knight ſhall be any further afflicted, wee two will ſtill be the miniſters.

*Miſt. Ford.* Ile warrant, they'l haue him publikely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the ieſt ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

*Miſt Page.* Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Sir, the Germane deſires to haue three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

*Hoſt.* What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of any in the Court. Let me ſpeake with the Gentlemen: they ſpeake Engliſh?

*Bar.* I Sir, Ile call him to you.

*Hoſt.* They ſhall haue my horſes, but Ile make them pay: I'le ſauce them, they haue had my houſes a week at command: I haue turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them come. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, and Euans.*

*Eua.* 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a woman as euer I did looke vpon.

*Page.* And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

*Miſt Page.* Within a quarter of an houre.

*Ford.* Pardon me (wife.) Henceforth do what ſ wilt: I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with cold,
Then thee with wantonneſſe. Now doth thy honor ſtand

'In

(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.
*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more
Be not as extreme in submission
But as extreme in offring fashion.
Yet couertly (for so much the matter holds)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.
*Ford.* There is no better way then that they spoke of.
*Page.* How? to send him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.
*Eu.* You say he has been throwne into the Riuers and has been grieuously peaten, as an old man: me-thinkes there should be terrors in him, that he should not come. Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, he shall haue no desire.
*Page.* So think I too.
*Mist. Ford.* Deuise but how you'l vse him when he comes,
And let vs two deuise to bring him thither.
*Mist. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter, (time out of mind) walkes in the Parke euery night, with a great pair of Hornes on his head, like a Forrester, and there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle, and makes milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a dreadfull chaine in a most hideous and terrible manner.
You haue heard of such a Spirit, and well you know the superstitious idle-headed Eld
Receiued, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.
*Page.* Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake.
But what of this?
*Mist. Ford.* Marry this is our deuise,
That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meete with vs.
*Page.* Well, eene it must be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you haue brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
*Mist. Pa.* That likewise haue we thought vpon, & that
Nan Page my daughter and my little sonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, we'll dresse
Like Vrchins, Ouphes and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: vpon a sodaine,
As *Falstaffe*, she and I are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: vpon their sight
We two, in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy like, to-pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.
*Ford.* And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him sound,
And burne him with their Tapers.
*Mist. Page.* The truth being known,
We'll all present our selues, dis-horne the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
*Ford.* The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne're do't.
*Eua.* I will teach the children their behauiours: and I will be like a Iacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight with my Taber.
*Ford.* That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.
*Mist. Page.* My Nan shall be the Queene of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.
*Page.* That silke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. *Slender* steale my Nan away,
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.
*Ford.* Nay, Ile to him again in name of *Broome*,
He'll tell me all his purpose, sure he'll come.
*Mist. Page.* Feare not you that. Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.
*Euans.* Let vs about it.
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaueries.
*Mist. Page.* Go *Mist. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his mind.
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, though well landed, is an Idiot:
And he, my husband best of all affects.
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall haue her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her.

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.*

*Host.* What would'st thou haue (Boore) what? (thick skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe, short, quicke, snap.
*Simp.* Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* from M. *Slender*.
*Host.* There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock and call: he'll speake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee: knock I say.
*Simp.* There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come downe: I come to speake with her indeed.
*Host.* Ha? A fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully Knight! Bully Sir *Iohn*! speake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? it is thine Host, thine Ephesian calles.
*Fal.* How now, mine Host?
*Host.* Here's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the comming downe of thy fat-woman. Let her descend (Bully) let her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priuacy? Fie.
*Fal.* There was (mine Host) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but she's gone.
*Simp.* Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of *Brainford*?
*Fal.* I marry was it (Muffled fhell) what would you with her?
*Simp.* My Master (Sir) my master *Slender*, sent to her seeing her go through the streets to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir, that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine or no.
*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.
*Sim.* And what sayes she, I pray Sir?
*Fal.* Marry she sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.
*Simp.* I would I could haue spoken with the Woman her

ſer ſeruice. I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let vs know.

*Hoſt.* I come quicke.

*Fal.* I may not conceale them Sir.)

*Hoſt.* Conceale them, or thou dyeſt.

*Sim.* Why Sir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſters fortune to haue her, or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, and his fortune.

*Sim.* What Sir?

*Fal.* To haue her or no. Go, ſay the woman told me ſo.

*Sim.* May I be bold to ſay ſo Sir?

*Fal.* I Sir, like who more bold.

*Sim.* I humbly thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tydings.

*Hoſt.* Thou are clearely: thou art clearely, Sir *Hugh*, was there a wiſe woman with thee?

*Fal.* I that there was, mine *Hoſt*, one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*Bar.* Out alas (Sir) cozonage, meere cozonage.

*Hoſt.* Where be my horſes? ſpeake well of them varletto.

*Bar.* Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a ſlough of myre, and ſet ſpurres, and away, like three *Germane*-hangmen, three *Doctor Fauſtuſſes*.

*Hoſt.* They are gone but to meete the Duke villaine, doſt not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

*Euan.* Where is mine *Hoſt*?

*Hoſt.* What is the matter Sir?

*Euan.* Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tells me there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozened all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Cole-brooke*, of horſes and money. I tell you for good will, (looke you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not conuenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well.

*Car.* Ver' is mine *Hoſt de Iarteere*?

*Hoſt.* Here (Maſter *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull dilemma.

*Car.* I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de *Iamanie*: by my troth there is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

*Hoſt.* Hay-de-hay, my humour goe: all the Knight I am vndone: fly, run, hue, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozoned, for I haue been cozoned and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the eare of the Court how I haue been transformed, and how my transformation hath been waſhed, and cudgeld, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-falne as a dride-peare. I neuer proſpered, ſince I forſware my ſelfe at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough, I would repent. Now? Whence come you?

*Qui.* From the two parties forth.

*Fal.* The Deuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed. I haue ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more then the villanous inconſtancie of man kinde is able to indure. I will ſhuffle no more for them: let a man make a Horſe-bord of me, and ride vp and downe on me at their pleaſures, cudgell my heeles with a dry cudgell, and ſee how I can endure it. Yes I warrant, ſpeake (for they ſhall run) and I will, as little as I can, indure it. Will they come? Speake.

*Qui.* Mine Host de Iarteere hath one of the keyes of the backe-gate, and is now about the Well of *Brainford*, and there they meane to meete. Hee hath diſcouered all the deſtruction of vs, and how we might be reuenged on the two Knights. Hee hath deliuered me the Counterfeite Stockings, the Coate, and the Beard, and inſtructed me in my part: and I am ſure I haue acted it to the life.

*Fal.* Well, come vp to my Chamber. Good Maſter *Quickly*, let them haue their full meaſure of coldneſſe, for my boanes ſhake: I haue a Feauer vpon me, and blowes? I was beaten more then euer the Counters of the Hand-bow ſtaues was beaten vpon the Woolſack of *Bramford*. Well, I will haue a new ſtratagem, and deuiſe a new deuiſe, that ſhall be worth the deuiſing, and worth the telling. Come vp to my Chamber.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Fenton, Host.*

*Hoſt.* Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to me, my mind is heauy, I will giue ouer all.

*Fen.* Yet heare me ſpeake: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And as I am a gentleman, Ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſſe.

*Hoſt.* I will heare you, Maſter *Fenton*, and I will, at the leaſt, keepe your counſell.

*Fen.* From time to time I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who mutually hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So farre forth as her ſelfe might be her owne Guide)
Hauing the hearty conſent of her Father:
Nor thinke I haue not forcibly perſiſted,
Thereto aſſiſted by the pleaſing helpe
Of beauteous *Anne*. Nor are theſe ſecret worke
Vnfurniſht with faire proſpect of proceed:
For Maiſter *Slender* (whom her Father holds
Meete for his daughter, determining
That euening ſhall be the abſolute night
Of their cleare Inſurrection) hath this euening
Appointed to conueigh faire *Anne Page*
Into the ſhadowy Buſhes, and in Oke
There owe the Ceremonie. Now Sir,
Her Mother (euen ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for *Doctor Caius*) hath appointed
That euening for her, and the Doctor too
Hath bought a maske, and a traine, and therewithall
Hath drawne the pretty Virgin to conſent
To ſteale away by night to Fathers houſe,
Marry to his Will: in this diſguiſe
He comes to meete his wiſh faire *Anne*.
To this intent ſhee's apparelled: now Sir,
The Doctor doates on his diſguiſe as much
As ſhe of feare: now thus it reſts,
Her Father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in that habit when Slender ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall goe with him. Her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the Doctor,
For they muſt all be maſkt and vizarded)

That

Gibbs Bindery

That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe en-roab'd,
With ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen conſent to go with him.

*Host.* What meanes ſhe to deceiue me? Caiter, or Mother?

*Fen.* Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And heere it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull Name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

*Fen.* So ſhall I euermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, Ile make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Falſtaffe, Quickly, and Ford.*

*Fal.* Pre'thee no more prattling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good luck lies in odde numbers. Away, go, they ſay there is Diuinity in odde numbers, either in natiuity, chance or death. Away.

*Qui.* Well, I'le go, I'le go, and I pray God it proue true. As much as I can to get you a paire of hornes.

*Fal.* Away I ſay, time weares, hold vp your head & mince. How now M. *Broome*? Maiſter *Broome*, the matter will be knowne anon, or neuer. Be you in the Parke about midnight at Hernes-Oake, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yeſterday Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her Maſter *Broome* as you ſee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her Maſter *Broome* like a poore-old-woman, that ſame knaue Ford (her husband) hath the moſt mad diuell of iealouſie in him, Maſter *Broome*, that euer gouern'd frenzie. I will tell you, he beate me grieuouſly in the ſhape of a woman: for in the ſhape of Man (Maſter *Broome*) I feare not Goliah with a Weauers beame, becauſe I know alſo life is a Shuttle: I am in haſt, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Maſter *Broome*). Since I pluck'd Geeſe, plaide Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you ſtrange things of this knaue *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deſcribe each ſeuerall hower of our meeting. Follow, ſtrange things in hand (Maſter *Broome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.*

*Page.* Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till we ſee how the Light of our Fairies. Remember ſon *Slender* my

*Sen.* I forſooth, I haue ſpoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

*Page.* The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel: Heauen proſper our ſport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we ſhal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Miſt. Page, Miſt. Ford, Caius.*

*Miſt. Page.* Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two muſt go together.

*Cai.* I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

*Miſt. Page.* Fare you well (Sir.) my husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter, better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

*Miſt. Ford.* Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

*Miſt. Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

*Miſt. Ford.* That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

*Miſt. Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

*Miſt. Ford.* Wee'll betray him finely.

*Miſt. Page.* Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery.

*Miſt. Ford.* The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Euans and Fairies.*

*Euans.* Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.*

*Fal.* The Windſor-bell hath ſtroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods aſſiſt me! Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Ioue ſet on thy hornes. O powerfull Ioue, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſome other, a Man a beaſt. You were alſo (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O

omnipotent

omnipotent Loue, how neere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

*M. Ford.* Sir *Iohn!* Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

*Fal.* My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kilſing Cone-cors, and how'r downe: Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter me heere.

*M. Ford.* Miſtris *Page* is come with me, ſweet heart.

*Fal.* Diuide me like a brib'd-Buck, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my Horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

*M. Page.* Alas, what noiſe?

*M. Ford.* Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

*Fal.* What ſhould this be?

*M. Ford. & Page.* Away, away.

*Fal.* I think the deuill will not haue me damn'd, Leaſt the oyle in my head ſhould ſet hell on fire; He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

*Enter Fairies.*

*Qui.* Fairies black, gray, greene, and white, You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night. You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

*Piſt.* Elues, liſt your names: Silence you aiery toyes. Cricket, to Windſor-chimnies ſhalt thou leape: Where fires thou find'ſt vnrak'd, and hearths vnſwept, There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry, Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

*Fal.* They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die, Ile winke, and couch: No man their works muſt eye.

*Eu.* Where's *Bede?* Go you, and where you find a maid That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid, Raiſe vp the Organs of her fantaſie, Sleepe ſhe as ſound as carelleſſe infancie, But thoſe as ſleepe, and thinke not on their ſins, Pinch them armes, legs, backes, ſhoulders, ſides, & ſhins.

*Qui.* About, about:
Search Windſor Caſtle (Elues) within, and out. Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery ſacred roome, That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome, In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The ſeuerall Chaires of Order, looke you ſcowre With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre, Each faire Inſtalment, Coate, and ſeuerall Creſt, With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleſt. And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you ſing Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe, in a ring, Th'expreſſure that it bares: Greene let it be, More fertile-freſh then all the Field to ſee: And, *Hony ſoit Qui Mal-y-penſe*, write In Emrold tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white, Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroderie, Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee; Fairies vſe Flowres for their characterie. Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clocke, Our Dance of Cuſtome, round about the Oke Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget. (ſet:

*Eua.* Pray you lock hand in hand; your ſelues in order And twenty glow-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes bee To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree. But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* Heauens defend me from that Welſh Fairy, Leaſt he tranſforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.

*Piſt.* Vile worme, thou waſt ore-look'd euen in thy birth.

*Qui.* With Triall-fire touch me his finger end: If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtart, It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.

*Piſt.* A triall, come.

*Eua.* Come: will this wood take fire?

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Qui.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire. About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull rime, And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

**The Song.**

*Fie on ſinneſull phantaſie! Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie!*
*Luſt is but a bloody fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire,*
*Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,*
*As thoughts do blow them higher and higher*
*Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.*
*Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,*
*Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-ſhine be out.*

*Page.* Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerue your turne?

*M. Page.* I pray you come, hold vp the ieſt no higher. Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* wiues? See you theſe husbands? Do not theſe faire yoakes Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?

*Ford.* Now Sir, whoſe a Cuckold now? Mr *Broome*, *Falſtaffe* is a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue, Heere are his hornes Maſter *Broome*: And Maſter *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Ford's*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to Mr *Broome*, his horſes are arreſted for it, Mr *Broome*.

*M. Ford.* Sir *Iohn*, we haue had ill lucke: we could neuer meete. I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Aſſe.

*Ford.* I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

*Fal.* And theſe are not Fairies? I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſſe of my mind, the ſodaine ſurprize of my powers, droue the groſſeneſſe of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.

*Euans.* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, ſerue Got, and leaue your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

*Ford.* Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh*.

*Euans.* And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you.

*Ford.*

*Ford.* I will not term thrust my wife againe, to shun art more in good English

*Fal.* Have I lasted by braine, the Sun, and drinke it, that it wants matter to prevent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shall I have a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choakt with a peece of toasted Cheese.

*Eva.* Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is all putter.

*Fal.* Seese, and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

*Mist Page.* Why Sir *Iohn*, do you use me thus? Or that my seeming honest vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to hell, that ever the devill could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

*Mist. Page.* A puffe man?

*Page.* Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrailes?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poore as Iob?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Evan.* And given to fornications, and to taverns and sacke, and wine and Metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your Theame: you have the start of me: I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell. Ignorance it selfe is a plummet o're me: use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Mr. *Broome*, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have bin a Pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eate a posset to night at my house, where I will desire Mr. *Broome* to come: and at my wives desire, she shall pay him all: for indeed Mr. *Fenton* hath married my daughter.

*Mist. Page.* Doctors doubt that:
If *Anne Page* be my daughter she is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

*Slen.* Whoa ho ho, Father *Page*.

*Page.* Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,
Have you dispatch'd?

*Slen.* Dispatch'd? I'le make the best in Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

*Page.* Of what sonne?

*Slen.* I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

*Page.* Upon my life then you tooke the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle. If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter,
By her garments?

*Slen.* I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne* but a Post-masters boy.

*Mist. Page.* Good *George* be not angry. I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

*Caius.* Vere is Mistris *Page*? by gar I am cozened, I ha married oon Garsoon a boy; oon peasant, by gar. A boy it is not *Anne Page*: by gar, I am cozened.

*Mist. Page.* Why? did you take her in white?

*Caius.* Ie by gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

*Ford.* This is knaverie. Who hath got the right *Anne*?

*Page.* My heart misgives me, here comes Mr. *Fenton*.
How now Mr. *Fenton*?

*Anne.* Pardon good Father, good my mother, pardon.

*Page.* Now Mistris?
How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender*?

*Mist. Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

*Fen.* You do amaze her: hear the truth of it,
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that she hath committed,
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have tane a speciall stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

*Page.* Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are chac'd.

*Mist Page.* Well, I will muse no further. Mr *Fenton*,
Heaven give you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o're by a Countrie fire,
Sir *Iohn* and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so. Sir *Iohn*.
To Master *Broome* you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

# MEASVRE,
## For Measure.

### Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.*

*Duke.*

*Escalus.*

*Esc.* My Lord. (Exit.

*Duke.* Of Gouernment, the properties to vn-
Would seeme in me t'affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all aduice
My strength can giue you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke. The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Institutions*, and the Termes
For Common Iustice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath inriched any
That we remember. There is our Commission,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:
What figure of vs, think you, he will beare.
For you must know, we haue with speciall soule
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dreft him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre. What thinke you of it?

*Esc.* If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

*Enter Angelo.*

*Duke.* Looke where he comes.

*Ang.* Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.* *Angelo*:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'obseruer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold. Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselues. For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him aduertise,
Hold therefore *Angelo*:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Escalus*
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

*Ang.* Now good my Lord
Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure
Be stamp't vpon it.

*Duke.* No more euasion:
We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th'hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commissions.

*Ang.* Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any scruple; your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

*Ang.* The heauens giue safety to your purposes.

*Esc.* Lead forth, and bring you backe in happi-
nesse. *Exit.*

*Duke.* I thanke you, fare you well.

*Esc.* I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free speech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction haue
Touching that point.

*Esc.* Ile wait vpon your honor. *Exeunt.*

*Scena*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.*

*Luc.* If the *Duke*, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2. *Gent.* Amen.

*Luc.* Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. *Gent.* Thou shalt not Steale?

*Luc.* I, that he raz'd.

1. *Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions. they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thanks-giuing before meate, do raliish the petition well, that praies for peace.

2. *Gent.* I neuer heard any Souldier dislik't.

*Luc.* I beleeue thee. for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was said.

2. *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least

1. *Gent.* What? in meeter?

*Luc.* In any proportion or in any language

1. *Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

*Luc.* I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace

1. *Gent.* Well: there 'went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

*Luc.* I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and the Veluet. Thou art the List.

1. *Gent.* And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee. I had as lief be a Lyst of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

*Luc.* I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. *Gent.* I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast whether thou art tainted, or free. *Enter Bawde.*

*Luc.* Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe,
As come to

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Luc.* Iudge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. *Gent.* I, and more.

*Luc.* A French crowne more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

*Luc.* Nay, not (as one would say) healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound Sciatica?

*Bawd.* Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fiue thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that I pray thee?

*Bawd.* Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1. *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

*Luc.* But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it so: Art thou sure of this?

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Iulietta* with childe.

*Luc.* Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping.

2. *Gent.* Besides you know, it drawes something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

*Luc.* Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exit.*

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. *Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Bawd.* Well: what has he done?

*Clo.* A Woman.

*Bawd.* But what's his offence?

*Clo.* Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

*Bawd.* What? is there a maid with child by him?

*Clo.* No: but there's a woman with maid by him. you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

*Bawd.* What proclamation, man?

*Clow.* All howses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must bee pluck'd downe.

*Bawd.* And what shall become of those in the Citie?

*Clow.* They shall stand for seed: they had gon downe too, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

*Bawd.* But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be pull'd downe?

*Clow.* To the ground, Mistris.

*Bawd.* Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

*Clow.* Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you needes not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee considered.

*Bawd.* What's to doe heere, *Thomas* Tapster? let's withdraw?

*Clo.* Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Prouost to prison: and there's Madam *Iuliet*. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.*

*Cla.* Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th'world?
Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

*Pro.* I do it not in euill disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by speciall charge.

*Clau.* Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (so) yet still 'tis iust. (straine.

*Luc.* Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this re-

*Cla.* From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty
As surfet is the father of much fast,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vse
Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

Like

Like Rats that ravin downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty evill: and when we drinke, we die.

*Luc.* If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as liefe haue the foppery of freedome, as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, *Claudio*?

*Cla.* What? but to speake of, would offend againe.

*Luc.* What, is't murder?

*Cla.* No.

*Luc.* Lechery?

*Cla.* Call it so.

*Pro.* Away, Sir, you must goe.

*Cla.* One word, good friend. *Lucio*, a word with thee.

*Luc.* A hundred.
If they'll doe you any good. Is *Lechery* so look'd after?

*Cla.* Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got possession of *Iulietta*'s bed:
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till time had made them for vs. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too grosse, is writ on *Iuliet*.

*Luc.* With childe, perhaps?

*Cla.* Vnhappily, euen so.
And the new Deputie now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,
Or whether it be the body publique, be
A horse whereon the Gouernor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feele the spur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp,
I stagger in: but this new Gouernor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which haue (like vnscowr'd Armor hanging by the wall)
So long, that nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round
And none of them been worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

*Luc.* I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke and appeale to him.

*Cla.* I haue done so, but he's not to be found.
I prethee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde seruice:
This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receiue her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputie: bid her selfe assay him,
I haue great hope in that: for mine owne youth
There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,
Such as moue men: beside she hath a prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perswade.

*Luc.* I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand vnder grieuous imposition: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus too much lost, at a game of ticke-tacke. Ile to her.

*Cla.* I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Within two houres.

*Cla.* Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.*

*Duk.* No: holy Father, throw away that thought;
Beleeue not that the dribbling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee
To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grace, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

*Fri.* May your Grace speake of it?

*Duk.* My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life remou'd,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, a wilfe braue keepes.
I haue deliuer'd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me trauell'd to *Poland*,
(For so I haue strewed it in the common eare)
And so it is receiu'd. Now pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

*Fri.* Gladly, my Lord.

*Duk.* We haue strict Statutes and most biting Lawes,
(The needfull bits, and curbes to headstrong weeds,)
Which for this fourteene yeares we haue let slip,
Euen like an ore-prowne Lyon in a Caue
That goes not out to prey: Now as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their Children's sight,
For terror, not to vse, in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselues are dead,
And liew the plucks Iustice by the nose,
The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

*Fri.* It rested in your Grace
To vnloose this tide-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would haue seem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo*.

*Duk.* I doe feare: too dreadfull.
Sith 'twas my fault to giue the people scope,
'Twould be my tirranny to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euil deedes haue their permissiue passe,
And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my Father)
I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in the ambush of my name strike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight
To doom the doer. And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People. Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true *Frier*. More reasons for this action
At our more leysure, shall I render you;
Only this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Enuy: scarce confesses
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.*

*Isa.* And haue you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?
*Nun.* Are not those large enough?
*Isa.* Yes truely, I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.
*Lucio within.*
*Luc.* Hoa? peace be in this place.
*Isa.* Who's that which cals?
*Nun.* It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabella*
Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne
When you haue vowd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioresse*,
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He cals againe: I pray you answere him.
*Isa.* Peace and prosperous: who's that cals?
*Luc.* Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeke-Roses
Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her vnhappie brother *Claudio*?
*Isa.* Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.
*Luc.* Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
*Isa.* Woe me; for what?
*Luc.* For that, which if my selfe might be his bayle,
He should receiue his punishment, in thankes:
He hath got his friend with childe.
*Isa.* Sir, make me not your story.
*Luc.* 'Tis true, I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to feed
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.
*Isa.* You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
*Luc.* Doe not beleeue it: fewnes, and truth; 'tis thus,
Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd:
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson: euen so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.
*Isa.* Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Iuliet*?
*Luc.* Is she your cosen?
*Isa.* Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
*Luc.* She it is.
*Isa.* O, let him marry her.
*Luc.* This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant designe: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feeles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast
He (to giue feare to vse, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whose heauy sence, your brothers life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire prayer
To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
*Isa.* Doth he so,
Seeke his life?
*Luc.* Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant
For's execution.
*Isa.* Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.
*Luc.* Assay the powre you haue.
*Isa.* My power? alas, I doubt.
*Luc.* Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And learne to know, when Maidens sue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themselues would owe them.
*Isa.* Ile see what I can doe.
*Luc.* But speedily.
*Isa.* I will about it straight;
No longer staying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: soone at night
Ile send him certaine word of my successe.
*Luc.* I take my leaue of you.
*Isa.* Good sir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.*
*Ang.* We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
*Esc.* I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeue to be most strait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time cohered with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could haue attaind th'effect of your owne purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the Law vpon you.
*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)

Another thing to fall: I deny
The Iury passing on the Prisoners life
May in the sworne-twelue haue a theefe,or two
Guiltier then him they try;what's open made to Iustice,
That Iustice seizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theeues do passe on theeues? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Iewell that we finde,we stoope,and take it,
Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
We tread vpon,and neuer thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him,do so offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir,he must dye.

*Enter Prouost*

*Esc.* Be it as your wisedome will.
*Ang.* Where is the *Prouost*?
*Pro.* Here if it like your honour.
*Ang.* See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor,let him be prepar'd,
For that's the vtmost of his pilgrimage.
*Esc.* Well: heauen forgiue him; and forgiue vs all:
*Some rise by sinne,and some by vertue fall*
Some run from brakes of Ice,and answere none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

*Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.*

*Elb.* Come,bring them away: if these be good people in a Common-weale, that do nothing but vse their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.
*Ang.* How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?
*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lease vpon Iustice Sir, and do bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors
*Ang.* Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?
*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villaines they are, that I am sure of and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Christians ought to haue.
*Esc.* This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.
*Ang.* Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow*?
*Clo.* He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.
*Ang.* What are you Sir?
*Elb.* He Sir? a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that serues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suburbs: and now she professes a hot-house; which,I thinke is a very ill house too.
*Esc.* How know you that?
*Elb.* My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and your honour.
*Esc.* How? thy wife?
*Elb.* I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest woman.
*Esc.* Do'st thou detest her therefore?
*Elb.* I say sir, I will detest my selfe also,as well as she, that this house,if it be not a Bauds house,it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty house.
*Esc.* How do'st thou know that, Constable?
*Elb.* Marry sir, by my wife, who,if she had bin a woman Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication,adultery,and all vncleanlinesse there.
*Esc.* By the woman's meanes?
*Elb.* I sir,by Mistris *Ouer-dons* meanes: but as she spit in his face, so she defide him.
*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honor,this is not so.
*Elb.* Prouest before these varlets here,thou honorable man prouse it.
*Esc.* Do'st you heare how he misplaces?
*Clo.* Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing (saving your honors reuerence) for stew'd prewyns: sir we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were in a fruit dish(a dish of some three pence,your honours haue seene such dishes)they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.
*Esc.* Go too: go too: no matter for the dish sir.
*Clo.* No indeede sir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but,to the point: As I say, this Mistris *Elbow*, being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied,and longing (as I said) for prewyns: and hauing but two in the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here,this very man, hauing eaten the rest(as I said)&(as I say) paying for them very honestly: for,as you know Master *Froth*,I could not giue you three pence againe.
*Fro.* No indeede.
*Clo.* Very well: you being then if you be remembred, cracking the stones of the foresaid prewyns.
*Fro.* I,so I did indeede.
*Clo.* Why,very well: I telling you then(if you be remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of,vnlesse they kept very good diet, as I told you.
*Fro.* All this is true.
*Clo.* Why very well then.
*Esc.* Come you are a tedious foole: to the purpose: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that he hath cause to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.
*Clo.* Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.
*Esc.* No sir,nor I meane it not.
*Clo.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leaue: And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here sir,a man of foure score pound a yeare; whose father died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Master *Froth*?
*Fro.* All-hallond Eue.
*Clo.* Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir, sitting as I say,in a lower chaire,Sir,'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to sit,haue you not?
*Fro.* I haue so, because it is an open roome,and good for winter.
*Clo.* Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.
*Ang.* This will last out a night in *Russia*
When nights are longest there: Ile take my leaue,
And leaue you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'le finde good cause to whip them all. *Exit.*
*Esc.* I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lordship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?
*Clo.* Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.
*Elb.* I beseech you Sir,aske him what this man did to my wife.
*Clo.* I beseech your honor,aske me.
*Esc.* Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?
*Clo.* I beseech you sir,looke in this Gentlemans face good Master *Froth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

*Esc.* I sir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

*Esc.* Well, I doe so.

*Clo.* Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

*Esc.* Why no.

*Clo.* Ile be supposd vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

*Esc.* He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.

*Clo.* Sir, shee was respected with him, before he married with her.

*Esc.* Which is the wiser here? *Iustice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caytiffe! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal*! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Duke's* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or Ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

*Esc.* If he tooke you a box o'th'eare, you might haue your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

*Esc.* Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

*Elb.* Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

*Esc.* Where were you borne, friend?

*Froth.* Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

*Esc.* Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

*Froth.* Yes, and 't please you sir.

*Esc.* So: what trade are you of, sir?

*Clo.* A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

*Esc.* Your Mistris name?

*Clo.* Mistris *Ouer-don*.

*Esc.* Hath she had any more then one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, sir: *Ouer-don* by the last.

*Esc.* Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

*Fro.* I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

*Esc.* Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, M^r. Tapster: what's your name M^r. Tapster?

*Clo.* *Pompey*.

*Esc.* What else?

*Clo.* *Bum*, Sir.

*Esc.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoeuer you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

*Esc.* How would you liue *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

*Clo.* If the Law would allow it, sir.

*Esc.* But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

*Clo.* Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

*Esc.* No, *Pompey*.

*Clo.* Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

*Esc.* There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, Ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

*Esc.* Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall haue you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

*Esc.* Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place of Constable?

*Elb.* Seuen yeere, and a halfe sir.

*Esc.* I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.

*Elb.* And a halfe sir.

*Esc.* Alas, it hath been great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

*Elb.* 'Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

*Esc.* Looke you bring mee in the names of some sixe or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your Worships house sir?

*Esc.* To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

*Iust.* Eleuen, Sir.

*Esc.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Iust.* I humbly thanke you.

*Esc.* It grieues me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie.

*Iust.* Lord *Angelo* is seuere.

*Esc.* It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

*Scæna*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Provost, Seruant*

*Ser.* Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight,
I'le tell him of you.
*Pro.* 'Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

*Enter Angelo.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter *Prouost*?
*Pro.* Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?
*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou aske againe?
*Pro.* Lest I might be too rash.
Vnder your good correction, I haue seene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome.
*Ang.* Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.
*Pro.* I craue your Honours pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?
Shee's very neere her howre.
*Ang.* Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.
*Ser.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires accesse to you.
*Ang.* Hath he a Sister?
*Pro.* I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
If not already.
*Ang.* Well; let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatresse be remou'd,
Let her haue needfull, but not lauish meanes,
There shall be order for't.

*Enter Lucio and Isabella.*

*Pro.* 'Saue your Honour. (will
*Ang.* Stay a little while; y'are welcome: what's your
*Isab.* I am a wofull Suitor to your Honour,
'Please but your Honor heare me.
*Ang.* Well; what's your suite.
*Isab.* There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of Iustice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.
*Ang.* Well: the matter?
*Isab.* I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
*Pro.* Heauen giue thee moouing graces.
*Ang.* Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why euery fault 's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor.
*Isab.* Oh iust, but seuere Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.
*Luc.* Giue't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it
To him, I say.
*Isab.* Must he needs die?
*Ang.* Maiden, no remedie
*Isab.* Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.
*Ang.* I will not doe't.
*Isab.* But can you if you would?
*Ang.* Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.
*Isab.* But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?
*Ang.* Hee's sentenc'd, 'tis too late.
*Luc.* You are too cold.
*Isab.* Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeue this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshals Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe so good a grace
As mercie does. If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would haue slipt like him, but he like you
Would not haue been so sterne.
*Ang.* Pray you be gone.
*Isab.* I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were *Isabell*! should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a prisoner.
*Luc.* I, touch him, there's the vaine.
*Ang.* Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words.
*Isab.* Alas, alas
Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best haue tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, should
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.
*Ang.* Be you content, fayre Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,
It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.
*Isab.* To morrow? oh, that's sodaine,
Spare him, spare him
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of season: shall we serue heauen
With lesse respect then we doe minister
To our grosse selues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it.
*Luc.* I, well said
*Ang.* The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath slept
Those many had not dar'd to doe that euill
If the first that did th' Edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Looks in a glasse that shewes what future euils
Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiu'd,
And so in progresse to be hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to haue no successiue degrees,
But here they liue to end.
*Isab.* Yet shew some pittie.
*Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I show Iustice;
For then I pitie those I doe not know,
Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule

And

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lies not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.
*Isab.* So you must be ſ first that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vse it like a Giant.
*Luc.* That's well said.
*Isab.* Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would never be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would vse his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heaven,
Thou rumbler her with thy sharpe and sulphorous bolt
Spits the vn-wedgeable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertle. But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselues laugh mortall.
*Luc.* Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.
*Pro.* Pray heaven she win him.
*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.
*Luc.* Thou't i'th right (Girle) more o'that.
*Isab.* That in the Captaine's but a cholericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.
*Luc.* Art auis'd o'that? more on't.
*Ang.* Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?
*Isab.* Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
*Ang.* Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
*Isab.* Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
*Ang.* I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.
*Isa.* Hark, how I le bribe you: good my Lord turn back.
*Ang.* How? bribe me?
*Is.* I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.
*Luc.* You had mar'd all else.
*Isab.* Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserued soules,
From fasting Maides, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
*Ang.* Well: come to me to morrow
*Luc.* Goe to: 'tis well; away.
*Isab.* Heauen keepe your honour safe.
*Ang.* Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.
*Isab.* At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?
*Ang.* At any time fore-noone.
*Isab.* 'Saue your Honour.
*Ang.* From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges steale themselues: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Duke and Provost.*

*Duke.* Haile to you, *Provost*, so I thinke you are.
*Pro.* I am the Prouost: whats your will, good Frier?
*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
*Pro.* I would do more then that, if more were needfull
*Enter Iuliet.*
Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.
*Duke.* When must he dye?
*Pro.* As I do thinke to morrow.
I haue prouided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.
*Duke.* Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?
*Iul.* I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.
*Du.* Ile teach you how you shal arraign your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
*Iul.* Ile gladly learne.
*Duke.* Loue you the man that wrong'd you?
*Iul.* Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.
*Duke.* So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.
*Iul.* Mutually.
*Duke.* Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.
*Iul.* I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

'Tis

*Duk.* 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selues, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we stand in feare.
*Isa.* I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the shame with ioy.
*Duke.* There rest:
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*
*Isa.* Must die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.
*Pro.* 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Angelo.*

*An.* When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To seuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Granitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser soules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne
'Tis not the Deuills Crest: how now? who's there?
*Enter Seruant.*
*Ser.* One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires access to you
*Ang.* Teach her the way: oh heauens
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitnesse?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and to hop the ayre
By which hee should reuiue: and euen so
The generall subiect to a well-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vntaught loue
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.
*Enter Isabella.*
*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.
*An.* That you might know it, would much better please me,
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.
*Isab.* Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.
*Ang.* Yet may he liue awhile: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
*Isab.* Vnder your Sentence?
*Ang.* Yea.
*Isab.* When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not.
*Ang.* Ha! fie, these filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes
To make a false one.
*Isab.* 'Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth.
*Ang.* Say you so: then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most iust Law
Now tooke your Brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to such sweet vncleannesse
As she that he hath staind?
*Isab.* Sir, beleeue this,
I had rather giue my body, then my soule.
*Ang.* I talke not of your soule: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.
*Isab.* How say you?
*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say. Answere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in sinne
To saue this Brothers life?
*Isab.* Please you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no sinne at all, but charitie.
*Ang.* Pleas'd you to doo't, at peril of your soule
Were equall poize of sinne, and charitie.
*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-prayer,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answere.
*Ang.* Nay, but heare me
Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so craftie; and that's not good.
*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
*Ang.* Thus wisdome wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth tax it selfe: As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an enshield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displayed. But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile speake more grosse:
Your Brother is to dye.
*Isab.* So.
*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.
*Isab.* True.
*Ang.* Admit no other way to saue his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to saue him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
What would you doe?
*Isab.* As much for my poore Brother as my selfe;
That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,
Th'impression of keene whips, I'ld weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing haue bin sicke for, ere I'ld yeeld
My body vp to shame.

*Ang.* That

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.
*Isa.* And 'twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for euer.
*Ang.* Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue slander'd so?
*Isa.* Ignomie in ransome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to foule redemption.
*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the Law a tyrant,
And rather proou'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.
*Isa.* O pardon me my Lord, it oft falls out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what we meane;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.
*Ang.* We are all fraile.
*Isa.* Else let my brother die,
If not a feodarie but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weaknesse.
*Ang.* Nay women are frailes too.
*Isa.* I, as the glasses where they view'd themselues,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes.
Women! Help heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them. Nay, call vs ten times frailes,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
*Ang.* I think it well:
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you're none:
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liuerie.
*Isa.* I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.
*Ang.* Plainly conceiue I loue you.
*Isa.* My brother did loue Iuliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.
*Ang.* He shall not for loue me.
*Isa.* I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler than it is,
To plucke on others.
*Ang.* Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.
*Isa.* Ha! Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And most pernitious purpose! Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
*Ang.* Who will beleeue thee *Isabell*?
My vnsoyld name, th'austeerenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your owne report,
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my sensuall race the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile proue a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false, o're-weighs your true. *Exit.*
*Isa.* To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeue me? O perilous mouthes
That bear in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender downe
On twenty bloodie blockes, hee'ld yeeld them vp,
Before his sister should her bodie stoope
To such abhord pollution.
Then, *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
More than our Brother, is our Chastitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo*'s request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.*

*Duke.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
*Cla.* The miserable haue no other medicine
But only hope: I'haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.
*Duke.* Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
Hourely afflict: Merely, thou art death's foole,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft prouok'st, yet grossely fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on many a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striu'st to get,
And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone. If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou beart'st thy heauie riches but a iourney,
And death vnloads thee: Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loines
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beggar the times
Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou haſt neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleaſant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thouſand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes theſe odds, all euen.
*Cla.* I humbly thanke you.
To ſue to liue, I finde I ſeeke to die,
And ſeeking death, finde life: Let it come on.
*Enter Iſabella.*
*Iſab.* What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good companiе.
*Pro.* Who's there? Come in, the wiſh deſerues a welcome.
*Duke.* Deere ſir, ere long Ile viſit you againe.
*Cla.* Moſt holie Sir, I thanke you.
*Iſa.* My buſineſſe is a word or two with *Claudio*.
*Pro.* And very welcom. Looke Signior, here's your ſiſter.
*Duke.* Prouoſt, a word with you.
*Pro.* As manie as you pleaſe.
*Duke.* Bring them to heare me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.
*Cla.* Now ſiſter, what's the comfort?
*Iſa.* Why,
As all comforts are; moſt good, moſt good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heauen
Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an euerlaſting Leiger;
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To Morrow you ſet on.
*Clau.* Is there no remedie?
*Iſa.* None, but ſuch remedie, as to ſaue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine.
*Clau.* But is there anie?
*Iſa.* Yes brother, you may liue;
There is a diuelliſh mercie in the Judge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
*Cla.* Perpetuall durance?
*Iſa.* I euen ſo, perpetuall durance, a reſtraint
Through all the worlds vaſtiditie you had
To a determin'd ſcope.
*Clau.* But in what nature?
*Iſa.* In ſuch a one, as you conſenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leaue you naked.
*Clau.* Let me know the point.
*Iſa.* Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Leaſt thou a feaſorous life ſhouldſt entertaine,
And ſix or ſeuen winters more reſpect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſence of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall ſufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
*Cla.* Why giue you me this ſhame?
Thinke you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowrie tenderneſſe? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſſe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
*Iſa.* There ſpake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble, to conſerue a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted Deputie,
Whoſe ſetled viſage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuel:
His filth within being caſt, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.
*Cla.* The prenzie, *Angelo*?
*Iſa.* Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damneſt bodie to inueſt, and couer
In prenzie gardes; doſt thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'ſt be freed?
*Cla.* Oh heauens, it cannot be.
*Iſa.* Yes, he would giu't thee, from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhorre to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to morrow.
*Clau.* Thou ſhalt not do't.
*Iſa.* O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankely as a pin.
*Clau.* Thankes deere *Iſabell*.
*Iſa.* Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.
*Clau.* Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſinne,
Or of the deadly ſeuen it is the leaſt.
*Iſa.* Which is the leaſt?
*Cla.* If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh *Iſabell*.
*Iſa.* What ſaies my brother?
*Cla.* Death is a fearefull thing
*Iſa.* And ſhamed life, a hatefull.
*Cla.* I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot,
This ſenſible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted ſpirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to reſide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſſe windes
And blowne with reſtleſſe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worſe then worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſſe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weareſt, and moſt loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, penurie, and imprizonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we feare of death.
*Iſa.* Alas, alas.
*Cla.* Sweet Siſter, let me liue.
What ſinne you do, to ſaue a brothers life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deede ſo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
*Iſa.* Oh you beaſt,
Oh faithleſſe Coward, oh diſhoneſt wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Inceſt, to take life
From thine owne ſiſters ſhame? What ſhould I thinke,
Heauen ſhield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wildernеſſe
Nere iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh: Might but my bending downe
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceede.
Ile pray a thouſand prairs for thy death,
No word to ſaue thee.
*Cla.* Nay heare me *Iſabel*.
*Iſa.* Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy ſinne's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercie

Mercy to thee would prone it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou dieft quickly.

*Cla.* Oh heare me *Isabella.*

*Duk.* Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

*Isa.* What is your Will.

*Duk.* Might you dispense with your leysure, I would by and by haue some speech with you the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

*Isa.* I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

*Duke.* Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between you & your sister. *Angelo* had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious denniall, which he is most glad to receiue: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

*Cla.* Let me aske my sister pardon. I am so out of loue with life, that I will sue to be rid of it

*Duke.* Hold you there: farewell; *Prouost*, a word with you.

*Pro.* What's your will (father?)

*Duk.* That now you are come, you wil be gone leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no loffe shall touch her by my company.

*Pro.* In good time. *Exit.*

*Duk.* The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*. how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to saue your Brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his gouernment.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore fasten your eare on my aduisings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleeue that you may most vprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peraduenture he shall euer returne to haue hearing of this businesse.

*Isab.* Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Frederick* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

*Isa.* I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* Shee should this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

*Isab.* Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leaue her?

*Duke.* Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can shee auaile?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not only saues your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.

*Isab.* Shew me how (good Father.)

*Duk.* This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vniust vnkindenesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this aduantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to conuenience: this being granted in course, and now follows all: wee shall aduise this wronged maid to steed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it giues me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duk.* It lies much in your holding vp: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to S. *Lukes*; there at the moated-Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father. *Exit.*

*Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall haue all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

*Duk.* Oh heauens, what stuffe is heere.

*Clow.* 'Twas neuer merry world since of two vsuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

*Elb.* Come your way sir: 'blesse you good Father Frier.

*Duk.* And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

*Elb.* Marry

*Elb.* Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we haue sent to the Deputie.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euil that thou causeſt to be done,
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clout a sacke
From such a filthie vice: say to thy selfe
From their abhominable and beastly touches
I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and liue
Card to a beesome that is hanging ſor it,
So finkingly depend vpon the Comment, go mend.

*Clo.* Indeed, it does ſtinke in ſome ſort, Sir,
But yet Sir I would proue.

*Duke.* Nay, tis true: for euen ſuch vices speake for themſelues.
Thou wilt proue ſo. Take him to priſon Officer:
Correction, and Inſtruction muſt both worke
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

*Elb.* He muſt before the Deputy Sir, he has giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a meere deſperate.

*Duke.* True: we were beſt therefore if we could get women from our Iailes, to geld and ſplay all the youth of the City.

*Elb.* Truely Sir, I'le take a Wife-hood rather then be one.

*Clo.* I ſpy comfort, I cry baile: here's a Gentleman and a friend of mine.

*Lucio.* How now, noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheeles of *Cæſar*? Art thou led in triumph? What, ſtand'ſt thou for the Pillorie? What's the matter? Is *Pompey* growne honeſt now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drowned i'th' laſt raine? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou, Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and nothing ſpeakes.

*Lucio.* How doſt thou deere Mortality? How goes Maſter-Procures health? Ha?

*Clo.* Troth Sir, ſhee hath eaten vp her beſts, and ſhe is herſelfe in the tub.

*Lucio.* Why 'tis good: it is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Euer your freſh Whore, and your powder'd Bawd: an vnſhunned conſequence it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon *Pompey*?

*Clo.* Yes faith Sir.

*Lucio.* Why 'tis not amiſſe *Pompey*. Farewell: goe ſay I ſent thee thither. For debt *Pompey*? Or how?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then impriſonment is due of a bawd, why 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtleſſe and of antiquity too: bawd-borne. Farewell good *Pompey*. Commend me to the priſon *Pompey*: you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you will keepe the houſe.

*Clo.* I hope Sir your good Worſhip will be my bayle?

*Lucio.* No indeed will I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear. I will pray (*Pompey*) to encreaſe your bondage if you take it not patiently. Why, your mettle is the more. Adieu truſty *Pompey*.
Bleſſe you Friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Do's *Bridget* paint ſtill *Pompey*? Ha?

*Elb.* Come your way ſir, come.

*Clo.* You will not baile me then Sir?

*Lucio.* Then *Pompey*, nor now. What newes abroad Friar? What newes?

*Elb.* Come your way ſir, come.

*Lucio.* Goe to kennell *Pompey*, goe.
What newes Friar of the Duke?

*Duke.* I know none: can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some ſay he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*, other ſome he is in *Rome*: but where is he think'ſt thou?

*Duke.* I know not where: but wherſoeuer, I wiſh him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantaſticall tricke of him to ſteale from the State, and vſurpe the beggerie he was neuer borne to. Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in abſence: he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

*Duke.* He do's well inough.

*Lucio.* A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him. Something too crabbed that way, Friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and ſeuerer execution would ſtill leaue it raging. Well: good morrow to you, good Friar.

*Lucio.* Yes good morrow to the ſeuerer execution, ſeuerely executed, ſeuerely vſed, ſeuerely miſ-vſed, ſeuerely to eate, ſeuerely to ſleepe, ſeuerely to Feaſt, ſeuerely to Faſt, ſeuerely to Get, and ſeuerely to Spend: and yet to come abroad with a ſeuere viſage, and not make Authority a Woman, for I am ſure there is no vertue ſo ſurely apparelled. Sirra, a word with you. If your worſhip I take to be one, can reſolue me in a queſtion, I would gladly ſtand and be reſolued.

*Duke.* Sir, I am buſie: but if you will ſay any thing briefly, I will heare you.

*Lucio.* I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall be briefe enough, I warrant you. I am told in priſon, that I am a Libertine, a Wencher, a Common Cuſtomer, a Hanger on, a Viſitant, a Gameſter, a Drinker, and I know not what: which I confeſſe I cannot deny, but I hope your worſhip will not hold me any thing the worſe for that.

*Duke.* Sir, I hold you not the worſe for that.

*Lucio.* I thanke your worſhip for your good opinion: and do but ſtand in need of it. I heare the Duke is returned: I would I knew when, not that I wiſh him any harme, but that I am deſirous to ſhew him what a Rogue I am: it is my deſire to haue him ſee me hanged.

*Duke.* Doubtleſſe you ſhall, if my conceit be not falſe of him.

*Lucio.* Why, I can hide nothing from you Sir, for I am full of vices. Firſt, I am giuen to drinke, and I am a Knowne Drunkard: I haue ſpent much vpon Whores, and haue in my youth run into the danger of a Diſeaſe: I am full of Quarrels, and do but ſtand in need of meate, to become as groſſe as any man of Angleterre: and thus when I am faſting, I am prone to lye downe vpon the baſeſt wrongs that lye before me: all which I confeſſe, I do for my hope of Saluation, that I am reſolued to forſake, and a number more, that I purpoſe to forſake.

*Duke.* You are deepely in the right Sir, and leaue me ſpace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a wheedling thing is this to haue him, for the receiuing of a Cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abſent, haue done this? Ere ever I haue ſung a ranterre penny-worth of baſeſt ballads, he would haue paide for the printing a thouſand. Euen ſuch a one is he, for all the learned ſeeming of the face, to see him: and that inſtructed him to mercie.

*Duke.* I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for Women: he was not inclin'd that way.

*Lucio.* O Sir, you are deceiued.

*Duke.* 'Tis not poſſible.

*Lucio.* Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vſe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-diſh. The Duke had Crochets in him. He would be drunke too, that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong ſurely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhie fellow was the Duke, and I believe I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What (I prethee) might be the cauſe?

*Lucio.* No pardon: 'tis a ſecret muſt be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you vnderſtand, the greater file of the ſubiect held the Duke to be wiſe.

*Duke.* Wiſe? Why no queſtion but he was.

*Lucio.* A very ſuperficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is enuie in you, folly, or miſtaking. The very ſtreame of his life, and the buſineſſe he hath helmed, muſt vpon a warranted need, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his owne bringings forth, and he ſhall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Stateſman, and a Soldier. Therefore you ſpeake vnskilfully: or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.



*Lucio.*

*Luc.* Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

*Duke.* Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

*Luc.* Come Sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly beleeue that, since you know not what you ſpeake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our prayers are he may) let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: If it bee honeſt you haue ſpoke, you haue courage to maintaine it: I am bound to call vpon you, and I pray you your name?

*Luc.* Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

*Duke.* He ſhall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

*Luc.* I feare you not.

*Duke.* O you hope the Duke will return no more, or you imagine me too vnkinde a iudge to depoſe you in your noble and vertuous enterprize?

*Luc.* Well: before I truſt to the mercie of ſo graue a iudge, I care not if I doe you any little pleaſure. Will you further anie thing againſt me?

*Duke.* I know you for a gentleman of report, marrie I'll waite vpon your truer carriage, but I ſay true, it is for your friendly care that you ſhould not dye to morrow, or no?

*Luc.* Why no more then due: For I thinke you know it is but the Duke's pleaſure.

*Duke.* Why ſhould he die Sir?

*Luc.* Why? For filling a bottle with a Strumpets mightie: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngouern'd State of his is intolerable. We haue reuocations euery Action of our liues, for pleaſuring, or reuenging. It is too franke. Marrie how long his abſence may be wiſht for, there are many obſcure Prouerbs that make doubt of it. Some ſay he is gone to the Emperor *Prester John*, for the white Bull. Some, that he is retir'd to the Moone, according to the Almanack, where he obſerues the ſtarres moſt religiouſly. But that he is carried into Exile, I haue as much aſſurance, as a man can haue that lookes vpon nothing. A very reaſonable iealouſie is like to doe him good. For my part, I commend him for it: Make it the faſhion, and the vertue of the time, and I ſhall thinke the beſt of it. Marrie I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe. This

## Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

*Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.*

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,*
*that so sweetly were forsworne,*
*And those eyes the breake of day*
*lights that doe mislead the Morne;*
*But my kisses bring againe, bring again,*
*Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.*

*Enter Duke.*

*Mar.* Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and beleeue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good, though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

*Mar.* You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

*Enter Isabell.*

*Duke.* I doe constantly beleeue you: the time is come euen now. I shall craue your forbearance a little, may be I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your selfe.

*Mar.* I am alwayes bound to you, *Exit.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and well come
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

*Isab.* He hath a Garden circummured with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back'd;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

*Isab.* I haue ta'ne a due and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o're.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

*Isab.* No none, but only a repaire i'th darke,
And that I haue possest him, my most stay
Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That stayes vpon me, whose perswasions
I come about my Brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*
A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

*Isab.* I doe desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

*Mar.* Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare.
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mar.* Wilt please you walke aside. *Exeunt*

*Duke.* Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

*Enter Mariana and Isabella*

*Isab.* Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

*Isa.* Little haue you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

*Mar.* Feare me not.

*Duke* Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Iustice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Provost and Clowne.*

*Pro* Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans heade

*Clo.* If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

*Pro.* Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld me a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment, and your deliuerance with an vnpitied whipping, for you haue been a notorious bawd.

*Clo.* Sir, I haue been an vnlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will be content to be a lawfull hangman. I would be glad to receiue some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Pro.* What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

*Enter Abhorson.*

*Abh* Doe you call sir?

*Pro.* Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you think it meete, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you; if not, vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a Bawd.

*Abh.* A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our mystery.

*Pro.* Goe too Sir, you weigh equally: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

*Clo.* Pray sir, by your good fauour: for surely sir, a good fauour you haue, but that you haue a hanging look: Doe you call it, your occupation a Mystery?

*Abh.* I Sir, a Miſterie.

*Clo.* Painting Sir, I haue heard ſay, is a Miſterie, and your Whores ſir, being members of my occupation, vſing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Miſterie: but what Miſterie there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abh.* Sir, it is a Miſterie.

*Clo.* Proote.

*Abh.* Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

*Clo.* If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it big enough. If it be too big for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough. So euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

*Enter Prouoſt.*

*Pro.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will ſerue him; For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgiuenesſe.

*Pro.* You, ſirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, 4 o'cleake.

*Abh.* Come on (Bawd) I will inſtruct thee in my Trade: follow.

*Clo.* I do deſire to learne ſir: and I hope if you haue occaſion to vſe me for your owne turne, you ſhall finde me yare. For truly ſir, for your kindneſſe, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*

*Pro.* Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th'one has my pitie; not a iot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

*Enter a Seruant.*

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou muſt be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

*Clo.* As faſt lock'd vp in ſleepe, as guiltleſſe labour,
When it lies ſtarke in the Iraueilers bones,
He will not wake.

*Pro.* Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelfe. But harke, what noiſe?
Heauen giue your ſpirits comfort: by, and by,
My paine is long pardon, or repreeue
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The beſt a wiſhing cannot bring you, ſleight,
Saue you, good Prouoſt: whoſe office is this night?

*Pro.* None (more the Carpe) worſhipfull.

*Duke.* Not *Iſabels*?

*Pro.* No.

*Duke.* They will then ere't be long.

*Pro.* What comfort is for *Claudio*?

*Duke.* There's ſome in hope.

*Pro.* It is a bitter Deputie.

*Duke.* Not ſo, not ſo: his life is parallel'd
Euen with the ſtroke and line of his great Iuſtice.
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelfe, which he ſpurres on his powre
To quaſhe in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
And not the be good, leſt off. Now are they come.
This a gentle Prouoſt, ſeldome when
The ſteeled Gaoler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? That ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſt,
That wounds th'vnreſiſting Poſterne with theſe ſtrokes.

*Pro.* There he muſt ſtay vntil the Officer
Ariſe to let him in: is call'd vp.

*Duke.* Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he muſt die to morrow?

*Pro.* None Sir, none.

*Duke.* As neere the dawning Prouoſt, as it is,
You ſhall heare more ere Morning.

*Pro.* Happely
You ſomething know: yet I beleeue there comes
No countermand: no ſuch example haue we
Beſides, vpon the verie ſiege of Iuſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profeſt the contrary.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Duke.* This is his Lords man.

*Pro.* And heere comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

*Meſſ.* My Lord hath ſent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you ſwerue not from the ſmalleſt Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance.
Good morrow. for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

*Pro.* I ſhall obey him.

*Duke.* This is his Pardon purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the Pardoner himſelfe is in
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's ſo extended,
That for the faults loue, is th offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

*Pro.* I told you.
Lord *Angelo*, belike, thinking me remiſſe
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks ſtrangely
For he hath not vs'd it before.

*Duke.* Pray you let's heare.

*The Letter.*

*Whatſoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Barnardine: For my better ſatisfaction, let mee haue Claudios head ſent me by fiue. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we muſt yet deliuer. Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will anſwere it at your perill.*

What ſay you to this Sir?

*Duke.* What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

*Pro.* His name is Barnardine. I would I had done my ſelfe as much as to know the condition of this priſoner, who in proſperitie, being a priſoner not theſe foure yeeres old.

*Duke.* How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do ſo.

*Pro.* His friends ſtill wrought repreeues for him: And indeed his actions ſhow in the gouernment of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfu proofe.

*Duke.* It is now apparant?

*Pro.* Moſt manifeſt, and not denied by himſelfe.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himſelfe penitently in priſon? How ſeemes he to be touch'd?

*Pro.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleepe, careleſſe, wreakleſſe, and feare eſſe of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortall.

*Duke.* He wants aduice.

*Pro.* He will heare none. he hath euermore had the liberty of the priſon: giue him leaue to eſcape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many dayes entirely drunke. We haue very oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouost, honestly and constancie; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I craue but foure dayes respit: for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

*Pro.* Pray Sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Pro.* Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre limited, and an expresse command, vnder penalte to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to croise this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructions may be your guide, [illegible] Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, And his head borne to *Angelo*.

*Pro. Angelo* hath seene them both, [illegible] And will discouer the fauour.

*Duke.* Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it, Shaue the head, and tie the beard: and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'de before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life.

*Pro.* Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

*Pro.* To him, and to his Substitutes.

*Duke.* You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing?

*Pro.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to pluck all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

*Pro.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two dayes, he will be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head. I will giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolue you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris *Ouer-dons* owne house, for here be many of her old Customers. First, here's yong Mr *Rash*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and seuenteene pounds, of which hee made five Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue we heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong Mr *Deepe-vow*, and Mr *Copper-spurre*, and Mr *Starue-Lacky* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild o-the *Pudding*, and Mr *Forthright* the Tiler, and braue Mr *Shoote* the great Trauailer, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that hath'd Pots and I thinke forty more all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords take.

*Enter Abhorson.*

*Abh.* Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

*Clo.* Mr *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Mr *Barnardine*.

*Abh.* What hoa *Barnardine*.

*Barnardine within.*

*Bar.* A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyse there? What are you?

*Clo.* Your friends Sir, the Hangman: You must be so good Sir to rise and be put to death.

*Bar.* Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepie.

*Abh.* Tell him he must awake, And that quickly too.

*Clo.* Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleepe afterwards.

*Abh.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw rustle.

*Enter Barnardine.*

*Abh.* Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

*Clo.* Very ready Sir.

*Bar.* How now *Abhorson*? What's the newes with you?

*Abh.* Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

*Bar.* You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

*Clo.* O, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the sounder all the next day.

*Enter Duke.*

*Abh.* Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father: do we rest now thinke you?

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

*Bar.* Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

*Duke.* Oh Sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the iourne you shall go.

*Bar.* I sweare I will not die to day for any mans perswasion.

*Duke.* But heare you.

*Bar.* Not a word: if you haue any thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day

*Exit*

*Enter Prouost.*

*Duke.* Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.
*Pro.* Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?
*Duke.* A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.
*Pro.* Heere in the prison, Father.
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, till he were well enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?
*Duke.* Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides.
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.
*Pro.* This shall be done (good Father) presently.
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To saue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne aliue?
*Duke.* Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
To yond generation, you shall heare
Your safeties manifested.
*Pro.* I am your free dependant. *Exit.*
*Duke.* Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouost he shall beare them) whose contents
Shall witnesse to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.
*Enter Prouost.*
*Pro.* Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.
*Duke.* Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.
*Pro.* Ile make all speede. *Exit*
*Isabell within him.*
*Isa.* Peace hoa, be heere.
*Duke.* The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.
*Enter Isabella.*
*Isa.* Hoa, by your leaue.
*Duke.* Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.
*Isa.* The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?
*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.
*Isa.* Nay, but it is not so.
*Duke.* It is no other,
Shew your wisedome daughter in your close patience.
*Isa.* Oh, I will to him, and plucke out his eies.
*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.
*Isa.* Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,
Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*.
*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By euery syllable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay dry your eyes,
One of our Conuent, and his Confessor
Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wis-
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.
*Isa.* I am directed by you.
*Duke.* This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his compane
At *Mariana*'s house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I pervert your course: whose heere?
*Enter Lucio.*
*Luc.* Good 'euen;
Friar, where's the Prouost?
*Duke.* Not within Sir.
*Luc.* Oh pretie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set me too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantastica Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued
*Duke.* Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.
*Luc.* Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.
*Duke.* Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.
*Luc.* Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.
*Duke.* You haue told me too many of him already sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.
*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a Wench with child.
*Duke.* Did you such a thing?
*Luc.* Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.
*Duke.* Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well.
*Lucio.* By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if bawdy talke offend you, we'el haue very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Angelo & Escalus.*
*Esc.* Every Letter he hath writ, hath disuouch'd other.
*Ang.*

*Au.* In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisedome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and redeliuer our authorities there?

*Esc.* I ghesse not.

*Ang.* And why should wee proclaime it an houre before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice, they should exhibite their petitions in the street?

*Esc.* He showes his reason for that: to haue a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices hereafter, which shall then haue no power to stand against vs.

*Ang.* Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th' morne. Ile call you at your house: giue notice to such men of sort and suite as are to meete him.

*Esc.* I shall sir: fare you well. *Exit.*

*Ang.* Good night.
This deede vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come haue tane reuenge
By so receiuing a dishonor'd life
With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued.
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Duke and Frier Peter.*

*Duke.* These Letters at fit time deliuer me.
The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you euer to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauius*'s house,
And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice
To *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flauius* first.

*Peter.* It shall be speeded well.

*Enter Varrius.*

*Duke.* I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good haste,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Sexta.

*Enter Isabella and Mariana.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,
He saies, to vaile full purpose.

*Mar.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides he tells me, that if peraduenture
He speake against me on the aduerse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke
That's bitter, to sweet end.

*Enter Peter.*

*Mar.* I would *Frier Peter*

*Isab.* Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

*Peter.* Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may haue such vantage on the *Duke*
He shall not passe you:
Twice haue the Trumpets sounded.
The generous, and grauest Citizens
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Citizens at seuerall doores.*

*Duke.* My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

*Ang. Esc.* Happy returne be to your royall grace.

*Duke.* Many and harty thankings to you both:
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

*Duke.* Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert bosome
When it deserues with characters of brasse
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblituon: Giue me your hand
And let the Subiect see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*,
You must walke by vs, on our other hand.
And good supporters are you.

*Enter Peter and Isabella.*

*Peter.* Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

*Isab.* Iustice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,
And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall giue you Iustice,
Reueale your selfe to him.

*Isab.* Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me seeke redemption of the diuell,
Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake
Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd,
Or wring redresse from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

*Ang.* My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by course of Iustice.

*Isab.* By course of Iustice.

*Ang.* And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

*Isab.* Most

*Isab.* Most strange: but yet most truely will I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?
*Duke.* Nay it is ten times strange?
*Isab.* It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange,
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning
*Duke.* Away with her: poore soule
She speakes this, in th'infirmity of sence
*Isa.* Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect'st me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seemes like thee: seeming impossible
But one, the wickedst caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as grave, as just, as absolute:
As *Angelo*, even so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts, titles formes,
Be an arch-villaine. Believe it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.
*Duke.* By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.
*Isab.* Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.
*Duke.* Many that are not mad
Have sure more lacke of reason
What would you say?
*Isab.* I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, in probation of a Sisterhood,
Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger
*Luc.* That's I, and't like your Grace
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon
*Isab.* That's he indeede.
*Duke.* You were not bid to speake.
*Luc.* No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
*Duke.* I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A businesse for your selfe. pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
*Luc.* I warrant your honor.
*Duke.* The warrant's for your selfe. take heede to't
*Isab.* This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.
*Luc.* Right.
*Duke.* It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed,
*Isab.* I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.
*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.
*Isab.* Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.
*Duke.* Mended againe: the matter: proceed.
*Isab.* In briefe, to set the needlesse processe by:
How I perswaded, how I prayd, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
*Duke.* This is most likely.
*Isab.* Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak'st,
*Duke.* By heaven (fond wretch) thou knowst not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hatefull practise: first his Integritie
Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on
Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st heere to complaine.
*Isab.* And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers above
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evill, which is heere wrapt up
In countenance: heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved goe.
*Duke.* I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To prison with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere us? This needs must be a practise;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?
*Isa.* One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.
*Duke.* A ghostly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?
*Luc.* My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had I power, I say my Lord,
For certaine words he spoke against your Grace
In your retirment, I had swing'd him soundly.
*Duke.* Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.
*Luc.* But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryar,
A very scuruy fellow.
*Peter.* Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I have stood by my Lord, and I have heard
Your royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As she from one ungot.
*Duke.* We did believe no lesse.
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that she speakes of?
*Peter.* I know him for a man divine and holy,
Not scuruy, not a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trust, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) misreport your Grace.
*Luc.* My Lord, most villanously, believe it.
*Peter.* Well: he in time may come to cleare himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of

Of a strange Feauor vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false. And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whensoeuer he's conuented. First for this woman,
To iustifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you heare disproued to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.
*Duk.* Good Frier let's heare it.
Do you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
O heauen the vanity of wretched fooles!
Giue vs some seates. Come cousin *Angelo*,
In this I'le be impartiall; be you Iudge
Of your owne cause. Is this the Witnesse Friar?

*Enter Mariana.*

First let her shew her face, and after speake.
*Mar.* Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.
*Duke.* What are you married?
*Mar.* No my Lord.
*Duke.* Are you a Maid?
*Mar.* No my Lord.
*Duke.* A Widow then?
*Mar.* Neither my Lord.
*Duke.* Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?
*Lucio.* My Lord she may be a Punke, for many of them are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.
*Duke.* Silence there, I haue in structions else
To prattlers be silence.
*Lucio.* We my Lord.
*Mar.* My Lord I do confesse I ne're was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid.
I haue kno vn my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.
*Lucio.* He was drunke then my Lord, it can be no better.
*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, would thou were so too.
*Lucio.* Well, my Lord.
*Duke.* This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.
*Mar.* Now I come to't my Lord.
She'l accuse him of Fornication,
In selfe same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'de depriu'd him of the Garments
With all to effect of Loue.
*Ang.* Charges she more than me?
*Mar.* Not that I know.
*Duke.* No? you say your husband?
*Mar.* Why no, my Lord, and more than *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he ne're knew my body,
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes *Isabels*.
*Ang.* This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.
*Mar.* My husband bid me now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on.
This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract
Was fast belocked in thine. This is the body
That took away the match from *Isabell*,
And did supplie thee at thy garden-house
In her Imagined person.
*Duke.* Know you this woman?
*Lucio.* Carnally she sayes.
*Duk.* Sirha, no more.
*Lucio.* Enough my Lord.
*Ang.* My Lord I must confesse, I know this woman,
And fiue yeeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of Composition, But in chiefe
For that her reputation was disualued
In leuitie. Since which time of fiue yeeres
I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor.
*Mar.* Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heauen and words from breath,
As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make vp vowes. And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for euer be confixed here
A Marble Monument.
*Ang.* I did but smile till now,
Now, good my Lord, giue me the scope of Iustice,
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceiue
These poore informall women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this practise out.
*Duke.* I, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Friar, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oathes,
Though they would swear downe each part of Saint,
Were testimonies against his worth, and credit
That's seal'd in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus*
Sit with my Cosen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Friar that set them on,
Let him be sent for.
*Peter.* Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this Complaint,
Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,
And him may fetch with speed.
*Duke.* Doe it instantly.
And you, my noble and well warranted Cosen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your iniuries as seemes you best
In any chastisement, I for a while
Will leaue you, but stir not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers. *Exit*
*Esc.* My Lord, we'l do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you say you knew that Friar *Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?
*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous speech of the Duke.
*Esc.* We shall intreate you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this Friar a notable fellow.
*Lucio.* As any in *Vienna*, on my word.
*Esc.* Call that same Isabell here once againe, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord giue me leaue to question, you shall see how I'le handle her.
*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her owne report.
*Esc.* Say you?
*Lucio.* Marry sir, I think, if you handled her priuately
shee

She would sooner confesse, perchance publikely she'll be asham'd.

*Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.*

*Esc.* I will goe darkely to worke with her.

*Luc.* That's the way: for women are light at mid-night.

*Esc.* Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you have said.

*Luc.* My Lord here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the *Provost*?

*Esc.* In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call upon you.

*Luc.* Mum.

*Esc.* Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? they have confess'd you did.

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Esc.* How? Know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place; and let the diuell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

*Esc.* The *Duke* is vs: and we will heare you speake, Looke you speake iustly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least. But oh poore [illegible] Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the [illegible] Good night to your redreste. Is the *Duke* gone? Then is your cause gone too. The *Duke's* [illegible] Is stole out of your [illegible] And put your [illegible] Who is it you come to accuse?

*Luc.* This gentleman, and the I spoke of.

*Esc.* Why, every word I say thee shall proue good, yet: Is it not strange that Desdemonas woman, Should taxe me of such base temptation, And the vnshaped vse of his supper-cease, To plant an obseruance, and prompt me to it, From the *Duke* himself? to take me vp at such a time? I leach mischiefe, to catch vp men with: we shall proue (if you Can stay by it, but we will know his purpose) What? vnquiet?

*Duke.* Because it is not the *Duke* dare No more stretch this finger of mine, than he Dare coact his owne Lawes: Sustaine Lawes, Neither Prouoked, nor Mou'd by Crueltie, Nor Nature neuer lookes on Heresie Without deepe shame, regard, or terror. Where I have seene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop, As much in mocke, as marke.

*Esc.* Slander to th' State Away with him to prison.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

*Luc.* 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald-pate, doe you know me?

*Duke.* I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

*Luc.* O, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the *Duke*

*Duke.* Most notedly, Sir.

*Luc.* Do you so Sir: And was the *Duke* a flesh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duke.* You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

*Luc.* Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my selfe.

*Ang.* Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

*Esc.* Such a one is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the *Provost*? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

*Duke.* Stay Sir, stay a while.

*Ang.* What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will not off?

*Duke.* Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a *Duke*. First *Provost*, let me bayle these gentle three. Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

*Luc.* This may proue worse then hanging.

*Duke.* What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue. Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou hast Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* Oh, my dread Lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltinesse, To thinke I can be vndiscernable, When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine, Hath look'd vpon my passes. Then good Prince, No longer Session hold vpon my shame, But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession. Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither *Mariana*, Say wast thou ere contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was my Lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. Do you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate, Returne you heere againe: goe with him *Provost*. *Exit.*

*Esc.* My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Than at the strangenesse of it.

*Duke.* Come hither *Isabell*, Your *Fryer* is now your Prince: As I was then Aduertysing, and holy to your businesse, (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, Attorney'd at your seruice.

*Isab.* Oh giue me pardon That I, your vassaile, haue imploid, and pain'd Your vnknowne Soueraignetie.

*Duke.* You are pardon'd *Isabell*: And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs. Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart: And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe, Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre, Than let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid, It was the swift celeritie of his death, Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death, Than that which lives to feare: make it your comfort,

So

So happy is your Brother.

*Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, Provost.*

*Isab.* I doe my Lord.

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor, you must pardon
For *Mariana's* sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, euen from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death
Haste still paies haste, and leasure, answers leasure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested,
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage,
We doe condemne thee to the very block
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him.

*Mar.* Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

*Duke.* It is your husband mock't you with a husband.
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,
For that he knew you might reproach your life
And choake your good to come: For his Possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours;
We doe instate, and widow you withall,
To buy you a better husband.

*Mar.* Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

*Mari.* Gentle my Liege.

*Duke.* You doe but loose your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

*Mar.* Oh my good Lord, (sweet *Isabell*) take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice.

*Duke.* Against all sence you doe importune her,
Should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost, his paued bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

*Mar. Isabell*
Sweet *Isabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, say nothing; I'll speake all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Isabel*: will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for *Claudio's* death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous Sir.
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due sincerity gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

*Mar.* Meerely my Lord.

*Duke.* Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say.
I haue bethought me of another fault.
*Prouost*, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an vnusual hower?

*Pro.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Pro.* No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.

*Duke.* For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Giue vp your keyes.

*Pro.* Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by priuate order else haue died,
I haue reserued aliue.

*Duke.* What's he?

*Pro.* His name is *Barnardine*.

*Duke.* I would thou had'st done so by *Claudio*,
Go fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

*Esc.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you Lord *Angelo*, haue still appear'd,
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper'd iudgement afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorrie, that with reuerence I inuocate,
As mocking me with bald vnpittied scorne,
That I may face as much as may be yet,
Thy merit vnder God, and learne on earth
*Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Iulietta.*

*Duke.* Which is that *Barnardine*?

*Pro.* This my Lord.

*Duke.* There was a Frier told me of this man.
Sirra, thou art said to haue a stubborne soule
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide
For better times to come. Frier aduise him,
I leaue him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

*Pro.* This is another prisoner that I sau'd,
Who should haue died when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himselfe.

*Duke.* If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd: and for your louelie sake
Giue me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's safe,
Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remission in my selfe;
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You sirra, that knew me for a foole a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an asse a mad man.
Wherein haue I so deseru'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

*Luc.* Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

*Duke.* Whipt first sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Prouost round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

*Luc.* I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highnesse said euen now I made you a Duke, good my Lord doe not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

*Duke.* Vpon

*Duke.* Vpon mine honor I will stay heere on
Thy sainted true forgiuenesse, and therewith all
Take thy other offences take vnto thy trust,
And let me pleasure here executed.
*Lucio.* Marrying a punke my Lord is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.
*Lucio.* Slander a Diuorced vow'ne
See *Claudio* as you wrong'd loose, or else
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*,
I haue confest her, and I know thee honest,
Thanke good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Prouost* for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

*The Scene Vienna.*

## The names of all the Actors.

*Vincentio: the Duke.*
*Angelo, the Deputie.*
*Escalus, an ancient Lord.*
*Claudio, a yong Gentleman.*
*Lucio, a fantasticke.*
*2. Other like Gentlemen.*
*Prouost.*
*Thomas.* } *2. Friers.*
*Peter.* }
*Elbow, a simple Constable.*
*Froth, a foolish Gentleman.*
*Clowne.*
*Abhorson, an Executioner.*
*Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.*
*Isabella, sister to Claudio.*
*Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.*
*Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.*
*Francisca, a Nun.*
*Mistris Ouer-don, a Bawd.*

FINIS.

Do giue those lilli of snow
with thy frozen bosom bearest
whose leaves the pinks that grow
are of those that April wearest
& hirth lo my poor heart are
bound in those yce chaines by thee

# The Comedie of Errors.

## *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Iaylor, and other attendants.*

*Marchat.*

PRoceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.
*Duke.* Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Haue crau'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes.
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusian* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracusian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.
*Mer.* Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.
*Duke.* Well *Siracusian*; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.
*Mer.* A heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence
Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not fixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder
The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arriued where I was
There had she not beene long, but she became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by names
That very howre, and in the selfe-same inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes
My wife, not meanely proud of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone we came aboord.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we saild
Before the always wind-obeying deepe
Gaue any Tragicke instance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pittious plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me.
And this it was (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs:
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selues at either end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discouered
Two ships from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.
*Duke.* Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.
*Merch.* Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercileſſe to vs
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice fiue leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ſhip was ſplitted in the middſt,
So that in this vniuſt diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for,
Her part, poore ſoule, ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the winde,
And in our ſight they three were taken vp
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought
At length another ſhip had ſeiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſaue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ſhip-wrackt gueſts,
And would haue reft the Fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very low of ſaile,
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe
Thus haue you heard me ſeuer'd from my bliſſe,
That by miſfortunes was my life prolonged,
To tell ſad ſtories of my owne mishaps.
*Duke.* And for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now.
*Merch.* My yongeſt boy and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquiſitiue
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, ſo his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I laboured of a loue to ſee,
I hazarded the loſſe of whom I lou'd
Fiue Sommers haue I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*
Hopeleſſe to finde, yet loth to leaue vnſought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my trauels warrant me they liue.
*Duke.* Hapleſſe *Egeon* whom the fates haue markt
To bear the extremity of dire miſhap:
Now trouble me not with what more I am,
Againſt my Crowne my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not diſanull,
My ſoule ſhould ſue as aduocate for thee.
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great diſparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To ſeeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the ſumme,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy cuſtodie.
*Iailor.* I will my Lord.
*Merch.* Hopeleſſe and helpeleſſe doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liueleſſe end. *Exeunt*

*Enter Antipholus Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.*
*Mer.* Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoone be confiſcate.
This very day a *Syracuſian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the towne,
Dies ere the weanie ſunne ſet in the Weſt:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.
*Ant.* Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruſe the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and ſleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am ſtiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.
*Dro.* Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing ſo good a meane.
*Exit Dromio.*

*Ant.* A truſtie villaine ſir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry teſts:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
*E. Mer.* I am inuited ſir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon ſoone at fiue a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward conſort you till bed time:
My preſent buſineſſe cals me from you now.
*Ant.* Farewell till then: I will goe looſe my ſelfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.
*E. Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your owne content
*Exeunt.*

*Ant.* He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean ſeekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnſeene, inquiſitiue) confounds himſelfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In queſt of them (vnhappie) looſe my ſelfe.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*
Here comes the almanacke of my true date.
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoone.
*E. Dro.* Return'd ſo ſoone, rather approacht too late.
The Capon burnes, the Pig falls from the ſpit;
The clocke hath ſtrucken twelue vpon the bell.
My Miſtris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is ſo hot becauſe the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, becauſe you come not home:
You come not home, becauſe you haue no ſtomacke:
You haue no ſtomacke, hauing broke your faſt
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
*Ant.* Stop in your winde ſir, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.
*E. Dro.* Oh ſixe pence that I had a wenſday laſt,
To pay the Sadler for my Miſtris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
*Ant.* I am not in a ſportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine owne cuſtodie.
*E. Dro.* I pray you ieſt ſir as you ſit at dinner.
I from my Miſtris come to you in poſt:
If I returne I ſhall be poſt indeede.

For

For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger
*Ant.* Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of season,
Reserue them till a merrier houre then this
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?
*E.Dro.* To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?
*Ant.* Come on sir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast disposd thy charge.
*E.Dro.* My charge was but to fetch you hô the Mart
Home to your house, the *Phœnix* sir to dinner;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you.
*Ant.* Now as I am a Christian sir, tell me,
In what safe place you haue bestowd my money,
Or I shall breake that merrie sconce of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd
Where is the thousand Marckes thou hadst of me
*E.Dro.* I haue some marks of yours vpon my pate
Some of my Mistris marks vpon my shoulders
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe
Perchance you will not beare them patiently
*Ant.* Thy Mistris marks? what Mistris slaue hast thou?
*E.Dro.* Your worships wife my Mistris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner
And prayes that you will hie you home to dinner
*Ant.* What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knaue.
*E.Dro.* What mean you sir, for God sake hold your hands
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles. *Exit.*

*Exeunt Dromio Ep*

*Ant.* Vpon my life by some deuise or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my money
They say this towne is full of cosenage,
As nimble iugglers that deceiue the eie
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie
Dissembling Cheaters, praising Mountebankes;
And many such like libertis of sinne
If it prooue so, I will be gone the sooner
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,
I greatly feare my money is not safe. *Exit.*

## Actus Secundus.

*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Serepsius, with Luciana her Sister*

*Adr.* Neither my husband nor the slaue returnd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.
*Luc.* Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner
Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Master of his libertie:
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister.
*Adr.* Why should their libertie than ours be more?
*Luc.* Because their businesse still lies out adore.
*Adr.* Looke when I serue him so, he takes it ill.
*Luc.* Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.
*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes and the winged fowles
Are their males subiects, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wide watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sence and soules,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
*Adr.* This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed
*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
*Adr.* But were you wedded you would beare some sway
*Luc.* Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey.
*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where?
*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbeare
*Adr.* Patience vnmou'd, no marueil though she pause,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cause
A wretched soule bruisd with aduersitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it cries
But were we burdned with like weight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selues complaine:
So thou that hast no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpelesse patience would relieue me;
But if thou liue to see like right bereft,
This foole-beg patience in thee will be left
*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day but to trie.
Here comes your man, now is your husband nie.

*Enter Dromio Eph*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardie master now at hand?
*E.Dro.* Nay he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witnesse.
*Adr.* Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou his mind?
*E. Dro.* I, I he told his mind vpon mine eare,
Beshrew his hand I feare he will haue the worse.
*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feele his meaning.
*E. Dro.* Nay he strooke so plainly I could too well feele his blowes, and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce vnderstand them.
*Adr.* But say, I prethee is he coming home?
It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.
*E. Dro.* Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horne mad.
*Adr.* Horne mad thou villaine?
*E Dro* I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is starke mad
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.
'Tis dinner time quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne quoth I; my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I; my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burnd; my gold, quoth he:
My mistresse sir, quoth I; hang vp thy Mistresse
I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.
*Luc.* Quoth who?
*E Dr.* Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due vnto my tongue I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders: for in conclusion, he did beate me there.
*Adr.* Go back againe, thou slaue & fetch him home.
*Dro.* Go backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Backe ſlaue, or I will breake thy pate a-croſſe.
*Dro.* And he will bleſſe y croſſe with other beating:
Betweene you, I ſhall haue a holy head.
*Adr.* Hence prating peſant, fetch thy Maſter home.
*Dro.* Am I to round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe ſpurne me thus?
You ſpurne me hence, and he will ſpurne me hither,
If I laſt in this ſeruice, you muſt caſe me in leather.
*Luci.* Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
*Adr.* His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whil'ſt I at home ſtarue for a merrie looke:
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and ſharpe diſcourſe be marr'd,
Vnkindneſſe blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A ſunnie looke of his, would ſoone repaire.
But, too vnruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his ſtale.
*Luci.* Self-harming Ielouſie; fie beat it hence.
*Adr.* Vnfeeling fooles can with ſuch wrongs diſpence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or elſe, what lets but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would deſtraine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed
I ſee the Iewell beſt enamaled
Will looſe his beauty: yet the gold bides ſtill
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eie,
Ile weepe (what's elſe a ſad-eyed louers deede.
*Luci.* How many fond fooles ſerue mad Ielouſie?
*Exit.*

*Enter Antipholus Erraſis.*

*Ant.* The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull ſlaue
Is wandred forth in care to ſeeke me out
By computation and mine hoſts report.
I could not ſpeake with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the Mart? ſee here he comes.

*Enter Dromio Siracuſa.*

How now ſir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you loue ſtrokes, ſo ieſt with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Miſtreſſe ſent to haue me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix*? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madlie thou did didſt anſwere me?
*S.Dro.* What anſwer ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
*E.Ant.* Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre ſince.
*S.Dro.* I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.
*Ant.* Villaine, thou didſt denie the gold receiu,
And told'ſt me of a Miſtreſſe, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.
*S.Dro.* I am glad to ſee you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this ieſt, I pray you Maſter tell me?
*Ant.* Yea, doſt thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou I ieſt? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
*S.Dr.* Hold ſir, for Gods ſake, now your ieſt is earneſt,
Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?
*Antiph.* Becauſe that I familiarie ſometimes
Doe vſe you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſſe will ieſt vpon my loue,
And make a Common of my ſerious howres,
When the ſunne ſhines, let foolish gnats make ſport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will ieſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.
*S.Dro.* Sconce call you it? ſo you would leaue batte-ring, I had rather haue it a head, and you vſe theſe blowes long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders, but I pray ſir, why am I beaten?
*Ant.* Doſt thou not know?
*S.Dro.* Nothing ſir, but that I am beaten
*Ant.* Shall I tell you why?
*S.Dro.* I ſir, and wherefore; for they ſay, euery why hath a wherefore.
*Ant.* Why firſt for flowting me, and then wherefore, for vrging it the ſecond time to me.
*S.Dro.* Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of ſeaſon, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reaſon. Well ſir, I thanke you.
*Ant.* Thanke me ſir, for what?
*S.Dro.* Marry ſir, for this ſomething that you gaue me for nothing.
*Ant.* Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing for ſomething. But ſay ſir, is it dinner time?
*S.Dro.* No ſir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue
*Ant.* In good time ſir, what's that?
*S.Dro.* Baſting
*Ant.* Well ſir, then 'twill be drie.
*S.Dro.* If it be ſir, I pray you eat none of it
*Ant.* Your reaſon?
*S.Dro.* Leſt it make you chollericke, and purchaſe me another drie baſting
*Ant.* Well ſir, learne to ieſt in good time, there's a time for all things
*S.Dro.* I durſt haue denied that before you were ſo chollericke
*Ant.* By what rule ſir?
*S.Dro.* Marry ſir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himſelfe
*Ant.* Let's heare it.
*S.Dro.* There's no time for a man to recouer his haire that growes bald by nature.
*Ant.* May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?
*S.Dro.* Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the loſt haire of another man.
*Ant.* Why, is Time ſuch a niggard of haire, being (as it is) ſo plentifull an excrement?
*S.Dro.* Becauſe it is a bleſſing that hee beſtowes on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted them in haire, hee hath giuen them in wit.
*Ant.* Why, but there's many a man hath more haire then wit.
*S.Dro.* Not a man of thoſe but he hath the wit to loſe his haire.
*Ant.* Why thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.
*S.Dro.* The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt, yet he looſeth it in a kinde of jollitie.
*Ant.* For what reaſon.
*S.Dro.* For two, and ſound ones too.

*Ant.* Nay

*An* Nay not found I pray you

*S.Dro.* Sure ones then.

*An* Nay, not sure in a thing falsing

*S.Dro.* Certaine ones then

*An* Name them

*S.Dro.* The one to saue the money that he spends in trying the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.

*An.* You would all this time haue proou'd, there is no time for all things

*S.Dro.* Marry and did sir namely, in no time to recouer haire lost by Nature

*An* But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recouer

*S.Dro* Thus I mend it. Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers

*An* I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft, who wafts vs yonder

*Enter Adriana and Luciana*

*Adri* I,I. *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects
I am not *Adriana* nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vnurg'd would'st vow,
That neuer words were musicke to thine eare,
That neuer obiect pleasing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meate sweet-fauour'd in thy taste
Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carued to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy tender
Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me
That vndividable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere selfes better part
Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me,
For know my loue: as easie mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, and not me too
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but heare I were licentious?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-diuorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I liue distain'd, thou vndishonoured

*Antip.* Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not.
In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being scand,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand

*Luci* Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you.
When were you wont to vse my sister thus?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

*Ant.* By *Dromio*? *Drom* by me.

*Adr.* By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife

*Ant* Did you conuerse sir with this gentlewoman.
What is the course and drift of your compact?

*S.Dro.* I sir? I neuer saw her till this time

*Ant* Villaine thou liest, for euen her very words,
Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart

*S.Dro.* I neuer spake with her in all my life

*Ant* How can she thus then call vs by our names?
Vnlesse it be by inspiration

*Adri.* How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus grossely with your slaue,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt
Come I will fasten on this sleeue of thine
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine
Whose weakenesse married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thee a part of conscience.
It ought possesse as much as I, beside,
Wrong'd I was first, and plighted faith to me,
Why plead'st not to the Maides
Who all for want of pleading will intrude,
I feele my fault, and heare my condemnation

*Ant* To me thee speakes, thee moues me for her
sake,
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drives our eies and eares amisse?
Vntill I know this sure vncertainty,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie

*Luci* *Dromio* goe bid the seruants spread for dinner

*S.Dro* O for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner
This is the fairie land, oh spight of spights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will ensue
They'll suck our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not
*Dromio*, thou *Dromio* thou snaile, thou slug, thou sot

*S.Dro* I am transformed Master, am I not?

*Ant* I think thou art in mind, and so am I

*S.Dro.* Nay Master, both in mind, and in my shape

*Ant* Thou hast thine owne shape

*S.Dro.* No I am an Ape

*Luc* If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.

*S.Dro* 'Tis true she rides me and I long for grasse
'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could neuer be,
But I should know her as well as she knowes me

*Adri* Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eye and weepe
Whil'st man and Master laughes my woes to scorne:
Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband I'll dine aboue with you to day,
And shriue you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well

*Ant* Am I in earth in heauen or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduisde:
Known vnto these, and to my selfe disguisde:
I'll say as they say, and perseuer so:
And in this mist at all aduentures go.

*S.Dro* Master, shall I be *Porter* at the gate?

*Adri.* I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate

*Luc* Come come, *Antipholus*, we dine too late

## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthaser the Merchant.*

*E.Ant.* Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse vs all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what did'st thou meane by this?

*E.Dro.* Say what you will sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show;
If your skin were parchment, & your blowes you gaue were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

*E.Ant.* I thinke thou art an asse.

*E.Dro.* Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

*E.Ant.* Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheere
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deere.

*E.Ant* Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal* Good meat sir is common that every churle affords.

*Ant.* And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.

*Bal* Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

*Ant.* I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

*E.Dro.* *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginne.*

*S.Dro.* Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,
Either get thee from the doore, or sit downe at the hatch
Dost thou conster thy time so ill, that y'alt let in the dore,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

*E.Dro.* What patch is made our Porter? my Master stayes in the street.

*S.Dro.* Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

*E.Ant.* Who talkes within there? hoa, open the doore.

*S.Dro.* Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore

*Ant.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.

*S Dro.* Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.

*Ant.* What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

*S Dro* The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

*E. Dro* O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,
The one ne're got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou would'st haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse

*Enter Luce.*

*Luce.* What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

*E.Dro.* Let my Master in *Luce*.

*Luce* Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

*E.Dro.* O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Prouerbe,
Shall I set in my staffe.

*Luce.* Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

*S.Dro.* If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast answer'd him well.

*Ant.* Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

*Luce.* I thought to haue ask'd you.

*S.Dro.* And you said no.

*E.Dro.* So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

*Ant.* Thou baggage let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*E.Dro.* Master, knocke the doore hard.

*Luce.* Let him knocke till it ake.

*Ant.* You'll cry for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

*Luce.* What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

*Enter Adriana.*

*Adr.* Who is that at the doore y' keeps all this noise?

*S.Dro.* By my troth your towne is troubled with unruly boies.

*Ant.* Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.

*Adr.* Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore.

*E. Dro* If you went in paine Master, this knaue would goe sore.

*Angelo.* Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

*E.Dro.* They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

*Ant.* There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

*E.Dro.* You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

*Ant.* Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

*S.Dro* Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.

*E.Dro.* A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:
I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

*S.Dro.* It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee hinde.

*E.Dro.* Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in

*S Dro* I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin.

*Ant.* Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

*E.Dro.* A crow without feather, Master meane you so;

For

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a feather:
If a crow help vs in this, we'll plucke a crow together.
*Ant.* Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
*Balth.* Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Herein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th'vnuiolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisedome,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne,
And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doores are made against you.
Be ruld by me, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about euening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint
If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet vngalled estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter vs,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
For slander lies vpon succession,
For euer hows'd, where it gets possession.
*Ant.* You haue preuayl'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in the sight of mirth meane to be merry:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and witty: wilde, and yet too gentle,
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke elsewhere, to see if they'l disdaine me.
*Ang.* Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.
*Ant.* Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Iuliana, with Ant phoma of Syracuse.*

*Iulia.* And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?
Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake vse her with more kindnesse
Or if you like elsewhere doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:
Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake fast, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple theefe brags of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:
Alas poore women, make vs not beleeue
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs;
Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue:
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
Then gentle brother get you in againe,
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.
*S. Ant.* Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine.
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
Teach me deere creature how to think and speake.
Lay open to my earthie gros conceit,
Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
The folded meaning of your words deceit.
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an vnknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your power Ile yeeld
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe
Farre more, farre more: O see, see the doe I beseech
Oh train me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
To drowne me in thy sister flood of teares
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie
And in that glorious supposition think,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die.
Let Loue, being light, be drowned if she sinke.
*Luc.* What are you mad, that you doe reason so?
*Ant.* Not mad, but mated how I doe not know.
*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye
*Ant.* For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.
*Luc.* Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your sight
*Ant.* As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.
*Luc.* Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.
*Ant.* Thy sisters sister.
*Luc.* That's my sister
*Ant.* No it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better, part
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere heart, deerer heart,
My food, my fortune and my sweet hopes aime,
My sole earths heauen and my heauens claime.
*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be
*Ant.* Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Giue me thy hand.
*Luc.* O soft sir, hold you still
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will. *Exit.*

*Enter Dromio, Syracusia.*

*Ant.* Why how now *Dromio*, where runst thou so fast?
*S. Dro.* Doe you know me sir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?
*Ant.* Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.
*Dro.* I am an asse, I am a woman's man, and besides my selfe.
*Ant.* What woman's man? and how besides thy selfe?
*Dro.* Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.

*Ant.* What

*Ant.* What claime laies she to thee?

*Dro.* Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I being a beast she would haue me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me.

*Ant.* What is she?

*Dro.* A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence. I haue but lease lucke in the match, and yet is she a wonderous fat marriage.

*Ant.* How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

*Dro.* Marry sir, she's the kitchin wench, & all grease, and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run her by her owne light. I warrant you, her age esteemes her worth a weeke: call her creature, call her foole, and a trusty kitchin wench will serue: how long is't now to Whitsontide?

*Ant.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro.* Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why she sweates a man may go ouer-shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro.* No, sir, 'tis in graine, Noahs flood could not do it.

*Ant.* What's her name?

*Dro.* Nell sir: but her name and three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hippe to hippe.

*Ant.* Then she beares some breadth.

*Dro.* No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

*Ant.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro.* Marry in her buttocks, I found it out by the bogges.

*Ant.* Where Scotland?

*Dro.* I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

*Ant.* Where France?

*Dro.* In her forehead, armed and reuerted, making warre against her heire.

*Ant.* Where England?

*Dro.* I looked for the chalkie Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood very high in her nose, with red and blew spots like a Rose.

*Ant.* Where Spaine?

*Dro.* Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.

*Ant.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro.* Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carracks to be ballast at her nose.

*Ant.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro.* Oh sir I did not looke so low. To conclude, the spirit of Diuination layd claime to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assured to her, told me what priuie markes I had about me, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my neck, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ran me from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of Steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtaile dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

*Ant.* Go hie thee presently post to the road,
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

*Dro.* As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit*

*Ant.* There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, euen my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soueraigne grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But least my sence be guilty to selfe wrong,
I le stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

*Enter Angelo with the Chaine*

*Ang.* M *Antipholus*

*Ant.* I that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant.* What is your will that I shal do with this?

*Ang.* What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for you.

*Ant.* Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue.
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soone at supper time ile visit you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine.

*Ant.* I pray you sir receiue the money now,
For feare you ne're see chaine, nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*

*Ant* What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine.
I see a man here needs not liue by shifts,
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
I le to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
If any ship put out, then straight away. *Exit*

## *Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.*

*Mar.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Persia*, and want Guilders for my voyage.
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I le attach you by this Officer.

*Gold.* Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke
I shall receiue the money for the same
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

*Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.*

*Off.* That labour may you saue. See where he comes.

*Ant.* While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

And

And buy a rope and, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
*Dro.* I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
*Exit Dromio*
*Ephi.Ant.* A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me
Belike you thought our loue would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
*Gold.* Saying your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost charect,
The finenesse of the Gold: and the charge: all fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.
*Anti.* I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I haue some businesse in the towne.
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.
*Gold.* Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.
*Anti.* No beare it with you, least I come not time enough
*Gold.* Well sir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?
*Ant.* And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue
Or else you may returne without your money.
*Gold.* Nay come I pray you sir, giue me the Chaine
Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long
*Anti.* Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
I should haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.
*Mar.* The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.
*Gold.* You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.
*Ant.* Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your money.
*Gold.* Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.
*Ant.* Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.
*Mar.* My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.
*Ant.* I answer you? What should I answer you.
*Gold.* The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
*Ant.* I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.
*Gold.* You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since.
*Ant.* You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to say so.
*Gold.* You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Consider how it stands vpon my credit.
*Mar.* Well Officer, arrest him at my suite
*Offi.* I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.
*Gold.* This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
*Ant.* Consent to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.
*Gold.* Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparantly.
*Offic.* I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite
*Ant* I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile
But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer
*Gold.* Sir, sir, I shall haue Law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.*

*Dro.* Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamnum*,
That stayes but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then sir she beares away. Our traughtage sir,
I haue conuey'd aboord, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.
*Ant.* How now a Madman? Why thou peeuish sheep
What ship of *Epidamnum* stayes for me.
*S.Dro.* A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage
*Ant.* Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
*S.Dro.* You sent me for a ropes end as soone,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.
*Ant.* I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall bayle me: hie thee slaue, be gone.
On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt*
*S. Dromio* To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too big I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will.
For seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill. *Exit*

*Enter Adriana and Luciana*

*Adr.* Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might it thou perceiue austerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What obseruation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face
*Luc.* First he deni'de you had in him no right.
*Adr.* He meant he did me none: the more my spight
*Luc.* Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.
*Adr* And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee were.
*Luc* Then pleaded I for you
*Adr.* And what said he?
*Luc.* That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
*Adr.* With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue?
*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might moue.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.
*Adr.* Did'st speake him faire?
*Luc.* Haue patience I beseech.
*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse euery where:
Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,

Stigma-

Stigmatically in making worse in minde.
*Luc.* Who would be iealous then of such a one?
No euill lost is wail'd,when it is gone
*Adr.* Ah but I thinke him better then I say
And yet would herein others eies were worse:
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart prayes for him,though my tongue doe curse.

*Enter S.Dromio.*

*Dro.* Here goe the deske,the purse,sweet now make haste.
*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?
*S.Dro.* By running fast.
*Adr.* Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?
*S.Dro.* No,he is worse then hell:
A diuell in an euerlasting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with steele
A Feind,a Fairie,pittilesse and rude.
A Wolfe,nay worse,a fellow all in buffe:
A backe friend,a shoulder clapper,one that countermands
The passages of alleys,creekes and narrow lands;
A hound that runs Counter,and yet draws dry-foot well,
One that before the Iudgment carries poore soules to hell.
*Adr.* Why man,what is the matter?
*S.Dro.* I doe not know the matter,he is rested on the case.
*Adr.* What is he arrested?tell me at whose suite?
*S.Dro.* I know not at whose suite he is arrested well;
but is in a suite of buffe which rested him,that can I tell.
Will you send him Mistris redemption,the money in his deske?
*Adr.* Go fetch it Sister:this I wonder at

*Exit Luciana.*

That he vnknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me,was he arrested on a band?
*S.Dro.* Not on a band,but on a stronger thing:
A chaine,a chaine,doe you not here it ring?
*Adr.* What,the chaine?
*S.Dro.* No,no,the bell,'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him,and now the clocke strikes one.
*Adr.* The houres come backe,that did I neuer here.
*S.Dro.* Oh yes,if any houre meete a Serieant,a turnes backe for very feare.
*Adr.* As if time were in debt:how fondly do'st thou reason?
*S.Dro.* Time is a very bankerout,and owes more then he's worth to season.
Nay,he's a theefe too:haue you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft,and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

*Enter Luciana.*

*Adr.* Go *Dromio* there's the monie,beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home immediately.
Come sister,I am prest downe with conceit:
Conceit,my comfort and my iniurie.

*Enter Antipho'us Syracusa.*

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me,some inuite me;
Some other giue me thankes for kindnesses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,
And shew'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And Iapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

*Enter Dromio.Sir.*

*S.Dro.* Master,here's the gold you sent me for:what haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?
*Ant.* What gold is this?What *Adam* do'st thou meane?
*S.Dro.* Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise:but that *Adam* that keepes the prison:hee that goes in the calues-skin,that was kil'd for the Prodigall:hee that came behinde you sir,like an euill angel,and bid you forsake your libertie.
*Ant.* I vnderstand thee not.
*S.Dro.* No?why 'tis a plaine case:he that went like a Base-Viole in a case of leather;the man sir,that when gentlemen are tired giues them a iob,and rests them sir,that takes pittie on decayed men,and giues them suites of durance:he that sets vp his rest to doe more exploits with his Mace,then a Morris Pike.
*Ant.* What thou meanst an officer?
*S.Dro.* I sir,the Serieant of the Band:he that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band:one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed,and saies,God giue you good rest.
*Ant.* Well sir,there rest in your foolerie:
Is there any ships puts forth to night?may we be gone?
*S.Dro.* Why sir,I brought you word an houre since,that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night,and then were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy delay*:Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer you.
*Ant.* The fellow is distract,and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.

*Enter a Curtizan.*

*Cur.* Well met,well met,Master *Antipholus*.
I see sir you haue found the Goldsmith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day?
*Ant.* Satan auoide,I charge thee tempt me not.
*S.Dro.* Master,is this Mistris *Satan*?
*Ant.* It is the diuell.
*S.Dro.* Nay,she is worse,she is the diuels dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench,and thereof comes,that the wenches say God dam me,That's as much to say,God make me a light wench:It is written,they appeare to men like angels of light,light is an effect of fire,and fire will burne:*ergo*,light wenches will burne,come not neere her.
*Cur.* Your man and you are marualous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me,we'll mend our dinner here?
*S.Dro.* Master,if do expect spoon-meate,or bespeake a long spoone.
*Ant.* Why *Dromio*?
*S.Dro.* Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must eate with the diuell.
*Ant.* Auoid then fiend,what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art,as you are all a sorceresse:
I coniure thee to leaue me,and be gone.
*Cur.* Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And I'le be gone sir,and not trouble you.
*S.Dro.* Some diuels aske but the parings of ones nayle,

a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone: but she more couetous, would haue a chaine: Master be wise, and if you giue it her, the deuell will shake her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

*Cur.* I pray you fir my Ring, or else the Chaine, I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

*Ant.* Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* lets vs go.

*S Dro.* Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know. *Exit*

*Cur.* Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad, Else would he neuer so demeane himselfe, A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets, And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine, Both one and other he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad, Besides this present instance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance. Belike his wife acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doores against his way. My way is now to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that being Lunatike, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My Ring away. This course I fitted haue to, For fortie Duckets is too much to loose

*Enter Antipholus Ephes with a Iailer*

*An.* Feare me not man, I will not breake away, Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money To warrant thee as I am rested for. My wife is in a wayward moode to day, And will not lightly trust the Messenger, That I should be attach'd in Ephesus, I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

*Enter Dromio Eph with a rope end*

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the money How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?

*E Dro.* Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

*Ant.* But where's the Money?

*E Dro.* Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

*Ant.* Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

*E Dro.* Ile serue you sir fiue hundred at the rate.

*Ant.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*E. Dro.* To a rope's end sir, and to that end am I return'd.

*Ant.* And to that end sir, I will welcome you

*Offi.* Good sir be patient.

*E. Dro.* Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduersitie

*Offi.* Good now hold thy tongue.

*E. Dro.* Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands

*Ant.* Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine

*E. Dro.* I would I were senseless sir, that I might not feele your blowes.

*Ant.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Asse

*E. Dro.* I am an Asse indeede, you may prooue it by my long eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleepe, raised with it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from doore to doore

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolemaster, call'd Pinch.*

*Ant* Come goe along, my wife is coming yonder

*E Dro.* Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie, like the Parrat, beware the ropes end

*Ant.* Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro*

*Cur* How say you now? Is not your husband mad

*Adr.* His inciuility confirmes no lesse.
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Establish him in his true sence againe,
And I will please you what you will demand

*Luc.* Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes

*Cur.* Marke how he trembles in his extasie.

*Pinch.* Giue me your hand, and let me feele your pulse.

*Ant.* There is my hand, and let it feele your care.

*Pinch* I charge thee Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yeeld possession to my holie prayers,
And to thy state of darkenesse hie thee straight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

*Ant.* Peace doting wizard, peace: I am not mad

*Adr* Oh that thou wert not, poore distressed soule

*Ant.* You Minion you, are these your Customers? Did this Companion with the saffron face
Reuell and feast it at my house to day,
Whilst vpon me the guilty doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house

*Adr* O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remained vntill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame

*Ant.* Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

*Dro.* Sir sooth to say you did not dine at home.

*Ant.* Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

*Dro.* Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

*Ant.* And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

*Dro.* *Sans* Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there.

*Ant.* Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

*Dro.* *Certes* she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you.

*Ant.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*Dro.* In verities you did, my bones beares witnesse,
That since haue felt the vigor of his rage

*Adr* Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

*Pinch.* It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frenzie.

*Ant.* Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest me.

*Adr.* Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.

*Dro.* Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

*Ant.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

*Adri.* He came to me, and I deliuer'd it

*Luci.* And I am witnesse with her that she did.

*Dro.* God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

*Pinch.* Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.
*Ant.* Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou deny the bagge of gold?
*Adr.* I did not gentle husband locke thee forth
*Dro.* And gentle M^r I receiu'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.
*Adr.* Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both
*Ant.* Dissembler, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me:
But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold me thus shamefully sport.

*Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him. He strives*

*Adr.* Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.
*Pinch.* More company, the fiend is strong within him
*Luc* Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
*Ant.* What will you murther me, thou Iaylor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?
*Offi.* Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not haue him.
*Pinch.* Go binde this man, for he is franticke too
*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?
*Offi.* He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me
*Adr.* I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it
Good Master Doctor see him safe conuey'd
Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day
*Ant.* Oh most vnhappie time to speed
*Dro.* Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.
*Ant.* Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee?
*Dro.* Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the diuell.
*Luc* God help poore soules, how idlely doe they talke.
*Adr.* Go beare him hence, sister go you with me.
Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

*Exeunt. Manet Offi. Adri. Luci. Courtizan*

*Offi.* One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?
*Adr.* I know the man: what is the summe he owes?
*Offi.* Two hundred Ducants.
*Adr.* Say, how growes it due.
*Offi* Due for a Chaine your husband had of him
*Adr.* He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
*Cur.* Whenas your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I saw vpon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.
*Adr.* It may be so, but I did neuer see it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large

*Enter Antipholus Syracusia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Syra.*

*Luc.* God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.
*Adr.* And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.
*Runne all out.*

*Off.* Away, they'l kill vs.
*Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.*
*S. Ant.* I see these Witches are afraid of swords
*S. Dro.* She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
*Ant.* Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboord.
*Dro.* Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do vs no harme: you saw they speake vs fayre, giue vs gold me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes marriage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne Witch.
*Ant.* I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboord. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.*

*Gold.* I am sorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it
*Mar.* How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?
*Gold.* Of very reuerent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie.
His word might beare my wealth at any time.
*Mar.* Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes

*Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.*

*Gold.* 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to haue
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controuersie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
*Ant.* I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.
*Mar.* Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.
*Ant.* Who heard me to denie it or forsweare it?
*Mar.* These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'st
To walke where any honest men resort.
*Ant.* Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:
*Mar.* I dare and do defie thee for a villaine,

*They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house.
*S. Dro.* Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd. *Exeunt to the Priorie.*

*Enter*

*Enter Ladie Abbesse*

*Ab.* Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither
*Adr.* To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recouerie.
*Gold.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
*Mar.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
*Ab.* How long hath this possession held the man.
*Adr.* This weeke he hath been heavie, sowre-sad,
And much different from the man he was
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage
*Ab* Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Strayd his affection vnto vnlawfull loue,
A sinne prevailing much in youthfull men,
Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing
Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too?
*Adr* To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some loue that drew him out of home.
*Ab.* You should for that haue reprehended him.
*Adr* Why so I did
*Ab.* I but not rough enough.
*Adr.* As roughly as my modestie would let me.
*Ab* Haply in priuate
*Adr* And in assemblies too.
*Ab.* I, but not enough
*Adr* It was the copie of our Conference
In bed he slept not for my vrging it,
At boord he fed not for my vrging it
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame.
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad
*Ab.* And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred.
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou saiest his sports were hindred by thy brawles.
Sweet recreation barr'd what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food in sport, and life-preseruing rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast
The consequence is then thy iealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits
*Luc* She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?
*Adr.* She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter and lay hold on him
*Ab* No, not a creature enters in my house.
*Ad.* Then let your seruants bring my husband forth
*Ab* Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it
*Adr* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickenesse, for it is my Office,
And will haue no attorney but my selfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me.
*Ab* Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
With wholsome syrrops, drugges, and holie prayers
To make of him a formall man againe
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable duetie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.
*Adr.* I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.
*Ab* Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him
*Luc.* Complaine vnto the Duke of this iniurie
*Adr.* Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.
*Mar.* By this I think the Dial points at vne
Anon the iust at the Duke hither is wont
Comes in his way to the poore Gaole daily:
The place of depositions and the execution
Beare euen the confines of the Abbey heere.
*Gold.* Vpon what cause?
*Mar.* To see a reuerent Siracusian Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne
Beheaded publikely for his offence.
*Gold.* See where they come, we will beare o'th' sadam
*Luc* Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracusa bare headed with the Headsman, & other Officers*

*Duke* Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die so much we tender him
*Adr.* Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse
*Duke.* She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
*Adr* May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A mole-cast entertained of mad extasie hath:
That desperately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
Entering in their houses, beating thence
Both men, women, children, all that crost him.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his furie had committed.
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away, till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
*Duke.* Long since thy husband seru'd me in my warre
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me
I will determine this before I stirre.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and saue your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they haue sindg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My Master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nicks him like a foole:
And sure (vnlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Conjurer.
*Adr.* Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to vs.
*Mes.* Mistris, vpon my life I tell you true,
I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

*Cry within.*

Harke, harke, I heare him, Mistris flie, be gone.
*Duke.* Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.
*Adr.* Ay me, it is my husband, witnesse you,
That he is borne about inuisible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere,
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

*Enter Antipholus and E. Dromio of Ephesus.*

*E. Ant.* Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-
Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to saue thy life, euen with the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice.
*Mar. Fat.* Vnlesse the feare of death doth make me dote,
I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.
*E. Ant.* Iustice (sweet Prince) against ỹ Woman there:
She whom thou gau'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Euen in the strength and height of injurie.
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.
*Duke.* Discouer how, and thou shalt finde me iust.
*E. Ant.* This day (great Duke) she shut the doores vpon me,
While she with Harlots feasted in my house.
*Duke.* A greeuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?
*Adr.* No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burdens me withall.
*Luc.* Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.
*Gold.* O periur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman iustly chargeth them.
*E. Ant.* My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor heady-rash prouok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthasar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman
There did this periur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer
I did obey, and sent my Peasant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house
By'th'way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine,
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Conjurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
To giue me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.
*Gold.* My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him.
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
*Duke.* But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?
*Gold.* He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.
*Mar.* Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.
*E. Ant.* I neuer came within these Abbey walls,
Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen.
And this is false you burthen me withall.
*Duke.* Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?
*E. Dro.* Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.
*Cur.* He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring.
*E. Ant.* Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
*Cur.* As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.
*Duke.* Why this is strange: Go call the Abbesse hither
I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

*Exit*

*Exit one to the Abbesse.*

*Fa.* Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
Haply I see a friend will saue my life,
And pay the sum that may deliuer me.
*Duke.* Speake freely *Siracusian* what thou wilt.
*Fath.* Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?
*E. Dro.* Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.
*Fath.* I am sure you both of you remember me.
*Dro.* Our selues we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?
*Father.* Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.
*E. Ant.* I neuer saw you in my life till now.
*Fa.* Oh! griefe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
*Ant.* Neither.
*Fat. Dromio*, nor thou?
*Dro.* No trust me sir, nor I.
*Fa.* I am sure thou dost?
*E. Dromio.* I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoeuer a man denies, you are now bound to beleeue him.
*Fath.* Not know my voice, oh times extremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.
*Ant.* I neuer saw my Father in my life.
*Fa.* But seuen yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.
*Ant.* The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.
*Duke.* I tell thee *Siracusian*, twentie yeares
Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir*

*Abbesse.* Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

*All gather to see them.*

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.
*Duke.* One of these men is *genius* to the other:
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
*S. Dromio.* I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
*E. Dro.* I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
*S. Ant.* *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.
*S. Drom.* Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?
*Abb.* Who euer bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie.
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
And speake vnto the same *Æmilia*
*Duke* Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
And these two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:
Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
*Fa.* If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall raft
*Abb.* By men of *Epidamnum*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
*Duke.* *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first:
*S. Ant.* No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse*
*Duke.* Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which
*E. Ant.* I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord
*E Dro.* And I with him.
*E. Ant.* Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Vncle.
*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to day?
*S. Ant.* I, gentle Mistris
*Adr.* And are not you my husband?
*E. Ant.* No, I say nay to that
*S. Ant.* And so do I, yet did she call me so.
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.
*Goldsmith.* That is the Chaine sir, which you had of mee.
*S Ant.* I thinke it be sir, I deny it not.
*E. Ant.* And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.
*Gold* I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.
*Adr* I sent you money sir to be your bayle
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.
*E Dro.* No, none by me.
*S. Ant.* This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
*E Ant.* These Duckets pawne I for my father heere
*Duke.* It shall not needs, thy father hath his life.
*Cur.* Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.
*E. Ant.* There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere
*Abb.* Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one dayes error
Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Nativitie.
*Duke.* With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.*

*S. Dro.* Master, shall I fetch your stuffe from shipboard?
*E. An Dromio*, what stuffe of mine hast thou embarkt
*S. Dro* Your goods that lay at host for in the Centaur.
*S. Ant* He speakes to me, I am your master *Dromio*.
Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*
*S. Dro.* There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife,
*E. D* Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossipping?
*S. Dro.* Not I sir, you are my elder.
*E. Dro.* That's a question, how shall we trie it.
*S. Dro.* We'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou first
*E. Dro.* Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another
*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

# Much adoe about Nothing.

## *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Enter Leonato Gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger*

*Leonato.*

I Learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Messina*

*Messe* He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him

*Leon.* How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

*Messe* But few of any sort, and none of name

*Leon* A victorie is twice it selfe, when the charge-full numbers: I finde heere that *Don Peter* hath bestowed much honor on a young *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

*Messe.* Much deserued on his part, and equally remembred by *Don Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better better'd expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leo.* He hath an Vncle heere in *Messina*, will be very much glad of it.

*Messe.* I haue already deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badge of bitternesse.

*Leo.* Did he breake out into teares?

*Messe.* In great measure

*Leo.* A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so washt, how much better is it to weepe at ioy then to ioy at weeping?

*Bea.* I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* returned from the warres, or no?

*Messe.* I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you aske for Neece?

*Hero.* My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

*Messe.* O he's returned, and as pleasant as euer he was.

*Bear.* He set vp his bils here in *Messina*, & challenged Cupid at the Flight, and my Vncle's foole reading the Challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

*Leon.* 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but he'l be meet with you, I doubt it not

*Messe* He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

*Bear.* You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to eate it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomacke.

*Messe* And a good souldier too Lady.

*Bear.* And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

*Messe* A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuft with all honourable vertues

*Bear.* It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuft man: but for the stuffing, well, we are all mortall

*Leon.* You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry warre betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

*Bea.* Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouerned with one: so that if he haue wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse. For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new sworne brother

*Messe* Is't possible?

*Bear* Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with the next block

*Messe.* I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your booke

*Bea.* No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

*Messe* He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

*Bea.* O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*: if he haue caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd

*Messe* I will hold friends with you Lady.

*Bea.* Do good friend.

*Leo.* You will neere run mad Neece.

*Iohn.* No, not till a hot Ianuary

*Messe* *Don Pedro* is approached.

*Enter don Pedro Claudio Benedicke, Baltheser, and Iohn the bastard*

*Pedro.* Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to auoid cost, and you encounter it

*Leon.* Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leaue.

*Pedro* You embrace your charge too willingly. I thinke this is your daughter.

*Leonato.* Her mother hath many times told me so

*Benedi.* Were you in doubt that you askt her?

*Leonato.* Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

*Pedro.* You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

*Ben.* If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is

*Beat* I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

*Ben.* What my deere Lady Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

*Beat* Is it possible Disdaine should die, while she hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence

*Bene.* Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

*Beat.* A deere happinesse to women they would else haue beene troubled with a pernicious Suter. I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loues me

*Bene.* God keepe your Ladiship still in that mind, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours

*Ben.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

*Beat.* You alwaies end with a Iades tricke, I know you of old.

*Pedro.* This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, signior *Claudio*, and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily prayes some occasion may detaine vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but prayes from his heart

*Leon.* If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne. let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

*Iohn.* I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace leade on?

*Pedro.* Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

*Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.*

*Clau.* *Benedicke*, didst thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

*Bene.* I noted her not, but I looke on her.

*Clau.* Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

*Bene* Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

*Clau.* No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

*Bene:* Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

*Clau.* Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'st her.

*Bene.* Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

*Clau.* Can the world buie such a Iewell?

*Ben.* Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall a man take you to goe in the song?

*Clau.* In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I looke on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possest with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first of May doth the last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

*Clau.* I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

*Bene* Is't come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I neuer see a batchelor of three score againe? goe to yfaith, an thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away Sundaies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to seeke you

*Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard.*

*Pedr.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

*Benedi.* I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell

*Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegeance.

*Ben.* You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* short daughter.

*Clau.* If this were so, so were it vttred.

*Benedi.* Like the old tale, my Lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

*Clau.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*Pedro.* Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie

*Clau.* You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

*Pedr.* By my troth I speake my thought.

*Clau.* And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

*Benedi.* And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine

*Clau.* That I loue her, I feele.

*Pedr.* That she is worthie, I know.

*Benedi.* That I neither feele how shee should be loued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

*Pedr.* Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beautie.

*Clau.* And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That

*Bene.* That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that she brought me vp, I likewise giue her most humble thankes: but that I will haue a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

*Pedro.* I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

*Bene.* With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I loose more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers pen, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the sign of blinde Cupid

*Pedro.* Well, if euer thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat & shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and cal'd *Adam*

*Pedro.* Well, as time shall trie: In time the sauage Bull doth beare the yoake.

*Bene.* The sauage bull may, but if euer the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, pluck off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie vnder my sign, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

*Clau.* If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.

*Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiuer in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I looke for an earthquake too then

*Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatos*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I haue almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you

*Clau.* To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

*Pedro.* The fixt of July. Your louing friend, *Benedick*

*Bene.* Nay mocke not, mocke not, the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leaue you. *Exit*

*Clau.* My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe me good.

*Pedro.* My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne
Any hard Lesson that may do thee good.

*Clau.* Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?

*Pedro.* No childe but *Hero*, she's his only heire.
Dost thou affect her *Claudio*?

*Clau.* O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd vpon her with a souldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fayre yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

*Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a louer presently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words.
If thou dost loue faire *Hero*, cherish it,
And I will breake with her. Wast not to this end,
That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?

*Clau.* How sweetly doe you minister to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme,
I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise.

*Ped* What need ŷ bridge much broder then the flood?
The fayrest grant is the necessitie:
Looke what will serue, is fit: 'tis once, thou louest,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we shall haue reuelling to night,
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fayre *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her bosome Ile vnclaspe my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,
In practise let vs put it presently. *Exeunt*

*Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.*

*Leo.* How now brother, where is my coosen your sonne: hath he prouided this musicke?

*Old.* He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

*Leo.* Are they good?

*Old.* As the euents stamps them, but they haue a good couer: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discouered to *Claudio* that hee loued my neece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

*Leo.* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

*Old.* A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and question him your selfe.

*Leo.* No no; wee will hold it as a dreame till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradenture this be true. Go you and tell her of it. Cousins, you know what you haue to doe. O I cry you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill. good cosin haue a care this busie time. *Exeunt*

*Enter Sir Iohn the Bastard, and Conrade his companion*

*Con.* What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

*Iohn.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

*Con.* You should heare reason.

*Iohn.* And when I haue heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*Iohn.* I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art, borne vnder *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may doe it without controlment, you haue of late

late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needfull that you frame the season for your owne haruest.

*Iohn.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine. I am trusted with a muzzell, and enfranchised with a clog, therefore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no vse of your discontent?

*Iohn.* I will make all vse of it, for I vse it onely
Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

*Enter Borachio.*

*Bor.* I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royall verily: marry it is to be *Hero*, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*Iohn.* Will it serue for any Modell to build mischiefe on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

*Bor.* Marry it is your brothers right hand.

*Iohn.* Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

*Bor.* Euen he.

*Iohn.* A proper squire, and who, and what, which way lookes he?

*Bor.* Marry on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

*Iohn.* A very forward March-chicke, how came you acquainted?

*Bor.* Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count *Claudio*.

*Iohn.* Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my displeasure, that young start-vp hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I bleese my selfe euery way, you are both sure, and will assist mee?

*Conr.* To the death my Lord.

*Iohn.* Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe proue what's to be done?

*Bor.* Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.*

*Leonato.* Was not Count *Iohn* here at supper?

*Brother.* I saw him not.

*Beatrice.* How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beatrice.* Hee were an excellent man that were made iust in the mid way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, euermore tatling.

*Leon.* Then haue Signior *Benedicks* tongue in Count *Iohns* mouth, and haue Count *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face.

*Beat.* With a good legge, and a good foot vncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

*Leon.* By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Brother.* In faith shee's too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

*Beat.* Iust, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

*Leonato.* You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

*Beatrice.* What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth, and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take sixepence in earnest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well then, goe you into hell.

*Beat.* No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, so deliuer I vp my Apes, and away to S. *Peter*: for the heauens, hee shewes mee where the Batchellers sit, and there liue we as merry as the day is long.

*Brother.* Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

*Beatrice.* Yes faith, it is my cosens duetie to make curtsie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other curtsie, and say, father, as it please me.

*Leonato.* Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beatrice.* Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouermastred with a peece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? no vncle, ile none: *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know your answere.

*Beatrice.* The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in euery thing, and so dance out the answere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch iigge, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch iigge (and full as fantasticall) the wedding mannerly modest, (as a measure) full of state & ancientry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his graue.

*Leonato.*

*Leonato.* Coſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

*Beatrice* I haue a good eye vncle, I can ſee a Church by day-light

*Leon.* The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

*Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio and Benedicke, and Balthaſar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.*

*Pedro.* Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

*Hero.* So you walke ſoftly, and looke ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and eſpecially when I walke away

*Pedro.* With me in your company.

*Hero.* I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

*Pedro* And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

*Hero.* When I like your fauour, for God defend the Lute ſhould be like the caſe.

*Pedro.* My viſor is *Penthemons* roofe, with a the houſe is Loue.

*Hero.* Why then your viſor ſhould be thatcht.

*Pedro.* Speake low if you ſpeake Loue.

*Bene.* Well, I would you did like me

*Marg.* So would not I for your owne ſake, for I haue many ill qualities

*Bene* Which is one?

*Marg* I ſay my prayers aloud.

*Ben* I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen

*Marg* God match me with a good dancer.

*Balt.* Amen

*Marg.* And God keepe him out of my ſight when the dance is done, answer Clarke

*Balt.* No more words the Clarke is answered.

*Vrſula.* I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio*

*Anth.* At a word, I am not

*Vrſula.* I know you by the waggling of your head.

*Anth* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Vrſu.* You could neuer do him ſo ill, vnleſſe you were the very man. Here's his dry hand vp & down you are he, you are he

*Anth* At a word I am not.

*Vrſula* Come come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it ſelfe? go to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

*Bene* No, you ſhall pardon me.

*Beat* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bened.* Not now.

*Beat* That I was diſdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, that was Signior *Benedicke* that ſaid ſo.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat* I am ſure you know him well enough

*Bene* Not I, beleeue me

*Beat.* Did he neuer make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you what is he?

*Beat* Why he is the Princes leaſter, a very dull foole, only his gift is, in deuiſing impoſſible ſlanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villanie, for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am ſure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me

*Bene.* When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you ſay.

*Beat.* Do, do, he'l but breake a compariſon or two on me, which peraduenture (not marked, or not laught at) ſtrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a Partridge wing ſaued, for the foole will eate no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the Leaders.

*Ben* In euery good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning. *Exeunt*

*Muſicke for the dance*

*Iohn.* Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it. the Ladies follow her, and but one viſor remaines

*Borachio.* And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing

*Iohn.* Are not you Signior *Benedicke*?

*Claud.* You know me well, I am ſure.

*Iohn* Signior, you are very neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you diſwade him from her, ſhe is no equall for his birth you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

*Claudio.* How know you he loues her?

*Iohn.* I heard him ſweare his affection.

*Bor.* So did I too, and he ſwore he would marrie her to night.

*Iohn* Come, let vs to the banquet. *Exeunt Claud* Thus anſwere I in name of Benedicke,

But heare theſe newes with the eares of *Claudio*

'Tis certaine ſo, the Prince woes for himſelfe:

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,

Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:

Therefore all hearts in loue vſe their owne tongues.

Let euery eye negotiate for it ſelfe,

And truſt no Agent: for beautie is a witch,

Againſt whoſe charmes, faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of houſely proofe,

Which I miſtruſted not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

*Enter Benedicke.*

*Ben* Count *Claudio*.

*Clau* Yea the ſame

*Ben.* Come, will you go with me?

*Clau* Whither?

*Ben* Euen to the next Willow, about your own buſineſſe, Count. What faſhion will you weare the Garland of? about your neck, like an Vſurers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants ſcarfe? You muſt weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

*Clau.* I wiſh him ioy of her.

*Ben* Why that's ſpoken like an honeſt Drouier, ſo they ſel Bullockes: but did you think the Prince would haue ſerued you thus?

*Clau.* I pray you leaue me.

*Ben* Ho now you ſtrike like the blind man, 'twas the boy that ſtole your meate, and you'l beat the poſt.

*Clau* If it will not be, Ile leaue you. *Exit.*

*Ben.* Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into ſedges. But that my Ladie *Beatrice* ſhould know me, & not know me! The Princes foole! Ha? It may be I goe vnder that title, becauſe I am merrie. yea but ſo I am apt to do my ſelfe wrong. I am not ſo reputed, it is the bate (though bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gaues me out. well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

*Enter the Prince.*

*Pedro.* Now Signior, where's the Count, did you ſee him?

*Ben*

*Bene.* Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady Fame. I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady. and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

*Pedro.* To be whipt, what's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

*Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

*Ben.* Yet it had not beene amisse the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worne himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

*Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

*Pedro.* The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.

*Bene.* O she misused me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my selfe, that I was the Princes Iester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, huddling iest vpon iest, with such impossible conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes poynyards, and euery word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no liuing neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgrest, she would haue made *Hercules* haue turned spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would coniure her, for certainely while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

*Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.*

*Pedro.* Looke heere she comes

*Bene.* Will your Grace command mee any seruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of *Prester Iohns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Cham's* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hold three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

*Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit*

*Pedr.* Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*

*Beatr.* Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vse for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of me, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I haue lost it.

*Pedro.* You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my Lord, least I should prouoke the mother of fooles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

*Pedro.* Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad my Lord

*Pedro.* How then? sicke?

*Claud.* Neither, my Lord.

*Beat.* The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and something of a iealous complexion

*Pedro.* I faith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though I'le be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

*Leona.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

*Beatr.* Speake Count, tis your Qu.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and dote vpon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

*Pedro.* Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

*Beatr.* Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side of Care, my cosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth cosin

*Beat.* Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

*Pedro.* Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one

*Beat.* I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*Prince.* Will you haue me? Lady.

*Beat.* No, my Lord, vnlesse I might haue another for working-dates, your Grace is too costly to weare euery day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

*Prince.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

*Beatr.* No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre danst, and vnder that was I borne: cosins God giue you ioy.

*Leonato.* Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon. *Exit Beatrice.*

*Prince.* By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when she sleepes, and not euer sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of vnhappinesse, and waked her selfe with laughing.

*Pedro.* Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

*Leonato.* O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers out of suite.

*Prince.* She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

*Leonato.* O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,

married, they would talke themselues madde

*Prince.* Cosonte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

*Clau.* To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites

*Leonato.* Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things answer'd inde

*Prince.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe dully by vs, I will in the *interim*, vndertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fash on it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall giue you direction.

*Leonato.* My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

*Claud.* And I my Lord.

*Prin.* And you to gentle *Hero*?

*Hero.* I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my cosin to a good husband.

*Prin.* And *Benedick* is not the vnhopefull'est husband that I know. thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honestie. I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despight of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

*Enter Iohn and Borachio.*

*Iohn.* It is so, the Count *Claudio* shal marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

*Bora.* Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

*Iohn.* Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

*Bor.* Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no dishonestie shall appeare in me.

*Iohn.* Shew me breefely how.

*Bor.* I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

*Iohn.* I remember

*Bor.* I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

*Iohn.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bor.* The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

*Iohn* What proofe shall I make of that?

*Bor* Proofe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other issue?

*Iohn.* Onely to despight them, I will endeauour any thing.

*Bor.* Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio*, (as in a loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you haue discouer'd thus: they will scarcely beleeue this without triall: offer them instances which shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of *Heroes* disloyaltie that iealousie shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

*Iohn.* Grow this is to what aduerse issue it can, I will put in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates

*Bor.* Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*Iohn.* I will presently goe learne their day of marriage *Exit.*

*Enter Benedicke alone.*

*Bene.* Boy.

*Boy.* Signior.

*Bene.* In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am heere already sir. *Exit*

*Bene.* I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorne, by falling in loue, & such a man is *Claudio*. I haue known when there was no musicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the tabor and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armour, and now will he lie ten nights awake carueing the fashion of a new doublet. he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose, like an honest man & a soldier, and now is he turn'd orthographie, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, iust so many strange dishes: may I be so conuerted, & see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not be sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster but I'le take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he shall neuer make me such a foole. one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. rich shee shall be, that's certain: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse, an excellent Musitian, and her haire shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

*Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.*

*Prin.* Come, shall we heare this musicke?

*Claud* Yea my good Lord: how still the euening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmonie.

*Prin.* See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?

*Clau.* O very well my Lord: the musicke ended,
We'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth

*Prince.* Come *Balthasar*, wee'll heare that song again

*Balth.* O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,
To slander musicke any more then once.

*Prin.* It is the witnesse still of excellency,

To

To slander Musicke any more then once.

*Prince.* It is the witnesse still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

*Bene.* Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he woes,
Yet will he sweare he loues.

*Prince.* Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*Prince.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth and nothing.

*Bene.* Now diuine ayre, now is his soule rauished, is it not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

*The Song.*

*Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,*
*Men were deceiuers euer,*
*One foote in Sea and one on shore,*
*To one thing constant neuer,*
*Then sigh not so but let them go,*
*And be you blithe and bonny,*
*Conuerting all your sounds of woe,*
*Into Hey nony nony.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no more,*
*Of dumps so dull and heavy,*
*The fraud of men was ever so,*
*Since summer first was leavy,*
*Then sigh not so, &c.*

*Prince.* By my troth a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer my Lord.

*Prince.* Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a shift.

*Bene.* An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would haue hanged him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no mischiefe, I had as lief haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.

*Prince.* Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthasar*? I pray thee get vs some excellent musicke, for to morrow night we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

*Balth.* The best I can my Lord. *Exit Balthasar.*

*Prince.* Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Neece *Beatrice* was in loue with signior *Benedicke*?

*Cla.* O, ha, ha, he, rare feathers I did neuer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

*Leon.* No nor I neither, but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior *Benedicke*, whom she hath in all outward behauiours seemed euer to abhorre.

*Bene.* Is it possible? sits the wind in that corner?

*Leo.* By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loues him with an inraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

*Prince.* May be she doth but counterfeit.

*Cla.* Faith like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit of passion came so neere the life of passion as she discouers it.

*Prince.* Why what effects of passion shewes she?

*Claud.* Bare the hooke well, this fish will bite.

*Leon.* What effects my Lord? shee will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Clau.* She did indeed.

*Prin.* How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leo.* I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially against *Benedicke*.

*Bene.* I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knauery cannot sure hide himselfe in such reuerence.

*Claud.* He hath tane th'infection, hold it vp.

*Prince.* Hath she made her affection known to *Benedicke*?

*Leonato.* No, and sweares she neuer will, that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall, I saies she, that haue so oft encountred him with scorne, write to him that I loue him?

*Leo.* This saies she now when she is beginning to write to him, for she'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smocke, till she haue writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

*Cla.* Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty iest your daughter told vs of.

*Leon.* O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the sheete.

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me, yea though I loue him, I should.

*Clau.* Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weepes, sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, prayes, curses, O sweet *Beatrice*, God giue me patience.

*Leon.* She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

*Prince.* It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some other, if she will not discouer it.

*Clau.* To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worse.

*Prin.* And he should, it were an almes to hang him, shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,) she is vertuous.

*Claudio.* And she is exceeding wise.

*Prince.* In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.

*Leon.* O my Lord, wisedome and blood combating in so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that blood hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I haue iust cause, being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

*Prince.* I would shee had bestowed this dotage on mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good thinke you?

*Clau.* *Hero* thinkes surely she will die, for she saies she will die, if hee loue her not, and shee will die ere shee make her loue knowne, and she will die if hee woo her, rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed crossenesse.

*Prin.* She doth well, if she should make tender of her loue,

loue, 'tis very possible hee l scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit

*Claud.* He is a very proper man

*Prin.* He hath indeed a good outward happines

*Claud.* 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

*Prin.* He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*Prin.* As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he auoydes them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

*Leon.* If hee doe feare God, a must necessarie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling.

*Prin.* And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoeuer it seemes not in him, by some large iests he will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedicke* and tell him of her loue

*Claud.* Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell

*Leon.* Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.

*Prin.* Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

*Leon.* My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* If he do not dote on her vpon this, I will neuer trust my expectation.

*Prin.* Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

*Bene.* This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full bent. loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that beare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, 'tis so, I cannot reproue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in loue with her I may chance haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should liue till I were married, here comes *Beatrice*. by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Bene.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

*Beat.* I tooke no more paines for those thankes, than you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure then in the message

*Beat.* Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a knifes point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

*Bene.* Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner, there is a double meaning in that. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, than you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes. if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I loue her I am a Iew, I will goe get her picture *Exit.*

## *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Hero, and two Gentlemen Margaret, and Vrsula.*

*Hero.* Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou finde my Cousin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the prince and *Claudio*,
Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrsula*,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou ouer-heard'st vs,
And bid her steale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,
Forbid the sunne to enter like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,
Against that power, that bred it: there will she
To listen our purpose, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

*Marg.* Ile make her come, I warrant you presently.

*Hero.* Now *Vrsula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke must only be of *Benedicke*,
When I do name him, let it be thy part,
To praise him more than euer man did merit,
My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke*
Is sicke in loue with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by heare-say now begun,

*Enter Beatrice.*

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

*Vrs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oares the siluer Streame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous bait:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue

*Hero.* Then go we neare her, that her eare loose nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:
No truely *Vrsula*, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke

*Vrsula.* But are you sure,
That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* so intirely?

*Hero.* So says the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

*Vrs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

*Hero.* They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them if they lou'd *Benedicke*,

To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
*Vrsula.* Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* could alcompt vpon
*Hero.* O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a woman's heart,
Of prouder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
*Vrsula.* Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.
*Hero.* Why you speake truth. I neuer yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if faire-fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antique,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill-headed:
If low, an agot very vildly cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a block moued with none.
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
And neuer gives to Truth and Vertue that
Which simply is her due.
*Vrsula.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
*Hero.* No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commended:
Oh! wonder to heare her speake of *Benedicke*,
One would thinke she meant him: but no, one would laugh me
Out of my selfe presence, such dotage is it,
Then tell me how *Leonato* calls his wife,
Come away, away, now shall we hide vs,
It were a better deed then to saue a theefe
When he is hid so neere.
*Vrsula.* Yet tell me first,
*Hero.* Not a word more I charge thee vpon my loue,
And come with me to walke, I know
Assoone as euer I but name *Benedicke*,
As pale as death to me as to her:
Some Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit*
*Beat.* What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory lies behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke* loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand.
If thou dost loue, my kindenesse shall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

*Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.*

*Prince.* I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claud.* Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe me.

*Prin.* Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new glosse of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat and forbid him to weare it. I will only bee bold with *Benedicke* for his compaine, for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut Cupids bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leo.* So say I, methinkes you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in loue.

*Iohn.* I haugh'd at him to day, that's no true drop of blood in him to be truly touch't with loue, if he be sad he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ach.

*Prin.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it.

*Claud.* You must hang it first and draw it afterwards.

*Prin.* What sigh for the tooth-ach.

*Leon.* Where is but a humour or a worme.

*Bene.* Well, every one cannot master a griefe, but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in loue.

*Iohn.* There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse it be a fancie that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a Dutch man to day, a French man to morrow: vnlesse he have a fancie to this foolery, as it appeares he hath, he is no foole for fancie, as you would have it to appeare he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in loue with some woman, there is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings. What should that bode?

*Prin.* Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

*Claud.* No but the Barbers man hath been seene with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath already stuft tennis balls.

*Leon.* Indeed he lookes yonger than he did, by the losse of a beard.

*Prin.* Nay a rubs himselfe with Ciuit, can you smell him out by that?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in loue.

*Prin.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*Prin.* Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his iesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now gouern'd by stops.

*Prince,*

*Prin.* Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude, he is in loue

*Clau.* Nay, but I know who loues him.

*Prince.* That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

*Cla.* Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.

*Prin.* Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charme for the toothake. Old signior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

*Prin.* For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

*Clau.* 'Tis euen so. *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

*Enter Iohn the Baſtard.*

*Baſt.* My Lord and brother, God saue you.

*Prin.* Good den brother.

*Baſt.* If your leiſure ſerued, I would ſpeake with you.

*Prince.* In priuate?

*Baſt.* If it pleaſe you: yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would ſpeake of, concernes him.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Baſta.* Means your Lordſhip to be married to morrow?

*Prin.* You know he does.

*Baſt.* I know not that when he knowes what I know.

*Clau.* If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcouer it.

*Baſt.* You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and aym better at me by that I now will manifeſt, for my brother (I think he holds you well, and in deare tendernes of heart) hath holpe to effect your enſuing marriage; ſurely ſuit ill ſpent and labour ill beſtowed.

*Prin.* Why, what's the matter?

*Baſtard.* I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhortned (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyall.

*Clau.* Who? *Hero*?

*Baſt.* Euen ſhee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, euery mans *Hero*.

*Clau.* Diſloyall?

*Baſt.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſſe, I could ſay ſhe were worſe, thinke you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you ſhall ſee her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her. But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

*Claud.* May this be ſo?

*Prince.* I will not thinke it.

*Baſt.* If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſſe not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will ſhew you enough, and when you haue ſeene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Clau.* If I ſee any thing to night, why I ſhould not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I ſhould wedde, there will I ſhame her.

*Prin.* And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to diſgrace her.

*Baſt.* I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes, beare it coldly but till night, and let the iſſue ſhew it ſelfe.

*Prin.* O day vntowardly turned!

*Claud.* O miſchiefe ſtrangely thwarting!

*Baſtard.* O plague right well preuented! ſo will you ſay, when you haue ſeene the ſequele. *Exit*

*Enter Dogberry and his compartner with the watch.*

*Dog.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or elſe it were pitty but they ſhould ſuffer ſaluation body and ſoule.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them if they ſhould haue any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Princes watch.

*Verg.* Well, giue them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry*.

*Dog.* Firſt who thinke you the moſt deſartleſſe man to be Conſtable?

*Watch 1.* *Hugh Oat-cake* Sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

*Dog.* Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath bleſt you with a good name: to be a well fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

*Watch 2.* Both which Maſter Conſtable.

*Dog.* You haue: I knew it would be your anſwere well for your fauour ſir, why giue God thankes, & make no boaſt of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of ſuch vanity. You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſleſſe and fit man for the Conſtable of the watch: therefore bear you the lanthorne: this is your charge. You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man ſtand in the Princes name.

*Watch 2.* How if a will not ſtand?

*Dogb.* Why then take no note of him but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knaue.

*Verg.* If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes ſubiects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes ſubiects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets: for for the Watch to babble and talke, is moſt tolerable, and not to be indured.

*Watch.* We will rather ſleepe than talke, we know what belongs to a Watch.

*Dogb.* Why you ſpeake like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only haue a care that your bills be not ſtolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouſes, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

*Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why then let them alone till they are ſober: if they make you not then the better anſwere you may ſay, they are not the men you tooke them for.

*Watch.* Well ſir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a theefe you may ſuſpect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for ſuch kinde of men, the leſſe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honeſty.

*Watch.* If we know him to be a theefe ſhall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly by your office you may but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him ſhew himſelfe what he is, and ſteale out of your company.

*Verg.* You haue bin alwaies call'd a merciful man partner.

*Dogb.* Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſtie in him.

*Verges.* If you ſtand a mans charge on the neglect you muſt call to the watch, and bid her ſtand.

*Fran.* How now? in the name of ſleepe and will not heare vs?

*Dog.* Why then departure in peace, and let the child wake her with her crying, for ſhe neuer that will not heare the Lambe when it baes, will never anſwer a calfe when he bleates.

*Verges.* Tis very true.

*Dog.* It is in the charge you conſtable are to preſent [illegible] you neuer ſuffer a Prince to goe, [illegible]

*Verges.* [illegible]

*Dog.* [illegible] man to ſtay him, [illegible] or with [illegible] out charge [illegible] to the watch-houſe, and bid [illegible] ſhall be [illegible]

*Dog.* Hang them [illegible] ſhall reſort be [illegible] keepe [illegible] ſeaſon, and [illegible] come [illegible]

*Verges.* [illegible] to go [illegible] bee?

*Leo.* One [illegible] you [illegible] goe-[illegible] by eſteeme it, [illegible] Leonato, [illegible]

*Ant.* [illegible]

*Leon.* [illegible]

*Ant.* [illegible]

*Leon.* [illegible]

*Ant.* Maſter [illegible] will [illegible]

*Leon.* [illegible]

*Ant.* [illegible] to [illegible]

*Leon.* [illegible]

*Ant.* [illegible] to [illegible] Dogberry.

*Leon.* [illegible]

*Bor.* I [illegible] the [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] price [illegible]

*Leon.* [illegible]

[illegible] ſweft [illegible]

*Leon.* [illegible]

*Bor.* [illegible]

*Leon.* [illegible]

*Ant.* I [illegible] too but [illegible]

*Bor.* I [illegible] ſtale [illegible] ſeeke, [illegible] gentle man [illegible]

*Leon.* [illegible]

*Con.* [illegible]

*Leon.* [illegible] ſtormed theſe [illegible] about it, the Hot-bloods, betweene fourteene & fiue & thirtie, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharaohs* ſouldiours in the reuhe painted, ſometime like god bels priefts in the old Church window, ſometimes like the ſhaueu *Hercules* in the needle worke, worme eaten tapeſtrie, where his cod-peece ſeemes as maſſie as his club.

*Con.* All this, ſee, and ſee that the faſhion weares out more apparell then the man: but art not thou thy ſelfe giddie with the faſhion, too faſhion than thou ſhouldſt ſhifted out of thy ſute: to reaſon me of theſe things?

*Bor.* Not to neither, but know that I haue to night woo'd *Margaret* the Lady *Hero*'s gentle-woman, by a caſe of *Hop*, the ſeance I can put vpon it: when ſhall I meete you noble Lord, to morrow or next day, and tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Maſter planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my Maſter *Don Iohn*, [illegible] ſhall [illegible] a whole [illegible]

*Con.* Any bolt to *Margaret* was *Hero*?

*Bor.* Two [illegible] and [illegible] but [illegible] my Maſter knew I was *Margaret* and partly [illegible] would [illegible] make [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

*Hero.* God giue mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy

*Marga.* 'Twill be heauier soone, by the weight of a man

*Hero* Fie vpon her, art not asham'd?

*Marg* Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, ask my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Hero* Good morrow Coze.

*Beat.* Good morrow sweet *Hero*

*Hero.* Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, me thinkes

*Mar* Clap's into Light o'loue, that goes without a burden, do you sing it, and I'le dance it

*Beat* Ye Light o'loue with your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he'll neuer hacke his mares.

*Mar.* O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles

*Beat.* 'Tis almost fiue a cloche cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill: heyho.

*Mar* For a hacke a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all H.

*Mar* Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

*Beat.* What means the foole trow?

*Mar* Nothing I, but God send every one their harts desire.

*Hero.* These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume

*Beat.* I am stuft cosin, I cannot smell

*Mar* A maid and stuft! there's good cheere for o colde

*Beat* O God help me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

*Mar* Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat* It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke

*Mar.* Get you some of this distilled *Carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the only thing for a qualm

*Hero.* There thou prickst her with a thistle.

*Beat. Benedictus*, why *benedictus* you haue some morall in this *benedictus*

*Mar.* Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thistle, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay by'r lady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my heart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

*Mar.* Not a false gallop

*Enter Vrsula.*

*Vrsula* Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

*Hero* Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg* good *Vrsula*.

*Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough*

*Leonato* What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

*Const Dog.* Mary sir I would haue some confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

*Leon* Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

*Const Dog.* Mary this it is sir.

*Head.* Yes in truth it is sir

*Leon.* What is it my good friends?

*Const Do* Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but in faith honest as the skin betweene his browes

*Head.* Yes I thanke God, I am as honest as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

*Const Dog* Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious

*Const Dog* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your worship

*Leon* All thy tediousnes on me ah?

*Const Dog* Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the City, and though I be but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

*Head.* And so am I.

*Leon* I would faine know what you haue to say.

*Head* Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence haue taken a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Messina.

*Const Dog* A good old man sir, he will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God help vs, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well God's a good man, and two good men sit on a horse, one must ride behinde: an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread: but God is to be worshipped, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour

*Leon* Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

*Const Do* Gifts that God gues.

*Leon* I must leaue you.

*Const Dog.* One word sir, our watch sir haue indeede comprehended two aspitious persons & we would haue them this morning examined before your worship

*Leon* Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you.

*Const* It shall be suffigance *Exit*

*Leon* Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

*Messenger* My Lord, they stay for you to giue your daughter to her husband

*Leon* Ile wait vpon them, I am ready

*Exit* Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacole*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men

*Verges.* And we must doe it wisely

*Dogb* We will spare for no witte I warrant you

heere's that shall driue some of them to a non-come only per the learned writer to set downe our excommunication and meet me at the Sale *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Prince, Bastard Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.*

*Leonato.* Come Frier *Francis* be briefe, only to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Frier.* You come hither my Lord, to marry this Lady.

*Claud.* No.

*Leo.* To be married to her Frier, you come to marry her.

*Frier.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

*Hero.* I doe.

*Frier.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your soules to vtter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, *Hero?*

*Hero.* None my Lord.

*Frier.* Know you any, Count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer. None.

*Claud.* O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

*Bene.* How now! interiections? Why then some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

*Claud.* Stand thee by, Frier, father, by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconstrained soule
Giue me this maid your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, sonne, as God did giue her me.

*Claud.* And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*Prince.* Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

*Claud.* Sweet Prince, you learne me noble thankfulnes.
There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
She's but the signe and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!
Comes not that blood, as modest euidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare
All you that see her, that she were a maide,
By these exterior shewes? But she is none.
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

*Leonato.* What do you meane my Lord?

*Claud.* Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.

*Leon.* I dearely holde you my lord, for mine owne proofe,
Haue vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie.

*Claud.* I know what you would say: if I haue known
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sinne. No *Leonato*,
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister shewed
Bashfull sincerity and comely loue.

*Hero.* And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as *Dian* in her Orbe,
As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or those pampred animals,
That rage in sauage sensualitie.

*Hero.* Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

*Leon.* Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

*Prin.* What should I speake?
I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about,
To make my deare friend to a common stale.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

*Bast.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true

*Bene.* This lookes not like a nuptiall.

*Hero.* True, O God!

*Claud. Leonato*, stand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face *Heroes*? are our eies our owne?

*Leon.* All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

*Claud.* Let me but moue one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leo.* I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.

*Hero.* O God defend me how am I beset,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any iust reproach?

*Claud.* Marry that can *Hero*,
*Hero* it selfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?
Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

*Prince.* Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieued Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they haue had
A thousand times in secret.

*John.* Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not chaft ne enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgouernement.

*Claud.* O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule most faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie.
For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-lids shall Coniecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And neuer shall it more be gracious.

*Leon.* Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

*Beat.* Why how now cosin, wherefore sink you down?

*Bast* Come, let vs go these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp.

*Bene.* How doth the Lady?

*Beat.* Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,
*Hero*, why *Hero*, Vncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.

*Leonato.* O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wisht for.

*Beat.* How

*Beatr.* How now cosin *Hero*?
*Fri.* Haue comfort Ladie.
*Leon.* Dost thou looke vp?
*Friar.* Yea, wherefore should she not?
*Leon.* Wherefore? Why doth not euery earthly thing
Cry shame vpon her? Could she here deny
The storie that is printed in her blood?
Do not liue *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou would'st not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
My selfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer wast thou louely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might haue said, no part of it is mine:
This shame derives it selfe from vnknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on: mine so much,
That I my selfe was to my selfe not mine.
Valew her gone, why lie, O she is slaine
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little which may season giue
To her foule tainted flesh.
*Ben.* Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.
*Bea.* O on my soule my cosin is belied.
*Ben.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
*Bea.* No truly: not although vntill last night,
I haue this twelue moneth bin her bedfellow.
*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.
Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,
Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.
*Fri.* Heare me a little, for I haue only beene silent so long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by noting of the Lady: I haue mark't
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading nor my obseruations,
Which with experimentall seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,
Vnder some biting error.
*Leo.* Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of periury, she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?
*Fri.* Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?
*Hero.* They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerst,
At houres vnmeete, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
*Fri.* There is some strange misprision in the Princes.
*Ben.* Two of them haue the very bent of honor,
And if their wisedomes be misled in this:
The practise of it liues in *Iohn* the bastard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.
*Leo.* I know not: if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her: if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eate vp my inuention,
Nor fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
*Fri.* Pause awhile
And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter heere the Princes left for dead)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument,
Hang mournefull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a burriall.
*Leon.* What shall become of this? What will this do?
*Fri.* Marry this well carried shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good:
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of euery hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it: but being lack't and lost,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that possession would not shew vs
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shall heare she died vpon his words,
Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creepe
Into his study of imagination,
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite
More moouing delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soule
Then when she liued indeed: then shall he mourne,
If euer Loue had interest in his liuer,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Will fashion the euent in better shape,
Than I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all aime but this be leuied false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not well you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and injuries.
*Bene.* Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*,

Yet

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustly, as your soule
Should with your body
*Leon.* Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallest twine may lead me
*Fryer.* 'Tis well consented presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolonged, haue patience & endure *Exit.*
*Bene.* Lady *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this while?
*Beat.* Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.
*Bene.* I will not desire that.
*Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.
*Bene.* Surely I do beleeue your faire cousin is wronged.
*Beat.* Ah, how much might he man deserue of mee that would right mee.
*Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?
*Beat.* A very euen way, but no such friend.
*Bene.* May a man do it?
*Beat.* It is a mans office, but not yours.
*Bene.* I do loue nothing in the world so well as you, is not that strange?
*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not, it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor I denie nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.
*Bene.* By my sword *Beatrice* thou louest me.
*Beat.* Do not sweare by it and eate it.
*Bene.* I will sweare by it that you loue mee, and I will make him eate it that sayes I loue not you.
*Beat.* Will you not eate your word?
*Bene.* With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I protest I loue thee.
*Beat.* Why then God forgiue me.
*Bene.* What offence sweet *Beatrice*?
*Beat.* You haue staied me in a happy howre, I was about to protest I loued you.
*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.
*Beat.* I loue you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.
*Leon.* Come bid me doe any thing for thee.
*Beat.* Kill *Claudio*.
*Bene.* Ha, not for the wide world.
*Beat.* You kill me to deny, farewell.
*Bene.* Tarrie sweet *Beatrice*.
*Beat.* I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me goe.
*Bene.* *Beatrice*.
*Beat.* In faith I will goe.
*Bene.* Wee'll be friends first.
*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.
*Bene.* Is *Claudio* thine enemie?
*Beat.* Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntil they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation vncouered slander, vnmitigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eate his heart in the market-place.
*Bene.* Heare me *Beatrice*.
*Beat.* Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.
*Bene.* Nay but *Beatrice*.
*Beat.* Sweet *Hero*, she is wronged, she is slandered, she is vndone.
*Bene.* *Beat*-

*Beat.* Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testimonie, a goodly Count, Comfect, a sweet Gallant surelie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and sweares it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.
*Bene.* Tarry good *Beatrice* by this hand I loue thee.
*Beat.* Vse it for my loue some other way then swearing by it.
*Bene.* Thinke you in your soule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?
*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.
*Bene.* Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this I and *Claudio* shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so thinke of me: goe comfort your cousin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.*

*Keeper.* Is our whole dissembly appeard?
*Cowley.* O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.
*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?
*Andrew.* Marry that am I, and my partner.
*Cowley.* Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition to examine.
*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before master Constable.
*Kemp.* Yea marry let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?
*Bor.* *Borachio*.
*Kemp.* Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours sirra.
*Con.* I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade*.
*Kem.* Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: masters, do you serue God? masters, it is proued already that you are little better than false knaues, and it will goe neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your selues?
*Con.* Marry sir, we say we are none.
*Kemp.* A marueilous witty fellow I assure you, but I will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaues.
*Bor.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.
*Kemp.* Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?
*Sext.* Master Constable, you go not the way to examine, you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.
*Kemp.* Yea marry, that's the eftest way, let the watch come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuse these men.
*Watch* 1. This man said sir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes brother was a villaine.
*Kemp.* Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.
*Bora.* Master Constable
*Kemp.* Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promise thee.
*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?
*Watch* 2. Mary that he had receiued a thousand Ducates of *Don Iohn*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

*Kem*

*Kemp.* Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

*Conft.* Yea by th'maſſe that it is.

*Sexton.* What else fellowes?

*Watch* 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

*Kemp.* O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euerlaſting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What elſe?

*Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more maſters then you can deny. Prince *Iohn* is this morning ſecretly ſtolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accuſed, in this very manner refuſed, and vpon the griefe of this ſuddenly died. Maſter Conſtable, let them come before me (ſeruing-man, fetch more light and boyes) and I will go before, and ſhew him their examination.

*Conſt.* Come let them be opinion'd.

*Sex.* Let them be in the hand of *Coxcombe*.

*Kem.* God's my life, where's this Sexton? Let him write downe the Prince his Officer *Coxcombe*. Come bind them: thou naughty varlet.

*Conra.* Away, you are an Aſſe, you are an Aſſe.

*Kemp.* Do you not know me is Dogberry? nay it ſhall be the worſe for you anon. Is it a world to ſlander honeſt men thus? how ſhall we goe to anſwer it? The bad-man hath confeſſed, that is enough: but he ſhall be anſwered. Let them be well look'd to, fellowes: I ſay 'twas ſtolne away: and for a wiſe-man's word to a Maſter Conſtable, let a Reſcue be laid for the Prince his Officer

Win me and weare me, let him answere me.
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will
*Leon.* Brother
*Bro.* Content your self. God knows I lou'd my neece,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answer a man indeede,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Jackes, milke-sops
*Leon.* Brother *Anthony*.
*Ant.* Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Goe antickly, and show outward hideousnesse,
And speake off halfe a dozen dangerous words
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
And this is all.
*Leon.* But brother *Anthony*.
*Ant.* Come 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.
*Pru.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true and very full of proofe
*Leon.* My Lord, my Lord
*Prin.* I will not heare you
*Enter Benedicke.*
*Leo.* No come brother, away, I will be heard.
*Exeunt ambo.*
*Bro.* And shall, or some of vs will smart for it
*Prin.* See, see here comes the man we went to seeke
*Clau.* Now signior, what newes?
*Ben.* Good day my Lord.
*Prin.* Welcome signior, you are almost come to part almost a fray
*Clau.* We had liked to haue had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.
*Prin.* Leonato and his brother, what think'st thou had we fought, I doubt we should haue been too yong for them
*Ben.* In a masked, garrison this is no true valour. I came to seeke you both
*Clau.* We haue been vp and downe to seeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholy, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?
*Ben.* It is in my scabbard, shall I draw it?
*Prin.* Dost thou weare thy wit by thy side?
*Clau.* Neuer any did so, though very many haue been beside their wit, I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels, draw to pleasure vs
*Prin.* As I am an honest man he looks pale, art thou sicke, or angry?
*Clau.* What, courage man, what though care kil'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
*Ben.* Sir, I shall meete your wit in the carreere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subiect
*Clau.* Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was broke crosse.
*Prin.* By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke he be angrie indeede
*Clau.* If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle
*Ben.* Shall I take a word in your eare?
*Clau.* God bleſſe me from a challenge.
*Ben.* You are a villaine, I ieſt not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe: you haue kill'd a ſweete Ladie, and her death ſhall fall heauie on you, let me heare from you.
*Clau.* Well, I will meete you, ſo I may haue good cheare.
*Prin.* What, a feaſt, a feaſt?
*Clau.* I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught, ſhall I not finde a woodcocke too?
*Ben.* Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes eaſily.
*Prin.* Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit: true ſaies ſhe, a fine little one: no ſaid I, a great wit: right ſaies ſhee, a great groſſe one: nay ſaid I, a good wit: iuſt ſaid ſhe, it hurts nobody: nay ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe: certain ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman: nay ſaid I, he hath the tongues that I beleeue ſaid ſhee, for hee ſwore a thing to me on munday night, which he forſwore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did ſhee an howre together tranſ-ſhape thy particular vertues, yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italie
*Clau.* For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhee car'd not
*Prin.* Yea that ſhe did, but yet for all that, and if ſhee did not hate him deadlie, ſhee would loue him dearely, the old mans daughter told vs all
*Clau.* All, all, and moreouer, God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden
*Prin.* But when ſhall we ſet the ſauage Bulls hornes on the ſenſible *Benedicks* head?
*Clau.* Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Benedicke* the married man.
*Ben.* Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leaue you now to your goſſep-like humor, you breake ieſts as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courteſies I thanke you, I muſt diſcontinue your companie, your brother the Baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*: you haue among you, kil'd a ſweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebeard there, he and I ſhall meete, and till then peace be with him.
*Prin.* He is in earneſt
*Clau.* In moſt profound earneſt, and Ile warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.
*Prin.* And hath challeng'd thee
*Clau.* Moſt ſincerely.
*Prin.* What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaues off his wit

*Enter Conſtable, Coūrade, and Borachio.*

*Clau.* He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a man.
*Prin.* But ſoft you, let me be, pluck vp my heart, and be ſad, did he not ſay my brother was fled?
*Conſt.* Come you ſir, if iuſtice cannot tame you, ſhee ſhall nere weigh more reaſons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.
*Prin.* How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one.
*Clau.* Harken after their offence my Lord
*Prin.* Officers, what offence haue theſe men done?
*Con.* Marrie

*Conft.* Marrie fir, they haue committed falſe report, moreouer they haue ſpoken vntruths, ſecondarily they are ſlanders, ſixt and laſtly, they haue belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they haue verified vniuſt things, and to conclude they are lying knaues

*Prin.* Firſt I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie I aske thee what's their offence, ſixt and laſtlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

*Clau.* Rightlie reaſoned, and in his owne diuiſion, and by my troth there's one meaning well fitted.

*Prin.* Who haue you offended maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwere? this learned Conſtable is too cunning to be vnderſtood, what's your offence?

*Bor.* Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwere, do you beare me, and all this Count kild mee I haue deceiued euen your verie eies: what your wiſedomes could not diſcouer, theſe ſhallow fooles haue brought to light, who in the night ouerheard me confeſſing to this man how *Don Iohn* your brother incenſed me to ſlander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you diſgraced her when you ſhould marrie her: my villanies they haue vpon record, which I had rather ſeale with my death, then repeate ouer to my ſhame: the Ladies death vpon my mine and my maſters falſe accuſation and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

*Prin.* Runs not this ſpeech like yron through your ſoule?

*Clau.* I haue drunke poiſon whiles he vttered it.

*Prin.* But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

*Bor.* Yea and paid me richly for the practiſe of it.

*Prin.* He is compoſd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

*Clau.* Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare ſemblance that I lou'd it firſt.

*Conſt.* Come bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and maſters do not forget to ſpecifie when time & place ſhall ſerue, that I am an Aſſe.

*Cowl.* Here, here comes maſter *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

*Enter Leonato.*

*Leon.* Which is the villaine? let me ſee his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him: which of theſe is he?

*Bor.* If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

*Leon.* Art thou thou the ſlaue that with thy breath haſt kild mine innocent childe?

*Bor.* Yea, euen I alone.

*Leo.* No, not ſo villaine, thou beliеſt thy ſelfe.
Here ſtand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethinke you of it.

*Clau.* I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeake, chooſe your reuenge your ſelfe,
Impoſe me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my ſinne, yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

*Prin.* By my ſoule nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder any heauie waight,
That he'ſe enioyne me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That were impoſſible, but I pray you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in *Meſſina* here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in ſad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toombe,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my childe that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heire to both of vs:
Giue her the right you ſhould haue giuen her couſin,
And ſo dies my reuenge.

*Clau.* O noble ſir!
Your ouerkindneſſe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and diſpoſe
For hence-forth of poore *Claudio*.

*Leon.* To morrow then I looke for you: and
Take my leaue of you
Shall I entreat you bide with *Margaret*,
Who I beleeue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

*Bor.* No by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin iuſt and vertuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

*Conſt.* Moreouer ſir, which indeed is not vnder white and black this plaintiffe here, the offender did call me aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his punishment: and alſo the watch heard them talke of one Deformed: they ſay he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes money in *Gods* name, the which he hath vſed ſo long and neuer payd, that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for *Gods* ſake: pray you examine him vpon that point.

*Leon.* I thanke thee for thy care and honeſt paines.

*Conſt.* Your worſhip ſpeakes like a moſt thankfull and reuerend youth, and I praiſe God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy paines.

*Conſt.* God ſaue the foundation.

*Leon.* Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thanke thee.

*Conſt.* I leaue an arreſt vpon you maſter, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worſhip, I wiſh your worſhip well, God reſtore you health. I humbly giue you leaue to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wiſht, God prohibit it: come neighbour.

*Leon.* Vntill to morrow morning, Lords farewell.

*Bro.* Farewell my Lord, we looke for you to morrow.

*Prin.* We will not faile.

*Clau.* To night ile mourne with *Hero*.

*Leon.* Bring you theſe fellowes on, we'll talke with *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Benedicke and Margaret.*

*Ben.* Pray thee ſweete Miſtris *Margaret*, deſerue well at my hands, by helping mee to the ſpeech of *Beatrice*.

*Mar.* W

*Mar.* Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

*Bene.* In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man hiring shal come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

*Mar.* To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below stairs?

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

*Mar.* And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

*Mar.* Giue vs the swords, we haue bucklers of our owne.

*Bene.* If you vse them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

*Mar.* Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite*

*Bene.* And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitifull I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troylus the first employer of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the euen road of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so truely turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue. Marrie I cannot shew it in rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Lady but baby, an innocent rime; for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for schoole foole, a babling rime very ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a rhiming Planet, for I cannot woo in festiuall termes

*Enter Beatrice*

sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd thee?

*Beat.* Yea Signior and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O stay but till then.

*Beat.* Then is spoken: I am gone now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.

*Bene.* Only foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

*Beat.* Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart vnkist.

*Bene.* Thou hast diuorced the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainely, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

*Beat.* For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

*Bene.* Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue indeede, for I loue thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceable.

*Beat.* It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

*Beat.* And how long is that thinke you?

*Bene.* Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in the rewme, therfore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how doe you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Enter Vrsula.*

*Bene.* Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Vrs.* Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is proued my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falsely accusde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightily abusde, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

*Beat.* Will you go heare this newes Signior?

*Bene.* I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will go with thee to thy Vncles. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers*

*Clau.* Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

*Lord.* It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

*Done to death by slanderous tongues,*
*Was the Hero that here lies*
*Death in guerdon of her wrongs,*
*Gives her fame which never dies:*
*So the life that died with shame,*
*Lives in death with glorious fame*
*Hang thou there vpon the tombe,*
*Praising her when I am dombe*

*Clau.* Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne

Song.

*Pardon goddesse of the night,*
*Those that slew thy virgin knight,*
*For the which with songs of woe,*
*Round about her tombe they goe:*
*Midnight assist our mone, helpe vs to sigh and grone.*
*Heauily, heauily.*
*Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,*
*Till death be vttered,*
*Heauenly, heauenly.*

*Le.* Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do (this right.

*Prin.* Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

*Clau.* Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way.

*Prin.* Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

*Clau.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

Then

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe *Exeunt.*

*Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.*

*Frier.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?

*Leo.* So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Vpon the error that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question.

*Old.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

*Leo.* Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre
To visit me. You know your office brother,
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young *Claudio.* *Exeunt Ladies.*

*Old.* Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Frier, I must intreat your paines, I think.

*Frier.* To doe what Signior?

*Bene.* To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.

*Leo.* That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

*Bene.* And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.

*Leo.* The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

*Bened.* Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with both, this day to be conioyned,
In the state of honourable marriage
In which good Frier I shall desire your helpe.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Frier.* And my helpe.

*Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.*

*Prin.* Good morrow to this faire assembly.

*Leo.* Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*.
We here attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

*Claud.* Ile hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

*Leo.* Call her forth brother, here's the Frier ready.

*Prin.* Good morrow *Benedicke*, why what's the matter?
That you haue such a February face,
So full of frost, of storme, and cloudinesse.

*Claud.* I think he thinkes vpon the sauage bull.
Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Ioue*,
When he would play the noble beast in loue.

*Ben.* Bull *Ioue* sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.

*Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrsula.*

*Cla.* For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.
Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?

*Leo.* This same is she, and I doe giue you her.

*Cla.* Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

*Leon.* No that you shall not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.

*Clau.* Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.

*Clau.* Another *Hero*?

*Hero.* Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe liue,
And surely as I liue, I am a maid.

*Prin.* The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

*Leon.* Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd.

*Frier.* All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'le tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:
Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs presently.

*Ben.* Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

*Beat.* I answer to that name, what is your will?

*Ben.* Do not you loue me?

*Beat.* Why no, no more than reason.

*Ben.* Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio* haue been deceiued, they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you loue me?

*Ben.* Troth no, no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why then my Cosen *Margaret* and *Vrsula*
Are much deceiued, for they did swear you did.

*Ben.* They swore you were almost sick for me.

*Beat.* They swore you were well-nye dead for me.

*Ben.* 'Tis no matter, then you do not loue me?

*Beat.* No truly but in friendly recompence.

*Leon.* Come Cosin, I am sure you loue the gentleman.

*Clau.* And I'le be sworne he loues her, for heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

*Hero.* And heres another,
Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke*.

*Bene.* A miracle, heere's our owne hands against our hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pitie.

*Beat.* I would not deny you, but by this good day I yeeld vpon great perswasion, and partly to saue your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

*Leon.* Peace, I will stop your mouth.

*Prin.* How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?

*Bene.* Ile tell thee what *Prince*: a College of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost thou think I care for a satyre, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall wear nothing handsome about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it: and therefore never flout at me, for what I said against it, I will stand to it: for the truth is, I loue her: and neither with my sword, nor with my wit, nor in my habit, nor my company, nor any other way, confirm to my part I am, I tell you, I am a married man, but a true bred, and a very valiant.

*Cla.* I had well hoped thou wouldst haue denied *Beatrice*, I might haue cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my Cosen do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiues heeles.

*Leon.* We'll haue dancing afterward.

*Bene.* First, of my word, therefore play Musick. *Prince* thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reuerend than one tipt with horne. *Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is taken in flight, and brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to morrow, I'le deuise thee braue punishments for him. Strike vp Pipers. *Dance.*

L *FINIS.*

# Loues Labour's lost.

## *Actus primus.*

*Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumaine.*

*Ferdinand.*

[illegible]

*Berowne.* Let me say no my Liege, and it you please,
I haue a sute to your Maiesty.
A request that lies in your bed, and the rest
*Ferd.* You cannot passe away from these
*Berow.* Why that is then no part of your oath already.
*Ferd.* Well, say your sute.
*Berow.* Let me haue audience for a hasty weeke,
Admit some gentle entertainment to my neate conceite.
*Ferd.* You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest
*Berow.* By yea and nay sir, then I swore in iest
What is the end of study, let me know?
*Ferd.* Why that to know which else we should not know.
*Berow.* Things hid & bard (you meane) from common sense
*Ferd.* I that is the liues glorious recompence.
*Berow.* Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know.
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid
Or study where to meet some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Study knowes that which yet it doth not know.
Sweare to my studie, that your selfe shall goe
*Ferd.* Well, sir, this gaine shall graze my studie quite,
And your owne warre shall be this cowards flight.
*Berow.* Well, sweet Lord, if you saue me with your pen,
Sleepe when you can, I'le compasse you with mine,
And by and by my studie is to you.
Perchance that terme is passed ere I come,
Loue findes all leasures and all places ope.
If so, our copper buds need not to be broke,
Study is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes.
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authority from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
*Ferd.* How well he's read, to reason against reading.

*Dum*

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding
*Lon.* Hee weedes the corne, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
*Ber.* The Spring is neare when greene geeſſe are a breeding.
*Dum.* How followes that?
*Ber.* Fit in his place and time.
*Dum.* In reaſon nothing.
*Ber.* Something then in rime
*Ferd.* *Berowne* is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne infants of the Spring.
*Ber.* Wel, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the Birds haue any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a Roſe,
Then wiſh a Snow in Maies new tangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate
*Fer.* Well, ſir you may go home *Berowne*, adue
*Ber.* No my good Lord, I haue ſworn to ſtay with you
And though I haue for barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angel knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue ſworne,
And bide the penance of each three yeares day
Giue me the paper, let me read the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt decrees Ile write my name.
*Fer.* How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.
*Ber.* *Item.* That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court
Hath this been proclaimed?
*Lon.* Fower dayes agoe.
*Ber.* Let's ſee the penaltie.
On paine of loſing her tongue
Who deuiſed this penaltie?
*Lon.* Marry that did I
*Ber.* Sweete Lord, and why?
*Lon* To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law againſt gentrice.
*Item*, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, he ſhall indure ſuch publique ſhame as the reſt of the Court can poſſibly deuiſe.
*Ber.* This Article my Liedge your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your leaue to ſpeake.
A Maide of grace and compleate maieſtie,
About ſurrender vp of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th'admired Princeſſe hither.
*Fer.* What ſay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
*Ber.* So Studie euermore is ouer ſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as townes with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt
*Fer.* We muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lye here on meere neceſſitie.
*Ber* Neceſſity will make vs all forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeeres ſpace:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word ſhall breake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attaindor of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me
But I beleeue although I ſeeme to loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
*Fer.* I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine
One, who the muſicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth ſaine like ſelfe applauſe bequeathes:
A man of compliments whom right and wrong
Haue choſe as vmpire of their mutinies:
This child of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight
From tawny *Spaine* loſt in the world's debate.
How you delight, my Lords, I know not, I,
But I protect I haue to entertaine it,
And I hope it is not for my Minſtrelſie
*Ber.* *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire new words faſhions owne knight.
*Lon.* *Coſtard* the ſwaine and he ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three yeeres is but ſhort.

*Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter*

*Conſt.* Which is the Dukes owne perſon.
*Ber.* This ſir *Adriano*, What would you?
*Con.* I my ſelfe reſpect the owne perſon, for I am his graces Tharborough. But I would ſee his own, if you know him.
*Ber.* I know him ſir.
*Con.* I beſeech you ſir, this letter will tell you more.
*Cost.* Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching me.
*Fer.* A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
*Ber.* How low ſoeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
*Lon.* A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience
*Ber.* To heare, or forbeare hearing.
*Lon.* To heare meekely ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
*Ber.* Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall giue vs cauſe to clime in the merineſſe.
*Cla.* The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
*Ber.* In what manner?
*Cla.* In manner and forme following, ſir all thoſe three I was ſeene with her in the Manor houſe ſitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put together, is in manner and forme following. Now ſir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to ſpeake to a woman, for the forme in ſome forme.
*Ber.* For the following ſir.
*Cla.* As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
*Fer.* Will you heare this Letter with attention?
*Ber.* As we would heare an Oracle
*Cla.* Such is the ſimplicitie of man to harken after the fleſh.

*Ferdinand*

*GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navar, my soules earth, God, and bodies fostring patrone*

*Cost* Not a word of Costard yet.

*Ferd* Sorrow

*Cost* It may be so, but if he say it is so, he is in telling true but so.

*Ferd.* Peace,

*Clow* Be to me, and every man that dares not fight

*Ferd.* No words,

*Clow* Of other men sleeues I beseech you

*Ferd* Sorrow be [illegible] melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giuing ayre. And as I am a Gentleman, betraide by [illegible] me neuer from the first houre I beheld her, and neuer knew braine, wit, and memorie good, till I knew this sight grosse, dull, fat, emptie Porpentine, whose grossenesse flies emulate for pitie. Yet for the place where, and the [illegible] I doe suspect this earthie, and conuersant spirit sometime doth appeare: and I doe suppose it is the [illegible] Countrie Swaine, Iaquenetta, that here hath begun to annoy me. For with the loue of the soule, the loue of earth: and as it were, a kinde of interest, or enstyling to all strange Queenes, this Costard Crue Ouse [illegible] is a most illustrious wat, and doth [illegible] to haue the prehemynence of our Dominion, and transcendence of our Crowne, and sit at the foote of our Throne. Oh, a scholler: (search your memorie) who knowes not Eupheates? And who knowes not Eupheates that reades not Lilly? Doth not Lilly read in his youth? Doth not the long tayle Cock stand on the hill? Breefe, the Dogge was bewitched, and I will proue it to his face, ere I go to bed.

*Ferd.* Darkenesse and the Deuill.

*Dum.* Exorcisemi de Armado

*Ber* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard

*Ferd* Is the best for the worst? But sirra, What say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir I confesse the Wench

*Ferd.* Did you heare the Proclamation?

*Cost* I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*Ferd* It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench

*Clow* I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell

*Ferd* Well it was proclaimed Damosell

*Clo* This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin.

*Ferd* It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin

*Cost* If it were, I deny her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

*Ferd.* This Maid will not serue your turne sir.

*Cost.* This Maide will serue my turne sir

*Kin.* Sir I will pronounce your sentence. You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

*Clo.* I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge

*Kin.* And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

*Ber* I'le lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne
Sirra, come on

*Clo.* I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow. *Exit.*

*Enter Armado and Mothu Page*

*Armā.* Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy

*Boy* A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

*Brag* Why sad stile is one and the selfe-same thing deare imp.

*Boy.* No no, O Lord sir no.

*Brag* How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender *Iuuenall*?

*Boy.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

*Brag* Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

*Boy.* Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

*Brag.* I spoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apatheton appertaining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

*Boy.* And tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

*Brag* Pretty and apt

*Boy.* How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Brag.* Thou pretty because little.

*Boy.* Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

*Brag* And therefore apt, because quicke.

*Boy* Speake you this in my praise Master?

*Brag* In thy condigne praise.

*Boy* I will praise an Eele with the same praise

*Brag* What? that an Eele is ingenious.

*Boy.* That an Eele is quicke.

*Brag.* I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou heat'st my blood.

*Boy.* I am answer'd sir.

*Brag.* I loue not to be crost. (him.

*Boy.* He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not

*Br* I haue promis'd to study yeres with the Duke.

*Boy.* You may doe it in an houre sir.

*Brag* Impossible

*Boy* How many is one thrice told?

*Brag.* I am in a reckoning: it fits the spirit of a Tapster

*Boy.* You are a gentleman and a gamester sir

*Brag* I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man

*Boy.* Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deuise-ace amounts to.

*Brag.* It doth amount to one more then two.

*Boy.* Which the base vulgar call three.

*Br.* True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

*Brag.* A

*Brag.* A most fine Figure.

*Boy* To proue you a Cypher.

*Brag.* I will heereupon confesse I am in loue and as it is base for a Souldier to loue: so am I in loue with a base wench If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-sweare *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

*Boy.* *Hercules* Master

*Brag.* Most sweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Boy* *Sampson* Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter and he was in loue

*Brag* O well-knit *Sampson*, strong-witted *Sampson*; I do excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare *Moth*?

*Boy* A Woman, Master.

*Brag* Of what complexion?

*Boy.* Of all the foure or one of the foure

*Brag* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

*Boy* Of the sea-water Greene sir

*Brag.* Is that one of the foure complexions?

*Boy.* As I haue read sir, and the best of them too

*Brag* Greene indeed is the colour of Louers but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Boy.* It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

*Brag.* My Loue is most immaculate white and red

*Boy.* Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours

*Brag.* Define, define wel-educated infant.

*Boy.* My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue assist mee

*Brag* Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetica

*Boy.* If shee be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne're be knowne
For blushing cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which nature she doth owe

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde

*Brag.* Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

*Boy.* The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

*Brag.* I will haue that subiect newly writ ore that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe loue that Country girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard*. she deserues well.

*Boy.* To be whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

*Brag.* Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loue.

*Boy* And that's great marueile, louing a light wench

*Brag* I say sing

*Boy.* Forbeare till this company be past.

*Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench*

*Const.* Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Costard* safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance but a must fast three dayes a weeke: for this Damsell I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is allowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well *Exit*

*Brag.* I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

*Maid.* Man.

*Brag* I will visit thee at the Lodge.

*Maid.* That's here by

*Brag* I know where it is situate.

*Maid* Lord how wise you are!

*Brag* I will tell thee wonders.

*Maid.* With what face?

*Brag.* I loue thee

*Maid* So I heard you say.

*Brag.* And to farewell.

*Maid* Fare weather after you

*Clo* Come *Iaquenetta*, away *Exeunt.*

*Brag.* Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Clo* Well sir, I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomacke.

*Brag.* Thou shalt be heauily punished

*Clo* I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Const.* Take away this villaine shut him vp.

*Boy.* Come you transgressing slaue, away.

*Clo* Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being loose

*Boy* No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison

*Clo* Well if euer I catch the merry moods of loue on the I haue cause, to curse mine owne wits.

*Boy* Well said Master *Moth*, and to it

*Clo* Nay neuer a whit sir, Master *Moth*, but what a cry of the poore? it is not for me to be in the wood a twig either: I will say nothing I must *Costard*, haue more patience a sainter man, and a better, or I can be quiet *Exit*

*Brag* I loue affection euery ground (which is vnfit wholesome food) where-on it is bred: guided by reason (which is the rider that must curbe it) I shall be more worthy of a great argument of fame, if I loue. And what loue can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Deuill. There is euill Angels, but Loue yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had a reasonable strength. Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid*, But's shaft too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and the globe too much odds for a Pantalons Rapier. The first and second cause will not serue my turne: the *Passado* he respects not the *Duello* he regards not, his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue, yea he loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit*

*Finis Actus Primus*

## Actus Secunda.

*Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and two Lords.*

*Boyet.* Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie:
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parle with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Navarre*, the plea of no leſſe weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
*Queen.* Good L. Boyet, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise,
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am less proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine,
But now to task the tasker, good Boyet,
*Prin.* You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauarre* the cause our iourney.
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court.
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To proue his promise, and thereon dispatch
Your owne wise iudgements how we shall behaue.
Now to our perfect lesson, and to know
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-
fellowes to this vertuous Melancholy.
*Long.* Longauill is one
*Prin.* Know you the man?
*Mar.* I know him Madam, at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Iaques Falconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well:
The only soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soyle,
Is a sharpe wit matcht with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hangs on the dull edge of his wils,
That he will not shew his wit enough to deserue his wits.
*Prin.* So much by his owne mouth.
*Long.* That he is, I know

*Ber.* I know you did.
*Rosa.* How needlesse was it then to aske the question?
*Ber.* You must not be so quicke.
*Rosa.* 'Tis long of you y^t spur me with such questions.
*Ber.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
*Rosa.* Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
*Ber.* What time a day?
*Rosa.* The howre that fooles should aske.
*Ber.* Now faire befal your maske.
*Rosa.* Faire fall the face it couers.
*Ber.* And send you many louers.
*Rosa.* Amen to you be sure.
*Ber.* Nay then will I be gone.
*Kin.* Madame, your father here doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but the one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that summe; yet there remaines vnpaid,
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monyes worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe, which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie.
But that it seemes, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaid,
An hundred thousand more in Siluer plate,
Of this same value, to be strucke at Paris,
One part of which cannot be leuied,
Not solemnized, not a Mariage
But that it breeds, and nourisheth debate.
For suppose these Princes now are met,
An vnder-prizer of siluer and golde,
One payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title, and his *Aquitaine*,
Which we must rather haue then euer will,
And he must craue, by reason of his debt.
Deare Princesse were not his requests so farre
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.
*Prin.* You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong your reputation much in this,
To say I vow'd false vow in priuate.
Or that which hath so strangely scene past.
*Lon.* I do protest I neuer heard of it,
And if you prooue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
*Prin.* We arrest your word.
*Boyet*, you can produce acquittances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
*Kin.* Satisfie me so.
*Boyet.* So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.
*Kin.* It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reason, would I yeeld vnto.
Meane time receiue such welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of to thy true worthy merite.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But here without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied faire harbour in my house.
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.
*Prin.* Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace.
*Kin.* Thy own wish wish I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*

*Ber.* Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.
*La Ro.* Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.
*Ber.* I would you heard it groane.
*La Ro.* Is the fish dead?
*Ber.* Sicke at the heart.
*La Ro.* Alacke let it bloud.
*Ber.* Would that doe it good.
*La Ro.* My Phisicke saies I.
*Ber.* Will you prick't with your eye.
*La Ro.* No point, with my knife.
*Ber.* Now God saue thy life.
*La Ro.* And yours from long liuing.
*Ber.* I cannot stay thanksgiuing. *Exit.*

*Enter Dumaine*

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?
*Ros.* The heire of *Alanson*, Rosaline her name.
*Dum.* A gallant Lady, Monsieur fare you well.
*Exit.*
*Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
*Ber.* A woman sometimes (if you saw her in the light).
*Long.* Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.
*Ber.* She hath but one for her selfe, to desire that were a shame.
*Long.* Pray you sir whose daughter?
*Ber.* Her Mother's I haue heard.
*Long.* God's blessing a your beard.
*Ber.* Good sir be not offended,
She is an heire of Falconbridge.
*Long.* Nay, my choller is ended.
She is a most sweet Lady. *Exit Long.*
*Ber.* Not vnlike sir, that may be.

*Enter Berowne*

*Ber.* What's her name in the cap.
*Boyet.* Katherine, by good hap.
*Ber.* Is she wedded or no.
*Boyet.* To her will sir or so.
*Ber.* You are welcome sir adieu.
*Boyet.* Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
*Ber.* That last is Boyet, the waspish Frenchman, mad scraping wil
Not a word with a Frenchman all day.
*Ber.* An other with my hart in a dance.
*Ber.* Will you take mad Dog by the taile.
*Ber.* Is she wiser, is she worse to take: marke her well.
*Ber.* Is she as fond as she is faire? a foole: so wot I well.
*Ber.* I with her sweet company.
*Ber.* Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.
*Ber.* Ne'r to speake word, if all the rest proue well.
*Ber.* Yes wit, & gentle inough to thank of a foole.
*Ber.* Now how to know her fooling I am past.
*Ber.* Nay how to get her speech.
*Ber.* My wife a hobby horse, neuer a true Venus.
*Ber.* I must speake first.
*Ber.* Then I shall surely fall.
*Prin.* Gentles attend, for yonder is the Deere
That feeds vpon the beauties of the land.
*Ber.* Would that the beauties were horne.
On Neighbour vnknowne, or something neere vnto it.
*Ber.* Now the conference, how meet you Queenes?
By the heards that hedged the prince (dissembled with cheeres)
Deceiue me not now, Nauar is wounded.
*Prin.* With what?
*Ber.* With that which we Louers most affected,
*Prin.* Your reason.
*Ber.* Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart like an Agot with your print impressed,

Proud

Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be,
All senses to that sense did make their repaire,
To feele only looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his senses were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glasse,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past
His face: his eye discourst, his tongue could not amazes,
That all eyes saw'st eies enchanted with gazes
Ile giue you *Aparance*, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing kisse.

*Prin.* Come to our Pauilion, *Boyet* is disposde

*Boy.* But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclosd. (close
I only haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Lad.Ro.* I now art all this Loue-monger, and speakest skilfully.

*Lad.Ma* He is *Cupid* Grandfather, and learnes news of him

*Lad.a.* Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

*Boy.* Do you heare my mad wenches?

*Lad.1.* No.

*Boy* What then, do you see?

*Lad.2* I, our way to be gone.

*Boy.* You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

## *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter Braggart and Boy*

*Brag.* Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hearing

*Boy* Concolinel

*Brag.* Sweete Aire, goe tenderly: you time of yeares take this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him festinately hither. I must employ him in a letter to my Loue.

*Boy* Will you win your loue with a French braule?

*Brag.* How meanest thou braule, a Dance?

*Boy.* No Sir, I meane sensible, master, but to haue done of a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with your feete, humour it with turning vp your eye, sigh a note, and sing a note, sometime through the throate as if you swallowed loue with singing, loue sometime through nose as if you snuft up loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-like ore the shop of your eies: with your armes crost on your doublet like a Rabet on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these?

*Brag.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Boy* By my penne of obseruation

*Brag* But O, but O.

*Boy* The Hobby-horse is forgot

*Brag.* Call'st thou my loue Hobby horse.

*Boy.* No Master, the Hobby-horse is but a Colt, and and your Loue perhaps, a Hackne

But haue you forgot your Loue?

*Brag.* Almost I had.

*Boy* Negligent studene, learne her by heart

*Brag.* By heart, and in heart Boy.

*Boy.* And out of heart Master: all those three I will proue

*Brag.* What wilt thou proue?

*Boy* A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her, being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

*Brag.* I am all these three

*Boy.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Brag* Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie me a letter.

*Boy.* A message well simpathis'd, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asse.

*Brag.* Ha, ha, What sayest thou?

*Boy.* Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse for he is very slow gated: but I goe

*Brag.* The way is but short, away.

*Boy.* As swift as Lead sir.

*Brag.* Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead a metall heauie, dull and slow?

*Boy. Minime* honest Master, or rather Master no.

*Brad.* I say Lead is slow.

*Boy.* You are too swift sir to say so
Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

*Brag.* Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

*Boy.* Thump then, and I flee

*Brag* A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must eate thy face
Most dreadnought volue, Valour giues thee place
My Harald is returnd.

*Enter Page and Clowne.*

*Pag* A wonder Master, here's a *Caliard* broken in a shin.

*Arm* Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

*Clo* No enigma nor riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee maiesty: Old Pantan, a sweet Pantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy* no salue sir but a Plantan

*Arm.* By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy silie thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to ridiculous smyling: O pardon me my Stars, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a salue?

*Pag.* Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue*? (plaine,

*Arm.* No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine
Now will I begin your morran, and do you follow with my *lenuoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three
*Arm.* Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
*Pag.* A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: would you desire more?
*Clo.* The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose
Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Goose
*Arm.* Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
*Boy.* By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin
Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.
*Clow.* True, and I for a Plantan.
Thus came your argument in
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market
*Ar.* But tell me. How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?
*Pag.* I will tell you seuerably.
*Clow.* Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenuoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell ouer the three hoole, and broke my shin
*Arm.* We will talke no more of this matter.
*Clow.* Till there be more matter in the shin.
*Arm.* Sirra *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.
*Clow.* O, marrie me to one *Frances*, I smell some *Lenuoy*, some Goose in this.
*Arm.* By my sweete soule, I meane setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou were emured, restrained, captiuated bound.
*Clow.* True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.
*Arm.* I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Beare this significant to the country Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.
*Pag.* Like the sequell I.
Signeur *Costard*, adew. *Exit.*
*Clow.* My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my incony Iew. Now will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration. O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: I see three-farthings remuneration. What's the price of this yncle? 1. d. no, I'll giue you a remuneration. Why? It carries it remuneration. Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter Berowne.*

*Ber.* O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.
*Clow.* Pray you sir. How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?
*Ber.* What is a remuneration?
*Cost.* Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.
*Ber.* O, Why then three farthings worth of Silke.
*Cost.* I thanke your worship, God be wy you,
*Ber.* O stay slaue, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall entreate.
*Clow.* When would you haue it done sir?
*Ber.* O this after noone,
*Clo.* Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well
*Ber.* O thou knowest not what it is
*Clo.* I shall know sir, when I haue done it.
*Ber.* Why villaine thou must know first.
*Clo.* I will come to your worship to morrow morning.
*Ber.* It must be done this after-noone,
Harke slaue, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie.
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile. There is thy guerdon, goe.
*Clo.* Guerdon, O sweete guerdon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweete guerdon. I will doe it sir in print: guerdon, remuneration. *Exit.*

*Ber.* O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip!
A very Beadle to a humorous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant o're the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde wayward Boy,
This signior *Iunios* giant dwarfe, dan *Cupid*,
Regent of Loues, Kings Lord of Cupids Lames.
The annoynted soueraigne of sighes and groanes.
Liedge of all loyterers and flat delayers
Dread Prince of Placets, King of Congees
Sole Emperor and great generall
Of trotting Paritors: (now to my heart)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going aright, being a Watch
But being watcht that it may still goe right.
Nay to be periur'de, which is worst of all:
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velnet brow
With two pitch balls stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her, to pray for her,
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, sue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some one.

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.*

*Qu.* Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vprising of the hill?
*Boy.* I know not, but I think it was not he
*Qu.* Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde
Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,
On Saterday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?
*For.* Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoote.
*Qu.* I thanke my beautie, I am fairest that shoote,
And therevpon thou speak'st the fairest shoote
*For.* Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.
*Qu.* What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not fayre? alacke for woe.
*For.* Yes

*For.* Yes Madam faire

*Qu.* Nay,neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not,praise cannot mend the brow.
Here good my glasse) take this for telling true.
Faire payment for foule words,is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

*Qu.* See,see,my beautie will be saued by merit.
O heresie in faire,fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand,though foule,shall haue faire praise.
But come,the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well,is then accounted ill.
Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding,pittie would not let me do't
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill.
That more for praise,then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question,so it is sometimes
Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake,for praise an outward part,
We bend to that,the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood,that my heart meanes no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraignetie
Only for praise sake,when they striue to be
Lords ore their Lords?

*Qu.* Only for praise,and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

*Enter Clowne*

*Boy.* Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

*Clo.* God dig you-den all,pray you which is the head Lady?

*Qu.* Thou shalt know her fellow,by the rest that haue no heads

*Clo.* Which is the greatest Lady,the highest?

*Qu.* The thickest,and the tallest.

*Clo.* The thickest,& the tallest,it is so truth is truth.
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest here?

*Qu.* What's your will? What's your will?

*Clo.* I haue a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Rosaline*

*Qu.* O thy letter,thy letter:He's a good friend of mine.
Stand aside good bearer
*Boyet*,you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

*Boyet.* I am bound to serue.
This Letter is mistooke. it importeth none here.
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

*Qu.* We will reade it,I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe,and euery one giue eare.

*Boyet readeth.*

BY heauen,that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous,truth it selfe that thou art louely: more faire then faire,beautiful then beautious, more then truth it selfe,haue commiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eye vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say,*Veni, vidi, vici*. Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, See,and ouercame: he came one; see, two; conquered three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kings: no,on both in one,or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for titles titles, for thy selfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

*Thine in the dearest designe of vnkindnesse,*

Don Adriano de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den

*Qu.* What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

*Boy.* I am much deceiued,but I remember the stile.

*Qu.* Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

*Boy.* This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantasime,a Monarcho,and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

*Qu.* Thou fellow, a word
Who gaue thee this Letter?

*Clow.* I told you,my Lord.

*Qu.* To whom should'st thou giue it?

*Clo.* From my Lord to my Lady

*Qu.* From which Lord,to which Lady?

*Clo.* From my Lord *Berowne*,a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

*Qu.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

*Exeunt.*

*Boy.* Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

*Rosa.* Shall I teach you to know.

*Boy.* I my continent of beautie

*Rosa.* Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

*Boy* My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke,if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
Finely put on

*Rosa.* Well then,I am the shooter.

*Boy.* And who is your Deare?

*Rosa.* If we choose by the hornes,your selfe come not neare. Finely put on indeede.

*Maria.* You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes at the brow

*Boyet.* But she her selfe is hit lower:
Haue I hit her now.

*Rosa.* Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying,that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy,as touching the hit it.

*Boyet.* So I may answere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Britaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Rosa.* Thou

*Rosa.* Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man.
*Ber.* I cannot, I cannot, I cannot
And I cannot, another ca *Exit.*
*Cor.* By my troth moſt pleaſant, how doth diſpoſe it.
*Mar.* A marke marueilous well ſhot, for they both did hit.
*Boy.* A marke. O rare ſhot, what marke? a marke ſpeak my Lady.
Let the marke haue a prick't in't, to meate at, if it may be
*Mar.* Wide a clift boy'ſ hand, y'are a proper hand at ſhoot
*Cor.* Indeede a muſt ſhoote nearer, or neere hit the clout
*Boy.* And if my hand be not, then belike your hand is ſore
*Cor.* Then will I ſet or get the vpſhoot by cleaning the ſtaffe
*Mar.* Come, come, you raile greatly, you are growne ſtoute
*Cor.* She's too hard for you at pricke, ſing'e her to ſonne
*Ber.* I craue for this time leaue of you good night my good Dade
*Cor.* By my troth a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Coxcombe.
Lord Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him out.
O my troth moſt ſweete ieſts, moſt incony vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcene as it were, ſo fit.
*Armatho* ath to the ſide O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee her anſwere in her ſtoope and her Tap
And ſweare his horſe was hyde bound, and the rider but two inches
Ha, ha, I am ſick on it ſtill, as I hope to ſweare
And his Page at other time a project, I ſwore
An hower, it was ſixe months ere I heard
Sowla, o via *Exeunt*

Shoote within

*Enter Dull, Coſtard, the Peaſant and Nathaniel.*

*Nath.* Very reuerend ſport truely, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience
*Ped.* The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a iewell in the eare of Cœlum the ſkie, the welkin the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the ſoyle the land and earth.
*Curat. Nath.* Trueley M. *Holofernes*, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but ſirrah I ſee you haue had the better of the deare.
*Hol.* Sir *Nathaniel*, haud credo.
*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket
*Hol.* Moſt barbarous intimation, yet a kinde of inſinuation as it were in via, in way of explication here, as it were, ſcilicet, a ſcratching, or as it were, I will ſcratch my head: Simplicity in admiration, as it were, ſurpriſed, vttered, or concluded, as it were, I ſay my *haud credo* for a Deare.
*Dull.* I ſaw the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket
*Hol.* Twice ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed doſt thou looke.
*Nath.* Sir he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not replenished, he is only an animall onely ſenſible in the dulleſt parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be (which we taſte and feele not) are to thoſe parts that do fructifie in vs more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet or a foole,
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Father's minde
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde
*Dull.* You two are booke-men. Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that is not aboue two keſtrils dayes yet?
*Hol.* *Dictiſſima* goodman *Dull*, *dictiſſima* goodman *Dull*.
*Dull.* What is a *Moone*
*Nath.* A meaſure of *Praiſe* to *Iuno* the *Moone*
*Hol.* The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more,
And wanted not to fiue-weekes when he came to three-ſcore.
The Moone hath not fiue-weekes in her Exchange.
*Dull.* 'Tis true indeede, the Collection of her changes in the Exchange.
*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity I ſay the Moone is but a month old when ſhe is at the full, and full when ſhe is at the change
*Dull.* And I ſay the poſſeſſion hath fellen out by the Moone for the Moone is neuer a month old, and I ſay beſides that *Dictiſſima*, was a Pricket that the Deare
*Hol.* Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaphon deuiſed on the death of the Deare? and to humour the ignorant call the Deare, the Pricket or Prickette, the Pricket
*Nath.* *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrilitie.
*Hol.* I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

*The preaſeful Princeſſe pearſed and prickt a pretty pleaaſing Pricket,*
*Some ſay a Sore but not a ſore till now made ſore with ſhooting*
*The Dogges did yell put el to ſore, then Sorell iumpes from thicket*
*Or Pricket ſore or elſe Sorell,*
*The people fall a hooting*
*If ſorell be ſtrooke to ſore,*
*And Prickets ſcape the woodmans crye*
*O cleare the way I am vndone,*
*For it is Loſt for euermore I.*

*Nath.* A rare talent
*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, looke how he claweth him with a talent
*Nath.* This is a gift that I haue ſimple, a fooliſh extemporall, that hath proceeded of fertile and pregnant inuention of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, reuolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nouriſhed in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.
*Hol.* Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.
*Nath.* *Mehercle*, if their Sonnes be ingenuous, they ſhall

shall want no instruction. If these Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. but *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, a soule beam one is inough vs.

*Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.*

*Iaq.* God saue you, good morrow M. *Person*

*Nath.* Master Person, quasi Person? And if one should be pierc't, which is the one?

*Clo.* Marry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogshead.

*Nath.* Of peece-meale a Hogshead? a good lyke of conceit in a turph of Earth, fire enough for a flint, Pearle enough for a swine: 'tis pretty, it is well

*Iaq.* Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by Costard, and sent mee from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you reade it

*Nath.* Facile precor gelida quando pecus omnes sub umbra ruminat, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueller doth of *Venice*, venecie, venecie, *Qui non te vidit in Antonia non tidit in Roma*, and *Where is a man old enough that cannot read Mantuan*? you shall find him in all Schooles: but to returne to the Verses, did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

*Nath.* Marueilous well for the penne

*Pet.* I do dare my life he is a Schoolemaster: would you desire more? The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose that's flat. Sir, your pennance rests one word with you. Before the sixt houre ye shall goe walke with Fancie in the Parke, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie

*Nath.* And thanke you to for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

*Peda.* And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt*

*Enter Berowne with a Paper, in his hand alone.*

*Ber.* The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitcht indeede. O sweete a ciuile word! Well set thee downe sorrow, for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole. Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loues a mad as Ajax, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheepe. Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue: if I do hang me, yfaith I will not. O but her eye, by this light but for her eye, I would not loue her: yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lye, and I will in my next, By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be melancholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my melancholie. Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God giue him grace to groane

*He stands aside. The King entreth.*

*King.* Ay me!

*Ber.* Shot by heauen. proceede sweet *Cupid*: thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith secrets.

*King.* So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayes haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light.
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show

But

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe,
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper
Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

*Enter Longauile. The King steps aside.*

What *Longauill*, and reading: listen eare
*Ber.* Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.
*Long.* Ay me, I am forsworne
*Ber.* Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.
*Long.* In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame
*Ber.* One drunkard loues another of the name.
*Lon.* Am I the first, that haue been periur'd for? (know,
*Ber.* I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of Society,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.
*Lon.* I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.
O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare and write in prose
*Ber.* O Rimes are gards on wanton Cupids hose,
Disgure not his Slop.
*Lon.* This same shall goe. *He reades the Sonnet*
*Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,*
*'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,*
*Perswade my heart to this false periurie?*
*Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.*
*A Woman I forswore, but I will prone,*
*Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee*
*My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue,*
*Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me*
*Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.*
*Then thou fair Sun, which on my earth doest shine,*
*Exhalest this vapour vow, in thee it is*
*If broken then, it is no fault of mine*
*If by me broke, what foole is not so wise,*
*To lose an oath, to win a Paradise?*
*Ber.* This is the liuer vene, which makes flesh a deity
A greene Goose, a Codshead pure pure idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th way.

*Enter Dumaine.*

*Lon.* By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay
*Ber.* All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the mill. O heauens I haue my wish,
*Dumaine* transformd, foure Woodcocks in a dish
*Dum.* O most diuine *Kate*
*Ber.* O most prophane coxcombe.
*Dum.* By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
*Ber.* By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye
*Dum.* Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted
*Ber.* An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
*Dum.* As vpright as the Cedar.
*Ber.* Stoope, I say her shoulder is with child.
*Dum.* As fayre as day
*Ber.* I as some dayes, but then no sunne must shine
*Dum.* O that I had my wish?
*Lon.* And I had mine.
*Kin.* And mine too good Lord.
*Ber.* Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
*Dum.* I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
*Ber.* A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.
*Dum.* Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ
*Ber.* Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit

*Dumaine reades his Sonnet*

*On a day, alack the day*
*Loue, whose Month is euery May,*
*Spied a blossome passing faire,*
*Playing in the wanton aire*
*Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,*
*All vnseene, 'gainst enuie finde,*
*That the Louer sicke to death,*
*Wish himselfe the heauens breath*
*Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,*
*Ayre, would I might triumph so*
*But alacke my hand is sworne,*
*Neere to pluck thee from thy throne:*
*Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,*
*Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.*
*Do not call it sinne in me,*
*That I am forsworne for thee.*
*Thou for whom Ioue would sweare,*
*Iuno but an Aethiop were*
*And deny himselfe for Ioue*
*Turning mortall for thy Loue.*

This will I send, and something else more plaine.
That shall expresse my true-loues fasting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note
For none offend where all alike do dote.
*Lon.* *Dumaine* thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe desirest Society:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.
*Kin.* Come sir, you blush: as his your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not loue *Maria? Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome to keepe downe his heart
I haue been closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush
I heard your guilty rimes, obserud your fashion.
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one. O Ioue, the oathes of those
Both sware that Capitall perjurie, that cost
Some Gods their Paradise, how will this grieue you
When next he proues you periur'd in this sort?
*Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:
*No part* (quoth he) *of her white hand* must board
For he hath sworne to Comfits and to Dates.
And to his heart she bad him giue the Quarter.
Then whom a Spanish blade hath smitten sore,
So beauty blemish'd once, for euer scorne.
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by me.
*Ber.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reproue
These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing.
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much ore shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of foolery haue I seene,
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breft:
A Cand choa
*King.* Too bitter is thy ieft.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
*Ber.* Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest? I that hold it sinne
To breake the vow I am engaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane*? or spend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a
hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a breft,
a waste, a legge, a limme
*King.* Soft, Whither a-way so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.
*Ber.* I post from Loue, good Louer let me go

*Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.*

*Iaqu.* God blesse the King.
*King.* What Present hast thou there?
*Clo.* Some certaine treason.
*King.* What makes treason heere?
*Clo.* Nay it makes nothing sir.
*King.* If it marre nothing neither,
The treason and you goe the peace away together.
*Iaqu.* I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person misdoubts it was treason to read
*King.* *Berowne* read it ouer *He reades the Letter*
*King.* Where hadst thou it
*Iaqu.* Of *Costard*
*King.* Where hadst thou it
*Cost.* Of *Don Adramadio, Don Adramadio.*
*King.* How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
*Ber.* A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not
feare it.
*Long.* It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's
heare it.
*Dum.* It is *Berowns* writing, and heere is his name.
*Ber.* Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne
to do me shame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.
*King.* What?
*Ber.* That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make
vp the messe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are pick-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more
*Dum.* Now the number is euen.
*Berow.* True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles
be gone?
*King.* Hence sirs, away
*Clo.* Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

*Ber.* Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne
*King.* What, did these rent lines shew some loue of
thine? (*Rosaline*,
*Ber.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly
That (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde.*)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?
*King.* What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
She (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light
*Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne.*
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd soueraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs.
She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot
A withered Hermite, fiuescore winters worne,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.
*King.* By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie
*Berow.* Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If it be learne not of her eye to looke.
No face is faire that is not full so blacke
*King.* O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.
*Ber.* Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire
Should rauish doters with a false aspect:
And therfore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For native bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
*Dum.* To looke like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.
*Lon.* And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.
*King.* And *Æthiops* of their sweet complexion crake.
*Dum.* Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.
*Ber.* Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washt away.
*King.* 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day.
*Ber.* Ile proue her faire, or talke till doome-day here.
*King.* No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.
*Dumai.* I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.
*Lon.* Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.
*Ber.* O if the streets were paued with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
*Dum.* O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The street should see as she walkt ouer head.
*Kin.* But what of this, are we not all in loue?
*Ber.* O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.
*Kin* Then leaue this chat, & good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our toyth not torne
*Dum* I marry there, some flattery for this euil
*Long* O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quirkes, how to cheat the diuel.
*Dum* Some salue for periurie.
*Ber.* O 'tis more then need
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth
Say can you fast? your stomacks are too young
And abstinence engenders maladies
And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you (my Lord) or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of Loues excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the ground, the Bookes the Arts, the Academes
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire
Why, universal plodding poysons vp
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinewy vigour of the traueller
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne your eyes eyes
And Study too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are our learning likewise is.
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
With our selues.
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to study Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes
For wise wits? fooles in shallow Ladies lookes?
*Long* I know not, I know not, you, nor I?
Is leaden contemplation, are to vs as dull
Sweet fancy? Nurse by vertue of our eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue enrich'd you with
Other slow Arts, more apprehended braine
And therefore finde for barraine practizers,
Scarce shew a iot to their heauy toyle.
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lues not alone emured in the braine
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
And gives to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It adues a precious seeing to the eye
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible.
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty *Bacchus* grosse in taste,
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*
Subtle as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his hayre.
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowse with the harmonie.
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write
Vntill his Inke were temperd with Loues sighes.
O then his lines would ravish sauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humanitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue
They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Academes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proues excellent
Then fooles you were these women to forsweare
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue
Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men
Or for Men sake, the authors of these Women
Or Womens sake, by whom we men, are Men
Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,
Or else we loose our selues to keepe our oathes
It is religion to be thus forsworne,
For Charity it selfe fulfils the Law,
And who can sever loue from charity
*Kin.* Saint Cupid then, and Souldiers to the field
*Ber.* Aduance your standards, and vpon them Lords,
Pell mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
*Long* Now to plaine dealing, lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these Girles of France?
*Kin.* And win them too, therto you heare our mindes.
*Ber.* Some entertainment, some delight, some Feasts
*Long* Tut the simple Coach-fellow (I scorne not it)
And I to see a naked Morrice more
Then those tongue-tide Madrigalls will make
Light Wenches may prouide pastimes to our mindes,
Ith our Coopers daies is better treasure.

*Exeunt*

## *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.*

*Pedant* *Satis quid sufficit.*
*Curat* I praise God for you, that you haue in these parts of your body, such capacity, such discretion, such memory, such iudgement, such vnderstanding: for you haue seene Perigenes the Lycian, who was called for his deserts the Pompey of Asia, Ptolomeus Philadelphus, a King in Egypt, as we reade in his Acts and Monuments, who came a hunting like Darius, and was as high mounted, as all the rest of the Princes in the world.
*Pedant* *Nouit homines tanquam oculos.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maiestical, and his generall behauiour vaine, ridiculous and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it

*Curat.* A most singular and choice Epithet,

*Drawes out his Table-booke.*

*Peda.* He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhorre such phanatticall phantasimes, such insociable and poore conceptions, such affected phrases, as to please the eare, and the capacity of the hearer, sweet and voluble is his stile, as he is a good penman, and writes his hand as he speakes, long, and ready. Come, lets goe together.

*Curat.* Loue to phantasimes.

*Peda.* Some haue more apt, a delectable stranger kinde of phantasime, then I.

*Enter Constable, Dull.*

*Curat.* Where?

*Peda.* Here.

*Const.* Curat.

*Peda.* Curat, and Const.

*Const.* Marke.

*Peda.* Marke thou well.

*Dull.* Fees, and rewards, and so forth, and so forth, and to conclude, I am his Graces Tharborough: but I would see his owne person in flesh and blood.

*Peda.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arm-a-do, I commend me to thee, I commend me, and I send me, as my Lady, and I hope as my Ladies Lady, by the same token, the rusty knight all armes, and the thrice valiant Lord, Bigths Lord Fantasticoes sonne and heire, hath seene a letter from me to you, to vnderstand the boy hath sold him his Lands, and his Lands, and his Lands, and

on the caber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
*Ped.* Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

*Enter Ladies.*

*Qu.* Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in
A Lady wall'd about with Diamonds. Look you, what I haue from the louing King.
*Rosa.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?
*Qu.* Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on Cupids name.
*Rosa.* That was the way to make his godhead wax
For he hath been fiue thousand yeares a Boy
*Kath.* I and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too
*Ros.* You'll nere be friends with him, a kils your finger.
*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and so she died: had she been light like you, of such merry nimble stirring spirit she might haue been a Copy.
*Ros.* What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?
*Kat.* A light condition in a beauty darke.
*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out
*Kat.* You'll marre the light, taking it in snuffe
Therefore I'll darkely end the argument
*Ros.* Look what you do, you do it still i'th darke
*Kat.* So do not you, for you are a light Wench
*Ros.* Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light
*Kat.* You weigh me not, O that's you care not for me
*Ros.* Great reason: for past care is still past care.
*Qu.* Well bandied both: a set: but Wit did play'd.
But *Boyet*, you may see about the?
Who sent it? and what is it?
*Ros.* I would you knew
And if my face were but as fayre as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this
Nay, I haue Verses too, I know the stile,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fayres.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter
*Qu.* Any thing like?
*Ros.* Much in the letters nothing in the praise
*Qu.* Beauteous as Ink: a good conclusion.
*Kat.* Fayre as a text B in a Copie booke
*Ros.* Ware pencils. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were not so full of Oes
*Qu.* A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From fayre *Dumaine*?
*Kat.* Madame, this Glooue.
*Qu.* Did he not send you twaine?
*Kat.* Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie
*Mar.* This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
*Qu.* I think no lesse. Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short
*Mar.* I, for I would these hands might neuer part.
*Qu.* We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so
*Ros.* They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* I'll torture ere I go
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in bootelesse rimes,
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud to make me proud at iests,
So perttunt like would I o'ersway his state,
That what he loath'd for me, and I his hate
*Qu.* None are so surely caught when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd Foole, folly in Wisedome hatcht,
Hath wisedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?
*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excesse,
As gracelesse age his siluer hairs doth presse.
*Qu.* What follies are in hot bloods, scarce hath had the worth to make the worst a fault
*Ros.* Loue is a too great offence to passe for lesse,
Your beauty too much beauty thereof smacks,
If wrongfully disposed, and shamefully,
Left and forsworne: 'twere twenty on one side
Were not enough to blot one of the other,
Treble reproach attends the combate is,
Beauty with beauty, truth with truth, and wit
With wit should crosse: and dexterously dispatch
To speake, and purpose not, since what it is
Is but the way to be nothing but what is.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Qu.* Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.
*Boy.* O I am stab'd with laughter, Where's her Grace?
*Qu.* Thy eyes *Boyet*?
*Boy.* Prepare Madame, prepare
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpris'd.
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards and flye hence
*Qu.* Saint *Dennis* to Saint Cupid. What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.
*Boy.* Vnder the coole shade of a Sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest,
The King and his companions: warely I
Stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer heard what you shall ouer heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere
Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage.
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maiestical would put him out
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see
Yet feare not thou but speake audatiously
The Boy replyd, An Angell is not euill
I should haue fear'd her, had she been a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clapt him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore,
A better speech was neuer spoke before
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well
The fourth turn'd on the toe and downe he fell
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares
*Quee.* But what, but what, come they to visit vs?
*Boy* They do, they do, and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muscouites*, or *Russians*, as I geesse
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,

And euery one his Loue-token with a deuice,
Vnto his seuerall Mistresse: which they (I know
But I hope I know where they did get it.
Let it suffice, that I know they haue it.
For Ladies, we are come to make a night,
A night of reuels, if ladies will be there,
Hee, Queene, if I be one.
Hee, take you him.
So shall Berowne take me.
And I'll be one of Loues
We come to
Queene. I'll be
They do it
And mock
Their
To Loues
Vpon the next
Ros. Rather we have
Queene. No, to
Nor
But
Ber. Why,
And
Queene. There
There
I see
To make
So shall we stay
And
Ber. The Trumpet
come

Enter
and

Prin.
Ber.
Ber. A
by
Ber.
Ber.
Out
Ber. True,
But
Nor
Ber. Out
Pr.
it, in your
Ber. That
You
Ber. I
Ber. It
Ros. What would
Know
Prin. They do
That
know
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gone.
Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gone.
Kin. Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.
Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse
Ros. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile. If they haue measur'd many,
The measure then of one is eathe told
Boy. If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles
And many miles the Princesse bids you tell
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.
Ros. She hears her selfe
Ros. How many weary steps
Of many weary miles you haue ore-gone
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Ber. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our minutes hold no rate, no count be rear'd
Loue we may do: deare is full without accompt
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like Sauages) may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.
Kin. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remou'd) vpon our watry eyne.
Ros. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Moone-shine in the water.
Kin. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change
Thou bidst me beg: this begger begs but change.
Ros. Play music then: nay you must do it soone
Not yet: no dance: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus
estranged?
Ros. You tooke the Moone at full, but now she's changed?
Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man
Ros. The Musicke plaies, vouchsafe some motion to it. Our eares vouchsafe it.
Kin. But your legges do it.
Kin. Since you are strangers & come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands, we will not dance.
Kin. Why take you hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends,
Curtsie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.
Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
Kin. Prize your selues. What buyes your companie?
Ros. Your absence only.
Kin. That can neuer be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In priuate then.
Kin. I am best pleas'd with that
Ber. White-handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee
Qu. Honey, and Milke, and Sugar: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well run dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets
Qu. Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,
I'll play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.
Qu. Let it not be sweet.
Ber. Thou grieu'st my gall.

Queen.

*Qu.* Gall, bitter
*Ber.* Therefore meete.
*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
*Mar.* Name it.
*Dum.* Faire Ladie
*Mar.* Say you so? faire Lord
Take you that for your faire Ladie.
*Du.* Please it you,
As much in private, and I bid adieu.
*Mar.* What was your vizard made without a tong?
*Long.* I know the reason Ladie why you aske.
*Mar.* O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
*Long.* You haue a double tong within your mask
And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.
*Mar.* Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?
*Long.* A Calfe faire Ladie
*Mar.* No, a faire Lords Calfe
*Long.* Let's part the word
*Mar.* No, nor the cause you haue
Take your inuention, it may proue an Oxe.
*Long.* Looke how you butte, your hornes do shoote so ranke
mockes.
Will you giue horns chast Ladie: Doe not so.
*Mar.* Then will a Calfe be cared, your hornes do grow.
*Lon.* One word in priuate with you ere I die
*Mar.* Bleat not so deepe, the butcher heares you cry
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keene
As is the Razors edge, inuisible
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference: their conceits haue wings,
Fleete not so heauily: I'le hide me from things.
*Ros.* Not one word more my maides, breake off
breake off.
*Ber.* By heauen, all dry beaten with pure scoffe.
*King.* Farewell mad Wenches, you haue simple
wits. *Exeunt.*
*Qu.* Two hot sheepes marie: and those Medlers,
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweete breaths
puft out.
*Ros.* Well-liking wits they haue: grosse, grosse, fat, and
*Qu.* O poore ballard on, Katherine prouide for,
Or else we loose you: you shall not stay
Where pleasure drawes vs, there your boote is paide
This peece *Boyet* is out of count more quite.
*Kath.* They were all in lamentable cases
The King was weeping ere a good word
*Qu.* Did *Berowne* see my face?
*Mar.* *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword
No point (quoth I) my seruant straight was mute
*Kat.* Lord *Longauill* and I came ore a matt
And trow you what he call'd me?
*Qu.* Qualme perhaps.
*Kat.* Yes in good faith
*Qu.* Go sickenesse as hote as fire.
*Ros.* Well, better wits haue worne plaine statute caps,
But will you heare, the King is my loue sworne
*Qu.* And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
*Kat.* And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne
*Mar.* *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
*Boyet.* Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
*Qu.* Will they returne?
*Boyet.* They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire
*Qu.* How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
*Boyet.* Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaskt sweet commixture shewne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne
*Qu.* Auaunt perplexitie. What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woo?
*Kath.* Good Madam, if by me you be aduised,
Let's mocke them still as well known as disguised
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Disguised like Muscouites in shapeless geare
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes and prologue vilely penn'd
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
*Boyet.* Ladies withdraw, the gallants are at hand
*Qu.* Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore land.
*Exeunt*

*Enter the King and the rest*

*King.* Faire and faire God saue you. Where is the Princesse?
*Boyet.* Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?
*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word,
*Boyet.* I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
*Ber.* This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peason,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets Fayres.
And we are sure lightly by his looke, they haue not wit enough,
To make the wit they haue to grace their show
And I see no reason but their head-peece
Should take away their present courtesie
This Apish and this Monsterous seruice,
Is but the Embassie of the Boy
I am to stay their comming, stand aside softly,
And carelesse lye: these Ladies Courtesies
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.
*King.* Come sir it shall not stand: for you must say
That you are true and heere is your word.
*Ber.* Item, she hath more haire then wit, and more faire then haire, more wit then either of them both. Item, she hath more cause to be proud, then either of them both. Item, she hath more hope of a husband then either of them both. Item, she is virtuous, no more then she is beautifull, no more then she is vertuous. Item, she is the onely Inheritor of her fathers wit, which is infinite, and the onely monster of wit breeding. Item, she hath more of all then any man hath of any thing, and more then any man can haue of nothing. Item, she is not to be found out by Arithmetick, and yet a Foole may finde it out by Nature. Item, she is a right Gentlewoman, and therefore I will not meddle with her.
*King.* Peace, peace, forbeare,
Your time is out.
*Ber.* I am done.
*King.* Then goe to the Ladies, and tell them their fault and your message.
*Ber.* Shall I speake my conscience?
*King.* Vnder your owne proportion.
*Ber.* Light Loues, your fault is in your youth.
*King.* Gentlemen, this Impertinent is come from the Ladies.
*Ber.* Your eyes confesse it, or else your double thinke.
*King.* Your Tongue is too nimble, your eyes too dull, your heart too grosse.
*Ber.* Well, I confesse the Ladies haue sent me, but the conceit is mine, and yet I haue put off the enuie: for I haue deliuered your Embassie with such a graue face, as if I had told you you had a dangerous sore vpon your Nose, or were falne in loue with your owne beard.
*King.* Well, your Ladies would speake with you presently.
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*King.* Will you heare me speake?
*Ber.* Faith not one word, if a Horne would serue the turne.
*King.* Why, this is Hyperbolicall.
*Ber.* I loue short calling, I protest.
*King.* I say, I loue you.
*Ber.* Now I protest I loue you: one reason why I would not heare you, for feare you would loue me.
*King.* Suppose I doe?
*Ber.* Then for my part I shall hold it no longer infamie, to wish you beloued of Ladies.
*King.* Suppose I doe not, and haue a minde to chide?
*Ber.* Then I shall hold it no boldnesse in me, to bid you seeke a Reconciliation.
*King.* But suppose I loue you, and would obtaine your loue?
*Ber.* This makes your Suppose full of noyse, sweet Lord, and sweet Loue, my Lord, and sweet Peace: the Patient dies for want of breath, and this Suppose is dead with his owne weight. Finally, your Suppose is a verie Notorious Liar, and a Hypocrite to your Ladies, and the Deuill.
*King.* Well, you are resolute, not to heare.
*Ber.* Something like, and more then I know.
*King.* But I hope your Ladies will not be so vnmannerly.
*Ber.* Why will you lay them no fault vpon you?
*King.* Well, they shall heare both your fault, and mine.
*Ber.* Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deserued prayse, will amount to.
*King.* Willingly.
*Ber.* Let me say no more now, gone before the Clocke.
*King.* Come on, come on, where is the Patience now,
That you speake of?
*Ber.* I left it with my Doublet.
*King.* Well, it is proclaimed Lent.
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*King.* Why, shall I call you Vice?
*Ber.* Call me what you please, for I regard not.
*King.* Now Berowne, what Ladies are these?
*Ber.* Three the most Parfect in perfection.
*King.* How shall we know them?
*Ber.* When you haue found the Ladies.
*King.* Why, this is he that saw Rosaline last.
*Ber.* With my eyes, which I hope will not be so periured as to commend.
*King.* What will you sweare your eye sight is with this Instrument of praise?
*Ber.* No, no, but I will sweare by it as I vse it, and I'le sweare to my Horse, that I know my Hay from anothers, for all his life.
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*King.* Goe to, leaue your Impertinent now.
*Ber.* My Lord, my Lord, I protest.
*King.* What?
*Ber.* That I haue not dined, when my Lord? Perfect yet, as your Deuotions.
*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
*Ber.* Holla, Approch.

*Enter the Ladies*

*King.* Faire Ladies, you haue seene my Cabinet,
Which sparkled ouer with flowres of Loue,
Since last we saw faire Queenes.
*Ber.* Please it you,
As much in priuate, and I'le bid adieu.
*Mar.* What was your vizard made without a tong?
*Long.* I know the reason Ladie why you aske.
*Mar.* O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
*Long.* You haue a double tong within your mask
And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.
*Mar.* Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?
*Long.* A Calfe faire Ladie
*Mar.* No, a faire Lords Calfe
*Long.* Let's part the word
*Mar.* No, nor the cause you haue
Take your inuention, it may proue an Oxe.
*Long.* Looke how you butte, your hornes do shoote so ranke
mockes.
Will you giue hornes chast Ladie: Do not so.
*Mar.* Then will a Calfe be cared, your hornes do grow.
*Lon.* One word in priuate with you ere I die
*Mar.* Bleat not so deepe, the butcher heares you cry
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keene
As is the Razors edge, inuisible
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference: their conceits haue wings,
Fleete not so heauily: I'le hide me from things.
*Ros.* Not one word more my maides, breake off
breake off.
*Ber.* By heauen, all dry beaten with pure scoffe.
*King.* Farewell mad Wenches, you haue simple
wits. *Exeunt.*
*Qu.* Two hot sheepes marie: and those Medlers,
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweete breaths
puft out.
*Ros.* Well-liking wits they haue: grosse, grosse, fat, and
*Qu.* O poore ballard on, Katherine prouide for,
Or else we loose you: you shall not stay
Where pleasure drawes vs, there your boote is paide
This peece *Boyet* is out of count more quite.
*Kath.* They were all in lamentable cases
The King was weeping ere a good word
*Qu.* Did *Berowne* see my face?
*Mar.* *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword
No point (quoth I) my seruant straight was mute
*Kat.* Lord *Longauill* and I came ore a matt
And trow you what he call'd me?
*Qu.* Qualme perhaps.
*Kat.* Yes in good faith
*Qu.* Go sickenesse as hote as fire.
*Ros.* Well, better wits haue worne plaine statute caps,
But will you heare, the King is my loue sworne
*Qu.* And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
*Kat.* And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne
*Mar.* *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
*Boyet.* Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
*Qu.* Will they returne?
*Boyet.* They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire
*Qu.* How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
*Boyet.* Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaskt sweet commixture shewne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne
*Qu.* Auaunt perplexitie. What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woo?
*Kath.* Good Madam, if by me you be aduised,
Let's mocke them still as well known as disguised
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Disguised like Muscouites in shapeless geare
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes and prologue vilely penn'd
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
*Boyet.* Ladies withdraw, the gallants are at hand
*Qu.* Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore land.
*Exeunt*

*Enter the King and the rest*

*King.* Faire and faire God saue you. Where is the Princesse?
*Boyet.* Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?
*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word,
*Boyet.* I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
*Ber.* This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peason,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
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Since last we saw faire Queenes.

The

The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
*Qu.* You nickname vertue, vice you should haue spoke
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnsullied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to see
Oh heauenly oath, vow'd with integritie.
*King.* O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnvisited, much to our shame.
*Qu.* Not to my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
A messe of Russians left vs but of late.
*King.* How Madam Russians?
*Qu.* I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.
*Ros.* Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Lady (to the manner of the dayes)
In courtesie gives vndeserving praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habite. Heere they stayd an houre,
And talk'd apace, and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bless vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles, but this I thinke,
When they are thirsty, fooles would faine haue drinke.
*Ber.* This ieast is for me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish, when we greete
With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we looke by night, your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge store,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.
*Ros.* This proues you wise and rich, for in my eie
*Ber.* I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
*Ber.* O, I am yours and all that I possesse.
*Ros.* All the fooles mine.
*Ber.* I cannot giue you leste.
*Ros.* Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
*Ber.* Where? when? what Vizard? why demand you this?
*Ros.* There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shewd the better face.
*King.* We are discouered,
They'l mocke vs now downe right.
*Dum.* Let vs confesse and turne it to a iest.
*Qu.* Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes sadnes?
*Ros.* Helpe hold his browes, he'l sweare anon: why looke you pale?
Sea-sicke I thinke, coming from Muscouie.
*Ber.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for periury
Can any face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, lady dart thy skill at mee,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Russian habite waite.
O! neuer will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection,
Figures pedant call these summer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation
I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be expreste
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.
*Ros.* *Sans, sans*, I pray you.
*Ber.* Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke
Ile leane it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three.
They are infected, in their hearts it lies
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes.
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.
*Qu.* No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.
*Ber.* Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.
*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue
*Ber.* Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.
*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
*Ber.* Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.
*King.* Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude transgression, some faire excuse.
*Qu.* The fairest is confession.
Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?
*King.* Madam, I was.
*Qu.* And were you well aduis'd?
*King.* I was faire Madam.
*Qu.* When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
*King.* That more then all the world I did respect her
*Qu.* When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect her
*King.* Vpon mine Honor no.
*Qu.* Peace peace, forbeare
Your oath once broke, you force not to forsweare.
*King.* Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.
*Qu.* I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline*,
What did the Russian whisper in your eare?
*Ros.* Madam he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer.
*Qu.* God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth vphold his word
*King.* What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.
*Ros.* By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this. But take it sir againe.
*King.* My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.
*Qu.* Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
*Ber.* Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, some Dick
That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,

Told

Tels our ments before wh ch once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours, a d then we
Fo low ng the ſ gnes, woo'd but the ngne of he.
Now to our perſaure, to aide more terror,
Ve are againe forſworne in wil and error
Much vpon th s: and w ' not you
Foreſtel our part to make vs t s v tree?
Do not you k ow my Ladies foot by th q e?
And laugh vpon the a pe of ere e?
And ſtand betwee e er ache ſ, and t' e re,
Holding a trencher, iefting merily?
You ſhall our Page go you are alowd
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd
You ſteere vpon me, co you? There's an e
Woods were Le e twe
*Ber.* Fayre meriſ lath t s braue ma ner tut ſcar-
reere beneath .
*Ber.* Loue ſ talke ſtraight Peace, I ſue e

*Enter Clowne*

Welcome pure wit thou art a fayre day
*Clo.* O Lor r, t ey wou l k ,
W e t e e re wor e ſt l ſ e
*Ber.* Wart, ere ere our ſ ee?
*Clo.* Nor ſ, our t ward e,
For cats e e p ents el ee
*Ber.* An t ſ ect ne t ceasn e
*Clo.* Not o ſir, ſ e ect e I hope it ſ not a
You can beg , I ſmell ſ ou ſ e k ow what
we know I ſ e ſ ect e ſt c e
*Ber.* Is not a e
*Clo.* Vnder cor ect ſ ſir, we know where vntil it
doth amount
*Ber.* By Ie e I take e for ſ ee t ee for one
*Clow* God ſ e ſ we e , t ey you ſ ou ſ e , your
hang by re k p f
*Ber.* How e ?
*Clo.* O Lord ſ , ſ part ſ co e ſ e ad ſt
w l ſhew where v p am t e e
part, I am ſ ry y, but to ſpeke t e
poore mas *Pompion*, I e
*Ber.* Art o e e Worthies?
*Clo.* I ha ed e e e *Pompey*
the great his ow e , I
the Worthie, but I am to ſtand for him
*Ber.* Go, bid them prepare. *Exit*
*Clo.* We will on e t ey ſ ut, we will take
care
*King.* Berowne they will ſhame vs
Let them not approach.
*Ber.* We are ſhame-proofe my Lord and tis ſome
policie, to haue one ſhew worſe than the
compame,
*King.* I ſay they ſ all come
*Qu.* Nay my good Lord, let me o e e
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how
Where Zeale ſtriues to co te t and the co te
Diſ ers the Zeale of that w ch it preſents
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring, periſh in their birth
*Ber.* A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

*Enter Braggart*

*Brag.* Annointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy
royall ſweet breath as will vtter a brace of words
*Qu.* Doth this man ſerue God?
*Ber.* Why aſke you?
*Qu.* He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.
*Brag.* That ſhall one mile tarie Ae ſ mote Ma ſ
For I p ſcett, the Schoolmaſter is exceed ng all
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But ve y
ly) to *Fortuna delaſour*, I will ſ you the p ſ of my
moſt rotten ſ o ment.
*King.* Here is a good preſence of Worthies
He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey*, great
the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*. And if these ſ e
t e reſt of the Worthies, ſ e we change
habites and apparell o er e .
*Ber.* I pray thee good Pompey
*King.* You are welcome, ſ
*Ber.* How ſweet Iacke, how briſke, how luſtie is Pompey?
Note the ch ld
Shall we ſtart Noſe, and ſpoile the beſt ſ e ,
Cam e the ſtrange ſ and take vp the
And I ſhip vp e a p e e ſ ee

*Enter Pompey*

*Clo. I Pompey am*
*Ber.* You lack you are not he
*Clo. I Pompey am*
*Ber.* With Libbard's head on knee,
*Ber.* Well ſaid Curtis,
I ſhall e be ſ e ,
*Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big,*
*Du* Dull,
*Clo.* Pompey ſurnam'd the Great
*That oft in field with Targe and Shield,*
*Ber.* Ha, well ſaid Curtis,
*Clo.* Sir I hope I may not proceed without interruption
*Ber.* Go to, I ſay you ſhall not.
*Clo.* Why my part is Pompey, I am Pompey
ſur ame the Great
*Ber.* Proceed, proceed.

*Enter Constable for Armado*

*Const.* Fame ſtrumpet now ſ ow I loſe e Com-
mon
*By Ie e Ner Nath n Sp d Ber n ſ ſ*
*Ar o e ſ e e e I am A ſ*
*Ber.* Your ſ are very welcome
For ſ ſ ſ
*Ber.* Your ſ or ſ , my Ie er ſ e
ſ g Ke
*Clo.* I the Conqueror ſ ſ
Proceede ſ ou Alexander,
*Cur.* If Gentlemen were ſ ſ , I were the moſt Com-
mander
*Ber.* Mo ſtrade, take gree, you were ſo *Alexander*
*Ber.* Pompey the great
*Clo.* your ſeruant and *Coſtard*.
*Ber.* Take away the Conqueror take away *Alexander*
*Clo.* O ſir you haue ouer ſ owne *Alexander* the Con-
queror you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for
this,

tes your Lion that holds his Poll-axe sitting on a close stoole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and afraid to speake: Runne away for shame *Alexander*. I here an't shall please you a foolish mild man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a marvailous promising man, beleeue me, he will proue a good Bowler (by hand or foot) as you see, how he is out of breath when he treades. But, comes Worthies a comming, will speake their mindes in some other sort. *Exit Cu.*

*Cu.* Stand aside good Pompey.

*Enter Pompey for Iudas Machabeus or Hercules.*

*Pom.* Great and puissant Monarch and eke Hercules,
Whose Club kild Cerberus that three-headed Canus,
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle serpents in *Maia*
*Quo niam*, he men'd not his minority,
*Ergo*, I come with this Apology.
Keep, stand aside. Know I in Armes am call'd. *Exit Pom.*

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* A Dieu.

*Ped.* Without marry,

*Iudas I am ycleped Machabeus.*

*Dum.* Iudas Machabeus clapper-clawd, ha ha Iudas.

*Ber.* A kinsman to Iudas? were not he proud *Iudas*?

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* The more shame for you Iudas.

*Ped.* What meane you?

*Ber.* For to make Iudas hang himselfe.

*Ped.* Begin sir, you are my Elder.

*Ber.* Well followed: Iudas was hanged for being so.

*Ped.* I will do it in despight of the teeth of all rime.

*Ber.* Do it then, do it.

*Ped.* Well followed Iudas, was hanged on an Elder.

*Ber.* I will not be sworne but your legge is too bigge for Iudas.

*Ped.* Thy reason dull Asse, why?

*Dum.* Because of the bulke.

*Ped.* A weake prop for your credit.

*Ber.* Now by the hand I pledge my credit in a kinde Iudas.

*Dum.* It is not so much impaired, for it stands upon me to be a stale Iudas or no: Iudas I say.

*Ped.* By the Lord I will not be Iudas.

*Dum.* Not Iudas? not shew your selfe in what you vow?

*Ped.* Not Iudas I am.

*Dum.* A Dieu.

*Ped.* Without marry.

*Iudas I am ycleped Machabeus.*

*Dum Iudas Machabeus clapper-clawd*, ha ha Iudas.

*Ber.* A kinsman to Iudas? were not he proud *Iudas*?

*Ped.* *Iudas I am.*

*Dum.* The more shame for you *Iudas*.

*Ped.* What meane you?

*Ber.* To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

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*Dum.* The more shame for you *Iudas*.

*Ped.* What meane you?

*Ber.* To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

*Ped.* Begin sir, you are my Elder.

*Ber.* Well followed: Iudas was hanged on an Elder.

*Ped.* I will do it in despight of the teeth of all rime.

*Ber.* Do it then, do it.

*Ped.* Well followed Iudas, was hanged on an Elder.

*Ber.* But is this *Hector*?

*Kath.* I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

*Lon.* His legge is too big for *Hector*.

*Dum.* More Calfe certaine.

*Boy.* No, he is best indued in the small.

*Ber.* This cannot be *Hector*.

*Dum.* He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

*Brag.* *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty, gaue Hector a gift.*

*Dum.* A gilt Nutmegge.

*Ber.* A Lemmon.

*Lon.* Stucke with Cloues.

*Dum.* No clouen.

*Brag.* *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,*
*Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Ilion,*
*A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight yea*
*From morne till night, out of his Pauilion*
I am that flowre.

*Dum.* That Mint.

*Lon.* That Columbine.

*Brag.* Sweet Lord *Longauill* rein thy tongue.

*Lon.* I must rather giue it the reine, for it runnes against *Hector*.

*Dum.* I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

*Brag.* The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried.
But I will forward with my deuice,
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

*Here comes Pompey the Great.*

*Cost.* Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

*Brag.* I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

*Boy.* Loues her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Brag.* *This Hector farre surmounted Hannibal.*

*The posture gone.*

*Cost.* Fellow *Hector*, she's gone; she is two months on her way.

*Brag.* What meane you?

*Cost.* Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore wench is cast away: she's quick, she's with child, she's vndone, she is.

*Brag.* Beleeue me thou perishest: Is shee not quicke? I do thinke her as dead as anger can make her.

*Cost.* I would all Hector be whipt with Spanish flies, and sprucke by him, and all dead for *Pompey*, that's dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare *Pompey*.

*Boy.* Renowned *Pompey*.

*Ber.* Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*. *Pompey* the Huge.

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Ber.* *Pompey* is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre them, or stirre them on.

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Ber.* I am like no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.

*Brag.* By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword. I pray you let mee borrow my Armes againe.

*Dum.* Roome for the incensed Worthies.

*Cost.* Ile do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute *Pompey*.

*Page.* Master, let me take you a button hole lower. Do you not see *Pompey* is vncasing for the combat: what meane

meane you? you will loſe your reputation.

*Brag.* Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

*Dum.* You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

*Brag.* Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

*Ber.* What reaſon haue you for it?

*Brag.* The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt, I go woolward for penance.

*Boy.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile be ſworne he wore none, but a diſhclout of *Iaquenetta's*, and that hee weares next his heart for a fauour.

*Enter a Meſſenger, Monſieur Marcade.*

*Mar.* God ſaue you Madame.

*Qu.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

*Mar.* I am ſorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

*Qu.* Dead for my life.

*Mar.* Euen ſo: My tale is told.

*Ber.* Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

*Brag.* For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier.

*Exeunt Worthies*

*Kin.* How fare's your Maieſtie?

*Qu.* *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

*Kin.* Madame not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

*Qu.* Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and entreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the converſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſuite, ſo eaſily obtain'd.

*Kin.* The extreme parts of time extremely formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed
And often at his very looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſie of Loue:
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpoſ'd: ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome profitable
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

*Qu.* I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.

*Ber.* Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the eares of griefe
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King,
For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oathes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors
Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance.
Which parte-coated preſence of looſe loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue miſbecom'd our oathes and grauities,
Thoſe heauenlie eies that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falſe, for euer to be true
To thoſe that make vs both, faire Ladies you
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.

*Qu.* We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue
Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counſailes rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant ieſt, and courteſie,
As bumbaſt and as lining to the time:
But more deuout then theſe are our reſpects
Haue we not beene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then ieſt

*Long.* So did our lookes.

*Roſa.* We did not coat them ſo

*Kin.* Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.

*Qu.* A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in.
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore thus:
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me.
Your oth I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world
There ſtay, vntil the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If frolts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue,
But that it bear this triall, and laſt loue
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kiſſing chine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My woefull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others hart

*Kin.* If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eie
Hence euer then, my heart is ſtrongly preſt.

*Ber.* And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

*Roſ.* You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
A twelue-month ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke

*Dum.* But what to me my loue? but what to me?

*Kat.* A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

*Dum.* O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

*Kat.* Not ſo my Lord, a twelue-month and a day,

Ile

He marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King commits my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, I'le ope you some,
*Dum.* Deere Berowne write true and faithfully to them.
*Kath.* Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.
*Lon.* What saies *Maria*?
*Mar.* At the twelue months end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend
*Lon.* I'le stay with patience, but the time is long.
*Mar.* The liker you, few taller are so yong.
*Ber.* Studies my Lord? I mean in the Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye
What humble suit attends thy answer there,
Impose some seruice on me for my loue.
*Ros.* Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the world large fame
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts:
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weede this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won
You shall this twelue month terme from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still conuerse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeauour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
*Ber.* To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie
*Ros.* Why that expels our courtship, or plaine wit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iest's prosperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly eares
Deafe with the clamours of their owne dear groanes,
Will heare your idle scornes, continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall finde you empty of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
*Ber.* A twelue month? Well, befall what will befall,
Ile iest a twelue month in an Hospitall.
*Qu.* I sweet my Lord and so I take my leaue
*Kin.* No Madame, we will bring you on your way.
*Ber.* Our wooing doth not end like an old Play
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.
*Kin.* Come sir, it wants a twelue month and a day,
And then 'twill end.
*Ber.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter Braggart.*

*Brag.* Sweet Maiesty vouchsafe me
*Qu.* Was not that Hector?
*Dum.* The worthie Knight of Troy.
*Brag.* I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the
Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most esteemed greatnesse, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our Show.
*Kin.* Call them forth quickely, we will do so.
*Brag.* Holla, Approach.

*Enter all.*

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
*Ver*, begin

*The Song*

When Daisies pied, and Violets blew
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he.
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes.
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare

*Winter*

When Icicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his nailе:
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pailе
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who:
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marians nose lookes red and raw.
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

*Brag.* The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

# A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

## *Actus primus.*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.*

*The.* NOw faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy dayes bring in
Another Moone: but O me thinkes how slow
This old Moone wanes? She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young mans reuennew.
*Hip.* Foure dayes will quickly steep themselues in nights,
Foure nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone like to a siluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
*The.* Go *Philostrate*,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius.*

*Ege.* Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.
*The.* Thankes good *Egeus*: what's the newes with thee?
*Ege.* Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.
*Stand forth Demetrius.*
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
*Stand forth Lysander.*
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voyce, verses of faining loue,
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hayre, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately prouided in that case.
*The.* What say you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide.
To you your Father should be as a God,
One that compos'd your beauties, yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it.
*Demetrius* is a worthy Gentleman.
*Her.* So is *Lysander*.
*The.* In himselfe he is:
But in this kinde, wanting your Fathers voyce,
The other must be held the worthier.
*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
*The.* Rather your eyes must with his iudgement looke.
*Her.* I do entreat your Grace, to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how much modesty it is in me
To speake before the Duke and Lord:
I am not sure I could do him right,
That I do know: and as I do not know,
That I can tame my modesty to speake.
*The.* Take time to pause, and by the next new Moone
(The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlasting bond of fellowship)
Prepare to die for disobedience.
Therefore faire Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mewed,
To liue a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage.
But earthlier happier is the rose distild,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

*Her.* So will I grow, so liue, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoake,
My soule consents not to giue soueraignty.
*The.* Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlasting bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Diana's* Altar to protest
For aie, austerity, and single life.
*Dem.* Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
*Lys.* You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias* do you marry with him.
*Ege.* Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Loue,
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.
*Lys.* I am my Lord as well deriued as he,
As well possest: my loue is more than his
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranked
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*
And (which is more than all these words can be)
I am beloued of beauteous *Hermia*:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
*Demetrius*, I'le auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.
*The.* I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue spoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of self-affaires,
My mind did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will,
Or else the Law of Athens yields you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
*Demetrius* and *Egeus* go along:
I must employ you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and confer with you
Of something nearely that concernes your selues.
*Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Lysander and Hermia.*

*Lys.* How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?
*Her.* Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them from the tempest of mine eyes.
*Lys.* For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer hear by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.
*Her.* O crosse! too high to be enthral'd to loue.
*Lys.* Or else misgrafted, in respect of yeares.
*Her.* O spight! too old to be ingag'd to young.
*Lys.* Or else it stood vpon the choise of friends.
*Her.* O hell! to choose loue by another's eie.
*Lys.* Or if there were a simpathie in choise,
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound:
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth:
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.
*Her.* If then true Louers haue beene euer crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie crosse,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers.
*Lys.* A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennew, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me, then
Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obseruance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.
*Her.* My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan vnder saile was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more than euer women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.
*Lys.* Keepe promise loue. Looke here comes *Helena*.

*Enter Helena.*

*Her.* God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?
*Hel.* Call you me faire? that faire againe vnsay,
*Demetrius* loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable than Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickenesse is catching: O were fauor so,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.
*Her.* I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.
*Hel.* O that your frownes would teach my smiles such skill.
*Her.* I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.
*Hel.* O that my prayers could such affection moue.
*Her.* The more I hate, the more he followes me.
*Hel.* The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
*Her.* His folly Helena is none of mine.
*Hel.* None but your beauty, would that fault were mine.
*Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
*Lysander* and my selfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell
*Lys.* Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phebe* doth behold
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuis'd to steale.
*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:
There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Farewell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lysander* we must starue our sight,
From louers food, till morrow deepe midnight
*Exit Hermia.*
*Lys.* I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander*
*Hele.* How happy some, o're other some can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fayre as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not so,
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities
Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
Loue can transpose to forme and dignity,
Loue looketh not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues mind of any iudgement taste
Wings and no eyes, figure vnheedy haste.
And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,
Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
As waggish boyes in game themselues forsweare:
So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
For ere *Demetrius* look't on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolu'd, and showres of oathes did melt,
I will go tell him of faire *Hermias* flight
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expence:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

*Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Taylor.*

*Quin.* Is all our company heere?
*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip
*Qui.* Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Duches, on his wedding day at night.
*Bot.* First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.
*Quin.* Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.
*Bot.* A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Maisters spread your selues.
*Quince.* Answere as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weauer.
*Bottome.* Ready, name what part I am for, and proceed.
*Quince.* You *Nicke Bottome* are set downe for *Pyramus*.
*Bot.* What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?
*Quin.* A louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for loue.
*Bot.* That will aske some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eyes: I will moue stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split. The raging Rocks, and shiuering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carre (Ieshu, Ieshu) shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.
*Quin.* Francis Flute the bellowes-mender.
*Flu.* Heere *Peter Quince*.
*Quin.* You must take *Thisbie* on you.
*Flu.* What is *Thisbie*, a Monster?
*Quin.* It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must loue.
*Flu.* Nay faith, let not me play a woman, I haue a beard coming.
*Quin.* That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.
*Bot.* And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too. Ile speake in a monstrous little voice, *Thisne, Thisne*, *Ah Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady deare.
*Quin.* No no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisbie*.
*Bot.* Well, proceed.
*Qu.* *Robin Starueling* the Taylor.
*Star.* Heere *Peter Quince*.
*Quince.* *Robin Starueling*, you must play *Thisbies* mother. *Tom Snout* the Tinker.
*Snout.* Heere *Peter Quince*.
*Quin.* You, *Pyramus* father, must play *Thisbies* father. *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.
*Snug.* Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if it be, giue it me, for I am slow of study.
*Quin.* You may do it extemporie, for it is nothing but roaring.
*Bot.* Let me play the Lion too, I will roare that I will do any mans heart good to heare me; I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.
*Quin.* If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.
*All.* That would hang vs euery mothers sonne.
*Bottome.* I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.
*Quin.* You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus*

…mus is a sweet-faced man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day, a most louely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*

*Bot.* Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why what you will

*Bot.* I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-graine beard, or your French-crowne-colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light; there will we rehearse, for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dogg'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you fayle me not.

*Bottom.* We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

*Quin.* At the Duke's oake we meete.

*Bot.* Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.*

*Rob.* How now spirit, whether wander you?

*Fai.* Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough bush, thorough briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander euery where, swifter then the Moones sphere;
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the green.
The Cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats, spots you see,
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours,
In those freckles liue their sauours,
I must go seeke some dew drops here,
And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.
Farewell thou lob of spirits, Ile be gone,
Our Queene and all her Elues come here anon.

*Rob.* The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant, hath
A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had so sweet a changeling,
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the child
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
But she perforce withholds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in grone, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled starlight sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knauish sprite
Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse housewife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

*Rob.* Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I left to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likenesse of a filly foale,
And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,
In very likenesse of a roasted crab:
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tailour cries, and falls into a cough.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swearc,
A merrier houre was neuer wasted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*

*Fai.* And heere my Mistris
Would that he were gone

*Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud *Titania*.

*Qu.* What, iealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
I haue forsworne his bed and companie

*Ob.* Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

*Qu.* Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou hast stolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of *Corin*, sate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou heere
Come from the farthest steepe of *India*?
But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,
To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie

*Ob.* How canst thou thus for shame *Titania*,
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus*?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia*, whom he rauished?
And make him with fayre Aegles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

*Qu.* These are the forgeries of iealousie,
And neuer since the middle Summers spring
Met we on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,
But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport,
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath euery petty Riuer made so proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents
The Ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,

The

The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymne or carol blest.
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire,
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
And through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter, hoared-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Summer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which.
And this same progeny of euils
Comes from our iarre, as from their cause and ground.
*Ob.* Do you amend it then, it lyes in you,
Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.
*Qu.* Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buyes not the child of me.
His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
And in the spiced Indian ayre, by night
Full often hath she gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on Neptunes yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and saile vpon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I do reare vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
*Ob.* How long within this wood intend you stay?
*Qu.* Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-light reuels, go with vs,
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
*Ob.* Giue me that boy, and I will go with thee.
*Qu.* Not for thy fairy kingdome. Fairies away,
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt*
*Ob.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembrest
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.
*Puck.* I remember
*Ob.* That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all armd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestal, throned by the West,
And loosd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quenchd in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little western flower;
Before, milke-white, now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue-in-idlenesse.
Fetch me this flower; the herb I shew'd thee once,
The iuice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.
*Puck.* I'le put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes.
*Exit.*
*Ob.* Hauing once this iuice,
I will watch *Titania* when she is asleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On meddling Monkie, or on busie Ape,
She shall pursue it with the soule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herbe)
I'le make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes here? I am inuisible,
And I will ouerhear their conference.
*Enter Demetrius, Helena* and *Egeus.*
*Ege.* Happy to *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.
*Dem.* Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the newes with thee?
*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth *Demetrius*. My noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth *Lysander*: and my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitcht the bosome of my child.
Thou thou *Lysander* thou hast giuen her rimes,
And interchanged louetokens with my child:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice verses of feigning loue,
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hayre, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, nosegayes, sweetmeats (messengers
Of strong preuailment in vnharded youth)
With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law
Immediately prouided in that case.
*The.* What say you *Hermia*? be aduisd fair maid.
To you your father should be as a God,
One that compos'd your beauties, yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
*Her.* So is *Lysander*.
*The.* In himselfe he is:
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
*The.* Rather your eyes must with his iudgement looke.
*Her.* I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.
*The.* Either to die the death, or to abiure
For euer the society of men.
Therefore faire *Hermia*, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloyster mewed,
To liue a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint Hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happy is the Rose distild,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies in single blessednesse.
*Her.* So will I grow, so liue, so die my Lord,
Ere vnto my virginity I will graunt
Posession of that right, which I haue vowed
In fresher youth, to him, or else forsworne.
*The.* Take time to pause, and by the next new Moone
(The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlasting bond of fellowship)
Vpon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as he would,
Or on Dianaes Altar to protest
For aye, austerity and single life.
*Dem.* Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander* yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
*Lys.* You haue her fathers loue *Demetrius*,
Let me haue *Hermias*: do you marry him.
*Ege.* Scornful *Lysander*! true he hath my loue,
And what is mine my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.
*Lys.* I am my Lord as well deriued as he,
As well possest, my loue is more than his,
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranked
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*,
And (which is more than all these boasts can be)
I am beloued of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
*Demetrius* (I'le auouch it to his head)
Made loue to Nedars daughter, Helena,
And won her soule: and she (sweet Lady) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.
*The.* I must confesse that I haue heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue spoke thereof:
But being ouerfull of self affaires,
My mind did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you fair *Hermia*, look you arme your selfe
To fit your fancies to your fathers will,
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheere my loue?
*Demetrius* and *Egeus* go along:
I must employ you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and confer with you
Of something nearely that concernes your selues.
*Ege.* With duety and desire we follow you.
*Exeunt.*
*Manet Lysander and Hermia.*
*Lys.* How now my loue? why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?
*Her.* Belike for want of rayne, which I could well
Beteeme them from the tempest of mine eyes.
*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that ere I could read,
Could euer heare by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood,
*Her.* O crosse! too high to be enthralled to low.
*Lys.* Or else misgraffed in respect of yeares,
*Her.* O spight! too old to be engaged to young.
*Lys.* Or else it stood vpon the choice of friends,
*Her.* O hell! to choose loue by another's eyes.
*Lys.* Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
Warre, death, or sickenesse did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure it vp:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
*Her.* If then true Louers haue been euer crost,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let vs teach our patience our owne wrongs,
Make vertue of our faults, since by our faults
To loue is destinie. Then my *Lysander*,
A good perswasion: therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a widdow Aunt, a dowager
Of great reuenue, and she hath no child,
From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues,
And she respects me as her only sonne.
There gentle *Hermia* may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me then,
Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night,
And in the wood a league without the towne,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To do obseruance to a morne of May,
There will I stay for thee.
*Her.* My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus doues,
By that which knitteth soules and prospers loue,
And by that fire which burnd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan vnder saile was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
In number more than euer women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truely will I meet with thee.
*Lys.* Keepe promise loue: look here comes *Helena*.
*Enter Helena.*
*Her.* God speed faire *Helena*: whither away?
*Hel.* Call you me faire? that faire againe vnsay.
Demetrius loues your faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable than Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare.
Sickenesse is catching: O were faire not so,
Our ills, our tricks, our troubles would not know
Our mindes the shrines of our demeanors would be,
Why then the world, and all that I loue, is thee.
*Demetrius* loues your faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable than Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare.
Sickenesse is catching: O were faire not so,
Our ills, our tricks, our troubles would not know
Our mindes the shrines of our demeanors would be,
Why then the world, and all that I loue, is thee.
*Dem.* I will my father tell of this stolne iourney,
And in the wood where often you and I
Vpon faint Primrose beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes of their counsell sweld,
There my *Lysander* and my selfe shall meet,
And thence from Athens turne away our eyes,
To seeke new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell sweet playfellow, thou troblest me,
And by me wrongd I will your torments be.
*Hel.* Poore I am more than euer I did know,
I do beleeue the best to be confest,
And yet what priuiledge hath beauty then?
Vnto whose vertue we confesse all soule,
Is not enuied, as wit is, and blessing,
And riches, and the gifts dame Nature deales,
But mockt, and mowed at, and abhorred,
As I am now for *Demetrius* loue.
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight,
Then to the wood will he to morrow night
Pursue her: and for this intelligence
If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his sight thither and back againe.
*Exit.*

For you in my reſpect are all the world
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?
*Dem.* I'le runne from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſts.
*Hel.* The wolfe vnder hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe,
The Doue purſues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tiger. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowarde purſues and valour flies.
*Dem.* I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go,
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe in the wood.
*Hel.* Ide the Temple, the Towne, and Field
You doe me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſexe
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe,
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue ſo well. *Exit*
*Ob.* Faire thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thee good Puck, haſt thee Welcome wanderer.

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* I, there it is
*Ob.* I pray thee giue it me
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes
Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannoped with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muske roſes, and with Eglantine;
There ſleepes *Titania* ſometime of the night
Lull'd in theſe flowers, with dances and delight,
And there the ſnake throwes her enamell'd ſkinne,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in.
And with the iuice of this Ile make her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this groue
A ſweet Athenian Lady is in loue
With a diſdainefull youth, anoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on,
Effect it with ſome care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her loue,
And looke thou meet me ere the firſt Cocke crow
*Puck.* Feare not my Lord, your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exit.*

*Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.*

*Quee.* Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremice, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint ſpirits. Sing me now aſleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

*Faines Sing.*

*You ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,*
*Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſeene,*
*Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,*
*Come not neere our Fairy Queene*
*Philomele with melodie,*
*Sing in our ſweet Lullaby.*
*Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,*
*Neuer harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,*
*Come our louely Lady nye,*
*So good night with Lullaby.*
2. *Fairy. Weauing Spiders come not heere,*
*Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence*
*Beetles blacke approach not neere;*
*Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.*
*Philomele with melody, &c.*
1. *Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;*
*One aloofe, ſtand Centinell.* *Shee ſleepes*

*Enter Oberon.*

*Ober.* What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his take.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

*Enter Lyſander and Hermia.*

*Lyſ.* Faire loue you faint with wandring in ſ woods,
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way:
Weel reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
*Her.* Be it ſo *Lyſander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will reſt my head.
*Lyſ.* One turfe ſhall ſerue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two boſomes, and one troth.
*Her.* Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake my deare
Lie further off yet, doe not lie ſo neere
*Lyſ.* O take the ſence ſweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it,
Two boſomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.
*Her.* *Lyſander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courteſie
Lie further off, in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweet friend;
Thy loue ne're alter, till thy ſweet life end.
*Lyſ.* Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty
Heere is my bed, ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.
*Her.* With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt
*Enter Pucke.* *They ſleepe.*
*Puck.* Through the Forreſt haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whoſe eyes I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maides
And heere the maiden ſleeping found,

On the danke and durty ground
Pretty soule, she durst not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-courtesie.
Churle vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let loue forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

*Enter Demetrius and Helena running*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.
*De.* I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
*Hel.* O wilt thou darkling, leaue me? do not so.
*De.* Stay on thy perill, I alone will go. *Exit Demetrius*

*Hel.* O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoeere she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares
If so, my eyes are oftner washt than hers
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me runne away for feare,
Therefore no marueile, though *Demetrius*
Do as a monster flie my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground,
Dead or asleepe? I see no blood, no wound,
*Lysander*, if you liue good sir awake.
*Lys.* And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena* nature her two arts,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!
*Hel.* Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loues you, then be content.
*Lys.* Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent
Not *Hermia* but *Helena* now I loue,
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;
So I being young, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I o'relooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.
*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserue this scorne?
Is't not enough, is't not enough young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good sooth you do)
In such disdainful manner, me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd *Exit.*
*Lys.* She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And neuer maist thou come *Lysander* neere;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,
Are hated most of those that did deceiue
So thou, my surfeit and my heresie,
Of all be hated, but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit*
*Her.* Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ay me, for pitty, what a dreame was here?
*Lysander* looke, how I do quake with feare.
Me thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.
*Lysander*, what remoou'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare
Speake of all woes; I stand almost with feare
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

## *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter the Clowns.*

*Bot.* Are we all met?
*Quin.* Pat, pat, and here's a marueilous conuenient place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this hawthorne brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.
*Bot.* *Peter quince?*
*Peter.* What saist thou bully *Bottome?*
*Bot.* There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby* that will neuer please. First *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himselfe, which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?
*Snout.* By'lakin, a parlous feare.
*Starue.* I believe we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.
*Bot.* Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed: and for the more better assurance, tell them that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus* but *Bottome* the Weauer: this will put them out of feare.
*Quin.* Well, we will haue such a Prologue and it shall be written in eight and six.
*Bot.* No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.
*Snout.* Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lyon?
*Starue.* I feare it, I promise you.
*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with your selues, to bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde fowle, then your Lyon liuing; and we ought to looke to it.
*Snout.* Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.
*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons neck, and he himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect: Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request

request you,or I would entreat you not to feare, not to tremble my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are, and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so: but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone light into a chamber: for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisbie* meete by Moonelight.

*Sn.* Doth the Moone shine that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

*Enter Pucke*

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorne and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing: we must haue a wall in the great Chamber: for *Pyramus* and *Thisbie* (as they say) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

*Sn.* You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Bottome*?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaister, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall: or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny, shall *Pyramus* and *Thisbie* whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mother sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus* you begin: when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* What hempen home-spuns haue we swaggering here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairie Queene?
What a Iest is this? sweet Bottome! thou art changed: what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an Asse-head of your owne, do you?

*Enter Peter Quince.*

*Pet.* Blesse thee *Bottome*, blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knauery: this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could: but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will sing, that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woosel cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill,
The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

*Tita.* What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plaine-song Cuckow gray,
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, nay:
for indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, but the Cuckow, that cannot tell what he saies himselfe?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy fayre vertues force perforce doth moue me
On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

*Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, nowadayes. The more the pitty, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,
And I do loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee:
And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on prest flowers dost sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,
That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

*Enter Peaze-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.*

*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be

*Tita.* Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs and Mulberries,
The honie-bags ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery-Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies.
To fanne the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eies
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curteſies.

*1 Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

*2 Fai.* Haile.

*3 Fai.* Haile

*Bot.* I cry your worſhips mercy hartily; I beſeech your worſhips name.

*Cob.* Cobweb

*Bot.* I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you
Your name honeſt Gentleman?

*Peaſ.* *Peaſe-bloſſome.*

*Bot.* I pray you commend mee to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome* I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

*Muſ.* *Muſtard ſeede.*

*Peaſ.* *Peaſe-bloſſome.*

*Bot.* Good maſter *Muſtard ſeede*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtard ſeede.*

*Tita.* Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,
And when ſhe weepes, weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtitie
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

*Enter King of Fairies ſolus*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak't
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doate on, in extremitie

*Enter Puck*

Here comes my meſſenger: how now mad ſpirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

*Puck.* My Miſtreſſe with a monſter is in loue,
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping houer,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals
That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Aſſes noule I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thiſbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him eſpie,
As Wilde-geeſe, that the creeping Fowler eſpy,
Or ruſſed-pated choughes, many in ſort
(Riſing and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themſelues, and madly ſweepe the skyes

So at his ſight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our ſtampe here ore and ore one falls
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weake, loſt with their feares thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell ſnatch,
Some ſleeues, ſome hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Pyramus* tranſlated there
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
*Titania* waked, and ſtraightway lou'd an Aſſe

*Ob.* This falls out better then I could deuiſe
But haſt thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eies
With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?

*Puck.* I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht too)
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak'd of force ſhe muſt be eyde

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia*

*Ob.* Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian*

*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man

*Dem.* O why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I ſhall driue thee worſe
For thou, I feare, haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe,
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe,
Being ore ſhoes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too.
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue ſtolne away
From ſleeping *Hermia*? I'le beleeue as ſoone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noone-tide, with th'Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murderer looke, ſo dead, ſo grim.

*Dem.* So ſhould the murdered looke, and ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright, as cleare,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering ſpheare

*Her.* What's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius* wilt thou giue him me?

*Dem.* I'de rather giue his carcaſſe to my hounds.

*Her.* Out dog, out cur, thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.
O, once tell true, euen for my ſake,
Durſt thou a looke vpon him being awake?
And haſt thou killd him ſleeping? O braue touch,
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung

*Dem.* You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpriſd mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lyſanders* bloud:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee tell me then that he is well

*Dem.* And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?

*Her.* A priuiledge, neuer to ſee me more;
And from thine hated preſence part I ſee me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit*

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So ſorrow's heauineſſe doth heauier grow
For debt that bankrout ſlip doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,

If

If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lie downe.*
*Ob.* What thou haſt done? thou haſt miſtaken quite
And laid the loue-iuyce on ſome true loues ſight:
Of thy miſprision muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true
*Rob.* Then fate o're-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile confounding oath on oath
*Ob.* About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde
All fancy ſicke ſhe is, and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh bloud deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes againſt ſhe doth appeare.
*Rob.* I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*
*Ob.* Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye.
When his loue he doth eſpie,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt if ſhe be by
Beg of her for remedy.

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Captaine of our fairy traine,
*Obe.* Here art thou,
Now the night is in her wane,
I feare my Queene and all her traine
*Puck.* Feare not my Lord your Seruant here
Then what hath this thy errand bee
Go backe to the Pallace Cedar tree,
Where ſleepes my Miſtreſſe and her Knight,
Where ſleepes deere *Demetrius* ſo awight,
*Puck.* Then will two worke of one
The moſt forſeeds of our diſmay
Are not worth a pin of baſe alay
Faſt aſleepe, I will vntwine

*Enter Lyſander and Helena.*

*Lyſ.* Why ſhould you thinke I ſhould woo in ſcorne?
Scorne and derſion neuer come in teares;
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes ſo borne,
In their nativity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.
*Hel.* You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth. O deuiſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her o're?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh,
Your vowes to her, and me (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.
*Lyſ.* I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.
*Hel.* Nor none in my minde, now you giue her o're.
*Lyſ.* Demetrius loues her, and he loues not you. *Aſide.*
*Dem.* O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtall is muddy. O how ripe in ſhow,
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fan'd with the eaſterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdſt vp thy hand. O let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe,
*Hel.* O ſpight! O hell! I ſee you are all bent,
To ſetle gainſt me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not doe me thus much iniury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you muſt ioyne in ſoules to mocke me too?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vow, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conſume teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your derſion; none of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.
*Lyſa.* You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know,
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part,
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue and will do to my death.
*Hel.* Neare d d mockers waſt more idle breth.
*Lyſ.* I am *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none.
If e'r I loued her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
*Lyſ.* It is not ſo.
*De* Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function taket
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that ſound.
But why vnkindly didſt thou leaue me ſo? (to go?
*Lyſan.* Why ſhould hee ſtay whom Loue doth preſſe
*Her.* What loue could preſſe *Lyſander* from my ſide?
*Lyſ.* *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee ſo?
*Her.* You ſpeake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
*Hel.* Loe, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they have conioyn'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me
Iniurious Hermia, moſt vngratefull maid,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule derſion?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the houres that we haue ſpent,
When we haue chid the haſty footed time,
For parting vs O, is all forgot?
All ſchoole-dayes friendſhip, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,

Two

Two louely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient loue aſunder,
To ioyne with men in ſcorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our ſexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.
*Her.* I am amazed at your paſſionate words,
I ſcorne you not; It ſeemes that you ſcorne me.
*Hel.* Haue you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorne
To follow me, and praiſe my eies and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did ſpurne me with his foote)
To call me goddeſſe, nymph, diuine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtiall? Wherefore ſpeakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Denie your loue (ſo rich within his ſoule)
And tender me (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate
(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou'd),
This you ſhould pitie, rather then deſpiſe.
*Her.* I vnderſtand not what you meane by this.
*Hel.* Ioe, preſent, counterfeit, frad lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the ſweete ieſt vp
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument.
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or abſence ſoone ſhall remedie.
*Lyſ.* Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena*
*Hel.* O excellent!
*Her.* Sweete, do not ſcorne her ſo.
*Dem.* If ſhe cannot entreate, I can compell
*Lyſ.* Thou canſt compell, no more then ſhe entreate.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weak praiſe
*Helen*, I loue thee, by my life I doe,
I ſweare by that which I will loſe for thee,
To proue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
*Dem.* I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
*Lyſ.* If thou ſay ſo, with-draw and proueſt too.
*Dem.* Quick, come.
*Her.* *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
*Lyſ.* Away, you *Ethiope*.
*Dem.* No, no, Sir, ſeeme to breake looſe,
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
*Lyſ* Hang off thou cat, thou burr: vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
*Her.* Why are you growne ſo rude
What change is this ſweete Loue?
*Lyſ.* Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poiſon hence
*Her.* Do you not ieſt?
*Hel.* Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
*Lyſ.* *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee
*Dem.* I would I had your bond: for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you; Ile not truſt your word.
*Lyſ.* What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her ſo.
*Her.* What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lou'd me; yet ſince night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
*Lyſ.* I, by my life,
And neuer did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no ieſt,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.
*Her.* O me, you iugler, you canker bloſſome,
You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,
And ſtolne my loues heart from him?
*Hel.* Fine yfaith
Haue you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfull feare? What, will you teare
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet you
*Her.* Puppet? why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that ſhe hath made compare
Betweene our ſtatures, ſhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perſonage her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth ſhe hath preuayled with him.
And are you growne ſo high in his eſteeme,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
*Hel.* I pray you though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curſt
I haue no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe,
I am a right maide for my cowardice;
Let her not ſtrike me. you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her
*Her.* Lower? harke againe
*Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followes you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me too,
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how simple, and how fond I am.
*Her.* Why get you gone: who is't that hinders you?
*Hel.* A fooliſh heart that I leaue here behinde.
*Her.* What, with *Lyſander*?
*Her.* With *Demetrius*.
*Lyſ.* Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
*Dem.* No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part
*Hel.* O when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
*Her.* Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
*Lyſ.* Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
*Dem.* You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices

Let

Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,
Thou shalt abide it
*Lys.* Now she holds me not,
Now follow it thou dar'st to try whose right,
Or thine or mine is most in *Helena*.
*Dem.* Follow? Nay, I'le go with thee cheeke by iowle.
*Exit Lysander and Demetrius.*
*Her.* You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.
*He.* I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to runne away.
*Exit.*

*Enter Oberon and Puck.*

*Ob.* This is thy negligence thou wilt mistake,
Or else committ'st thy knaueries wilfully.
*Puck.* Believe me King of shadowes I mistooke.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an Athenian's eyes,
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.
*Ob.* Thou seest these Louers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore Robin ouercast the night,
The starre Wexen court thou anon,
With drooping fogges as blacke as Acheron,
And lead these testie Riuals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong,
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*,
And from each other looke thou lead them thus,
Till ore their browes death-counterfeiting sleepe
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creepe:
Then crush this herbe into *Lysander* eye
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame and fruitles vision,
And back to *Athens* shall the Louers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee employ,
I'le to my Queene and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.
*Puck.* My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora*'s harbinger:
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in crosse-waies & flouds haue burial,
Already to their wormie beds are gone,
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselues exile from light,
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.
*Ob.* But we are spirits of another sort
I, with the morning loue haue oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eastern gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.
*Puck.* Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will lead them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

*Enter Lysander.*

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.
*Rob.* Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
*Lys.* I will be with thee straight
*Rob.* Follow me then to plainer ground.

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Dem.* *Lysander*, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bush. Where dost thou hide thy head?
*Rob.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That draweth a sword on thee
*Dem.* Yea, art thou there?
*Rob.* Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here. *Exit.*
*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd than I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye, *stumbling place.*
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day: *lyes down*
For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'le find *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight.

*Enter Robin and Demetrius.*

*Rob.* Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'st thou not?
*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st: For well I wot,
Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,
And dar'st not stand nor looke me in the face
Where art thou?
*Rob.* Come hither, I am here.
*Dem.* Nay then thou mock'st me, thou shalt buy this dere,
If euer I thy face by day-light see.
Now go thy way. Faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day-light approach I looke to be visited.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe*
*Rob.* Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
*Cupid* is a knauish lad,

*Enter Hermia.*

Thus to make poore females mad.
*Her.* Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
Heauens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray
*Rob.* On the ground sleepe sound,
Ile apply your eie gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,

And

And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be shewne
Iacke shall haue Iill, nought shall goe ill,
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee well

*They sleepe all the Act.*

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.*

*Tita.* Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes do coy,
And stick muske roses in thy sleeke smooth head,
And kisse thy fayre large eares, my gentle ioy.
*Clow.* Where's Peaseblossome?
*Peas.* Ready.
*Clow.* Scratch my head Peaseblossome. Mounsier Cobweb.
*Cob.* Ready.
*Clow.* Mounsier Cobweb good Mounsier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-bee, on the top of a thistle: and good Mounsier bring me the honey bag. Do not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsier: and good Mounsier haue a care the honny bag break not: I should be loth to see you flowne with a honny bag. Where's Mounsier *Mustardseed?*
*Must.* Ready.
*Clo.* Giue me your neafe Mounsier *Mustardseed.* Pray you leaue your courtesie good Mounsier.
*Must.* What's your will?
*Clo.* Nothing good Mounsier, but to helpe Caualery *Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsier: for me thinkes I am maruell hairy about the face: and I am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must scratch.
*Tita.* What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet loue.
*Clow.* I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

*Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.*

*Tita.* Or say sweete Loue what thou desirest to eate.
*Clowne.* Truly a peck of prouender: I could munch your good dry Oates. Me thinkes I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.
*Tita.* I haue a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.
*Clown.* I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peaze. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.
*Tita.* Sleepe thou, and I will wind thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honysuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
O how I loue thee! how I doate on thee!

*Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.*

*Ob.* Welcome good Robin.
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet fauors for this hateful foole,
I did despise her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles,
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild termes begg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle Puck take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this Athenian swaine,
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to Athens back againe repaire,
And think no more of this nights accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

*Be as thou wast wont to be,*
*See as thou wast wont to see:*
*Dians bud o'er Cupids flower,*
*Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.
*Tita.* My Oberon, what visions haue I seene!
Me thought I was enamored of an Asse.
*Ob.* There lies your loue.
*Tita.* How came these things to passe?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!
*Ob.* Silence awhile. Robin take off this head.
*Titania* musicke call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe of all these fiue the sense.
*Tita.* Music, ho, music, such as charmeth sleepe.

*Musicke, still.*

*Rob.* When thou wak'st with thine owne fooles eyes peepe.
*Ob.* Sound musicke. Come my Queene, take hands with me,
And rocket we about the couered ground
Now thou art mine, I am new vowed,
And all my powre, my seruice, and my troth
Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,
And bless it to all faire posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithfull louers be
Wedded, with *Theseus* all in iollity.
*Rob.* Fairy King attend, and marke,
I do heare the morning Larke.
*Ob.* Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.
*Tita.* Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found,

*Sleepers Lye still.*

With these mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*
*Winde Hornes.*

*Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine*

*Thes.* Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our obseruation is perform'd;
And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top.
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and eccho in conuersation.
*Hip.* I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*, neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.
*Thes.* My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweep away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dewlapt, like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*;
Iudge when you heare. But soft, what nimphs are these?
*Egeus.* My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together,
*Thes.* No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue
The rite of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
But speake, cause *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choice?
*Egeus.* It is my Lord.
*Thes.* Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their
hornes.
*Horne winde, they wake.*
*Shout within: they all start vp.*
*Thes.* Good morrow friends. Saint *Valentine* is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?
*Lys.* Pardon my Lord.
*Thes.* I pray you all stand vp.
I know you two are riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from iealousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.
*Lys.* My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truely would I speake,
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;)
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of the *Athenian* Law.
*Ege.* Enough, enough, my Lord you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head.
They would haue stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me.
You of your wife, and me of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.
*Dem.* My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
And I in furie hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my loue
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehood I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,
But like a sickenesse did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.
*Thes.* Faire Louers, you are fortunately met,
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.
*Egeus*, I will ouer-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs to *Athens*, three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.
Come *Hippolita*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*
*Dem.* These things seeme small & vndistinguishable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds
*Her.* Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When euery things seemes double.
*Hel.* So me-thinkes:
And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.
*Dem.* It seemes to mee,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?
*Her.* Yea, and my Father.
*Hel.* And *Hippolita*.
*Lys.* And he bid vs follow to the Temple.
*Dem.* Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and
by the way let vs recount our dreames.
*Bottome wakes.* *Exit Louers.*
*Clo.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer,
My next is, most faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince?*
*Flute* the bellowes-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling?* Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I
haue had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse,
if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I
was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was,
and me-thought I had. But man is but a patcht foole,
if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans
hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his
heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called
*Bottomes Dreame*, because it hath no bottome; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it
at her death. *Exit.*

*Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling*

*Quin.* Haue you sent to *Bottomes* house? Is he come
home yet?
*Starue.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is
transported.

*Tarf* If

*Thiſ.* If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not poſſible: you haue not a man in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Piramus* but he.

*Thiſ.* No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

*Quin.* Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and he is a very Paramour, for a ſweet voyce.

*Thiſ.* You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe vs) a thing of nought.

*Enter Snug the Ioyner.*

*Snug.* Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married. If our ſport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

*Thiſ.* O ſweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he loſt ſixepence a day, during his life; he could not haue ſcaped ſixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him ſixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deſerued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

*Enter Bottome.*

*Bot.* Where are theſe Lads? Where are theſe hearts?

*Quin.* *Bottome*, O moſt courageous day! O moſt happie houre!

*Bot.* Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aſk me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you euery thing as it fell out.

*Qu.* Let vs heare, ſweet *Bottome*.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete preſently at the Palace, euery man looke o're his part: for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferred. In any caſe let *Thiſby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they ſhall hang out for the Lions clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter ſweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them ſay, it is a ſweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

*Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.*

*Hip.* 'Tis ſtrange my *Theſeus*, that theſe louers ſpeake of.

*The.* More ſtrange then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe antricke fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes.
Louers and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels then vaſte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation.
And a name. Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Beare?

*Hip.* But all the ſtorie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds tranſfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancie;
But howſoeuer, ſtrange, and admirable.

*Enter louers, Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.*

*The.* Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and freſh dayes
Of loue accompany your hearts.

*Lyſ.* More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boord, your bed.

*The.* Come now, what maskes, what dances ſhall we haue,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Betweene our after ſupper, and bed time?
Where is our vſuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus*.

*Ege.* Heere mighty *Theſeus*.

*The.* Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske? What muſicke? How ſhall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with ſome delight?

*Ege.* There is a breefe how many ſports are ripe.
Make choiſe of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

*Lyſ.* The battell with the Centaures to be ſung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

*The.* We'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.

*Lyſ.* The riot of the tipſie Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger, in their rage?

*The.* That is an old deuice, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror.

*Lyſ.* The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the death
of learning, late deceaſt in beggerie.

*The.* That is ſome Satire keene and critical,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

*Lyſ.* A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus*,
And his loue *Thiſby*; very tragicall mirth.

*The.* Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall wee finde the concord of this diſcord?

*Ege.* A play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus*
Therein doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water:
But more merrie teares, the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

*Thiſ.* What are they that do play it?

*Ege.* Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptiall.

*The.* And we will heare it.

*Phi.* No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their intents,
Extreamely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you ſeruice.
*Theſ.* I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duty tender it
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.
*Hip.* I loue not to ſee wretchednesſe o'recharged;
And duty in his ſeruice periſhing
*Theſ.* Why gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
*Hip.* He ſaies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.
*Theſ.* The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purpoſed
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off.
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweete,
Out of this ſilence yet, I pickt a welcome.
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.
*Egeus.* So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt
*Duke* Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

*Enter the Prologue.* *Quince.*

*Pro* If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in your ſleepe.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand, and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.
*Theſ.* This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.
*Lyſ.* He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.
*Hip.* Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.
*Theſ.* His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

*Enter with a Trumpet before them.*

*Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.*

*Prol.* Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through walls chink (poor ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to woo:
This grizy beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breaſt.
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine

*Exit all but Wall.*

*Theſ.* I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeake
*Deme.* No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aſſes doe.

*Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Moone-ſhine*

*Wall.* In this ſame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snout* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This loame, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whiſper.
*Theſ.* Would you deſire Lime and Haire to ſpeake better?
*Deme.* It is the wittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord
*Theſ.* Pyramus drawes neere the Wall, ſilence

*Enter Pyramus*

*Pir.* O grim looked night, O night with hue ſo blacke,
O night, when euer art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot
And thou O wall, thou ſweet and louely wall,
That ſtandſt betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.
Thankes courteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisbie* doe I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiuing mee.
*Theſ.* The wall me-thinkes being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.
*Pir.* No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing me*,
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall.

*Enter Thisbie.*

Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes.
*Thiſ.* O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moanes,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.
*Pyra.* I ſee a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbe?*
*Thiſ.* My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.
*Pir.* Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.
*Thiſ.* And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.
*Pir.* Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true.
*Thiſ.* As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

*Pir.* O

*Pir.* O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.
*Thiſ.* I kiſſe the wals hole,not your lips at all.
*Pir.* Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me ſtraight way?
*Thiſ.* Tide life, tide death,I come without delay.
*Wall.* Thus haue I *Wall*,my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*
*Du.* Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors.
*Dem.* No remedie my Lord, when Wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning
*Duk.* This is the moſt ſtuffe that ere I heard
*Du.* The beſt in this kind are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.
*Duk.* It muſt be your imagination then,& not theirs
*Duk.* If we imagine no worſe of themſelues then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men.Here com two noble beaſts,in a man and a Lion.

*Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.*

*Lyon.* You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle harts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the ioyner am
A Lion fell, nor elſe no Lions dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtriſe
Into this place,'twere pitie of my life.
*Du.* A verie gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.
*Dem.* The verie beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, y ere I ſaw.
*Lyſ.* This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.
*Du.* True,and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.
*Dem.* Not ſo my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe
*Du.* His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carrie his valor: for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his diſcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.
*Moon.* This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent.
*Dem.* He ſhould haue worne the hornes on his head.
*Du.* Hee is no creſcent, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference
*Moon.* This lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent My ſelfe, the man i'th Moone doth ſeeme to be.
*Du.* This is the greateſt errot of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorne How is it els the man i'th Moone?
*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle.
For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.
*Du.* I am vvearie of this Moone; vvould he would change.
*Du.* It appeares by his ſmal light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, vve muſt ſtay the time.
*Lyſ.* Proceed Moone.
*Moon.* All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buſh,my thorne buſh; and this dog,my dog
*Dem.* Why all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorne.for they are in the Moone.But ſilence, heere comes *Thisby*.

*Enter Thisby*

*Thiſ.* This is old *Ninnies* tombe. where is my loue?
*Lyon.* Oh.

*The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.*

*Dem.* Well roard Lion.
*Du.* Well run *Thisby*.
*Du.* Well ſhone Moone
Truly the Moone ſhines with a good grace.
*Du.* Well mouz'd Lion.
*Dem.* And then came *Piramus*.
*Lyſ* And ſo the Lion vaniſht

*Enter Piramus.*

*Pyr.* Sweet Moone,I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glitt'ring beames,
I truſt to take of true *Thisbies* ſight
But ſtay: O ſpight! but marke,poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes,do you ſee? how can it be?
O dainty Ducke, O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what ſtaind with blood?
Approch you Furies fell.
O Fates come, come Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.
*Du.* This paſſion,and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke ſad.
*Dut.* Beſhrew my heart,but I pitie the man.
*Pir.* O wherefore Nature, did'ſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my Deere:
Which is: no, no,which was the fairſt Dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd,that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out ſword,and wound
The pap of *Piramus*.
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus dye I, thus, thus,thus
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the ſky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye,dye,dye,dye,dye
*Dem.* No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.
*Lyſ.* Leſſe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing
*Du.* With the helpe of a Surgeon,he might yet recouer, and proue an Aſſe
*Dut.* How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before?
*Thisby* comes backe, and findes her Louer

*Enter Thisby.*

*Duke* She will finde him by ſtarre light.
Heere ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.
*Dut.* Me thinkes ſhee ſhould not vſe a long one for ſuch a *Piramus* I hope ſhe will be breefe.
*Dem.* A Moth will turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Thisby* is the better. (eyes.
*Lyſ.* She hath ſpyed him already, with thoſe ſweete
*Dem.* And thus ſhe meanes,*videlicet*.
*This.* Aſleepe my Loue? What,dead my Doue?
O *Piramus* ariſe:
Speake,Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead,dead? A tombe
Muſt couer thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O ſiſters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his thred of ſilke.
Tongue not a word: Come truſty ſword:
Come blade, my breſt imbrue:

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

*Duke.* Moone-ſhine & Lion are left to burie the dead

*Dem.* I, and Wall too.

*Bot.* No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaſk dance, betweene two of our company?

*Duke.* No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe: for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played *Pyramus*, and hung himſelfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would haue been a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharged. But come, your Bergomaſke, let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.
Louers to bed, 'tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall out-ſleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable grosſe play hath well beguild
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollitie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry Lyons roares,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone,
Whilſt the heauy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſke fordone.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whil'ſt the ſcritch-owle, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Church-way paths to glide:
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frolicke; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broome before,
To ſweepe the duſt behinde the doore.

*Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.*

*Ob.* Through this houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euerie Elſe and Fairie ſpright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, ſing and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

*The Song*

*Now vntill the breake of day,*
*Through this houſe each Fairy ſtray.*
*To the beſt Bride-bed will we,*
*Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:*
*And the iſſue there create,*
*Euer ſhall be fortunate.*
*So ſhall all the couples three,*
*Euer true in louing be:*
*And the blots of Natures hand,*
*Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.*
*Neuer mole, hare lip, nor ſcarre,*
*Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are*
*Deſpiſed in Nature's title,*
*Shall vpon their children be.*
*With this field-dew conſecrate,*
*Euery Fairy take his gate,*
*And each, ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,*
*Through this Palace with ſweet peace,*
*Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,*
*And the owner of it bleſt.*
*Trip away, make no ſtay,*
*Meet me all by breake of day.*

*Robin.* If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but ſlumbred heere,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honeſt *Puck*,
If we haue vnearned luck,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Puck* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

FINIS.

# The Merchant of Venice.

## *Actus primus.*

*Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.*

*Anthonio.*

In sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
Nor how I came by it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my selfe.
*Sal.* Your mind is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly sayle
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do over-peere the petty Traffiquers
That curtsie to them, do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
*Salar.* Believe me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the wind,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and roades:
And every object that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
*Sal.* My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandie hour-glasse runne,
But I should think of shallowes, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall: should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.
*Anth.* Believe me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place, nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.
*Sal.* Why then you are in love.
*Anth.* Fie, fie.
*Sal.* Not in love neither? then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry, and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh, and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed *Janus*
Nature hath framed strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper:
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they will not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.*

*Sala.* Heere comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman,
*Gratiano*, and *Lorenzo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now with better company.
*Sala.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
*Anth.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own businesse calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
*Sala.* Good morrow my good Lords. (when?
*Bass.* Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh? say,
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
*Sal.* We'll make our leysures to attend on yours.
*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
*Lor.* My Lord *Bassanio* since you have found *Anthonio*
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in mind where we must meete.
*Bass.* I will not faile you.
*Gra.* You looke not well Signior *Anthonio*,
You have too much respect upon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Believe me you are marvellously chang'd.
*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
*Gra.* Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my liver rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alabaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundice

By

By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stillnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing, when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles.
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion
Come good *Lorenzo*, farre well a while.
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me speake.

*Gra.* Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

*Ant.* Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this gear.

*Gra.* Thanks yfaith, for silence is only commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exeunt.*

*Ant.* Is that any thing now?

*Bass. Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two grames of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well: tell me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the most in money, and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest meanes
Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight
The selfe same way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both: I vrge this childhood proofe,
Because what followes is pure innocence
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aime: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well, and herein spend but time
To winde about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making question of my vttermost
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

*Bass.* In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire speechlesse messages.
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervalewd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth.
For the foure windes blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont Colchos* strond,
And many *Iasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

*Anth.* Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rackt euen to the vttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*
Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake *Exeunt.*

*Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa*

*Portia.* By my troth *Nerissa*, my little body is a weary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no small happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

*Portia.* Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

*Ner.* They would be better if well followed.

*Portia.* If to doe were as easie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Palaces: it is a good Diuine that followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O me the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a liuing daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard *Nerissa*, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

*Ner.* Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lottery that hee hath deuised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning,

chooses

chooses you, will no doubt neuer be chosen by any right-ly, but one who you shall rightly loue: but what warrath is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suters that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description leuell at my affection.

*Ner.* First there is the Neopolitane Prince.

*Por.* I that's a colt indeede, fot he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

*Ner.* Than is there the Countie Palentine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not haue me, choose: he heares merie tales and smiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Philosopher when he growes old, being so full of vnmannerly sadnesse in his youth. I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two.

*Ner.* How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier *Le Bonne*?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitane, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I should neuer requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to *Faulconbridge*, the yong Baron of *England*?

*Por.* You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & sweare that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the *English*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behauiour euery where.

*Ner.* What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his suretie, and seald vnder for another.

*Ner.* How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

*Por.* Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing *Nerissa* ere I will be married to a spunge.

*Ner.* You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, vnlesse you may be won by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

*Por.* If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaste as *Diana* vnlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie absence; and I wish them a faire departure.

*Ner.* Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a *Venetian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in compasse of the Marquesse of *Mont-ferrat*?

*Por.* Yes yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

*Ner.* True Madam, hee of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Lady.

*Por.* I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

*Enter a Seruingman.*

*Ser.* The foure Strangers seeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his Master will be here to night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee should shriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerrissa*, sirra go before; whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Iew.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducates, well.

*Bass.* I sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months, well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* shall be bound.

*Shy.* *Anthonio* shall become bound, well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answere?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound.

*Bass.* Your answere to that.

*Shy.* *Anthonio* is a good man.

*Bass.* Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

*Shy.* Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderstand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderstand moreouer vpon the Ryalto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Iew.* I

*Iew.* I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke me, may I speake with *Anthonio*?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with vs.

*Iew.* Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with your, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Rialto, who is he comes here?

*Enter Anthonio.*

*Bass.* This is signior *Anthonio.*

*Iew.* How like a fawning publican he lookes
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance here with vs in Venice.
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cals interest: Curst be my Tribe
If I forgiue him.

*Bass.* *Shylock*, doe you heare.

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere geesse of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
*Tubal* a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me: but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

*Ant.* *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giuing of exceſſe,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome. Is he yet possest
How much he would?

*Shy.* I, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot, three months, you told me so
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

*Ant.* I doe neuer vse it.

*Shy.* When *Iacob* grat'd his Vncle *Labans* sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possessor; I, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him, did he take interest?

*Shy.* No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Iacob* did.
When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the doeing of the deede of kinde,
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture sir that *Iacob* serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
But note me signior.

*Ant.* Marke you this *Bassanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

*Shy.* Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my Iewish gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
*Shylocke*, we would haue monyes, you say so:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, monyes is your suite.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse,
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much monyes.

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede of barraine metall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalties.

*Shy.* Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue staind me with,
Supplie your present wants, and take no doite
Of vsance for my monyes, and you'le not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

*Bass.* This were kindnesse.

*Shy.* This kindnesse will I showe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport
If you repaie me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expreſt in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content in faith, Ile seale to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew.

*Bass.* You

*Bass.* You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie.
*Ant.* Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond
*Shy.* O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them to suspect
The thoughts of others. Pray you tell me this,
If he should breake his day, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons beefes, or Goates. I say
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adiew,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.
*Ant.* Yes *Shylocke*, we will seale vnto this bond.
*Shy.* Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats straite
See to my house (left in the fearefull guard
Of an vnthrifte knaue) and presently
I le be with you. *Exit*
*Ant.* Hie thee gentle Iew. This Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kinde.
*Bass.* I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
*Ant.* Come on, in this there can be no dismay,
My Shippes come home a month before the day. *Exeunt*

## Actus Secundus.

*Enter Morocho a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Porsha, Nerissa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.*

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liuerie of the burnished sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne,
Where *Phoebus* fire-scarce thawes the ycicles,
And let vs make incision for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it too. I would not change it (faire)
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
*Por.* In termes of choise I am not solemnized
By nice direction of a maidens eyes.
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie
Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing.
But if my Father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) then stood as faire
As any comer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
*Mor.* Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune. By this Symitare
That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-stare the sternest eies that look:
Out-brane the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he roares for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his page,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me
Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieuing.
*Por.* You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.
*Mor.* Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.
*Por.* First forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
*Mor.* Good fortune then, *Cornets*
To make me blest or cursed'st among men. *Exeunt*

*Enter the Clowne alone.*

*Clo.* Certainely, my conscience will serue me to run from this Iew my Master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me saying to me *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vse your legs, take the right, or take the left: *Launcelet*, my conscience saies no, take heed honest *Iobbe*, saies the wise and discreet. *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles, well, the most courageous fiend bids me packe, fia saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies the fiend, a run or die, well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart saies very wisely to me, my honest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smacke, something grow too, he had a kinde of taste well, my conscience saies *Launcelet* budge not, budge saies the fiend, budge not saies my conscience, conscience saies you counsaile well, fiend saies you counsaile well, to be ruld by my conscience I should stay with the Iew my Master, who (God bleste the marke) is a kinde of deuel, and to run away from the Iew I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the deuel himselfe. certainely the Iew is the very deuel incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Iew, the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile. I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

*Enter old Gobbo with a Basket*

*Gob.* Master yong-man, you I pray you, which is the waie to Maister *Iewes*?
*Laun.* O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand-blinde, high graue blinde, knowes me not. I will trie confusions with him.
*Gob.* Master yong Gentleman, I pray you which is the waie to Maister *Iewes*.
*Laun.* Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning

ning, but at the next turning of all, on your left marke at the verie next turning turne of no scrape but turne down indirectly to the *Iewes* house.

*Gob.* By Gods sonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Lancelet* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

*Laun.* Talke you of young Master *Lancelet*, marke me now, now will he not know one, marke me now, now.

*Gob.* No Master sir, he dwells with him that hath neither thought nor grace, a very poore man, and God bless the mark for his wit.

*Laun.* Well, well, but to the purpose, what a wise, see talke of young Master *Lancelet*.

*Gob.* Your worship I beseech you, may I speake with young Master *Lancelet*.

*Laun.* In very faire phrase, you may speake with *Lancelet*, for he hath gone about the backe side of the house, even now.

*Gob.* O heavens this is my true begotten sonne *Lancelet*, he hath a dish of his father, for his owne children are exactly his fathers, even blinde deffones, and about the same time, they have no more haire on their faces then I have on my hand, even as you would say at most, very bare hairs.

*Gob.* Marke God sake, I have the very verie haire of my sonne my verie boy.

*Laun.* Do you not know me father, alack the while, I am a poore man and my father.

*Gob.* Alacke the day I know you not young Gentleman but I pray you tell me is my sonne God rest his soule alive or dead.

*Laun.* Do you not know me father.

*Gob.* Alacke the day I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might fayle of knowing me, it is a wise father that knowes his owne child, well old man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, give me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing, I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your sonne that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my sonne.

*Laun.* I know not what I think you are, I am sure I am *Lancelet* the Iewes man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is *Margery* indeed, I'le be sworne if thou be *Lancelet* thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipped might he be, what a beard hast thou got, thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my fill horse has on his tayle.

*Laun.* It should seeme then that Dobbins tayle grewes backward, I am sure he hath more haire of his tayle then I have of my face when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord how art thou changed, how dost thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present, how agree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well but for mine owne part as I have set up my rest to runaway, so I will not rest till I have run some ground, my Master's a very *Iew*, give him a present, give him a rope, I am famished in his service, you may tell every finger I have with my ribs: father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeed gives rare new Liveries, if I serue not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Iew* if I serue the *Iew* any longer.

*Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.*

*Bass.* You may do so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clocke, see these Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

*Laun.* To him Father.

*Gob.* God blesse your worship.

*Bass.* Gramercie, would st thou aught with me.

*Gob.* Here's my sonne, a poore boy.

*Laun.* Not a poore boy sir, but the rich *Iewes* man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

*Gob.* He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

*Laun.* Indeed the short and the long is, I serue the *Iew*, and have a desire as my Father shall specifie.

*Gob.* His Master and he (saving your worships reverence) are scarce cater cousins.

*Laun.* To be plaine, the verie truth is, that the *Iew* having done me wrong, doth cause me as my father being (I hope) an old man shall frutify unto you.

*Gob.* I have here a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is.

*Laun.* In very briefe, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my father.

*Bass.* One speake for them, what would they?

*Laun.* Serve you.

*Gob.* I beseech you heartily some service, to any rich Jew in this Citie, that will take two portions of this poore boy, for sooth he hath some qualities, he hath a kinde of taste, for my Master as you see, I will not say he is wise, but reasonable, he hath the best grace of grace, God grace, good enough, high-gracious, marry for the gifts they have, they are sparing enough, there I am not partial to bring my sonne to you, you are the gift of God, and he is your servant, I have said my prayers, serve you, serve you, I will go Father with my Son, To have a quick Master and enjoy Many a pound out of my fool my Lord To make me rich, this making is well, go to sir, see it done.

*Gio.* I am in a way of getting sir, I have not much ado but to look up my head, we have all an old man in the house a tanner table which is to be given to the ware upon able, I shall have good fortune yet, for here is a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas fifteene wives is nothing, a leven widdowes and nine maides is a simple coming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes, well if fortune be a woman, she is good wench for this gere. Father come, I'le take my leave of the *Iew* in the twinkling.

*Exeunt Clowne.*

*Bass.* I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in haste, for I do feast to night
My best esteemed acquaintance hie thee go.

*Leon.* My best endeavors shall be done herein. *Exit Leon.*

*Enter Gratiano.*

*Gra.* Where's your Master.

*Leon.* Yonder

*Lorn.* Yonder (if he walkes.
*Gra.* Signior *Bassanio.*
*Bas.* *Gratiano.*
*Gra.* I have a suite to you.
*Bas.* You haue obtain'd it.
*Gra.* You must not deny me, I must goe with you to Belmont.
*Bas.* Why then you must: but heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they show
Something too liberall, pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behauiour
I be misconstred in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.
*Gra.* Signior *Bassanio* heare me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and swear but now and then,
Weare prayer Bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:
Vse all the obseruance of ciuility
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, never trust me more.
*Bas.* Well, we shall see your bearing.
*Gra.* Nay but I bar to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night.
*Bas.* No that were pitty,
I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I haue some businesse.
*Gra.* And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time. *Exeunt*

*Enter Iessica and the Clowne*

*Ies.* I am sorry thou wilt leaue my father so,
Our house is hell and thou a merry deuil
Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse,
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
*Lorenzo*, who is thy new Masters guest,
Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not haue my Father
See me talke with thee.
*Clo.* Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued: but adieu, these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue. *Exit*
*Ies.* Farewell good *Lancelet*
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy louing wife. *Exit*

*Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio*

*Lor.* Nay we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre
*Gra.* We haue not made good preparation.
*Sal.* We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.
*Sal.* 'Tis vile, vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered
And better in my mind not vndertooke.
*Lor.* 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres
To furnish vs, friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

*Enter Lancelet with a letter*

*Lan.* And it shall please you to breake vp this shall seeme to signifie
*Lor.* I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it is writ on,
The fairer hand that ever
*Gra.* Loue newes in faith.
*Lan.* By your leaue sir.
*Lor.* Whither goest thou.
*Lan.* Marry sir to bid my old Master the *Iew* to sup to night with my new Master the Christian.
*Lor.* Hold here, take this: tell gentle Iessica
I will not fayle her, speake it priuately.
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Masque to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*
*Sal.* I marry, ile be gone about it straight.
*Sol.* And so will I.
*Lor.* Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.
*Sal.* 'Tis good we do so. *Exit.*
*Gra.* Was not that Letter from faire *Iessica*?
*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all: she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Father's house,
What gold and iewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suite she hath in readinesse.
If ere the Iew her father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake,
And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Vnlesse she do it vnder this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew.
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire *Iessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exeunt*

*Enter Shylocke the Iew and Iessica his daughter.*

*Iew.* Well I heare well what will become of this,
I am not bid for loue, they feele not priuiledge,
Daughter, what noise was this in the street?
What are masquers, thou know'st not their habite?
Are they come?
*Iew.* Why Iessica I say.
*Iew.* Who is there call'd thee?
*Iew.* Your father bid me shut the doores,
I could not go vnto the maske;

*Enter Iessica*

*Iew.* Call you? what is your will?
*Iew.* I am bid forth to supper Iessica,
There are my keyes: but wherefore should I go?
I am not wont to feast but now and then,
But yet I'll goe: this ducat pay for me,
Looke to my house, I am not fond to pride,
There are my keyes: but wherefore should I go?
For I did dreame of money bags to night.
*Iew.* I beseech you sir goe, my young Master
Doth expect your reproach.
*Iew.* So do I his.
*Iew.* And they haue conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

laft, a fix a clocke ith morning, ta my out that yeere on
aſhweer ſay was foure yeeres th after noone
*Ser.* What are theſe maskes theare vnto me *Ieſſica*,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile ſqualing of the wry-necke Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your heads into the publique ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacob* ſtaffe I vow
I ſtand in good matter for the weather
But I will go, ſay you are ſtore vnto this,
Say I will come.
*Ie.* I will be one before ſir.
*Ser.* Mine ſhall not out at windo for a thouſand
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Ieweſſe eye.
*Ser.* What ſaies that Iubal of *Hagars* offſpring?
ha
*Ieſſ.* His words were farewell maſter.
*Ser.* The paſſion painted on your mothers face
Is like ſome ſtrumpets, ſo by many ſeruice
Much ſtaine the wiſer ſort, I charge you by
Therefore I pray you, and part
I know that I will
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately
Doe as I bid you, ſhut doore after you, faſt
binde
A proper ſaying. *Exit.*
*Ieſſ.* Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I haue a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

*Enter the Maſker, Gratiano and Saleria.*

*Gra.* This is the penthouſe vnder which *Lorenzo*
Deſired vs to make ſtand.
*Sal.* His houre is almoſt paſt.
*Gra.* And it is marueile he out-dwells his houre,
For louers euer runne before the clocke.
*Sal.* O ten times faſter *Venus* pidgeons flie
To ſeale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfeited.
*Gra.* That euer holds: who riſes from a feaſt
With that keene appetite that he ſits downe?
Where is the horſe that doth vntread againe
His tedious meaſures with the vnbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enioyed.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The ſkarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hugg'd and imbraced by the ſtrumpet winde?
How like a prodigall doth ſhe returne
With ouerweathered ribs, and ragged ſailes,
Leane, rent, and beggerd by the ſtrumpet winde?

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Sal.* Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.
*Lor.* Sweete friends, your patience for my long abſence
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
I'le watch as long for you then. Approach

Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

*Ieſſica aboue.*

*Ieſſ.* Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'le ſweare that I do know your tongue.
*Lor.* *Lorenzo*, and thy loue.
*Ieſſ.* *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?
*Lor.* Heauen and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art
*Ieſſ.* Heere, catch this caſket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would blush
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy
*Lor.* Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer
*Ieſſ.* What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelues good ſooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcouery Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd
*Lor.* So you are ſweet,
Euen in the louely garniſh of a boy: but come at once,
For the cloſer night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Bellamies* feaſt
*Ieſ.* I will make faſt the doores and guild my ſelfe
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight
*Gra.* Now by my hood a gentile and no Iew.
*Lor.* Beſhrew me but I loue her heartily.
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can iudge of her,
And faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prou'd her ſelfe:
And therefore, like her ſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule

*Enter Ieſſica.*

What art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our maſking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit*

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Who's there?
*Gra.* Signior *Antonio?*
*Ant.* Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maſke to night, the winde is come about,
*Baſſanio* preſently will goe aboord,
I haue ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.
*Gra.* I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Then to be vnder ſaile, and gone to night *Exeunt.*

*Enter Portia with Morocho, and both their traines*

*Por.* Goe draw aſide the curtaines, and diſcouer
The ſeuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyce
*Mor.* The firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?

*Por.* The

How shall I know if I doe choose the right.
*Por.* The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall
*Mor.* Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will survay the inscriptions, backe againe.
What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages.
A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of dresse,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead
What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues
As much as he deserues; pause there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation
Thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie.
And yet to be afeard of my deseruing
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire
Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deserts, and the vaste wildes
Of wide Arabia are as through fares now
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The watrie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits but they come
As ore a brooke to see fair *Portia*.
One of these three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke to base a thought: it were too grosse
To rib her cerecloath in the obscure graue
Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd
Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;
O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a gem
Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's insculpt vpon.
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may
*Por.* There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours
*Mor.* O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;
Ile reade the writing

*All that glisters is not gold,*
*Often haue you heard that told;*
*Many a man his life hath sold*
*But my outside to behold,*
*Guilded timber doe wormes infold:*
*Had you beene as wise as bold,*
*Young in limbs, in iudgement old,*
*Your answere had not beene inscroll'd,*
*Fare you well, your suite is cold.*

*Mor.* Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost.
*Portia* adew, I haue too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus losers part *Exit.*
*Por.* A gentle riddance. draw the curtaines go
Let all of his complexion choose me so. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Salarino and Solanio.*

*Sal.* Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.
*Sol.* The villaine Iew with outcries raised the Duke
Who went with him to search *Bassanios* ship.
*Sal.* He comes too late, the ship was vndersaile,
But there the Duke was given to vnderstand
That in a Gondelo were seene together
*Lorenzo* and his amorous *Iessica*.
Besides *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.
*Sal.* I neuer heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outragious, and so variable
As the dogge Iew did vtter in the streets,
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter! Iustice, finde the girle,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.
*Sal.* Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
*Sol.* Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this
*Sal.* Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessell of our country richly fraught.
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
*Sol.* You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you heare.
Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him
*Sal.* A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part,
*Bassanio* told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mindes of loue.
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
As shall conueniently become you there;
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.
*Sal.* I thinke he only loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heauinesse
With some delight or other.
*Sal.* Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Nerissa and a Seruiture*

*Ner.* Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtaine strait,

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently

*Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.*
*Flo. Cornets*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rites be solemniz'd
But if you faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately
*Ar.* I am enioyn'd by oath to obserue three things;
First never to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To woo a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.
*Por.* To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthy selfe.
*Ar.* And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope, gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha? let me see
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the fond multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And rancke me with the barbarous multitudes
Why then to thee thou siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou dost beare:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues
And well said too: for who shall goe about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stampe of merit. Let none presume
To weare an vndeserued dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchas'd by the merrit of the wearer.
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnish'd. Well, but to my choice.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert. Giue me a key for this,
And instruct me how to vnlocke my dimme eyes here
*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you finde there
*Ar.* What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will read it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.
Did I deserue no more than a fooles head?
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?
*Por.* To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
*Ar.* What is here?

*The fier seauen times tried this,*
*Seauen times tried that iudgement is,*
*That did neuer choose amisse,*
*Some there be that shadowes kisse,*
*Such haue but a shadowes blisse:*
*There be fooles alive I wis*
*Siluer'd o're, and so was this:*
*Take what wife you will to bed,*
*I will euer be your head.*
*So be gone, you are sped.*

*Ar.* Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.
*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdome by their wit to loose.
*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie
*Por.* Come draw the curtaine *Nerissa*.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where is my Lady?
*Por.* Here, what would my Lord?
*Mes.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie the approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringer sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue
A day in April neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord
*Por.* No more, I pray thee, I am halfe afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quicke *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly
*Ner.* *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Tertius.

*Enter Solanio and Salarino.*

*Sol.* Now, what newes on the Rialto?
*Sal.* Why yet it lies there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lye buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman of her word.
*Sol.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*, O that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!
*Sal.* Come the full stop
*Sol.* Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship

*Sal.* I

*Sal.* I would it might proue the end of his losses

*Sal.* Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse my prier, for here he comes in the likenes of a *Iew*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

*Enter Shylocke.*

*Shy.* You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

*Sal.* That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

*Sol.* And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Sal.* That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge

*Shy.* My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

*Sal.* Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

*Shy.* I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud

*Sal.* There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had any losse at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vs'd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond

*Sal.* Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

*Shy.* To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a *Iewe*: Hath not a *Iew* eyes? hath not a *Iew* hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is? if you prick vs doe we not bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Iew* wrong a *Christian*, what is his humility, reuenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Iew*, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a man from* Anthonio

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

*Sal.* We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.

*Enter* Tubal.

*Sol.* Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be match't, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne *Iew*.

*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

*Shy.* How now *Tubal*, what newes from *Genoua*? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search. why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

*Shy.* What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke

*Tub.* Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

*Shy.* I thanke thee good *Tubal*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourtscore ducats.

*Shy* Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, fourtscore ducats at a sitting, fourtscore ducats

*Tub.* There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare he cannot choose but breake

*Shy.* I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them shewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monkie

*Shy.* Out vpon her, thou torturest me *Tubal*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a wildernesse of Monkies

*Tub* But *Anthonio* is certainely vndone

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tubal*, fee me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tubal*, and meete me at our Synagogue, goe good *Tubal*, at our Synagogue *Tubal*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.*

*Por.* I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your company; therefore forbeare a while,
There's something tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie,
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, you'le make me wish a sinne,
That I had beene so sworne. Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-looke me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,
And so all yours: O these naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

*Baſſ* Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke
*Por* Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your loue.
*Baſſ* None but that vgly treaſon of mistrust,
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue.
There may as well be amity and league,
Twixt hungry Tygers and the hunted Roe.
*Por* I, but I pray thee put vpon the racke,
Whereon I may confeſſe apparant any thing
*Baſſ* Promiſe me life and Ile confeſſe the truth
*Por.* Well then confeſſe and liue
*Baſſ* Confeſſion then
Hath bene the ſcience of my confeſſion
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliuerance
But let me to my fortune and the caskets
*Por*, Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me you will finde me out.
Vertu and exercise draw neare,
Let musicke ſound while he doth make his choice,
Then if he loſe he makes a ſwanne-like end,
Fading in muſique: That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watry death-bed for him: He may win,
And what is muſique then? Then muſique is
Euen as the flourish when true ſubiects bow
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day
That creepe into the dreaming bridegroomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian wiues
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit: Go Hercules
Liue thou, I liue: With much much more dismay
I view the fight then thoſe that make the warre
*Here Muſicke*

*A Song the whilſt Baſſanio comments on the Caskets to himſelfe.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred*
*Or in the heart, or in the head,*
*How begot, how nourished,* *Reply, reply.*
*It is engendred in the eyes,*
*With gazing fed, and fancie dies*
*In the cradle where it lies:*
*Let vs all ring fancies knell,*
*Ile begin it*
*Ding, dong, bell.*
*All* Ding, dong, bell.

*So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues*
*The world is ſtill deceiued with ornament*
*In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,*
*But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,*
*Obſcures the ſhow of euill? In Religion,*
*What damned error, but ſome ſober brow*
*Will bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,*
*Hiding the groſſenes with faire ornament.*
*There is no vice ſo ſimple but aſſumes*
*Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;*
*How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe*
*As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins*
*The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,*
*Who inward ſearcht, haue liuers white as milke,*
*And theſe aſſume but valors excrement,*
*To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,*
*And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſt by the weight,*
*Which therein workes a miracle in nature,*
*Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:*
*So are thoſe criſped ſnake-golden locks*
*Which makes ſuch wanton gambols with the winde*
*Vpon ſuppoſed fairenesſe often knowne*
*To be the dowrie of a ſecond head,*
*The ſkull that bred them in the Sepulcher.*
*Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore*
*To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beauteous ſcarfe*
*Vailing an Indian beauty: In a word,*
*The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on*
*To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudie gold,*
*Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,*
*Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge*
*'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead*
*Which rather threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,*
*Thy paleneſſe moues me more then eloquence,*
*And here chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence*
*Por* How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
*As doubtful thoughts, and rath imbraced deſpaire,*
*And ſhudd'ring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.*
*O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,*
*In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,*
*I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,*
*For feare I ſurfeit*
*Baſſ* What finde I here?
*Fair Portia's counterfeit. What demi-God*
*Hath come ſo neere creation? Moue theſe eies?*
*Or whether riding on the balls of mine*
*Seeme they in motion? Here are ſeuered lips*
*Parted with ſugred breath: ſo ſweet a barre*
*Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her haires*
*The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woouen*
*A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men*
*Faſter then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,*
*How could he ſee to do them? having made one,*
*Me thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his*
*And leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre*
*The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow*
*In vnderprizing it, ſo farre this ſhadow*
*Doth limpe behinde the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcroule,*
*The continent, and ſummarie of my fortune.*

*You that chooſe not by the view*
*Chance as faire, and chooſe as true.*
*Since this fortune falls to you,*
*Be content, and ſeeke no new*
*If you be well pleaſed with this,*
*And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,*
*Turne you where your Lady is,*
*And claime her with a louing kiſſe.*

*Baſſ.* A gentle ſcroule. Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinkes he hath done well in peoples eies
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhout,
Giddie in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no,

So thrise faire Lady stand I euen so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
*Por.* You see my Lord *Bassiano* where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that only to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sume of me
Is sum of something, which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnlesson'd girle, vnschool'd, vnpractis'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
She is not bred so dull, but she can learne;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, maister of my seruants,
Queene o're my selfe: and euen these two deere
Are yours my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or giue away,
Let it presage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
*Bass.* Madam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speakes to you in my veines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fearefully
Pronounced by a best beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something, being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, saue of ioy
Expressed and not expressed: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.
*Ner.* My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue stood by and seene our wishes prosper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
*Gra.* My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your Honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith, I doe beseech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.
*Bass.* With all my heart so thou can'st get a wife.
*Gra.* I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
You saw the mistresse, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord than yours
Your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very tough was dry
With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchiu'd her mistresse.
*Por.* Is this true *Nerrissa*?
*Ner.* Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.
*Bass.* And do you *Gratiano* meane good faith?
*Gra.* Yes faith my Lord.
*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.
*Gra.* We'le play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
*Ner.* What and stake downe?
*Gra.* No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake downe
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

*Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio.*

*Bass.* *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and Countrymen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
*Por.* So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome
*Lor.* I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me past away my way
To come with him along.
*Sal.* I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it, Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you.
*Bass.* Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
*Sal.* Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in mind: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.
*Opens the Letter.*
*Gra.* *Nerrissa* cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*: what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Antonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the *Iasons*, we haue won the fleece.
*Sal.* I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yond same Paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanios* cheeke:
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What worse and worse?
With leaue *Bassanio*, I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of anything
That this same paper brings you.
*Bass.* O sweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the vnpleasant'st words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing. I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?
*Sal.* Not one my Lord,
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Iew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.
*Iessi.* When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
To *Tubal* and to *Chus*, his Countri-men,
That he would rather haue *Antonio*'s flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Antonio*.
*Por.* Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?
*Bass.* The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditiond, and vnwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.
*Por.* What summe owes he the Iew?
*Bass.* For me three thousand ducats.
*Por.* What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond.
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio*'s fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend.
For neuer shall you lie by *Portias* side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

*Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Iew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all debts are cleered betweene you and I, if I might see you at my death. notwithstanding, vse your pleasure, if your loue doe not perswade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O loue! dispatch all businesse and be gone.
*Bass.* Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haste; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interpose twixt vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Iew, and Salanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.*

*Iew.* Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis*.
Iaylor, looke to him.
*Ant.* Heare me yet good *Shylok*.
*Iew.* Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request
*Ant.* I pray thee heare me speake.
*Iew.* Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond. *Exit Iew*
*Sol.* It is the most impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.
*Ant.* Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made moane to me,
Therefore he hates me
*Sal.* I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold
*An.* The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commoditie that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These griefes and losses haue so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt*

*Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portias.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send relecfe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.
*Por.* I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the time together,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the bosome louer of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe;
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
*Lorenzo* I commit into your hands,

The

The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my loue and some necessity
Now layes vpon you.

*Lorens.* Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

*Por.* My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

*Lor.* Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

*Iess.* I wish your Ladiship all heart content.

*Por.* I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: fare you well *Iessica*. *Exeunt*
Now *Balthazar* as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And vse thou all the endeuor of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cousins hand, Doctor *Bellario*,
And looke what notes and garments he will giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all conuenient speed.

*Por.* Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of vs.

*Ner.* Shall they see vs?

*Portia.* They shall *Nerrissa*, but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lacke, Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies sought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and dide.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue moneth. I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turne to men?

*Portia.* Fie, what question's that?
If thou wert neere a lewd interpreter.
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuice
When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
At the Parke gate, and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clowne and Iessica.*

*Clown.* Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Fa-
ther are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise
you, I feare you. I was alwaies plaine with you, and so
now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of
good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there's
but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is
but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

*Iessi.* And what hope is that I pray thee?

*Clow.* Marrie you may part'e hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

*Iessi.* That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the
sinnes of my mother should be visited vpon me.

*Clow.* Truly then I feare you are damned both by fa-
ther and mother: thus when I shun Scylla your father, I fall
into *Charibdis* your mother: well, you are gone both
waies.

*Iessi.* I shall be saued by my husband, he hath made me
a Christian.

*Clow.* Truly the more to blame he, we were Christ-
ians enow before, e'en as many as could well liue one by a-
nother. This making Christians will raise the price of
Hogs, if we grow all to be porke eaters, we shall not
shortly haue a rasher on the coales for money.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Iessi.* Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you say, heere
he comes.

*Loren.* I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Lancelet*,
if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Iessi.* Nay you need not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Lancelet*
and I are out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for
me in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and he
saies you are no good member of the common-wealth, for
in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price
of Porke.

*Loren.* I shall answere that better to the Common-
wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bel-
ly: the Moore is with child by you *Lancelet*.

*Clow.* It is much that the Moore should be more than
reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is
indeed more than I tooke her for.

*Loren.* How euery foole can play vpon the word, I
thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into si-
lence, and discourse grow commendable in none only
but parrats. Go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner.

*Clow.* That is done sir, they haue all stomachs.

*Loren.* Goodly Lord, what a witty Asse art thou,
then bid them prepare dinner.

*Clow.* That is done too sir, only couer is the word.

*Loren.* Will you couer then sir?

*Clow.* Not so sir neither, I know my duetie.

*Loren.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray
thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: go
to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the
meat and we will come in to dinner.

*Clow.* For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the
meat sir, it shall be couered, for your comming in to
dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall go-
uerne. *Exit Clowne.*

*Lor.* O deare discretion, how his words are suited,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter. How cheer'st thou *Iessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?
*Ieſſ.* Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
The Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he do not meane it it
Is reaſon he ſhould neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomething elſe
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow
*Loren.* Euen ſuch a husband
Hath thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
*Ieſſ.* Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?
*Lor.* I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?
*Ieſſ.* Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomacke?
*Lor.* No pray thee let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſoeere thou ſpeakſt mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it?
*Ieſſ.* Well, Ile ſet you forth. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnifices, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano*

*Duke.* What, is *Anthonio* heere?
*Ant.* Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?
*Duke.* I am ſorry for thee: thou art come to anſwere
A ſtony aduerſary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pitty, voyd and empty
From any dram of mercie.
*Ant.* I haue heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous courſe: but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies Cleare, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
*Du.* Goe one and call the Iew into the Court.
*Sal.* He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

*Enter Shylocke.*

*Du.* Make roome and let him ſtand before our face.
*Shylocke* the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo too
That thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exacſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and loue:
Forgiue a moyty of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his lоſſes
That haue of late ſo huddled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And pluckе commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From ſtubborne Turkes and Tartars neuer traind
To offices of tender curteſie,
We all expect a gentle anſwer Iew?
*Iew.* I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I ſworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome,
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receiue
Three thouſand Ducats? Ile not anſwer that:
But ſay it is my humor; Is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thouſand Ducates
To haue it bain'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'th noſe,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your anſwer
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Muſt yeeld to ſuch inueitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelfe being offended.
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuite againſt him? Are you anſwered?
*Baſſ.* This is no anſwer thou vnfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty
*Iew.* I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
*Baſſ.* Do all men kill the things they do not loue?
*Iew.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
*Baſſ.* Euerie offence is not a hate at firſt.
*Iew.* What wouldſt thou haue a Serpent ſting thee twice?
*Ant.* I pray you thinke you queſtion with the Iew:
You may as well go ſtand vpon the beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
Or euen as well vſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heauen.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, than which what harder?
His Iewiſh heart. Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.
*Baſſ.* For thy three thouſand Ducates heere is ſix
*Iew.* If euerie Ducat in ſixe thouſand Ducates
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?
*Du.* How ſhalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
*Iew.* What iudgement ſhall I dread doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why ſweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: you will anſwer

The

The slaues are ours. So do I answer you,
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearely bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice,
I stand for iudgement, answer, shall I haue it?
*Du.* Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Vnlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue sent for to determine this
Come here to day.
*Sal.* My Lord, here stayes without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.
*Du.* Bring vs the Letters: Call the Messengers.
*Bass.* Good cheere *Antonio*! What man, courage yet:
The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
*Ant.* I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*
Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.

*Enter Nerissa.*

*Du.* Came you from Padua, from *Bellario*?
*Ner.* From both, my Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.
*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
*Iew.* To cut the obligation in the bond.
*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soule, harsh Iew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no metall can,
No, not the hangman's Axe beare halfe the keennesse
Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
*Iew.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
*Gra.* O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iustice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals infuse themselues
Into the trunkes of men. Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet,
And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam,
Infus'd itselfe in thee: For thy desires
Are Wolfish, bloody, starued, and rauenous.
*Iew.* Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speake so loud.
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruine. I stand here for Law.
*Du.* This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court.
Where is he?
*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.
*Du.* With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go giue him curteous conduct to this place.
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarios* Letter.

*YOur Grace shall vnderstand that at the receipt of your Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your Messenger came, in louing visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controuersie, betweene the Iew and Antonio the Merchant. We turn'd ouer many Bookes together: he is furnished with my opinion, which better'd with his owne learning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend estimation, for I neuer knew so young a body, with so old a head. I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

*Enter Portia for Balthasar.*

*Du.* You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere I take it is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario*?
*Por.* I did my Lord.
*Du.* You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court?
*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant heere, and which the Iew?
*Du.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
*Por.* Is your name Shylock?
*Iew.* Shylock is my name.
*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
*Ant.* I, so he sayes.
*Por.* Do you confesse the bond?
*Ant.* I do.
*Por.* Then must the Iew be mercifull.
*Iew.* On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne,
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe,
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
When mercy seasons iustice. Therefore Iew,
Though iustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercy. I haue spoke thus much
To mitigate the iustice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needes giue sentence gainst the Merchant there.
*Iew.* My deeds vpon my head! I craue the Law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?
*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o're,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.
*Por.* It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established.
'Twill be recorded for a President,

And

And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be
*Ner.* A *Daniel* come to judgement; yea a *Daniel*.
O wise young Judge, how do I honour thee.
*Por.* I pray you let me look vpon the bond
*Ner.* Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is.
*Por.* Shylocke, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen
Shall I lay periure vpon my soule?
No not for Venice.
*Por.* Why this bond is forfeit
And lawfully by this the Iew may clayme
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neere the Merchants heart: be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
*Ner.* When it is couched in so meere a iust,
It cannot please you to do more then spare him,
Vpon what compulsion must I? tell me that.
*Por.* The Law doth giue you forfeiture by the Law,
Whereof you cannot build exemption,
Proceede to iudgement: by my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I stay heere on my bond.
*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
*Por.* Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.
*Ant.* O noble Iudge, O excellent young man.
*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due vpon the bond.
*Ner.* 'Tis very true: O wise and vpright Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?
*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosome.
*Ner.* I, his breast
So says the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
*Por.* It is so. Are there balance heere to weigh the
flesh?
*Ner.* I haue them ready.
*Por.* Haue by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge
To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death.
*Ner.* It is not so expressed in the bond.
*Por.* It is not so expressed, but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
*Ner.* I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.
*Por.* Come Merchant, haue you anything to say?
*Ant.* But little: I am armed and well prepared.
Giue me your hand Bassanio, fare you well,
Grieue not that I am fallen to this for you,
For heere in fortune shewes her selfe more kinde
Then is her custome, it is still her vse
To let the wretched man outliue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of pouerty, from which lingring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the processe of Antonio's end
Say how I loued you, speake me fayre in death,
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a Loue.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart.
*Bas.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd aboue thy life
I would lose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you
*Por.* Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.
*Gra.* I haue a wife whom I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Iew
*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house. (ter
*Iew.* These be the Christian husbands; I haue a daugh-
Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence
*Por.* A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
*Iew.* Most rightful Iudge
*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awardes it.
*Iew.* Most learned Iudge, a sentence come prepare
*Por.* Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth giue thee here no iot of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate
Vnto the state of Venice
*Gra.* O vpright Iudge,
Mark Iew, o learned Iudge.
*Shy.* Is that the law?
*Por.* Thy selfe shalt see the Act.
For as thou vrgest iustice, be assured
Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest.
*Gra.* O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.
*Iew.* I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.
*Bas.* Heere is the money.
*Por.* Soft Iew, hast thou haue a publique post, & a haste,
He shall haue nothing but the penalty
*Gra.* O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But iust a pound to fall, if thou take more
Or lesse then just a pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,
Or the deuision of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
But in the estimation of a haire,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
*Gra.* A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,
Now infidel I haue thee on the hip.
*Por.* Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.
*Shy.* Giue me my principall, and let me go.
*Bass.* I haue it ready for thee heere it is.
*Por.* He hath refused it in the open Court,
He shall haue meerely iustice and his bond.
*Gra.* A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
*Shy.* Shall I not haue barely my principall?
*Por.* Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill Iew.
*Shy.* Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:
Ile stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry

*Por.* Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou stand'st:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriued against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incurd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
*Gra.* Beg that thou may'st haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the States charge.
*Duk.* That you may see the difference of our state,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Antonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which may dimish thy fine to fifty Duckets.
*Por.* I for the State not for *Antonio*
*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you do take the meanes whereby I liue.
*Por.* What mercy can you render him *Antonio*?
*Gra.* A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake
*Ant.* So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
The other halfe in vse, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest
Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
*Duk.* He shall doe this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.
*Por* Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?
*Shy.* I am content
*Por* Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
*Shy.* I pray you giue me leaue to go from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.
*Duke* Get thee gone, but doe it.
*Gra.* In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou should'st haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
*Duk* Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.
*Por* I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I presently set forth.
*Duk.* I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:
*Antonio*, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.
*Exit Duke and his traine.*
*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisedome beene this day acquitted
Of grieuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew
We freely cope your courteous pains withall.
*An.* And stand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and seruice to you euermore
*Por* He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delyuering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercenarie
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.
*Bass.* Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.
*Por* You presse me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue Ile take a ring from you
Do not draw back your hand, Ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this
*Bass.* This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this
*Por* I will haue nothing else but only this,
And now methinkes I haue a mind to it
*Bass.* There is more depends on this then on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,
And find it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me
*Por.* I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.
*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor giue nor lose it
*Por.* That excuse serues many men to saue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman
And know how well I haue deserued this ring,
She will not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt*
*Ant.* My Lord *Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,
Let his deseruings and my loue withall
Be valued 'gainst your wiues commandement.
*Bass.* Go *Gratiano* run and ouertake him,
Giue him the ring and bring him if thou canst
Vnto *Antonio's* house: away make haste. *Exit Gra.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*: come *Antonio*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Portia and Nerrissa.*

*Por* Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,
And let him sign it, we will flourish it
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to her husband.
*Enter Gratiano.*
*Gra* Faire sir, you are well ore-taken:
My Lord *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this night, that you would
Your company at supper.
*Por.* I am vnable to
His minde was I should doe accept your fayre offer,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylocks* house
*Gra* That will I doe.
*Ner.* Sir, I would speake with you.

he ſee it I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer
*Por.* Thou maist I warrant, we shall haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men.
But weele out face them and out sweare them too
Away, make haste thou know'st where I will tarry.
*Ner.* Come good sir, will you shew me to this house
*Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Lorenzo and Iessica*

*Lor.* The moone shines bright: in such a night as this
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noise: in such a night
Troylus methinks mounted the Troian walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.
*Ies.* In such a night
Did Thisbe fearefully ore-trip the dewe
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe
And ranne dismayed away
*Loren.* In such a night
Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage
*Ies.* In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Aeson
*Loren.* In such a night
Did Iessica steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As far as Belmont
*Ies.* In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith
And nere a true one.
*Loren.* In such a night
Did pretty Iessica (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgiue it her.
*Ies.* I would out night you did no body come
But hee, I am sure hee comes talking of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
*Mes.* A friend.
*Lor.* A friend, what friend? your name I pray you friend?
*Mes.* My Master sweet Lord, you bring him home.
He were at hand, I pray you tell me this?
Or he not come before?
*Mes.* Not he but a few of the clocke.
*Lor.* Who calls?
*Clo.* Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo*, sola, sola.
*Lor.* Leaue hollowing man heere. (sola.
*Clo.* Sola, where, where?
*Lor.* Heere?
*Clo.* Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning, sweet Soule
*Lor.* Let's in and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in?
My friend *Stephen* signifie pray you
Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,
And bring your musique forth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares, soft stilnes and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmonie.
Sit Iessica, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with patines of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossely close it in, we cannot heare it
Come ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest touches pierce your Mistresse eare,
And draw her home with musicke
*Ies.* I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique
*Play musicke.*
*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentiue:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
Did feigne that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But musicke for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus,
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke

*Enter Portia and Nerrissa*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. (deed
*Ner.* When the moone shone we did not see the can
*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musique, harke. *Musicke.*
*Ner.* It is your musicke Madame of the house
*Por.* Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?
*Ner.* Silence be, tower that vertue on it Madam
*Por.* The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
When

When neither is attended, and I think
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.
*Musicke ceases.*
*Lor.* That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia*.
*Por.* He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?
*Lor.* Deere Lady welcome home?
*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?
*Lor.* Madam they are not yet
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.
*Por.* Go in *Nerissa*,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you
*A tucket sounded.*
*Lor.* Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam feare you not
*Por.* This night me thinkes is but the day-light sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano and their Followers.*

*Bas.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.
*Por.* Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.
*Bas.* I thanke you Madam, giue welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.
*Ant.* No more then I am well acquitted of.
*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.
*Gra.* By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
In faith, I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke:
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.
*Por.* A quarrel ho already, what's the matter?
*Gra.* About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring,
That she did giue me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*
*Ner.* What talke you of the Poesie or the valew?
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it till the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clearke? but well I know
The Clearke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.
*Gra.* He will, and if he liue to be a man.
*Ner.* I, if a Woman liue to be a man.
*Gra.* Now by this hand, I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
A thing stuck on with oathes vpon your finger,
And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare
Neuer to part with it, and here he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of griefe,
And 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
*Bas.* Why I were best cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.
*Gra.* My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begg'd it, and indeede
Deseru'd it too: and then the boy his Clearke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.
*Por.* What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.
*Bas.* If I could adde a lye vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.
*Por.* Euen so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring.
*Ner.* Nor I in yours
Till I againe see mine.
*Bas.* Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
*Por.* If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthines that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring.
What man is there so much vnreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modesty
To vrge the thing held as a ceremony:
Nerissa teaches me what to beleeue:
I'le die for't but some Woman had the Ring.
*Bas.* No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a Ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me
And begg'd the Ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the very life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would haue begd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

*Ner.* Let [illegible] Doctor [illegible] come neere my house,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

# As you Like it.

## *Actus primus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam*

*Orlando*

AS I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saydst charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadnesse. My brother *Iaques* he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speake more properly) stayes me here at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are fayre with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end Riders dearely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gaue me, his countenance seemes to take from me: he lets me feede with his Hinds, barres me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentry with my education. This is it Adam that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within me, begins to mutine against this seruitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.

*Enter Oliuer*

*Adam.* Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

*Orlan.* Go apart *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me vp.

*Oli.* Now Sir, what make you heere?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then sir?

*Orl.* Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

*Oliuer* Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

*Orlan.* Shall I keepe your Hogs, and eat husks with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli* Know you where you are sir?

*Orl* O sir, very well: here in your Orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom sir?

*Orl.* I better then him I am before knowes me. I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much

of my father in me, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is nearer to his reuerence.

*Oli.* What boy.

*Orl.* Come, come elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

*Orl.* I am no villaine: I am the youngest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*: he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that says such a father begot villaines. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rayled on thy selfe.

*Adam.* Sweet Masters be patient, for your fathers remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go I say.

*Orl.* I will not till I please: you shall heare me. My father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or giue me the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what will you do? I meane to trouble you, you shall haue some part of your will: I pray you leaue me.

*Orl.* I no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dogge.

*Adam.* Is old dogge my reward? Most true, I haue lost my teeth in your seruice. God be with my old master, he would not haue spoke such a word. *Exeunt Orl. Adam.*

*Oli.* Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will physicke your rankenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther. Hollo *Dennis*.

*Enter Dennis.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not *Charles* the Duke's Wrastler heere to speake with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in: 'twill be a good way; and to morrow the wrastling is.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good Monsieur *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

*Charles.* There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing

Lords haue put themselues into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good cause to wander.

*Ol.* Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her father.

*Cel.* O my, for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so deere, that shee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

*Ol.* Where will the Duke lie?

*Cel.* There is no question, for he hath banished him in the heart of *Arden*, where he hath abundance of his people about him, and where they haue lined and feasted at the Forrest, liue and thriue as merrily as they would heere at the Court, in the quiet of their consciences.

*Ol.* Well, you would then to morrow be with the new Duke.

*Cel.* Marry do I: and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am in councell with my selfe, and but for the loue I haue to you, I would not haue reuealed it: but mine owne safety and you dearenesse inforceth me to tell you, that I am heire apparant to my Vncles Crowne, and that I shall vsurpe vpon him by force, vnlesse I get the loue of his people. Now my deere Cosen, I protest vnto thee, that I am cleere from any such purpose in my selfe, and my very priuate affections do leade me to seeke my fortune any where, rather then heere, where I looke to be lopped and hewed downe by my Father, if I can take his people in the meane time, and breede strength vnder his nose, as soone as I would thinke my selfe ready inough, which I doubt not, if I can by priuie practise vnderstand how affected the people are. And in that kinde of conflict, in which I hope to ouercome, they shall rather pittie then enuie me. For your sake, deere Cosen, there is more adoe, I would haue thought shame to haue entred with a minde so vnprouided: I pray you leade me your good minde, and my hand shall worke your right: or else count my purpose hereupon as forlorne.

*Ol.* Cosen, I feele your kindnesse, my Nature is euen setled as your owne, so that I could finde in my heart to disgrace my man and apparell, and to giue it vp to my Vncle, and the better enable my selfe for your sake, to goe seeke liuing in the Forrest, as to liue still in the Court, there is no true taste yeelded me. But these matters are farre vnfit for the time to come: I reioyce in your determinations, which indeede are verie maiestically imagined, and if effected as you expresse them, will bring you the heire of your owne feares, the enioying of your owne loue, and a liuely season, wherein you may recount what hard aduentures you vndertooke in the time of your youth: and I hope indeede, because I doe, that I take part with you. But to the manner of your watch to winne this Dukedome, wherein consisteth the tediousness and difficulty thereof, and what assistance I may lend you to the furtherance of the same, I doe hope to know before I consent to practise any thing against him: therefore haue patience sweet Cosen, let me see further into the matter with my iudgement, and when time shall serue to whet our wits, doe cut the heads of all that shall withstand vs: meane time, deere Cosen, let vs giue our selues such maidenly cheere, as the ignorance of our estate will affoord vs, and take on with a braue scorne the iniurie of Fortune. Are not these woods more free from perill, then the enuious Court? heere we are but in the feare of Lions, and heere we feele no more then necessitie makes vs suffer, which I thinke is a braue mate for proud Fortune. I will turne Orator to my complaint, if you will suffer me.

*Cel.* I would thou couldst out of my person moue delight in that kinde of exercise, but I pray thee tune thy wit to better matter, vse thy eloquence how to attaine gentle Siluius loue, and not how to driue away time by barren rehearsall: goe to, turne ouer the leaues of thy booke.

*Ol.* Nay, I drowne my selfe too deepe in the matter, I pray you what is the matter we are in doe you chuse to heare it?

*Cel.* Agreed, and I pray you tune your wit as well as you can in hearing it.

*Ol.* Marry this is from his Mistresse *Siluius*.

*Cel.* Alas the deere Foole, how coldly he complaines.

*Ol.* How know you that you neuer saw her?

*Cel.* Her loue is not the hare that I follow.

*Ol.* No, I answere you for that: for now shee is the ground for which the hare is hunted.

*Cel.* Then assure thy selfe, it is not a hare for me: me thinkes the Poet is very plaine.

*Ol.* Come, come, you are a foole and turne behauiour with obscuritie and keepe not the meane way.

*Cel.* Indeede I would not forced out of my curtesie, good Corin haue patience.

*Ol.* I pray you.

*Cel.* Proceed.

*Ol.* Sweet Siluius.

*Cel.* That's I: I pray you marke it well.

*Ol.* Sweet Siluius.

*Cel.* That will scarce make me weepe.

*Ol.* Peace I say.

*Cel.* No I will not cease.

*Ol.* Which of you two did Siluius first loue?

*Cel.* Who first asked him whether blacke or browne became him best.

*Ol.* Peace, peace.

*Cel.* Now I am mute, as the Question sits demurely on the Bench, till the Iudge determine.

*Ol.* Will you heare the Letter?

*Cel.* I am a iudge sworne to it, I pray you read it.

*Ol.* Sweet Siluius, &c.

*Cel.* Oh excellent phrase, by your faire sweet and your faire sweet, your faire vertue, I would haue her tell me her minde.

*Ol.* Cease your iesting, I pray you.

*Cel.* Thus Goddesses make me attentiue to our sports: stay.

*Ol.* Sweet Siluius.

*Cel.* Still I say.

*Ol.* Sweet Siluius.

*Cel.* Still I say.

*Ol.* Sweet Siluius.

*Cel.* Still I say

*Ros.* Where learne you that oath fooler?

*Clo.* Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honour the Mustard was naught: Now I'le stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

*Cel.* How prooue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

*Ros.* I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisedome.

*Clo.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

*Cel.* By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

*Clo.* By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not you: you are not forsworne: no more was this Knight (swearing by his Honour) for he neuer had any: or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes or that Mustard.

*Cel.* Prethee who is't that thou mean'st?

*Clo.* One that old *Frederick* your Father loues.

*Ros.* My Father loues him gentlie.

*Cel.* Enough: speake no more of him, you'le be whipt for taxation one of these dayes.

*Clo.* The more pittie that fooles may not speake wisely, what Wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth thou saist true: for since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew. Heere comes Monsieur *Le Beau*.

*Enter Le Beau.*

*Ros.* With his mouth full of newes.

*Cel.* Which he will put on vs as Pidgeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be newes-cram'd.

*Cel.* All the better: we shall be the more Marketable. Bonjour Monsieur *Le Beau*, what's the newes?

*Le Beau.* Fayre Princesse,

[illegible]

*Cel.* Sport? of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour, Madame? How shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit, and fortune will.

*Clo.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

*Clo.* Nay, if I keepe not my rankes.

*Ros.* Thou loosest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe: and heere where you are, they are comming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well the beginning that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and three sonnes.

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

*Ros.* With bils on their neckes: Be it known vnto all men by these presents.

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittifull dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas.

*Clo.* But what is the sport Monsieur that the Ladies haue lost?

*Le Beau.* Why this that I speake of.

*Clo.* Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another dotes vpon ribbe-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling (Cosen)?

*Le Beau.* You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

*Cel.* Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lord, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.*

*Duke Fred.* Come on, since the youth will not be entreated, his owne peril on his forwardnesse.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Euen he, Madam.

*Cel.* Alas he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

*Duke Fred.* How now daughter and Cosen? Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

*Ros.* Ay (so please your Grace).

*Duke Fred.* If you saw ought in the wrastler that may moue your fauour, or pittie, call him to you: for he hath my good will, and were he better knowne to vs, it may be I would giue you aduice to call off your louers, from this vnequall tryall: Poore youth, he end this aduenture, hath well deseru'd better at my hands.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duetie.

*Duke Fred.* Why this is spoken like a stripling, happily he thinkes me the King he comes but to wrastle.

*Ros.* Speake to him Ladies, see if you can mooue him.

*Cel.* Call him hither good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

*Duke Fred.* Do so: I'le not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the Princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duetie.

*Ros.* Young man, haue you challenged Charles the Wrastler?

*Orl.* No faire Princesse: he is the stayner of my purpose, he comes but in as others do, to try with him the strength of his youth.

*Cel.* Young Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue seene cruell proofe of this mans strength: if you saw your selfe with your eyes, or knew your selfe with your iudgement, the feare of your aduenture would counsell you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your owne safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to deny so faire and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your faire eyes, and gentle wishes go with me to my triall: wherein if I be foyled, there is but one sham'd that was neuer gracious: if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniury, for in it I haue nothing: only in the world I fill vp a place, which may be better supplied, when I haue made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I haue, I would it were with you.

*Cel.*

*Cel* A de mine to eeke out hers.
*Ros.* Fare you well praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you
*Cel* Your hearts desires be with you.
*Cham* Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?
*Orl* Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working
*Duke* You shall try but one fall
*Cha* No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first
*Orl* You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.
*Ros* Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.
*Cel.* I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge *Wrastler.*
*Ros* Oh excellent yong man
*Cel* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe *Shout*
*Duke* No more, no more.
*Orl* Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breathd
*Duke.* How do you (Cosen)?
*Le Beu* He cannot, cake my Lord
*Duke* Beare him away.
What is thy name yong man?
*Orl* Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*
*Duke* I would thou had'st been sonne to some man else,
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him still mine enemie:
Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
Had'st thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'st told me of another Father
*Exit Duke*
*Cel* Were I my Father (Coze) would my deede
*Orl* I am more proud to be Sir *Rowlands* sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to Frederick
*Ros* My Father loued Sir *Rowland* as his soule
And all the world was of my Fathers mind
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he should thus haue ventured.
*Cel.* Gentle Cosen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him
My Fathers rough and enuious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in loue,
But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise,
Your Mistris shall be happie
*Ros.* Gentleman,
Wearing this for me: one out of suites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?
*Cel* I pray you we shall take your leaue.
*Orl* With no lesse reuerence, than a blushing Cousin
Going to his mistris, greater than my wishes
Can lodge in thankes, I doe accept my better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke
*Ros.* He calls vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would. Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne
More than your enemies.
*Cel* Will you goe Coze?
*Ros.* Haue with you: fare you well *Exit.*

*Orl* What passion hangs these weights vpon my tooge?
I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

*Enter Le Beu.*

O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.
*Le Beu.* Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd
High commendation, true applause, and loue;
Yet such a now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you haue done.
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suites you to conceiue, than I to speake of
*Orl.* I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrastling?
*Le Beu.* Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter company, whose loues
Are deerer than the natural bond of Sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'ne displeasure gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people prayse her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake,
And on my life his malice gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth. Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world than this,
I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.
*Orl* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well
Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly *Rosaline* *Exit*

## *Scena Tertius.*

*Enter Celia and Rosaline*

*Cel* Why Cosen, why *Rosaline*: *Cupid* haue mercie,
Not a word?
*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog
*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame me with reasons.
*Ros* Then there were two Cosens laide vp, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.
*Cel* But is all this for your Father?
*Ros.* No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world
*Cel.* They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty coates will catch them
*Ros* I could shake them off my coate, these burs are in my heart
*Cel* Hem them away.
*Ros.* I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.
*Cel.* Come, come, wrastle with thy affections
*Ros.* O they take the part of a better wrastler than my selfe.
*Cel.* O a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time

...adipig'd of a fall but turning these off's out of fetuice,
...ets talke in good earneſt. Is it poſſible on ſuch a ſo-
...daine, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sr
*Rowland's* yongeſt ſonne?

*Ros.* The Duke my Father lou'd his Father dearely.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould loue his
Sonne dearely? By this kinde of chace I ſhould hate
him, for my father hated his father dearely; yet I hate
not *Orlando*.

*Ros.* No faith, hate him not for my ſake.

*Cel.* Why ſhould I doe ſo, I pray you, will you then
...

*Enter Duke with Lords.*

*Ros.* I ...
Becauſe ...

*Cel.* ...

*Duke.* ...
And get you ...

*Ros.* ...

*Duke.* ...
Within ...
So ...
...

*Ros.* ...
Let me ...
If ...
Or ...
If that I do not ...
(As I do truſt I am not) then, deere Vncle,
Neuer ...
Did I offend your ...

*Duke.* ...
If ...
They ...
Let ...

*Ros.* ...
Speake ...
I ...
And ...
With ...
Firme, and irreuocable ...
Why ...

*Cel.* ...
I cannot ...

*Duke.* You are a foole. you Neice preuince your ſelfe
If you out-ſtay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greateſſe of my word you ſhe.

*Exit Duke &c.*

*Cel.* O my poore *Roſaline*, whether wilt thou goe
...
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cauſe.

*Cel.* Thou haſt not (coſen),
Prethee be cheered: know'ſt thou not the Duke
...

*Ros.* ...

*Cel.* ...

*Ros.* ...

*Cel.* ...

*Ros.* ...

*Cel.* 

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from peril, then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flatterie: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am.
Sweet are the vses of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious iewell in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publike haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.
*Amien.* I would not change it. Happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.
*Duke Sen.* Come, shall we go and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being natiue Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round haunches gor'd.
1. *Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde swears you do more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To day my Lord of *Amiens* and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake whose antique roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish: and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Coursed one another downe his innocent nose
In pitteous chase: and thus the hairy foole,
Much marked of the melancholy *Iaques*,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.
*Duke Sen.* But what said *Iaques*
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1. *Lord.* O yes into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame,
*Poore Deere*, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his veluet friends,
*'Tis right*, quoth he, *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him,
And neuer stayes to greet him: *I quoth Iaques*,
*Sweep on you fat and greazie Citizens,*
*'Tis iust the fashion: wherefore do you looke*
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of Country, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and what's worse
To fright the Animals and to kill them vp
In their assigned and natiue dwelling place.
*Duke Sen.* And did you leaue him in this contemplation?
2. *Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

*Duke Sen.* Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
1. *Lord.* Ile bring you to him straight. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Duke, with Lords.*

*Duke.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.
1. *Lord.* I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her abed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.
2. *Lord.* My Lord, the roynish Clowne, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing.
*Hisperia* the Princesse Gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler
That did but lately foile the sinewy *Charles*,
And she believes wheresoe're they are gone
That youth is surely in their company.
*Duke.* Send out a present after them, I say,
And bring the stubborn Ladie and her fool,
For they are very well assembled
And presently repaire to me
(Do it instantly.) Come, light lights, man, come,
For it is monstrous night. Come, shall we go?
*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orl.* Who's there?
*Ad.* What my yong Master? O my gentle master,
O my sweet Master, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*! why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to ouercome
The bonny Priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to some kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more do yours: your virtues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that bears it?
Why, what's the matter?
*Ad.* O vnhappy youth,
Come not within these doores: within this roofe
The enemie of all your graces liues
Your brother (no no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the sonne, I will not call him so)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He

He will haue other meanes to cut you off,
I ouerheard him and his practises.
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie,
Abhorred it, leaue it, doe not enter it
*Ad.* Why what would'st thou haue me go?
*Ad.* No matter whether, so you come not here.
*Oli.* What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A thecuish liuing on the common rode?
This I must do or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subiect me to the malice
Of a diuelish brother as dishonest brother.
*Ad.* But do not you haue fine hundred Crownes,
That your deere father left you when he died?
Why then I doe forbid you be my brother Nurse.
Why then I doe forbid you be my brother Nurse.
When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age, heere is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie,
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with vnbashful forehead woe,
The meanes of weakenesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frost, but kindly: let me go with you,
I'le do the seruice of a younger man
In all your businesse and necessities
*Oli.* O good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for duetie not for meede
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee
But poore old man thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy ways, wee'le go along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Wee'le light vpon some setled low content.
*Ad.* Master go on and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seuen the yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At seuenteene yeeres many their fortunes seeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke.
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter *Exeunt*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Touchstone.*

*Ros.* O *Iupiter*, how merry are my spirits?
*Clo* I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.
*Ros* I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show itselfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.
*Cel.* I pray you beare with me, I cannot go no further
*Clo.* For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse.
*Ros.* Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.
*Clo* I, now am I in *Arden*: the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but trauellers must be content.

*Enter Corin and Siluius*

*Ros* Ay, be so good *Touchstone*: Looke you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke
*Cor* That is the way to make her scorne you still.
*Sil* O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do loue her.
*Cor* I partly guesse, for I haue lou'd ere now
*Sil* No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou was't as true a louer
As ever sighed vpon a midnight pillow
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As sure I thinke did neuer man so loue,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawne to by thy fantasie?
*Cor.* Into a thousand that I haue forgotten
*Sil.* O thou didst then neuer loue so heartily,
If thou remember not the slightest folly
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loued
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loued
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe* *Exit*
*Ros.* Alas poore Shepheard, searching of thy wound,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.
*Clo.* And I mine. I remember when I was in loue, I broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Iane Smile*: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giuing her them again, said with weeping teares, weare these for my sake. We that are true Louers, runne into strange capers: but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in loue mortall in folly.
*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of
*Clo.* Nay I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it.
*Ros.* Iesu *Iane*, this Shepherds passion,
Is much vpon my fashion
*Clo* And mine, but it growes something stale with me.
*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almost to death.
*Clo* Holla, you Clowne.
*Ros.* Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman
*Cor* Who calls?
*Clo.* Your betters Sir.
*Cor* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros* Peace

*Ros.* Peace I say. good euen to your friend.
*Cor.* And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
*Ros.* I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this deserst place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed
Here's a young maid with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for lacke of food.
*Cor.* Faire Sir, I pitie her.
And wish for her sake more than for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to relieue her.
But I am shepheard to another man
And do not shere the fleeces that I graze
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides his Coate, his flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coate now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
*Cor.* That young Swaine that you saw heere but ere-while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
*Ros.* I pray thee gentle friend, how do you call him,
Buy you the Cottage pasture and the flocke,
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.
*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages.
Take pitty of our sighes and wearie steps,
Wake my mistresse.
*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right soberly. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Amyens, Iaques, & others.*

*Song.*
*Who doth ambition shunne,*
*And loues to liue i'the Sunne*
*Seeking the food he eates,*
*And pleas'd with what he gets.*
*Come hither, come hither, come hither,*
*Heere shall he see,*
*No enemie,*
*But winter and rough weather.*

*Iaq.* More, more, I prethee more.
*Amy.* It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Iaques*
*Iaq.* I thanke it: More, I prethee more.
I can suck melancholly out of a song,
As a Weazel sucks egges. More, I prethee more.
*Amy.* My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.
*Iaq.* I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanzo: Cal you 'em stanzo's?
*Amy.* What you will Monsieur *Iaques*
*Iaq.* Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Wil you sing?
*Amy.* More at your request, then to please my selfe.
*Iaq.* Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they call complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me heartily, me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come sing and you that will not hold your tongues.
*Amy.* Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while, the Duke will drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this day to looke you.
*Iaq.* And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
He is too disputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thankes, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come

*Song.* *All together heere.*
*Who doth ambition shunne,*
*And loues to liue i'the Sunne*
*Seeking the food he eates,*
*And pleas'd with what he gets.*
*Come hither, come hither, come hither,*
*Heere shall he see,*
*No enemie,*
*But winter and rough weather.*

*Iaq.* Ile giue you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.
*Amy.* And I pray you.
*Amy.* Thus it goes.
*If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse*
*Leauing his wealth and ease,*
*A stubborne will to please,*
*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame*
*Heere shall he see, gross fooles as he,*
*And if he will come to me.*
*Amy.* What's that Ducdame
*Iaq.* 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fooles into a circle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.
*Amy.* And I'le go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Orlando, & Adam.*

*Adam.* Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And measure out my graue. Farwell kinde master.
*Orl.* Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee
Thy conceite is nearer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end. I will heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I will giue thee leaue to die: but if thou dieſt
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Well said, thou look'st cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou lieſt
In the bleake aire. Come, I will beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Desert.
Cheerely good *Adam*. *Exeunt*

*Scena*

## Scena Septima.

*Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes*

*Du.Sen.* I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

*1.Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song

*Du.Sen.* If the compact of jarres grow Musicall,
We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

*Enter Iaques.*

*1.Lord.* He saues my labor by his owne approach.

*Du.Sen.* Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your company,
What, you looke merrily

*Iaq.* A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world!)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and basked him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I.) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a dial from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke.
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

*Du.Sen.* What foole is this?

*Iaq.* O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as dric as the remainder bisket
After a voyage. He hath strange places cram'd
With obseruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Du.Sen.* Thou shalt haue one.

*Iaq.* It is my onely suite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of a opinion that growes rankein them,
That I am wise. I must haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue.
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church.
He, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandring glances of the foole.
Inuest me in my motley. Giue me leaue
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

*Du.Sen.* Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do

*Iaq.* What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

*Du.Sen.* Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin.
For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,
And all th'imbossed sores, and headed euils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.

*Iaq.* Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party.
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the weary very meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the City do I name,
When that I say the City woman bears
The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vnclaim'd of any man. But who come here?

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Forbeare, and eate no more.

*Iaq.* Why I haue eate none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serued.

*Iaq.* Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

*Du.Sen.* Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distresse?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in ciuility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vaine of late, the thorny point
Of bare distresse, hath ta'ne from me the shew
Of smooth ciuility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

*Iaq.* And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.

*Du.Sen.* What would you haue?
Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentlenesse.

*Orl.* I almost die for food, and let me haue it

*Du.Sen.* Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

*Orl.* Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne commandment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholy boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes
If euer bene where bels haue knoll'd to Church:
If euer sate at any good mans feast:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pitie, and be pitied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword

*Du. Sen.* True is it, that we haue seene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore bit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be ministred.
*Orl.* Then but forbeare your food a little while.
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppresst with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
*Duke Sen.* Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne.
*Orl.* I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.
*Du Sen.* Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more woefull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.
*Ia.* All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, merely Players,
They haue their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes.
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snaile
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a woefull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Iealous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Cannons mouth. And then, the Iustice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes seuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes and modern instances,
And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantalone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke shanke, and his big manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble, pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull History,
Is second childishnesse, and meere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Enter Orlando with Adam.*

*Du Sen.* We come: set downe your venerable burthen, and refresh vs.
*Orl.* I thanke you most for him.
*Ad.* So had you need,
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.
*Du Sen.* We come, all too. I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde,*
*Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude*
*Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,*
*although thy breath be rude.*
*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,*
*Most friendship, is feyning; most louing, meere folly*
*Then heigh ho, the holly,*
*This Life is most iolly.*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh*
*as benefits forgot.*
*Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,*
*as friend remembred not*
*Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

*Duke Sen.* If that you were the good Sir *Rowlands* son,
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Cane, and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.*

*Du.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this twelue-month, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou can'st quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we think against thee.
*Oli.* O that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.
*Duke.* More villaine thou. Well pusht him out of dores
And all his officers, and kept his meanes
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expedient y, and turne him going. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my loue,
And thou three crowned Queene of night suruey,
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere aboue
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witnest euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue shee. *Exit.*

*Enter Corin & Clowne.*

*Co.* And how like you this shepherds life *Mr Touchstone?*
*Clo.*

*Clow.* Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a Shepheards life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Clo.* Such a one is a natural Philosopher. Was euer in Court, Shepheard?

*Cor.* No truely.

*Clo.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope.

*Clo.* Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at Court? your reason.

*Clo.* Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state shepheard.

*Cor.* Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behauiour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the Court. You told me you salute not at the Court, but kisse your hands: that courtesie would be vncleanly, if Courtiers were shepheards.

*Clo.* Instance, briefly, come, instance.

*Cor.* Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greasie.

*Clo.* Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the greasie fat of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance I say. Come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Clo.* Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred ouer with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfumed with Civet.

*Clo.* Most shallow man! Thou wormes meate in respect of a good peece of flesh indeed! learne of the wise and perpend. Ciuet is of a baser birth than Tarre, the very vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepheard.

*Cor.* You haue too Courtly a wit for me, Ile rest.

*Clo.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happinesse: glad of other mens good, content with my harme: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke.

*Clo.* That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing by the copulation of Cattle; to be bawd to a Bell-wether, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelue-month to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the diuel himselfe will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else how thou should'st scape.

*Cor.* Here comes yong Mr *Ganimed*, my new Mistresses Brother.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Ros.* From the east to western Inde,
no iewel is like Rosalinde,
Her worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest Lines,
are but blacke to Rosalinde
Let no face be kept in mind
but the fayre of Rosalinde.

*Clo.* I remember, the last time I eate my dinner, and supper, and sleept my selfe: it is the right Ganimed, or Rosalinde that hath worne his yesterday face out in the Sunne.

*Ros.* Out Foole.

*Cor.* For a taste.
If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him seeke out Rosalinde.
If the Cat will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde.
Wintred garments must be linde
so must slender Rosalinde.
They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut hath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde loue prickes, and Rosalinde.

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why do you infect your selfe with them?

*Ros.* Peace you dull Asse, I haue found them on a tree.

*Cor.* Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

*Ros.* I'le graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruite i'th'Countrey: for you'le be rotten ere you be halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

*Clo.* You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest iudge.

*Enter Celia with a writing.*

*Ros.* Peace here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

*Cel.* Why should this Desert be,
for it is vnpeopled? No:
Tongues I'le hang on euery tree,
that shall ciuill sayings show:
Some how braue shall be this man
that I shall write this my good mind,
That the treasoning Loue can,
in kinder harts truths store shall find.
Some of modest smiles,
are all the fashion of these times,
And vttered but by faire virginals,
that their loues rime be found:
But vpon the fayre Lines,
of my Rosalindes white browes,
Will I Rosalinde write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quintessence of euery sprite,
heauen would in little show.
Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
that one body should be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature presently distill'd

*Helens cheeke, but not her heart,*
*Cleopatras Maiestie*
*Atalanta's better part,*
*sad Lucrecia's Modestie*
*Thus Rosalinde of many parts,*
*by Heauen's synode was deuis'd,*
*Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,*
*to haue the touches deerest pris'd*
*Heauen would that she these gifts should haue,*
*and I to liue and die her Slaue*

*Ros.* O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cride, haue patience good people

*Cel.* How now? Backe friends? Shepheard go off a little. Go with him sirrah.

*Clo.* Come Shepheard, let vs make an honourable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

*Cel.* Didst thou heare these verses?

*Ros.* O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

*Cel.* That's no matter, the feet might beare Verses.

*Ros.* I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselues without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou heare without wondring, how thy name should be hanged and carued vpon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seuen of the nine dayes out of the wonder, before you came: for look here what I found on a Palme tree: I was neuer so be-rimed since Pythagoras time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chaine that you once wore about his neck. Change you colour?

*Ros.* I prethee who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete, but Mountaines may be remoued with Earthquakes and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I prethee now, with most petticoate verie-ce, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and after that, out of all hooping.

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou thinke, though I am caparisond like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discouery. I prethee tell me who it is quickly, and speake apace. I would thou could stammer, that thou might powre this concealed matter out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I prethee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankfull: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wrastlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant

*Ros.* Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I'faith (Coz) 'tis he.

*Ros.* *Orlando*?

*Cel.* *Orlando*.

*Ros.* Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrastled?

*Cel.* It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolue the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

*Ros.* It may well be cal'd Loues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

*Cel.* Giue me audience, good Madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuetters vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

*Ros.* O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, say on.

*Enter Orlando & Iaques.*

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

*Ros.* 'Tis he, slinke by, and note him.

*Iaq.* I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as liefe haue beene my selfe alone.

*Orl.* And so had I: but yet for fashion sake I thanke you too, for your societie.

*Iaq.* God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Iaq.* I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Loue-Rimes in their barkes.

*Orl.* I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

*Iaq.* *Rosalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, just.

*Iaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

*Iaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Iaq.* You are full of pretty answers: haue you not been acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & coned them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so: but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you haue studied your questions.

*Iaq.* You haue a nimble wit: I thinke 'twas made of *Atalanta's* heeles. Will you sit downe with me, and we two, will rayle against our Mistris the world, and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe, against

against whom I know most faults

*Iaq.* The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

*Iaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

*Iaq.* There I shal see mine owne figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

*Iaq.* Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good Signior Loue.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

*Ros.* I will speake to him like a saucie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you heare Forester.

*Orl.* Verie wel, what would you? (ster.

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't a clocke?

*Orl.* You should aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre would detect the slow feet of time as wel as a clocke.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

*Ros.* By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withall.

*Orl.* I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, betweene the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a seuennight, Time pases as hard, that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepes easily because he cannot study, and the other lines merrily, because he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soone there.

*Orl.* Who staies it still withal?

*Ros.* With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

*Orl.* Where dwel you pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this Shepheardesse my sister: here in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the Conie that you see dwel where shee is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vncle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fell in loue. I have heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman, to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principall euils, that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one faulte seeming monstrous, till his fellow-faulte came to match it.

*Orl.* I prethee recount some of them.

*Ros.* No: I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with carying *Rosalinde* on their barkes, hangs Odes vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) deifying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

*Ros.* There is none of my Vncles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his markes?

*Ros.* A leane cheeke: which you haue not: a blew eye and sunken: which you haue not: an vnquestionable spirit: which you haue not: a beard neglected: which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing in beard is a yonger brothers reuenew.) Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet vnbanded, your sleeue vnbuttoned, your shoe vntide, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you are no such man, you are rather point deuice in your accoustrements, as louing your selfe, than seeming the Louer of any other. (I Loue.

*Orl.* Fayre youth, I would I could make thee beleeue

*Ros.* Me beleeue it? You may as soone make her that you Loue beleeue it, which I warrant she is apter to doe, than to confesse she does: that is one of the points in the which women still giue the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalinde* is so admired?

*Orl.* I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalinde*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in loue as your rimes speake?

*Orl.* Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

*Ros.* Loue is meere madnesse, I tell you, deserues as well a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too. Yet I profest curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you euer cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistresse: and I set him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euery passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spurne him: that I drawe my Suitor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuely humor of madnesse: which was to forsweare the full stream of the world, and to liue in a nooke merely Monastick. And thus I cured him, and this way will I take vpon me to wash your Liuer as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shall not be one spot of Loue in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Cote, and woe me.

*Orlan.* Now by the faith of my loue, I will ; Tel me where it is

*Ref.* Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tel me, where in the Forrest you liue: Wil you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth

*Ref* Nay, you must call me *Rosaind* Come sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.*

*Clo* Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey*. and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features, Lord warrant vs what features?

*Clo.* I am here come with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet, honest *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

*Iaq.* O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Iouue in a thatch'd house!

*Clo.* When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward child, vnderstanding, it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome. Truly, I would the Gods had made thee poeticall.

*Aud.* I do not know what Poet cal's, is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

*Clo* No truely: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

*Aud.* Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

*Clow* I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne

*Aud.* Would you not haue me honest?

*Clo.* No truly, vnlesse thou were hard-fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue honie a sawce to Sugar

*Iaq.* A materiall foole

*Aud.* Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest

*Clo.* Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

*Clo.* Well, prayed be the Gods, for thy foulnesse, sluttishnesse may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs

*Iaq* I would faine see this meeting.

*Aud* Well, the Gods giue vs ioy

*Clo.* Amen. A man may if he were of a fearfull heart, stagger in this attempt: for here we haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods: right. Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen to poore men alone: No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascall: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batchellor: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then, to want.

*Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.*

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

*Ol.* Is there none heere to giue the woman?

*Clo.* I wil not take her on guift of any man.

*Ol.* Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

*Iaq.* Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

*Clo.* Good euen good M^r^ what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd

*Iaq.* Wil you be married, Motley?

*Clo.* As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling

*Iaq* And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell and like greene timber, warpe, warpe

*Clo.* I am not in the minde, but I were better to be married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leaue my wife

*Iaq* Go thou with mee,
And let me counsel thee

*O.* Come sweete *Audrey*,
We must be married, or we must liue in bawdrey:
Farewel good M^r^ *Oliuer*: Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee. But wind away, begone I say I will not to wedding with thee.

*Ol.* 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantasticall knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

## *Scæna Quarta.*

*Enter Rosalind & Celia.*

*Ros* Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

*Cel.* Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

*Ros.* But haue I not cause to weepe?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire,
Therefore weepe.

*Ros.* His very haire
Is of the dissembling colour

*Cel.* Something browner then Iudasses:
Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children

*Ros.* I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour.
Your Chessenut was euer the onely colour:

*Ros.* And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* Hee hath bought a paire of caſt lips of *Diana*; a Nun of winters ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſlie, the very yce of chaſtity is in them.

*Roſa.* But why did hee ſweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

*Roſ.* Doe you thinke ſo?

*Cel.* Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

*Roſ.* Not true in loue?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in

*Roſ.* You haue heard him ſweare downright he was.

*Cel.* Was, is not is. beſides, the oath of Louer is no ſtronger then the word of a Lapiter, they are both the confirmer of falſe reckonings, he attends here in the foreſt on the Duke your father.

*Roſ.* I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he aſkt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, ſo he laugh'd and let me goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

*Cel.* O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verſes, ſpeakes braue words, ſweares braue oathes, and breakes them bravely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his louer, as a puiſny Tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breakes his ſtaffe like a noble gooſe; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides. who comes here?

*Enter Corin.*

*Corin.* Miſtreſſe and Maſter, you haue oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue, Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turph, Praiſing the proud diſdainfull Shepherdeſſe That was his Miſtreſſe.

*Cel.* Well: and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will ſee a pageant truely plaid Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of ſcorne and prowd diſdaine, Goe hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you If you will marke it.

*Roſ.* O come, let vs remoue, The ſight of Louers feedeth thoſe in loue: Bring vs to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay Ile proue a buſie actor in their play. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Siluius and Phebe.*

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe* doe not ſcorne me, do not *Phebe* Say that you loue me not, but ſay not ſo In bitternеſſe; the common executioner Whoſe heart th'accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck, But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

*Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Corin.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner, I flye thee, for I would not injure thee: Thou tell'ſt me there is murder in mine eye, 'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailſt, and ſoftеſt things, Who ſhut their coward gates on atomyes, Should be cal'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers. Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee: Now counterfeit to ſwound, why now fall downe, Or if thou can't not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame, Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines Some ſcarre of it. Leane vpon a raſh The Cicatrice and capable impreſſure Thy palme ſome moment keepes: but now mine eyes Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am ſure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt.

*Sil.* O deere *Phebe*, If euer (as that euer may be neere) You meet in ſome freſh cheeke the power of fancie, Then ſhall you know the wounds inuiſible That Loues keene arrowes make.

*Phe.* But till that time Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mockes, pity me not, As till that time I ſhall not pity thee.

*Roſ.* And why I pray you? who might be your mother That you inſult, exult, and all at once Ouer the wretched? what though you haue no beauty As by my faith I ſee no more in you Then without Candle may goe darke to bed: Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſſe? Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me? I ſee no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures ſale-worke: 'odds my little life, I thinke ſhe meanes to tangle my eyes too: No faith proud Miſtreſſe, hope not after it, 'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke ſilke haire Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip. You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rayne, You are a thouſand times a properer man Then the a woman. 'Tis ſuch fooles as you That makes the world full of ill-fauour'd children: 'Tis not her glaſſe, but you that flatters her, And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelfe more proper Then any of her lineaments can ſhow her. But Miſtreſſe, know your ſelfe: downe on your knees And thanke heauen, faſting, for a good mans loue, For I muſt tell you friendly in your eare, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer, Foule is moſt foule being foule to be a ſcoffer. So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together, I had rather wooe you to take her, then man woode.

*Roſ.* Hee's falne in loue with your foulneſſe, & ſhee'l Fall in loue with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt As ſhe anſweres thee with frowning lookes, Ile ſauce Her with bitter words: why looke you ſo vpon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I beare you.

*Roſ.* I pray you do not fall in loue with mee, For I am falſer then vowes made in wine: Beſides, I like you not: if you will know my houſe, 'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by: Will you goe Siſter? Shepheard ply her hard.

Come

Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better,
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.
Come, to our flocke. *Exit*

*Phe.* Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe*

*Phe.* Ha? what saist thou *Siluius*?

*Sil.* Sweet *Phebe* pitty me

*Phe.* Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Siluius*

*Sil.* Why? ever toward vs, reuele what be it.
If you do sorrow at my griefe in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my griefe
Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would haue you.

*Phe.* Why that were couetousnesse:
*Siluius* the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou can'st talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

*Sil.* So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that Ile liue vpon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-
*Sil.* Not very well, but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was Master of.

*Phe.* Thinke not I loue him, though I aske for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare.
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp.
He is not very tall, yet for his yeares hee's tall,
His leg is but so, so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redenesse in his lip,
A little riper, and more lusty red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Siluius*, had they markt him
In parcels as I did, would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him.
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I marueile why I answer'd not againe:
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'le write to him a very taunting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it: wilt thou *Siluius*?

*Sil.* *Phebe*, with all my heart.

*Phe.* Ile write it straight:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short,
Go with me *Siluius*. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques*

*Iaq.* I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholly fellow.

*Iaq.* I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery moderne censure, worse then drunkards.

*Iaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then 'tis good to be a post.

*Iaq.* I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is politick; nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauels, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

*Ros.* A Traueller! by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

*Iaq.* Yes, I haue gained my experience.

*Enter Orlando*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merry, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

*Orl.* Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*

*Iaq.* Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

*Ros.* Farewell Monsieur Traueller: looke you lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Country: be out of loue with your natiuity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gondola. Why how now *Orlando*, where haue you beene all this while? you a louer? and you serue me such another trick, neuer come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my promise.

*Ros.* Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affaire of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

*Orl.* Pardon me deere *Rosalind*

*Ros.* Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight, I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaile.

*Orl.* Of a Snaile?

*Ros.* I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better iointure I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why hornes: which such as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Vertue

*Orl.* Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

*Ros.* And I am your *Rosalind.*

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind?*

*Orl.* I would kisse before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were gravel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers, lacking (God warne us) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

*Orl.* How if the kisse be denide?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris?

*Ros.* Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suite?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparell, and yet out of your suite.
Am not I your *Rosalind?*

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then in mine owne person, I die.

*Ros.* No faith, die by Attorney. The poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loue cause: *Troilus* had his braines dasht out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would have liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun, if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drown'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cettos. But these are all lies, men have died from time to time, and worme have eaten them, but not for loue.

*Orl.* I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a flie. But come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then loue me *Rosalind.*

*Ros.* Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* I, and twentie such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Rosalind.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs. Give me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you say sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee marrie vs.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, will you *Orlando.*

*Cel.* Goe too: will you *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind?*

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* I, but when?

*Orl.* Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

*Ros.* Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

*Orl.* I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

*Ros.* I might aske you for your Commission, But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there a girle goes before the Priest, and certainely a Womans thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her?

*Orl.* For ever, and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever. no, no *Orlando*, men are April when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountaine, & I will do that when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleepe.

*Orl.* But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I doe.

*Orl.* O but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores upon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wilt?

*Ros.* Nay, you might keepe that check for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have, to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marrie to say, she came to seeke you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unlesse you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurse her childe herselfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

*Orl.* For these two houres *Rosalinde*, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

*Orl.* I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

*Ros.* I, go your waies, go your waies. I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death. two o' clocke is your howre.

*Orl.* I sweet *Rosalind.*

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promise or come one minute behinde your howre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may be chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no lesse religion, then if thou were indeed my *Rosalind*: so adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu. *Exit*

*Cel.* You have simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate:

grace: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neast.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

*Cel.* Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena* I cannot be out of sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And Ile sleepe. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.*

*Iaq.* Which is he that killed the Deare?

*Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Iaq.* Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conqueror, and it would doe well to set the Deares hornes vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no song Forrester for this purpose?

*Lord.* Yes Sir.

*Iaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

*What shall he haue that kild the Deare?*
*His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:*
*Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;*
*Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,*
*It was a crest ere thou was't borne,*
*Thy father's father wore it,*
*And thy father bore it,*
*The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,*
*Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.* *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* How say you now, is it not past two a clock? And here much *Orlando*.

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

*Enter Siluius.*

He hath ta'ne his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe: look who comes heere.

*Sil.* My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

*Ros.* Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all.
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents,
*Phebe* did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands.
She has a huswifes hand, but that's no matter.
I say she neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: womens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I neuer heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* cruelty.

*Ros.* She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant writes.
Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*
*That a maidens heart hath burn'd*
Can a woman raile thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* Read. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
*Warr'st thou with a womans heart?*
Did you euer heare such railing?
*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,*
*That could do no vengeance to me*
Meaning me a beast.
*If the scorne of your bright eine*
*Haue power to raise such loue in mine,*
*Alacke, in me, what strange effect*
*Would they worke in milder aspect?*
*Whiles you chid me, I did loue,*
*How then might your prayers moue?*
*He that brings this loue to thee*
*Little knowes this Loue in me:*
*And by him seale vp thy mind,*
*Whether that thy youth and kinde*
*Will the faithfull offer take*
*Of me, and all that I can make,*
*Or else by him my loue deny,*
*And then Ile studie how to die.*

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Cel.* Alas poore Shepheard.

*Ros.* Doe you pitty him? No, he deserues no pitty: wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make, and an instrument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit Sil.*

*Enter Oliuer.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know) Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands

A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.
*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.
*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is fayre,
Of semall fauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?
*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
*Oli.* *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloudy napkin, are you he?
*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by this?
*Oli.* Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
*Cel.* I pray you tell it.
*Oli.* When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Lo what befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke what obiect did present it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back, about his necke
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but suddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonesse, with vdders all drawne dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre, for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead
This seene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother his eldest brother.
*Cel.* O I have heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men.
*Oli.* And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall.
*Ros.* But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonesse?
*Oli.* Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonesse
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
*Cel.* Are you his brother?
*Ros.* Was't you he resc'u'd?
*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?
*Oli.* 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
So sweetely tastes, being the thing I am.
*Ros.* But for the bloody napkin?
*Oli.* By and by:
When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindely bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
There strip't himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled, and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.
*Cel.* Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.
*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.
*Cel.* There is more in it: Cosen *Ganimed*.
*Oli.* Looke, he recouers.
*Ros.* I would I were at home
*Cel.* We'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.
*Oli.* Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.
*Ros.* I doe to, I confesse it.
Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho.
*Oli.* This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.
*Ros.* Counterfeit I assure you.
*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
*Ros.* So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a woman by right.
*Cel.* Come you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir goe with vs.
*Oli.* That will I, for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.
*Ros.* I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you goe?
*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Clowne and Audrie.*

*Clow.* We shall finde a time *Audrie*, patience gentle *Audrie*.
*Aud.* Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans saying.
*Clow.* A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Audrie*, a most vile *Mar-text*. But *Audrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.
*Aud.* I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you meane.

*Enter William.*

*Clo.* It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good eu'n *Audrey.*

*Aud.* God ye good eu'n *William.*

*Will.* And good eu'n to you Sir.

*Clo.* Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

*Will.* Fiue and twentie Sir.

*Clo.* A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

*Will.* *William*, sir.

*Clo.* A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

*Will.* I sir, I thanke God.

*Clo.* Thanke God: A good answer: Art rich?

*Will.* Faith sir, so, so.

*Clo.* So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good and yet it is not, it is but so, so: Art thou wise?

*Will.* I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

*Clo.* Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wise man knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

*Will.* I do sir.

*Clo.* Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

*Will.* No sir.

*Clo.* Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he sir?

*Clo.* He sir, that must marrie this woman. Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this female, or Clowne thou perishest; or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele. I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with policie, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

*Aud.* Do good *William.*

*Will.* God rest you merry sir. *Exit*

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

*Clo.* Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend, I attend. *Exeunt*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Orlando & Oliuer.*

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her? And louing woo? and wooing, she should grant? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine woing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Orl.* You haue my consent. Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers: Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you, Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

*Ros.* God saue you brother.

*Oli.* And you faire sister.

*Ros.* Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

*Orl.* It is my arme.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

*Orl.* I, and greater wonders then that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cæsars* Threasonicall bragge of I came, saw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauinesse, by how much I shall thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

*Orl.* I can liue no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weare you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,

to

to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall and to *Rosalind* if you will.

*Enter Silvius & Phebe.*

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers

*Phe.* Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you

*Ros.* I care not if I haue: it is my studie To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you: you are there followed by a faithfull shepheard, Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepheard, tell him what it is to loue

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighes and teares, And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And I for *Ganimed*.

*Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*

*Ros.* And I for no woman

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and seruice, And so am I for *Phebe*

*Phe.* And I for *Ganimed*

*Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasie, All made of passion, and all made of wishes, All adoration, duetie, and obseruance, All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all triall, all obseruance. And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And so am I for *Ganimed*

*Orl.* And so am I for *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Ros.* Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to loue you

*Orl.* To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare

*Ros.* Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can. I would loue you if I could. To morrow meet me altogether. I will marry you, if euer I marry Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow. As you loue *Rosalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you well: I haue left you commands.

*Sil.* Ile not faile, if I liue.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I. *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*

*Clo.* To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of ỹ world?

Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

1. *Pa.* Well met honest Gentleman.

*Clo.* By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, sit ỹ'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I'faith, yi faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse

Song.

*It was a Louer, and his lasse,*
*With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,*
*That o're the greene corne-fields did pasle,*
*In the prime time, the only pretty ring time,*
*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.*
*Sweet Louers loue the spring,*
*And therefore sings the birds of me,*
*With a hey &c. and a hey nonino,*
*For loue is crowned with the prime.*
*In spring time, &c.*

*Betweene the acres of the Rye,*
*With a hey and a ho & a hey nonino*
*These pretty Country folks would lie,*
*In spring time &c.*

*This Carroll they began that howre,*
*With a hey and a ho & a hey nonino*
*How that a life was but a Flower,*
*In spring time, &c.*

*Clo.* Truly yoog Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditte, yet ỹ note was very vntunable

1. *Pa.* you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time

*Clo.* By my troth yes I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrey*. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliuer, Celia.*

*Du. Sen.* Dost thou beleeue *Orlando*, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do beleeue, and sometimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare

*Enter Rosalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is vrg'd You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*, You will bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

*Du. Se.* That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with her

*Ros.* And you say you will haue her when I bring her?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* You say, you'l marry me, if I be willing

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the houre after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me, You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard

*Phe.* So is the bargaine

*Ros.* You say that you'l haue *Phebe* if she will

*Sil.* Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

*Ros.* I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter
Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'll marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard
Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'll marrie her
If she refuse me: and from hence I go
To make these doubts all euen. *Exeunt Ros. and Celia.*

*Du.Sen.* I do remember in this shepherd boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters father.

*Orl.* My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter.
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vncle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magician.

*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

*Iaq.* There is fure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of very strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

*Clo.* Salutation and greeting to you all.

*Iaq.* Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in the Forrest: he hath been a Courtier he sweares.

*Clo.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I haue trod a measure, I haue flattered a Lady, I haue been politicke with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

*Iaq.* And how was this grauell?

*Clo.* Truly he was the quarrell was vpon the seuenth cause.

*Iaq.* How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

*Duke.* I like him very well.

*Clo.* God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like. I presse in heere (sir) amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues, to sweare, and to forsweare, according as marriage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an ill-fauored thing sir, but mine owne: a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your pearle in your foule oyster.

*Du.Se.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Clo.* According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Iaq.* But for the seuenth cause: How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

*Clo.* Vpon a lye seuen times remoued: (beare your body more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir. I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgement: this is call'd the reply churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If again it was not well cut, he told me I lied: and then came the Counter-checke quarrelsome: and so to the Lye circumstantial, and the lye direct.

*Iaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Clo.* I durst go no further than the lye circumstantial: nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

*Iaq.* Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

*Clo.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quarrelsome: the sixt, the Lye with circumstance: the seauenth, the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you said so, then I said so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the only peace-maker: much vertue in if.

*Iaq.* Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

*Du.Se.* He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vnder the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.*
*Still Musicke.*

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heauen,*
*When earthly things made euen*
*Atone together.*
*Good Duke receiue thy daughter,*
*Hymen from Heauen brought her,*
*Yea brought her hether*
*That thou might'st ioyne her hand with his,*
*Whose heart within his bosome is.*

*Ros.* To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

*Du.Se.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

*Phe.* If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu.

*Ros.* I'le haue no Father, if you be not he:
I'le haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

*Hy.* Peace hoa: I barre confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange euents:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no crosse shall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue must accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are sure together,
As the Winter to foule Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,
Feede your selues with questioning:
That reason, wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

*Song.*

*Wedding is great Iunos crowne,*
*O blessed bond of board and bed:*
*'Tis Hymen peoples euery towne,*
*High wedlock then be honored:*
*Honor, high honor and renowne*
*To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.*

*Du.Se.* O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

*Phe.*

*Phe.* I will not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

*Enter Second Brother.*

2.*Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two
I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly
*Duke Frederick*, hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was conuerted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world
His crowne bequeathing to his banished Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exild. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

*Duke Se.* Welcome young man:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it self at large, a potent Dukedome.
Firſt, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere were well begun, and well begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrewd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuerie.
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

*Iaq.* Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2.*Bro.* He hath.

*Iaq.* To him will I: out of these conuertites
There is much matter to be heard, and learned.
You to your former honour, I bequeath
Your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it:
You to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
You to your land, and loue, and great allies.
You to a long and well deserued bed.
And you to wrastling, for your louing voyage
Is but for two months victualled. So to your pleasures
I am for other, than for dancing measures.

*Duke Se.* Stay, *Iaques*, stay.

*Iaq.* To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
Ile stay to know, at your abandoned cate. *Exit*

*Duke Se.* Proceed, proceed: wee'll begin these rights
As we do trust, they'll end in true delights. *Exit*

*A Song.* It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue: nor they no more reuhand vme, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If the drinke that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes, and good playes prouide the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnisht like a Begger, therefore to beggre will not become me. My way is to coniure you, and I'le begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you. And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defide not. And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kinde offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit*

FINIS.

# THE
# Taming of the Shrew.

## *Actus primus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Beggers and Hostes Christophero sly.*

*Beg.*

I'le pheese you, in faith.

*Host.* A paire of stockes you sowe-gelder you.

*Sly.* Y'are a baggage, the Slies are no rogues: Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world slide: *Sessa.*

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

*Sly.* No, not a denier: go by S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed and warme thee.

*Host.* I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Headborough.

*Sly.* [illegible] I am not bound to answer.

*Host.* [illegible]

*Sly.* [illegible]

*Host.* [illegible]

*Sly.* [illegible]

*Host.* [illegible]

*Sly.* [illegible]

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd
*Sincklo.* I thinke 'twas Soto that your honor meanes
*Lord.* 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent.
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
*Plai.* Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues,
Were he the veriest antick in the world
*Lord.* Go sirra, take them to the buttrie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoords
*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see him dresst in all suites like a Ladie
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obserued in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such duetie to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans gift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a watrie eie
See this dispatcht with all the haste thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions
*Exit a seruingman.*
I know the boy will well vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Basen and Ewer, & other appurtenances for Lord.*
*Beg.* For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.
1 *Ser.* Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?
2 *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues?
3 *Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day.
*Beg.* I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordship. I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conserues giue me conserues of Beefe: ne're ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then backes, no more stockings then legges, nor no more shoes then feet, nay sometime more feete then shoes, or they are shoes as my toes looke through the ouer-leather.
*Lord.* Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor
Oh that a mightie man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit
*Beg.* What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Sly*, old Sies sonne of Burton heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker? Aske *Marian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not fourteene pence on the score for sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christendome. What I am not bestraught: here's——
3 *Man.* O this it is that makes your Ladie mourne
2 *Man.* O this is it that makes your seruants droope
*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shunnes your house,
As beate, hence by your strange Lunacie.
O Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowe desires
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick.*
And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? We'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis
Say thou wilt walke: we will bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapt,
Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearle
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answere them
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy grey-hounds are as swift
As breathed stags: I fleeter then the Roe.
2 *Man.* Dost thou loue pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde.
*Lord.* We'l shew thee *Io* as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surprized,
As liuely painted as the deede was done
3 *Man.* Or Daphne roaming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legges that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weepe,
So workmanly the blood and teares are drawne.
*Lord.* Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Ladie farre more beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And till the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferior to none.
*Beg.* Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? O haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smell sweet sauours, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:
Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
O that once more you knew but what you are
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
*Beg.* These fifteene yeeres by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time
1 *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay heere a while in this good chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of doore,
And rail vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone Iugges and no seal'd quarts
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket
*Beg.* I the woman's maide of the house
3. *Man.* Why Sir you know no house nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.
*Beg.* Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
*All.* Amen.

*Enter Lady with Attendants.*

*Beg.* I thanke thee: thou shalt not lose by it.
*Lady.* How fares my noble Lord?
*Beg.* Marrie fare well for heere is cheere enough
Where is my wife?
*La.* Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
*Beg.* Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your goodman.
*La.* My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.
*Beg.* I know it well: what must I call her?
*Lord.* Madam.
*Beg.* Alce Madam, or Ione Madam?
*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else: so Lords call Ladies.
*Beg.* Madame wife, they say that I haue dreamd,
And slept aboue some fifteene yeare or more.
*La.* I, and the time seems thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.
*Beg.* 'Tis much: seruants leaue me and her alone.
Madam vndresse you and come now to bed.
*La.* Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.
For your Physitians haue expressly charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
*Beg.* I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe. I will therefore tarry in despight of the flesh & the blood.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
2. *Hun.* Which bars a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.
*Beg.* Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comonty,
a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trick?
*Lady.* No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.
*Beg.* What, household stuffe.
*Lady.* It is a kinde of history.
*Beg.* Well, we'l see't:
Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall neere be younger.

*Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.*

*Luc.* *Tranio*, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nursery of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lombardie*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
*Pisa* renowned for grae Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world:
*Vincentio* come of the *Bentiuolij*,
*Vincentio*, sonne brought vp in *Florence*,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To deck his fortune with his vertuous deedes
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I apply that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with satietie seekes to quench his thirst.
*Tra.* *Mi Pardonate*, gentle master mine
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolue,
To suck the sweets of sweet Philosophie.
Only good master, while we do admire
This vertue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ouid*, be a out-cast quite abiur'd
But be a kinde to the wherequaintance that you haue,
And practise rhetorike in your common talke,
Musicke and poesie, to quicken you
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
Fit to the nas you like you may you will,
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane
In briefe sir, studie what you most affect.
*Luc.* Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?
*Tra.* Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortensio suter to Bianca. Lucen Tranio stand by.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder.
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,

Because

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
*Gre.* To cart her rather: She's too rough for me.
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?
*Kate.* I pray you Sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
*Hor.* Mates maid, how mean you that?
No mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler milder mould.
*Kate.* I faith Sir, you shall never need to fear,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her gate.
But if it were doubt not, her care should be,
To comb your noddle with a three legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and use you like a doll.
*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord deliver vs.
*Gre.* And me too, good Lord.
*Tra.* Husht master, here's some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
*Luc.* But in the others silence do I see,
Maid's mild behauiour and sobriety.
Peace *Tranio*.
*Tra.* Well said Master, mum, and gaze your fill.
*Bap.* Gentlemen that I may soone make good
What I haue said, *Bianca* get you in:
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee ne'ere the lesse my girle.
*Kate.* A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye, and shee knowes why.
*Bian.* Sister content you, in my content.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my company,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.
*Luc.* Hark Tranio thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.
*Hor.* Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorry am I that our good will effects
*Bianca's* grieue.
*Gre.* Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her fearefull gentle and timorous,
*Bap.* Gentlemen content ye I am resolued.
Goe in *Bianca*.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
Prefer the same, for her they shall find,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp:
And so farewell. *Katherina* you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
*Kate.* Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
Belike I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit*
*Gre.* You may go to the diuels dam: your gifts are so good, heere's none will holde you. Their loue is not so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nailes together, and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.
*Hor.* So will I signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray. Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brooke parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both, that we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie rivals in *Bianca's* loue, to about and effect one thing specially.
*Gre.* What's that I pray?
*Hor.* Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.
*Gre.* A husband a deuil.
*Hor.* I say a husband.
*Gre.* I say a diuell. Think'st thou *Hortensio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is so very a foole to be married to hell?
*Hor.* Tush *Gremio*, though it passe your patience & mine to endure her loud alarums, why man there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.
*Gre.* I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition. To be whipt at the high crosse euerie morning.
*Hor.* Faith as you say there's small choise in rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then haue to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! Happy man be his dole! He that runnes fastest gets the Ring. How say you signior *Gremio*?
*Gre.* I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.
*Exeunt manet Tranio and Lucentio.*
*Tra.* I pray sir tell me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold?
*Luc.* O *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
Neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was.
*Tranio* I burne, I burne, I perish *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this young modest girle.
Counsell me *Tranio* for I know thou canst.
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.
*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If loue haue touch'd you, nought remaines but so,
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*
*Luc.* Gramercies Lad. Go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsels sound.
*Tra.* Master you look'd so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you marke not what's the pith of all.
*Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.
*Tra.* Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise vp such a storme,
That mortall eares may hardly endure the din.
*Luc.* *Tranio* I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the aire,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
*Tra.* Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him from his trance.
I pray awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieue her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That till the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely mew'd her vp,

Because

Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.
*Luc.* Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Father he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.
*Tra.* I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.
*Luc.* I haue it *Tranio*.
*Tra.* Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe [illegible]
*Luc.* Tell me thine first.
*Tra.* You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of [illegible]
That's your deuice.
*Luc.* It is: May it be done?
*Tra.* Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio*'s sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?
*Luc.* *Basta*, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus,
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my stead:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee: take my Colored hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.
*Tra.* So had you need.
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sense,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.
*Luc.* *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

*Enter Biondello.*

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
*Bion.* Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Master, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?
*Luc.* Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my countenance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his
For in a quarrell since I came a shore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?
*Bion.* I sir, ne're a whit.
*Luc.* And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
*Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
*Bion.* The better for him, would I were so too.
*Tra.* So could I faith boy, to haue the next wish after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daughter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I aduise you vse your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*, but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.
*Luc.* *Tranio* let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighty.
*Exeunt.* *The Presenters aboue speakes.*
1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.
*Beg.* Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely: Comes there any more of it?
*Lady.* My Lord, 'tis but begun.
*Beg.* 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

*Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.*

*Petr.* *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend
*Hortensio*: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.
*Gru.* Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worship?
*Petr.* Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.
*Gru.* Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir, that I should knocke you heere sir.
*Petr.* Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.
*Gru.* My Master is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
*Petr.* Will it not be?
'Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.
*He wrings him by the eares.*
*Gru.* Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.
*Petr.* Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine!

*Enter Hortensio.*

*Hor.* How now, what's the matter? My olde friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
*Petr.* Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto le core ben trobato*, may I say.
*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa ben venuto molto honorata signior mio Petruchio.*
Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.
*Gru.* Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice, looke you sir. He bid me knocke him, & rap him soundly sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first, then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.
*Petr.* A senceles villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I bad the raskall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
*Gru.* Knocke at the gate? O heauens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
*Petr.* Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.
*Hor.* *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why this a heauie chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
*Petr.* Such wind as scatters yongmen through the world,

To

To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, twixt hands with me,
*Antonio* my father is deceast
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world
*Hor.* *Petruchio* shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a fine mad-brain wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her
*Pet.* Signior *Hortensio* twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife
As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibill*, and as curst and shrewd
As *Socrates Xantippe*, or a worse
She moues me not, or not removes at least
Affection in me that I cannot get
A sixpence worth of: for I come to wiue
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*
If wealthily then happily in *Padua*.
*Gre.* Nay looke you sir, he meets you well: for though some of us
neuer see him sober in our liues, yet we haue met him
now and then drunke: but you know he is the wiser man
for that, for his word is his word.
*Hor.* *Petruchio* since we are stept thus farre
I will continue that I broacht in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst,
And shrow'd to, exceeding, to beyond measure,
That were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.
*Pet.* *Hortensio* peace: thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her wealth, and wherein she is rich,
For that is all the woman I regard,
And so I looke to haue her.
*Hor.* Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.
*Pet.* I know her father though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleepe *Hortensio* till I see her,
And therein shall not want my cousin *Gremio*,
To get her once my wife as I meane,
Vale let vs, accompanie me to her
*Gre.* I pray sir *Petruchio* I am vnwilling to thwart you,
for I know you think to dine with me to day, and may
perhaps call in when you come a wooing, but first for my
daughter, and then for the rest, for then I looke for you.
*Pet.* Know sir that I am to dine with my father, and so
may chance you do with me, if you look not the better
to it.
*Gre.* Yet by your leaue I will, for I know you of old.
*Hor.* *Petruchio* since we are stept thus farre
I will continue that I broacht in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
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for I know you think to dine with me to day, and may
perhaps call in when you come a wooing, but first for my
daughter, and then for the rest, for then I looke for you.
*Pet.* Know sir that I am to dine with my father, and so
may chance you do with me, if you look not the better
to it.
*Gre.* Yet by your leaue I will, for I know you of old.

*For in Baptista keepe my treasure is*
*He hath the Iewel of my life in hold*
*His yongest daughter, beautiful Bianca,*
*And her with-holds from me. Other more*
*Suters to her, and rivals in my Loue*
*Supposing it a thing impossible*
*For those defects I haue before rehearst,*
*That euer Katherina will be wood*
*Her sister Katherina welbeloued*
*I meane to counterfeit with gorgeous Cassocks,*
*Proud Italian Pedants, and affords*
*Gre. Hortensio, peace, thou know'st not gold's effect:*
*Tell me her wealth, and wherein she is rich,*
*For that is all the woman I regard,*
*And so I looke to haue her.*
*Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,*
*An affable and courteous Gentleman,*
*Her name is Katherina Minola,*
*Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.*
*Pet. I know her father though I know not her,*
*And he knew my deceased father well:*
*I will not sleepe Hortensio till I see her,*
*And therein shall not want my cousin Gremio,*
*To get her once my wife as I meane,*
*Vale let vs, accompanie me to her*
*Gre. I pray sir Petruchio I am vnwilling to thwart you,*
*for I know you think to dine with me to day, and may*
*perhaps call in when you come a wooing, but first for my*
*daughter, and then for the rest, for then I looke for you.*
*Pet. Know sir that I am to dine with my father, and so*
*may chance you do with me, if you look not the better*
*to it.*
*Gre. Yet by your leaue I will, for I know you of old.*

*Exeunt Gremio and Baptista's two daughters.*

*Hor. See how they part: See to your old-*
*lers, how they eye one another: Master, master, look about you:*
*Who goes there, ha? Peace Grumio, it is the rich Babtista's Loue.*
*Petruchio stand by vs.*
*Grumio* A prosperous phisnomy.
*Grumio* Very well I warrant you.
Hearke you sir, he meant not her to vs.
A bodykin I like her, see that at any hand
And see you reade no other Lectures to her
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptista* bounty
I meane she shall haue a large dowre else you are like to
And now you know my meaning what are you,
*Grumio* Whatsoeuer, I am
*Grumio* Ancient Gentleman, Scala Ancient
*Hor.* Why then
*Her* comes Grumio the very gentle *Gremio*
*Gre.* And now you are welcome Signior *Hortensio*.
*Tranio* you are welcome sir,
*Gre.* Signior *Baptista Minola*,
*Gre.* Signior *Baptista Bianca*,
*Gre.* Or rather I should say my daughter *Bianca*,
*Gre.* Or rather I should say my daughter,
*Gre.* Master, master, old Signior *Gremio* is come
*Hor.* Peace Grumio, it is the rich Babtista's Loue.
*Petruchio* stand by vs.
*Grumio* A prosperous phisnomy.
*Grumio* Very well I warrant you.
Hearke you sir, he meant not her to vs.
A bodykin I like her, see that at any hand
And see you reade no other Lectures to her
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptista* bounty
I meane she shall haue a large dowre else you are like to
*Tra.* Sir to know some cause why I am thus bold
*Tra.* Sir to know some cause why I am thus bold
*Tra.* Sir to know some cause why I am thus bold
*Hor.* I will tell you sir *Lucentio*,
*Hor.* I will tell you sir *Lucentio*,
*Hor.* I will tell you sir *Lucentio*,
*Tra.* Sir to know some cause why I am thus bold
*Tra.* Sir to know some cause why I am thus bold
*Tra.* Sir to know some cause why I am thus bold
*Hor.* I will tell you sir *Lucentio*,
*Hor.* I will tell you sir *Lucentio*,
*Hor.* I will tell you sir *Lucentio*,

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowre pleaſe.
*Gre.* So ſaid, ſo done, is well.
*Hortenſio*, haue you told him her faults?
*Petr.* I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold
If that be all Maiſters, I heare no harme.
*Gre.* No, ſaiſt me ſo, friend? What Countreyman?
*Petr.* Borne in *Verona*, old *Baptiſta* ſonne
My father dead, my fortune lies for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to ſee
*Gre.* Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue a ſtomacke, to't a Gods name,
You ſhal haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde cat?
*Petr.* Will I liue?
*Gru.* Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
*Petr.* Why came I hether, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauen and Art look'd on all the warre?
Haue I not in a pitcht battell heard
Loud larums, neighing Steeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,
As will a Cheſtnut in a Farmers fire.
Tuſh, tuſh, feare boyes with bugs.
*Gre.* For he feares none.
*Gremio.* *Hortenſio* couches:
This Gentleman is happily arriued,
My minde preſumes for his owne good and ours.
*Hor.* I promiſd we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of woing whatſoeuer.
*Gremio.* And ſo we will, prouided that he win her.
*Gru.* I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

*Enter Tranio brauing, and Biondello.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen God ſaue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signio. *Baptiſta* Minola?
*Bion.* He that has the two faire daughters: ſ't he you meane?
*Tra.* Euen he. *Biondello.*
*Gre.* Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to ——
*Tra.* Perhaps him and her ſir, what haue you to do?
*Petr.* Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
*Tranio.* I loue no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
*Luc.* Well begun *Tranio*.
*Hor.* Sir a word ere you go.
Are you a ſutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
*Tra.* And if I be ſir, is it any offence?
*Gremio.* No: but without more words you will get you hence.
*Tra.* Why ſir, I pray are not the ſtreets as free
For me as for you?
*Gre.* But ſo is not ſhe.
*Tra.* For what reaſon I beſeech you.
*Gre.* For this reaſon if you'l know,
That ſhe's the choſe loue of Signior *Gremio*.
*Hor.* That ſhe's the choſen of Signior *Hortenſio*.
*Tra.* Softly my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right, hear me with patience.
*Baptiſta* is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſutors haue, and me for one.
Faire *Ledaes* daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And ſo ſhe ſhall: *Lucentio* ſhal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
*Gre.* What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
*Luc.* Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
*Petr.* *Hortenſio*, to what end are all theſe words?
*Hor.* Sir, let me be ſo bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer ſee *Baptiſtas* daughter?
*Tra.* No ſir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modeſtie.
*Petr.* Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me, let her go by
*Gre.* Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
*Petr.* Sir vnderſtand you this of me (inſooth)
The yongeſt daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all acceſſe of ſutors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Vntill the elder ſiſter firſt be wed
The yonger then is free, and not before.
*Tranio.* If it be ſo ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſtead vs all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you break the ice, and do this ſeeke,
Atchieue the elder: ſet the yonger free,
For our acceſſe, whoſe hap ſhall be to haue her,
Will not ſo graceleſſe be, to be ingrate.
*Hor.* Sir you ſay wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And ſince you do profeſſe to be a tutor,
You muſt as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
*Tranio.* Sir, I ſhal not be ſlacke, in ſigne whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowſes to our Miſtreſſe health,
And do as aduerſaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
*Gru, Bion.* Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon
*Hor.* The motions good indeed, and be it ſo,
*Petruchio*, I ſhal be your *Ben venuto*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Katherina and Bianca.*

*Bian.* Good ſiſter wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bondmaide and a ſlaue of mee,
That I diſdaine: but for theſe other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my ſelfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my pett coate,
Or what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
*Kate.* Of all thy ſutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
*Bianca.* Beleeue me ſiſter, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that ſpeciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other
*Kate.* Minion thou lyeſt. Is't not *Hortenſio*?
*Bian.* If you affect him ſiſter, heere I ſweare
Ile pleade for you my ſelfe, but you ſhal haue him.
*Kate.* Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You will haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
*Bian.* Is it for him you do enuie me ſo?
Nay then you ieſt, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but ieſted with me all this while:
I prethee ſiſter Kate, vntie my hands.
*Ka.* If that be ieſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strikes her*

*Enter*

*Enter Baptista*

*Bap.* Why how now Dame, whence growes this in-
solence?
*Bianca* stand aside, poore gyrle she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her
For shame thou hilding of a diuelish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne're wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?
*Kate.* Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reuenged
*Flies after Bianca*
*Bap.* What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
*Kate.* What will you not suffer me? Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leape Apes in hand.
Talke not to me I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.
*Bap* Was euer Gentleman thus grieued as I?
But who comes heere.

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and bookes*

*Gre.* Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*
*Bap* Good morrow neighbour *Gremio* God saue you Gentlemen
*Pet.* And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter call'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous
*Bap.* I haue a daughter sir, call'd *Katerina*
*Gre.* You are too blunt go to it orderly
*Pet* You wrong me Signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behauiour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio* borne in *Mantua*.
*Bap* You are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe
*Pet* I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie
*Bap* Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.
*Pet.* *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy
*Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
*Gre.* Saying your tale *Petruchio* I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? *Baccare*, you are marueilous forward
*Pet.* O Pardon me Signior *Gremio*, I would faine be doing.
*Gre.* I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a gift
Very grateful, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue beene
More kindely beholding to you then any,
Freely giue vnto this young Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his seruice
*Bap.* A thousand thankes Signior *Gremio*.
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?
*Tra.* Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Citty heere,
Do make my selfe a suitor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous
Nor is your firme resolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This loue of mine, I craue your fauour,
That shee's the chosen of mine owne consent,
And her consent is ground vpon my Parentage,
Longer with such discourse, lest that worke,
And there it rests, till further reasons
I'le rehearse, why and wherefore I am come
And am vnfurnished of such things,
As I shall craue of you, first Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great
*Bap.* *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray
*Tra.* Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio*
*Bap* A mighty man of *Pisa*, by report
I know him well: you are very welcome sir
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

*Enter a Seruant.*

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We haue good workemen in our Orchard,
And to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.
*Pet.* Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euery day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreased,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowry shall I haue with her to wife.
*Bap* After my death the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twenty thousand Crownes.
*Pet* And for that dowry, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.
*Bap.* I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.
*Pet* Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie,
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe
*Bap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words
*Pet* I to the proofe as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually
*Enter Hortensio with his head broke.*

*Bap.* How now my friend, why doſt thou looke ſo pale?

*Hor.* For feare I promiſe you, if I looke pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter proue a good Muſitian?

*Hor.* I thinke ſhe'l ſooner proue a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

*Bap.* Why then thou canſt not break her to the Lute?

*Hor.* Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me.
I did but tell her ſhe miſtooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to ſeeme like labouring,
When (with a moſt impatient diuelliſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? quoth ſhe, Ile fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtrooke me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcall fiddler,
And twangling Iacke; with twenty ſuch vile termes,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

*Pet.* Now by the world, it is a luſtie Wench,
I loue her tenfold better then before.
Oh how I long to haue ſome chat with her.

*Bap.* Well go with me and be not diſcouraged:
Proceed in practiſe with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.

*Exit. Manet Petruchio*

*Pet.* I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say that ſhe raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that ſhe frowne, Ile ſay ſhe lookes as cleere
As morning Roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe vttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a weeke.
If ſhe deny to wed, Ile craue the day
When I ſhall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeake.

*Enter Katerina.*

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I heare.

*Kate.* Well haue you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

*Pet.* You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
*Kate* of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildnes prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kate.* Moou'd, in good time, let him that moou'd you hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a moouable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moouable?

*Kate* A ioyn'd ſtoole.

*Pet* Thou haſt it: come ſit on me.

*Kate.* Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to beare, and ſo are you.

*Kate.* No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane.

*Pet.* Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

*Kate.* Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.

*Pet.* Should be, ſhould: buzze.

*Kate.* Well tane, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle, ſhal a buzzard take thee?

*Kat.* I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come you Waſpe, y faith you are too angrie.

*Kate.* If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then to plucke it out.

*Kate.* I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knowes not where a Waſpe does weare his ſting? In his taile.

*Kate.* In his tongue?

*Pet.* Whoſe tongue.

*Kate.* Yours if you talke of tales, and ſo farewell.

*Pet* What with my tongue in your taile,
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

*Kate.* That Ile trie. *She ſtrikes him*

*Pet.* I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.

*Kate* So may you looſe your armes,
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

*Pet* A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

*Kate.* What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?

*Pet.* A combleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.

*Kate.* No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen.

*Pet* Nay come *Kate*, come: you muſt not looke ſo ſowre.

*Kate* It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

*Pet.* Why here's no crab, and therefore looke not ſowre.

*Kate.* There's, there is.

*Pet.* Then ſhew it me.

*Kate.* Had I a glaſſe, I would.

*Pet* What, you meane my face.

*Kate* Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.

*Pet* Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

*Kate.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Kate* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay I care you *Kate*. Infooth you ſcape not ſo.

*Kate.* I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

*Pet* No, not a whit. I finde you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very liar.
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke a ſconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter then the kernels.
Oh let me ſee thee walke: thou doſt not halt.

*Kate.* Go foole, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

*Pet.* Did euer *Dian* ſo become a Groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate?
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Diana* sportfull.
*Kate.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?
*Petr.* It is *extempore*, from my mother wit
*Kate.* A witty mother, witlesse else her son.
*Pet.* Am I not wise?
*Kat.* Yes, keepe you warme
*Pet.* Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife, your dowry agreed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio.*

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other household *Kate*.
Heere comes your father, neuer make denyall,
I must and will haue *Katherine* to my wife.
*Bap.* Now Signior *Petruchio* how speed you with my
*Pet.* How but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse.
*Bap.* Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your
*Kat.* Call you me daughter? Now I promise you
You haue shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunatike,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus: yourselfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for policie,
For she's not froward, but modest as the Doue,
She is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience she will proue a second *Grissell*,
And Romane *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
That vpon sunday is the wedding day.
*Kate.* I'le see thee hang'd on sunday first.
*Gre.* Hark *Petruchio*, she sayes she'l see thee hang'd first.
*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay then good night our part.
*Pet.* Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for myself,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twain being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeue
How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
She hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day.
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine
*Bap.* I know not what to say, but giue me your hands,
God send you ioy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
*Gre. Tra.* Amen say we, we will be witnesses.
*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, sunday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sunday.
*Exit Petruchio and Katherine.*
*Gre.* Was euer match clapt vp so suddainly?
*Bap.* Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.
*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas
*Bap.* The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.
*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catche.
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.
*Tra.* And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.
*Gre.* Youngling thou canst not loue so deare as I
*Tra.* Grey-beard thy loue doth freeze.
*Gre.* But thine doth fry,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.
*Tra.* But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth
*Bap.* Content you gentlemen I will compound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?
*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands
My hangings all of tyrian tapestry:
In Ivory coffers I haue stuft my crownes
In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cushions boste with pearle,
Valens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooken in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whilst I liue she will be only mine.
*Tra.* That only came well in. Sir list to me,
I am my fathers heire and only sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife
Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of reuenue land, and which shall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
*Gre.* Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall haue, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argosie?
*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Galleys, these I will assure her,
And twice as much whate're thou offerst next
*Gre.* Nay, I haue offered all, I haue no more,
And she can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.
*Tra.* Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise: Gremio is out vied
*Bap.* I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,

Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
*Tra.* That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.
*Gre.* And may not yong men die as well as old?
*Bap.* Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance
If not, to Signior *Gremio*.
And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both *Exit.*
*Gre.* Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his waining age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy *Exit*
*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but supposd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd supposd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children; but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit*

## *Actus Tertia.*

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

*Luc.* Fiddler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall
*Hort.* But wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heauenly harmony
Then giue me leaue to haue preheminence,
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.
*Luc.* Preposterous Ass that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,
And while I paule, serue in your harmony
*Hort.* Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine
*Bianc.* Why gentlemen you doe me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
*Hort.* You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
*Luc.* That will be neuer, tune your instrument.
*Bian.* Where left we last?
*Luc.* Heere Madam *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est Sigeria tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*
*Bian.* Conster them.
*Luc.* *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, sonne vnto Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeria tellus* disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might beguile the old Pantaloune.
*Hort.* Madam, my Instrument's in tune.
*Bian.* Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.
*Luc.* Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
*Bian.* Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeria tellus*, I trust you not *hic steterat Priamus*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* presume not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not.
*Hort.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.
*Luc.* All but the base.
*Hort.* The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.
*Luc.* How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
*Pedascule*, Ile watch you better yet.
In time I may beleeue, yet I mistrust.
*Bian.* Mistrust it not, for sure *Aeacide*
Was *Ajax* cald so from his grandfather
*Hort.* I must beleeue my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you.
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.
*Hort.* You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.
*Luc.* Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musician groweth amorous.
*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamouth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne
*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
*Hor.* Yet read the gamouth of *Hortensio*.
*Bian.* *Gamouth* I am, the ground of all accord:
*Are*, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion
*Beeme*, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord
*Cfaut*, that loues with all affection:
*Dsolre*, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
*Elami*, show pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Nicke.* Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your books,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day
*Bian.* Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.
*Luc.* Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.
*Hor.* But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale:
Seize thee that list, if once I finde thee ranging,
*Hortensio* will be quit with thee by changing *Exit*

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

No

*Kate.* No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leysure
I told you I he was a frantick foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man,
Hee's woo'd a thousand, poynt the day of marriage,
Make friends inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd
Now must the world poynt at poore *Katherine*,
And say, lo, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marry her.
*Tra.* Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
Whatsoeuer fortune staies him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.
*Kate.* Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though. *Exit weeping*
*Bap.* Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe
For such an injurie would vexe a very saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Master, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer heard of,
*Bap.* Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
*Bion.* Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's* (comming?
*Bap.* Is he come?
*Bion.* Why no sir.
*Bap.* What then?
*Bion.* He's coming
*Bap.* When will he be heere?
*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there
*Tra.* But say, what to thine olde newes?
*Bion.* Why *Petruchio* is coming, in a new hat and an old Ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd, a paire of bootes that haue been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an olde rusty sword ta'ne out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse with two broken points, his horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred besides possest with glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windgalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, stark spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, waid in the backe, and shoulder shotten, neere legg'd before, and with a halfe-checkt Bitte & a head as big of the sides as a Spanish Iennet, when being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots: one girth six times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and here and there peec'd with packthred.
*Bap.* Who comes with him?
*Bion.* O sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse, with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garted with red and blew list, an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's Lackey
*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.
*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.
*Bion.* Why sir, he comes not.
*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes?
*Bion.* Who, that *Petruchio* came?
*Bap.* I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe
*Bion.* No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his
*Bap.* Why that's all one
*Bion.* Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?
*Bap.* You are welcome sir.
*Pet.* And yet I come not well.
*Bap.* And yet you nam'd not.
*Tra.* Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.
*Pet.* Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father-in-law, and the rest of you?
And where are those gazers as good as company,
As I feare they are some wondrous monument
Some Comet, or vnusual prodigie?
*Bap.* Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so vnprouided.
Fie, doffe this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall.
*Tra.* And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?
*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at Church
*Tra.* See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine
*Pet.* Not I, beleeue me thus I will visit her
*Bap.* But thus I trust you will not marry her (words,
*Pet.* Good sooth euen thus, therefore ha done with
To me she's married not to my cloathes.
Could I repair what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for her and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse. *Exit.*
*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him, be it possible
To put better ere he go to Church.
*Bap.* I'le after him, and see the euent of this. *Exit.*
*Tra.* But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before I haue prepar'd to your worship,
I am to get a man, whate'ere he be,
It skills not much we'le fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I haue promised,
So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.
*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd let all the world say no
I'le keepe mine owne despite of all the world.
*Tra.* That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*

*Enter Gremio*

Signior *Gremio* came you from the Church?
*Gre.* As willingly as ere I came from schoole
*Tra.* And is the bride & Bridegroom coming home?
*Gre* A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumbling groome, and that the girle shall finde
*Tra* Curster than she, why 'tis impossible.
*Gre.* Why he's a deuill a deuill, a very fiend
*Tra.* Why she's a deuill a deuil, the deuil's damme.
*Gre* Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him
Ile tell you sir *Lucentio*, when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by gogs-wounes quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe
That downe went Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he that will or no.
*Tra* Why this is hellish, whom would not feare such a husband?
*Gre* Tut, after the Priest & I had left the booke,
I saw as if the Vicar meant to speake, and so he did,
But what he said I know not, for the Sexton
Be, as he was, bare sponge to vs, and so
Fell to his prayers: then for the third time he asked,
Will Kate haue Petruchio to her wedded husband?
And she cries yea, so full and shrill withall,
That all the Church did eccho at her speech,
And I seeing this came thence for very shame:
And after me I know the rout is coming,
Such a mad marriage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minstrels play. *Musicke playes.*

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista*

*Pet.* Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your paines.
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I meane to take my leaue.
*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to night?
*Pet.* I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would entreat me rather goe then stay.
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my wife
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.
*Tra* Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner
*Pet.* It may not be
*Gre* Let me intreat you.
*Pet* It cannot be.
*Kat* Let me intreat you
*Pet.* I am content.
*Kat* Are you content to stay?
*Pet* I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can
*Kat.* Now if you loue me stay.
*Pet.* *Grumio*, my horse.
*Gru.* I sir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horses
*Kate* Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The doore is open sir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your boots are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly
*Pet* O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry
*Kat* I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.
*Gre* I marry sir, now it begins to worke
*Kat* Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist.
*Pet* They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the bride you that attend on her
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
And here she stands, touch her whoe'er dare,
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Padua*. *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man.
Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. Pet. Kat.*
*Bap.* Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. *Bap*
*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
*Tra* Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
*Luc* Mistris, what's your opinion of your sister?
*Bian* That being mad herselfe she's madly mated
*Gre* I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated
*Bap* Neighbours & friends, though Bride & Bride-
groome wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunkets at the feast
*Lucentio* you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome
*Tra* Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?
*Bap* She shall *Lucentio* come gentlemen let's goe.
*Enter Grumio* *Exeunt.*
*Gru* Fie, fie on all tired iades, on all mad Masters, & all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man so reade? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere a should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my selfe, for considering the weather, a colder man than I am takes cold. Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

*Enter Curtis*

*Curt* Who is that calls so coldly?
*Gru.* A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fine good *Curtis*

*Cur.* Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

*Gru.* Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

*Cur.* Is she so hot a shrew as she reported

*Gru.* She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou knowst winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my selfe fellow *Curtis*.

*Gru.* Away you three inch foole, I am no beast

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why thy horne is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

*Cur.* I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine: & therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.

*Cur.* There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

*Gru.* Why Jacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

*Cur.* Come, you are so full of conceiting.

*Gru.* Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jackes fair within, the Gils fair without, the Carpets laide, and everie thing in order?

*Cur.* All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

*Gru.* First know my Horse is tired, my master & mistris falne out.

*Cur.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

*Cur.* Let's hast, good *Grumio*.

*Gru.* Lend thine eare.

*Cur.* Heere.

*Gru.* There.

*Cur.* This 'tis to feele a tale not to heare a tale

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis cal'd a tale nobile tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listning: now I begin, Imprimis we came downe a fowle mire, and my Master riding behinde my Mistris.

*Cur.* Both of one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Cur.* Why a Horse

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she vnder her horse: thou shouldst have heard in, how miery a place, how she was bemoyld, how he left her with the horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the durt to pluche him off me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that never prai'd before: how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienced to thy grave.

*Cur.* By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugersop* and the rest: let their heads be slickely comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-tale, till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

*Cur.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Cur.* Do you heare ho? you must meete my master to countenance my mistris.

*Gru.* Why she hath a face of her owne

*Cur.* Who knowes not that?

*Gru.* Thou it seemes, that cals for company to countenance her

*Cur.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Enter foure or five Serving-men.*

*Gru.* Why she comes to borrow nothing of them

*Nat.* Welcome home *Grumio*.

*Phil.* How now *Grumio*.

*Jos.* What *Grumio*

*Nick.* How now *Grumio*

*Nat.* How now old lad.

*Gru.* Welcome you: how now you: what you fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

*Nat.* All things is readie: how neere is our master?

*Gru.* E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not——Cockes passion silence, I heare my master.

*Enter Petruchio and Kate*

*Pet.* Where be these knaues? What no man at doore To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse? Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*.

*Omn.* Heere heere sir, heere sir.

*Pet.* Heere sir? heere sir, heere sir, heere sir You logger-headed and vnpolisht grooms: What? no attendance, no regard, no dutie? Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

*Gru.* Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You peasant swaine, you horson malt-horse drudge Did not I call for heere neere my house? And bring along these rascall knaues with thee?

*Gru.* *Nathaniels* coate sir was not fully made, And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpink'd i'th heele There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat, And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing: There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*, The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly Yea, as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

*Pet.* Go rascals go, and fetch my supper in. *Exit Ser.* Where is the life that late I led? Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*, And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

*Enter servants with supper.*

Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie Off with my boots you rogues: you villaines, when? *It was the Friar of Orders grey*, *As he forth walked on his way* Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie, Take that, and mend the plucke: look to't: Be merrie *Kate*: some water heere: what ho.

*Enter one with water*

Where's my Spaniel *Troylus*? Sirra, get you hence, And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither: One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with. Where are my Slippers? shall I have some water? Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily: you horson villaine, will you let it fall?

*Kate.* Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
*Pet.* A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
*1 Ser.* I.
*Pet.* Who brought it?
*Peter.* I.
*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trencher, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmannered slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.
*Kate.* I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.
*Pet.* I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are choller-ficke,
Then feede it with such ouer-roasted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,
And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt*

*Enter Seruants seuerally.*

*Nath.* *Peter* didst euer see the like.
*Peter.* He kils her in her owne humor.
*Grumio.* Where is he?

*Enter Curtis a Seruant.*

*Cur.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is coming hither.

*Enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully.
My Falcon now is sharpe and passing emptie,
And till she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That bate, and beate, and will not be obedient.
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
As with the meate, some vndeserued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And here I'le fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reuenge of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, I'le raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her still awake.
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and head-strong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit*

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

*Tra.* Is't possible friend *Licio*, that mistris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you sir, she beares me faire in hand.
*Luc.* Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching

*Enter Bianca.*

*Hor.* Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?
*Bian.* What Master reade you first, resolue me that?
*Hor.* I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.
*Bian.* And may you proue sir Master of your Art.
*Luc.* While you sweet deere proue Mistresse of my heart.
*Hor.* Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray, you that durst sweare that your mistris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.
*Tra.* Oh despightfull Loue, vnconstant womankind,
I tel thee *Licio* this is wonderfull
*Hor.* Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,
For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion,
Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio*.
*Tra.* Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forsweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
*Hor.* See how they kisse and court. Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forsweare her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
*Tra.* And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him!
*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
And so farewel signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before.
*Tra.* Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case.
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.
*Bian.* *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne mee?
*Tra.* Mistris we haue.
*Luc.* Then we are rid of *Licio*.
*Tra.* I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd and wedded in a day.
*Bian.* God giue him ioy.
*Tra.* I and hee'l tame her
*Bianca.* He sayes so *Tranio*.
*Tra.* Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.
*Bian.* The taming schoole? what is there such a place?
*Tra.* I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-weary, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel coming downe the hill,
Will serue the turne.
*Tra.* What is he *Biondello*?
*Bio.* Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall apparell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.
*Luc.* And what of him my friend?
*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
Ile make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*,
And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*
*Par.* Take me your loue, and then let me alone.
*Enter a Pedant*
*Ped.* God saue you sir
*Tra.* And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?
*Ped.* Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolis [illegible] me.
*Tra* What Countryman, I pray?
*Ped.* Of *Mantua*
*Tra.* Of *Mantua* sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.
*Ped.* My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly
'Tis merualle, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it else proclaimed about.
*Ped.* Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliuer them
*Tra.* Well sir, to do you courtesie,
This will I do, and this I will aduise you,
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?
*Ped.* I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
*Tra.* Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
*Ped.* I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
*Tra.* He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one
*Tra.* To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor will I do you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*
His name and credite shal you vndertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
you vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be courtesie sir, accept of it
*Ped.* Oh sir I do, and will repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie
*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Katherina and Grumio.*

*Gru.* No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.
*Kat.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famish me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie.
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe.
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, but it be holsome foode.
*Gru.* What say you to a Neats foote?
*Kate* 'Tis passing good I prethee let me haue it.
*Gru.* I feare it is too cholerick a meate
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyled?
*Kate* I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.
*Gru.* I cannot tell, I feare 'tis cholerick.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
*Kate* A dish that I do loue to feede vpon
*Gru.* I, but the Mustard is too hot a little
*Kate.* Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest
*Gru.* Nay then I will not, you shal haue the Mustard
Or else you get no Beefe of Grumio.
*Kate.* Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
*Gru.* Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
*Kate.* Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,
*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

*Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate*
*Petr.* How fares my Kate, what sweeting all amost?
*Hor.* Mistris, what cheere?
*Kate.* Faith as cold as can be.
*Pet.* Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerefully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no proofe.
Here take away this dish.
*Kate.* I pray you let it stand.
*Pet.* The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.
*Kate.* I thanke you sir.
*Hor.* Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you company
*Petr.* Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou louest mee
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
*Kate* eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
And reuell it as bravely as the best.
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Farthingales, and things,
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brauery,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knauery
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.
*Enter Tailor.*

Come

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

*Fel.* Heere's the cap your Worship did bespeake.

*Pet.* Why this was moulded on a porringer,
A Velure dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap.
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

*Kate.* I'le haue no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then.

*Hor.* That will not be in hast.

*Kate.* Why sir, I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
And speake I will: I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.

*Pet.* Why thou saist true, it is a paltrie cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

*Kate.* Loue me or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

*Pet.* Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.
Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is here?
What's this a sleeue? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, vp and downe carued like an apple Tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censer in a barbers shop.
Why what a deuils name Tailor call'st thou this?

*Hor.* I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

*Pet.* Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

*Kate.* I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She saies your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her.

*Pet.* Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, nale,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred?
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so bemete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liu'st.
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

*Tai.* Your worship is deceiued, the gowne is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marrie sir with needle and thred.

*Tai.* But did you not request to haue it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast fac'd many things.

*Tai.* I haue.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast brau'd many men, brau not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brau'd. I say vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou lyest.

*Tai.* Why here is the note of the fashion to testifie.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.

*Tai.* Imprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

*Gru.* Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I said a gowne.

*Pet.* Proceede.

*Tai.* With a small compast cape.

*Gru.* I confesse the cape.

*Tai.* With a trunke sleeue.

*Gru.* I confesse two sleeues.

*Tai.* The sleeues curiously cut.

*Pet.* I there's the villanie.

*Gru.* Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and that I'le proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armato in a thombe.

*Tai.* This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight, take thou the bill, giue me thy mete yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall haue no oddes.

*Pet.* Well sir, in breefe the gowne is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

*Pet.* Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.

*Gru.* Villaine not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse gowne for thy masters vse.

*Pet.* Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for. Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

*Pet.* *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide.
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tai.*

*Pet.* Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore.
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house.
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto long-tane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

*Kate.* I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seuen ere I go to horse
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You are still crossing it, sirs let's alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.
*Hor.* Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.*

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house, please it you that I call
*Ped.* I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*
*Tra.* Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father

*Enter Biondello.*

*Ped.* I warrant you but here comes your boy,
Twere good he were schoold
*Tra.* Feare you not him now *Biondello*,
Now doe your duetie throughout, imagine
Imagine twere the right *Vincentio*.
*Bion.* Tut, feare not me.
*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.
*Bion.* I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him all this day in *Padua*.
*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes *Baptista*: set your countenance sir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio. Pedant booted and bareheaded.*

*Tra.* Signior *Baptista* you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony
*Ped.* Soft son: sir by your leaue: hauing come to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beares to your daughter,
And she to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse than I, vpon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to haue her shall be wed
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.
*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well.
Right true it is your son *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter and she loueth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.
*Tra.* I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand
*Bap.* Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue many seruants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happily we might be interrupted.
*Tra.* Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie and there this night
We'le passe the businesse priuately and well
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My boy shall fetch the Scriuener presently,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.
*Bap.* It likes me well:
*Cambio* hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight,
And if you will tell what hath happned,
*Lucentios* father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
*Bion.* I pray the gods she may with all my heart
*Exit*
*Tran.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
*Enter Peter*
Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir we will better it in *Pisa*.
*Bap.* I follow you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucentio and Biondello*

*Bion.* *Cambio.*
*Luc.* What saist thou *Biondello*
*Biond.* You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?
*Luc.* *Biondello* what of that?
*Biond.* Faith nothing: but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.
*Luc.* I pray thee moralize them.
*Biond.* Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.
*Luc.* And what of all this.
*Biond.* I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum*, to th' Church: take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient testimonies: I mistrust not you: but still I say, I haue no more to say, but bid Bianca farewell for euer and a day.
*Luc.* Hearst thou *Biondello*.
*Biond.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an instant as she went to the Garden for Parsley to stuffe a Rabbit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix. *Exit*
*Luc.* I may and will, if she be so contented
She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, I'le roundly goe about her
It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit*

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio*

*Petr.* Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers
Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone
*Kate.* The Moone: the Sunne it is not Moonelight now
*Petr.* I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.
*Kate.* I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.
*Petr.* Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe
It

It shall be moones, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Euermore crost and crost, nor nay but crost
*Hort.* Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.
*Kate.* Forsooth I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone or sunne, or what you please.
And if you please to call it a fayre Candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
*Petr.* I say it is the Moone
*Kate.* I know it is the Moone.
*Petr.* Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.
*Kate.* Then God be blest, it is the blessed Sunne,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not
And the Moone changes euen as your mind:
What you will haue it named, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.
*Hort.* *Petruchio* goe thy wayes, the field is won
*Petr.* Well forward, forward, thus the bowle should run,
And not vnluckily against the Bias. (run,
But soft, Company is coming here

*Enter Vincentio*

Good morrow gentle Mistris: where away?
Tell me sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast neuer beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes.
What starres do spangle heauen with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee,
Sweete *Katherine* embrace her for her beauties sake.
*Hort.* A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
*Kate.* Young budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauorable stars
Allots thee for his louely bedfellow.
*Petr.* Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.
*Kate.* Pardon old father, my mistaking eies,
That haue been so bedazled with the sunne,
That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerend Father,
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.
*Petr.* Do good old grandsire, and withall make known
Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,
We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.
*Vin.* Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amazde me
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.
*Petr.* What is his name?
*Vinc.* *Lucentio* gentle Sir.
*Petr.* Happy in name, the happier for thy sonne
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The sweet condoling to my wife and me,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth,
Beside so qualified, as may beseeme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest sonne
Who wants of thy arriuall be full ioyous.
*Vinc.* But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a iest
Vpon the companie you ouertake?
*Hort.* I doe assure thee father so it is
*Petr.* Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriments hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.*
*Hor.* Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.*

*Biond.* Softly and swiftly sir for the Priest is ready.
*Luc.* I fly *Biondello*, but they may chance to needs thee at home, therefore leaue vs. *Exit*
*Biond.* Nay faith, I le see the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can
*Gre.* I marualle *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.*

*Petr.* Sir here's the doore, this is *Lucentio*'s house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir
*Vin.* You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward *Knock*
*Gre.* They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

*Pedant lookes out of the window.*

*Ped.* What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?
*Vin.* Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?
*Ped.* He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.
*Vinc.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall
*Ped.* Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, he shall need none so long as I liue
*Petr.* Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in *Padua*. doe you heare sir, to auoid any iealous circumstances, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Padua*, and is here at the doore to speake with him
*Ped.* Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.
*Vin.* Art his Father?
*Ped.* I sir, so he saies if I may beleeue her.
*Petr.* Why how now gentleman why this is flat knauery to take vpon you another mans name.
*Ped.* Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to coozen somebody in this City vnder my countenance.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bio.* I haue seene them in the Church together, God send 'em good shipping: but who shall tell Master *Vincentio* now we are vndone and brought to nothing.
*Vin.* Come hither crackhempe
*Bion.* I hope I may choose sir.
*Vin.* Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot me?
*Biond.* Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.
*Vin.* What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*?

*Bion.* What

*Bion.* What my old worſhipfull old maſter? yes marie ſir ſee where he lookes out of the window.

*Vin.* Is ſo indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

*Bion.* Helpe,helpe,helpe,here's a mad man will murder me.

*Pedan.* Helpe,ſonne, helpe ſignior *Baptiſta*

*Petr.* Pree the *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controuerſie.

*Enter Pedant with ſeruants,Baptiſta,Tranio.*

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ſeruant?

*Vin.* What am I ſir,nay what are you ſir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a ſilken doublet, a veluet hoſe,a ſcarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my ſonne and my ſeruant ſpend all at the vniuerſitie.

*Tra.* How now, what's the matter?

*Bapt.* What is the man lunaticke?

*Tra.* Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words ſhew you a mad man. why ſir,what cernes it you,if I weare Pearle and gold.I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it

*Vin.* Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo.*

*Bap* You miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

*Vin.* His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tronio.*

*Ped.* Awaie,awaie mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio*,and he is mine oncle ſonne and heire to the Lands of me ſignior *Vincentio.*

*Ven. Lucentio*: oh he hath murdred his Maſter: laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne,my ſonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my ſon *Lucentio?*

*Tra.* Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that hee be forth comming.

*Vin.* Carrie me to the Iaile?

*Gre.* Staie officer,he ſhall not go to priſon

*Bap.* Talke not signior *Gremio*: I ſaie he ſhall goe to priſon.

*Gre.* Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leaſt you be conicatcht in this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincentio.*

*Ped.* Sweare if thou dar'ſt

*Gre.* Naie, I dare not ſweare it.

*Tran.* Then thou were beſt ſaie that I am not *Lucentio*

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio.*

*Bap.* Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.*

*Vin.* Thus ſtrangers may be haild and abuſd: oh monſtrous villaine.

*Bion.* Oh we are ſpoil'd,and yonder he is,denie him, forſweare him, or elſe we are all vndone.

*Exit Biondello,Tranio and Pedant as faſt as may be*

*Luc.* Pardon ſweete father. *Kneele.*

*Vin.* Liues my ſweete ſonne?

*Bion.* Pardon deere father.

*Bap.* How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio?*

*Luc.* Here's *Lucentio*, right ſonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.

*Gre.* Here's packing with a witneſſe to deceiue vs all.

*Vin.* Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter ſo?

*Bap.* Why,tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

*Bian. Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

*Luc.* Loue wrought theſe miracles *Bianca* loue
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happily I haue arriued at the laſt
Vnto the wiſhed hauen of my bliſſe
What *Tranio* did my ſelfe enforſt him to;
Then pardon him ſweete Father for my ſake.

*Vin.* Ile ſlit the villaines noſe that would haue ſent me to the Iaile.

*Bap* But doe you heare ſir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Vin* Feare not *Baptiſta*,we will content you,goe to but I will in to be reuenged for this villaine. *Exit.*

*Bap.* And I to ſound the depth of this knauerie *Exit*

*Luc* Looke not pale *Bianca*,thy father will not frown. *Exeunt.*

*Gre.* My cake is dough,but Ile in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.

*Kate* Husband let's follow,to ſee the end of this adoe.

*Petr* Firſt kiſſe me *Kate*,and we will.

*Kate.* What in the midſt of the ſtreete?

*Petr* What art thou aſham'd of me?

*Kate.* No ſir,God forbid,but aſham'd to kiſſe.

*Petr.* Why then let's home againe Come Sirra let's awaie.

*Kate.* Nay,I will giue thee a kiſſe, now praie thee Loue ſtaie.

*Petr.* Is not this well? come my ſweete *Kate*
Better once then neuer, for neuer too late. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Baptiſta,Vincentio Gremio,the Pedant Lucentio, and Bianca Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widow The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet*

*Luc* At laſt, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome
While I with ſelfeſame kindneſſe welcome thine
Brother *Petruchio*,ſiſter *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortenſio* with thy louing *Widow*:
Feaſt with the beſt,and welcome to my houſe,
My Banket is to cloſe our ſtomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you ſit downe,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eate.

*Petr.* Nothing but ſit and ſit,and eate and eate.

*Bap.* *Padua* affords this kindneſſe, ſonne *Petruchio*

*Petr.* *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde

*Hor.* For both our ſakes I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now for my life *Hortenſio* feares his Widow.

*Wid.* Then neuer truſt me if I be afeard

*Petr.* You are verie ſenſible, and yet you miſſe my ſence:
I meane *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.

*Wid.* He

*Wid.* He that is giddie thinks the world turns round
*Petr* Roundly replied
*Kat.* Mistris, how meane you that?
*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.
*Petr.* Conceives by me how likes *Hortensio* that?
*Hor.* My Widdow sayes, thus she conceives her tale
*Petr.* Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.
*Kat.* He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round, I praise you tell me what you meant by that.
*Wid.* Your husband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
*Kate.* A verie meane meaning.
*Wid* Right, I meane you.
*Kat.* And I am meane indeede, respecting you
*Petr.* To her *Kate*
*Hor* To her *Widdow.*
*Petr.* A hundred markes, my *Kate* does put her down
*Hor* That's my office
*Petr* Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.
*Drinkes to Hortensio.*
*Bap.* How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
*Gre.* Believe me sir, they But together well
*Bian.* Head, and but an hasty witted bodie,
Would say your Head and Master were neede and horne
*Vin* I Mistris sir, hath she not a horne on you?
*Bian.* I but not for gazing me, therefore let sleepe again
*Petr.* Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better bord or too.
*Bian.* Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you drew your Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
*Petr* She hath prevented me, here Signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
*Tra.* Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Grey-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master
*Petr.* A good swift simile, but something currish
*Tra* 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bay.
*Bap* Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
*Luc.* I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*
*Hor.* Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
*Petr.* A has a little gall'd me I confesse
And as the Jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
*Bap* Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the veriest Shrew of all
*Petr.* Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose
*Hort.* Content, what's the wager?
*Luc.* Twentie crowns.
*Petr.* Twentie crowns,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much upon my Wife.
*Luc.* A hundred then.
*Hor.* Content.
*Petr* A match, 'tis done.
*Hor.* Who shall begin?
*Luc* That will I.
Go *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.
*Bio.* I go. *Exit.*
*Bap.* Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
*Luc.* Ile have no halves: Ile beare it all my selfe.
*Enter Biondello.*
How now, what newes?
*Bio.* Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.
*Petr.* How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answere?
*Gre* I, and a kinde one too
Pray God sir your wife send you not a worse.
*Petr.* I hope better.
*Hor.* Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit Bion.*
*Petr.* Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes come
*Hor.* I am afraid sir, doe what you can
*Enter Biondello*
Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
*Bion.* She sayes you have some goodly Jest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
*Petr.* Worse and worse, she will not come:
O vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
*Hor.* I know her answere.
*Pet* What?
*Hor.* She will not.
*Petr.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter Katerina.*

*Bap.* Now by my holidam here comes *Katerina*
*Kat.* What is your will sir, that you send for me?
*Petr.* Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?
*Kate.* They sit conferring by the Parler fire
*Petr.* Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it boads
*Petr.* Marrie peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremacie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
*Bap.* Now fare befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never bin.
*Petr.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience
*Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.*
See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion
*Katerine*, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that babble, throw it vnderfoote.
*Wid.* Lord let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly passe
*Bian.* Fie what a foolish duetie call you this?
*Luc.* I would your duetie were as foolish too:
The wisdome of your duetie faire *Bianca*,
Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.
*Bian.* The more foole you for laying on my duetie
*Petr. Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong women, what duetie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

*Wid.* Come,

*Wid.* Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no telling.

*Pet.* Come on I say, and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say she shall, and first begin with her.

*Kate.* Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire looker, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duetie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceless Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplesse more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote
In token of which duetie, if he please,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease

*Pet.* Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee *Kate*

*Luc.* Well go thy wayes olde Lad for thou shalt ha'r.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward

*Luc* But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

*Pet* Come Kate, weele to bed,
We three are married, but you two are sped
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

*Exit Petruchio*

*Hortens.* Now go thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she will be tam'd so

FINIS.

# ALL'S
# Well, that Ends Well.

## *Actus primus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.*

*Mother.*

IN delyuering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

*Ber.* And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death a new, but I must attend his Maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euer more in subiection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse would stirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

*Mo.* What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandond his Physitions Madam, vnder whose practises he hath perseuered to me with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the processe, but only the losing of hope by time.

*Mo.* This young Gentlewoman had a father, O that had how sad a passage 'tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue made nature immortall, and death should haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the King's sake he were liuing I think it would be the death of the Kings disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

*Mo.* He was famous for his gentle profession, and it was a great griefe to me the rather I proue *Virginem Matrem.*

*Laf.* He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilfull enough to haue liu'd still, if knowledge could haue set vp the mortall date.

*Ros.* What is it my good Lord the King languishes of?

*Laf.* A Fistula my Lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

*Mo.* His sole child my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouerlooking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions she inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she derives her honestie and atcheeues her goodnesse.

*Laf.* Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

*Mo.* 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go to, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to haue.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessiue griefe the enemie to the liuing.

*Mo.* If the liuing be enemie to the griefe, the excesse makes it soone mortall.

*Ros.* Madam I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How vnderstand we that?

*Mo.* Be thou blest *Bertram*, and succeed thy father In manners as in shape, thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birthright. Loue all, trust a few, Do wrong to none. Be able for thine enemie Rather in power then vse, and keepe thy friend Vnder thy owne life's key: be checkt for silence, But neuer taxt for speech. What heauen more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farewell my Lord,
'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord
Aduise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best
That shall attend his loue.

*Mo.* Heauen bless him. Farewell *Bertram.*

*Ros.* The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be seruants to you. be comfortable to my mother, your Mistris, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell pretty Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

*Hell.* O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgot him. My imagination
Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*,
I am vndone, there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I should loue a bright particuler starre,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me
In his bright radience and collateral light,

Must

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him euerie houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and trieke of his sweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes here?

*Enter Parrolles.*

One that goes with him: I loue him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, solie a coward,
Yet these fixt euils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall full oft we see
Cold wisedome waighing downe superfluous soule.

*Par.* Saue you faire Queene.

*Hel.* And you Monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginitie?

*Hel.* Is you haue some stame of souldier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barracado it against him?

*Par.* Keepe him out.

*Hel.* But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none: Man setting downe before you, will vndermine you, an I blow you vp.

*Hel.* Bleſſe our poore Virginity from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

*Par.* Virginity being blowne downe, Man will quickliest be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your Citty. It is not politique, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserue virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall increase, and there to liue a Virgin, is prodigall contempt: and so, ever according to reason, is punisht. I cannot tell if your selfe were made, were it ordain'd to make Virgins. Virginitie, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion. Away with't.

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

*Par.* There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Canon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

*Hel.* How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne liking?

*Par.* Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commoditie will lose the glosse with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth. Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but vnsuteable, iust like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now. your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare. Will you any thing with it?

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.
There shall you Master haue a thousand loues,
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,
A Phœnix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soueraigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitresse, and a Deare,
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His iarring, concord, and his discord, dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

*Par.* What one, i'faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well. 'Tis pitty.

*Par.* What's pitty?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must thinke, which neuer
Returne vs thankes.

*Enter Page.*

*Pag.* Monsieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord cals for you.

*Par.* Little *Helen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

*Hel.* Monsieur *Parrolles*, you were borne vnder a charitable starre.

*Par.* Vnder Mars.

*Hel.* I especially thinke vnder *Mars*.

*Par.* Why vnder *Mars*?

*Hel.* The warres hath so kept you vnder, that you must needes be borne vnder *Mars*.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

*Par.* Why thinke you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* That's for aduantage.

*Hel.* So is running away,
When feare proposes the safetie:
But the composition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

*Parol.* I am so full of busines, I cannot answere thee acutely. I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a Courtiers counsell, and vnderstand what aduice shall thrust vppon thee, else thou dieſt in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leysure, say thy prayers. when thou hast none, remember thy Friends.

Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee:
So farewell.

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,
Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes, and kisses like the natiue things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sense, and do suppose
What hath been, cannot be. Who euer strou'e
To shew her merit, that did miss her loue?
(The kings disease my project may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me. *Exit*

*Florish Cornets.*

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and diuers Attendants.*

*King.* The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th'eares,
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

*1.Lo.G.* So 'tis reported sir.

*King.* Nay 'tis most credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For speedie aydes: wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To haue vs make denall.

*1.Lo.G.* His loue and wisedome
Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is denie'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part.

*2.Lo.E.* It well may serue
A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes heere.

*Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.*

*1.Lo.G.* It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.

*King.* Youth thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious than in haste
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your Maiesties.

*King.* I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our soldiershp: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Discipled of the braue. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act. It much repaires me
To talke of your good father, in his youth
He had the wit which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest
Till their wits be worne away. Welcome Count,
Ere they can hide their leuity in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approoфe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

*King.* Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plausiue words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out. Let me not liue (quoth he)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses
All but new things disdaine; whose iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd
I after him, do after him wish too.
Since I not wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were dissolued from my hiue
To giue some Labourers roome.

*2.Lo.E.* You're loued Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

*King.* I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six moneths last'e way my Lord.

*King.* If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out
With seuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

*Ber.* Thanke your Maiesty. *Exit*

*Florish.*

*Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.*

*Count.* I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman.

*Ste.* Madam the care I haue had to euen your content, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearenesse of our deseruings, when of our selues we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knaue heere? Get you gone sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all beleeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make such knaueries yours.

*Clo.* 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

*Count.* Well sir.

*Clo.* No maddam,
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though many of

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiſhips good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and I will doe as we may

*Count.* Wilt thou needes be a beggar?

*Clo.* I doe beg your good will in that caſe.

*Count.* In what caſe?

*Clo.* In *Isbels* caſe and mine owne. Seruice is no heritage, and I thinke I ſhall neuer haue the bleſſing of God, till I haue iſſue a my bodie: for they ſay barnes are bleſſings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marrie?

*Clo.* My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen on by the fleſh, and hee muſt needes goe that the diuell driues.

*Count.* Is this all your worſhips reaſon?

*Clo.* Faith Madam I haue other holie reaſons, ſuch as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage ſooner then thy wickedneſſe

*Clo.* I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue friends for my wiues ſake

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies knaue

*Clo.* Y'are ſhallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues couer the worſe part of my faults, as when I am drunke I ſleepe: he that cures my Land, pares my nailes, and gets me leaue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; hee that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loues my fleſh and blood; he that loues my fleſh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyſam* the Papiſt, how ſomere their hearts are ſeuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horne together like any Deare i'th Herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

*Clo.* A Prophet I Madam, and I ſpeake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true ſhall finde, your marriage comes by deſtinie, your Cuckow ſings by kinde.

*Count.* Get you gone ſir, Ile talke with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it pleaſe you Madam, that hee bid *Helen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeake.

*Count.* Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeake with her, *Helen* I meane.

*Clo.* Was this faire face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the Grecians ſacked *Troy*.
Fond done, done fond was this King *Priams* ioy,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
And gaue this ſentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

*Count.* What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the ſong ſirra.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying o'th' ſong: would God would ſerue the world ſo all the yeere, we'd finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parſon, one in ten quoth a? and we might haue a good woman borne but or euerie blazing ſtarre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

*Count.* Youle begone ſir knaue, and doe as I command you?

*Clo.* That man ſhould be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done, though honeſtie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forſooth, the buſineſſe is for *Helen* to come hither.

*Exit*

*Count.* Well now

*Stew.* I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely.

*Count.* Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and ſhe her ſelfe without other aduantage, may lawfully make title to as much loue as ſhee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more ſhall be paid her then ſhee'l demand

*Stew.* Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke ſhee wiſht me', alone ſhee was, and did communicate to her ſelfe her owne words to her owne eares, ſhee thought, I dare vowe for her, they touche not any ſtranger ſence, her matter was, ſhee loued your Sonne; Fortune ſhee ſaid was no goddeſſe, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might onely, where qualities were euen, Queene of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poore Knight ſurpriſ'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault or ranſome afterward: This ſhee deliuer'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie fitteſt to obey and ſpeake vnto you what, ſithence in the loſſe that may happen, it concernes you ſomething to know it

*Count.* You haue diſcharg'd this honeſtlie, keepe it to your ſelfe, many likelihoods informd mee of this before, which hung ſo tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleeue nor miſdoubt: praie you leaue mee, ſtall this in your boſome, and I thanke you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeake with you further anon. *Exit Steward.*

*Enter Helen.*

*Old Count.* Even ſo it was with me when I was yong:
If euer we are nature's, theſe are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Roſe of youth rightly belong
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the ſhow and ſeale of natures truth,
Where loue's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth,
By our remembrances of dates forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is ſicke on't, I obſerue her now.

*Hell.* What is your pleaſure Madam?

*Ol. Cou.* You know *Helen* I am a mother to you.

*Hell.* Mine honorable Miſtreſs

*Ol. Cou.* Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother
Me thought you ſaw a ſerpent: what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often ſeene
Adoption ſtriues with nature, and choice breedes
A natiue ſlip to vs from forraine ſeedes:
You nere oppreſt me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expreſſe to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) does it curd thy blood
To ſay I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtempered meſſenger of wet?

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
——— Why, that you are my daughter?
*Hell.* That I am not.
*Old.Cou.* I say I am your Mother.
*Hell.* Pardon Madam,
The Count *Rossillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble:
My Master, my deere Lord he is: and I
His seruant liue, and will his Vassall die:
He must not be my brother.
*Old.Cou.* Nor I your Mother?
*Hell.* You are my Mother Madam: would you were
(So that my Lord your son were not my brother)
Indeede my Mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his sister: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.
*Old.Cou.* Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shend you, your loue should do me harme.
So farre vpon your honour's owne assurance
My feare hath cast, and answer'd such a wife
The mistris of your seruant, and mine:
Your salt teares head now to all sexes figges
You loue my Sonne, inuention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou do'st not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so: for looke thy cheeke
Confesse it, tho the heart be sworne too, and the eyes
See it so grosely shew'd in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, only sin
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, is't so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clyme
If it be not, forswear't: how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaile
To tell me truely.
*Hell.* Good Madam pardon me.
*Cou.* Do you loue my Sonne?
*Hell.* Your pardon noble Mistris
*Cou.* Loue you my Sonne?
*Hell.* Doe not you loue him Madam?
*Cou.* Goe not about: my loue hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full appeached.
*Hell.* Then I confesse
Here on my knee before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
Sonne.
My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:
Be not offended: for it hurts not him
That he is loued of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,
Yet never know how that desert should be:
I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:
Yet in this captious and intenible Sieue.
I still powre in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to loose still, thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For loue is where you doe: but if your selfe,
Whose aged honour cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and loue dearely, that your Dian
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose,
That seekes not to finde that her search implies,
But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.
*Cou.* Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?
*Hell.* Madam I had.
*Cou.* Wherefore? tell true.
*Hell.* I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare.
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall soueraignty: and that he will'd me
In heedefull'st reseruation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusiue were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is rendred lost.
*Cou.* This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, speake?
*Hell.* My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this,
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then.
*Cou.* But think you *Hellen*,
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Physitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowed of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to itself.
*Hell.* There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
Byth' luckie stars that raign'd, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie succesfe, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.
*Cou.* Dost thou beleeue't?
*Hell.* I Madam knowingly.
*Cou.* Why *Hellen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile stile at large.
And praise Gods blessing into thy attempt.
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus.

*Enter the King with diuers young Lords, taking leaue for the Florentine warre: Count, Rosse, and Parolles. Florish Cornets.*

*King.* Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell.
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The gift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiu'd,
And is enough for both.
*Lord.G.* 'Tis our hope sir,

After

After well entred Souldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.
*King.* No,no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the malady
That doth my life beliege: farwell young Lords,
Whether I liue or die, be you the tonnes
O worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it, when
The braue'st questant shrinkes, finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.
*L.G.* Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty.
*King.* Those girles of Italy take heed of them,
They say our French lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you serue.
*Bo.* Our hearts receiue your warnings
*King.* Farewell, come know her to me
*1.Lo.G.* On my sweet Lord we would not knowe the reason
*Parr.* 'Tis not his fault the spark
*2.Lo.E.* O 'tis braue warres.
*Parr.* Most admirable, I haue seene those warres
*Rossill.* I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.
*Parr.* An thy mind stand to't boy,
Steale away bravely
*Rossill.* I shall stay here the for-horse to a coache,
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, I'le steale away.
*1 Lo.G.* There's honour in the theft
*Parr.* Commit it Count.
*2.Lo.E.* I am your accessary, and so farewell
*Ros.* I grow to you: & our parting is a torture as bitter.
*1.Lo.G.* Farewell Captaine
*2.Lo.E.* Sweet Monsieur *Parolles*
*Parr.* Noble *Heroes*, my sword and yours are kinne.
good sparkes and lettrons, a word good metals: You
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinii, one Captaine
*Spurio* his sheatrice, with an Embleme of warre here on
his sinister cheeke; it was this very sword entrenched it:
say to him I liue, and obserue his reports for me.
*Lo.G.* We shall noble Captaine.
*Parr.* *Mars* dote on you for his nouices, what will
ye doe?
*Ross.* Stay the King
*Parr.* Vse a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble
Lords: you haue restrain'd your selfe within the List of
too cold an adieu: be more expressiue to them, for they
weare themselues in the cap of the time, there to muster
true gate; eat, speake, and moue vnder the influence of
the most receiued starre, and though the deuill lead the
measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a
more dilated farewell.
*Ross.* And I will doe so
*Parr.* Worthy fellowes, and like to proue most si-
newie sword-men *Exeunt*

*Enter Lafew.*

*L.Laf.* Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings
*King.* Ile see thee to stand vp (pardon,
*L.Laf.* Then here's a man stands that has brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand vp.
*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate
And aske thee mercy for't.
*Laf.* Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?
*King.* No.
*Laf.* O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seene a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfull to araise King *Pippen*, nay
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line.
*King.* What her is that?
*Laf.* Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I haue spoke
With one, that in her sex, her yeeres profession,
Wisedome and constancie, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?
For that is her demand, and know her businesse?
That done, laugh well at me.
*King.* Now good *Lafew*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou took'st it.
*Laf.* Nay I'le fit you,
And not be all day neither.
*King.* Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.
*Laf.* Nay, come your wayes
*Enter Helen.*
*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.
*Laf.* Nay, come your wayes,
This is his Maiestie, say your mind to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Maiesty seldome fearers, I am Cressids Vncle,
That dare leauer two to get one, but your daughter. *Exit*
*King.* Now fayre one, do's your busines follow vs?
*Hel.* I my good Lord.
*Gerard de Narbon* was my father
In what he did profesle, well found.
*King.* I knew him.
*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him
Knowne I am of many to my bed of grace,
Many receits he gaue me, chiefly one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his old experience, th'only darling,
He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine owne two, more deare I haue so,
And hearing your high Maiesty is touch
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblenesse.
*King.* We thanke you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors leaue vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ransome nature
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not
So staine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malladie
To empericks, or to disseuer so
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme
A senceliesse helpe, when helpe past sence we deeme

*He* My

*Hel.* My dutie then shall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to bearc me backe againe.
*King.* I cannot giue thee leſſe to be cal'd grateful:
Thou thoughtſt to helpe me: and ſuch thankes I giue,
As one neere death to thoſe that wiſh him liue.
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part,
I knowing all my perill: thou no Art.
*Hel.* What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you let vp your reſt gainſt remedie:
He that of greateſt workes is thruſter,
Oft does them by the weakeſt minſters:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement ſhowne,
When Iudges haue bin babes, great flouds haue flowne
From ſimple ſources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the greateſt beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and miſtruſt moſt ſtrives.
*King.* I muſt not heare thee, fare-thee well kind maide,
Thy paines not vſd, muſt by thy ſelfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thankes for their reward.
*Hel.* Inſpired Merit ſo by breath is barr'd,
It is not ſo with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs that ſquare our gueſſe by ſhowes.
But moſt it is preſumption in vs, when
The helpe of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare ſir, to my endeauours giue conſent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoſture, that proclaime
My ſelfe againſt the leuell of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moſt ſure,
My Art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
*King.* Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
*Hel.* The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the Horſes of the Sunne ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall damp
Moiſt *Hesperus* hath quench'd her ſweaty Lampe
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glaſſe
Hath told the thiefe Sunne meetes, how they paſſe
What (but thirſe) my Art hath done, within a while,
Health ſhall liue free, and ſickneſſe freelier die.
*King.* Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venter?
*Hel.* Taxe of impudence,
A ſtrumpets boldneſſe, a characterd ſhame
Traduc'd by odious Ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwiſe: ne worſe of worſt extended
With vildeſt torture, let my life be ended.
*King.* Methinkes thou art more then the bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerfull ſound, within an organ weake:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſence, ſence ſaues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſedome, courage, all
That happineſſe and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy Phyſicke I will try,
That miniſters thine owne death if I die.
*Hel.* If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, vnpittied let me die,
And well deſeru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promiſe me.
*King.* Make thy demand.
*Hel.* But will you make it euen?
*King.* I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.
*Hel.* Then ſhalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royall blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to beſtow.
*King.* Heere is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill relye:
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Though more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Vnqueſtion'd welcome, and vndoubted bleſt.
Giue me ſome helpe here ho, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
*Flouriſh.* *Exit*

*Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.*

*Lady.* Come on ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.
*Clown.* I will ſhew my ſelfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my buſineſſe is but to the Court.
*Lady.* To the Court, why what place make you ſpeciall, when you put off that with ſuch contempt, but to the Court?
*Clo.* Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manners, hee may eaſily put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiſſe his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court, But for me, I haue an anſwere will ſerue all men.
*Lady.* Marry that's a bountifull anſwere that fits all queſtions.
*Clo.* It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.
*Lady.* Will your anſwere ſerue fit to all queſtions?
*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attorney, as your French Crowne for your taffery punke, as *Tibs* ruth for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-tueſday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a ſcolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his ſkin.
*Lady.* Haue you, I ſay, an anſwere of ſuch fitneſſe for all queſtions?
*Clo.* From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.
*Lady.* It muſt be an anſwere of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.
*Clo.* But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it ſhall doe you no harme to learne.
*Lady.* To be young againe if we could: I will be a foole in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer.

*Lady.*

*La.* I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

*Clo.* O Lord sir there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

*La.* Sir I am a poore friend of yours, that loues you.

*Clo.* O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

*La.* I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

*Clo.* O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

*La.* You were lately whipt sir as I thinke

*Clo.* O Lord sir, spare not me

*La.* Doe you cry O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

*Clo.* I neere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serue long, but not serue ever

*La.* I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.

*Clo.* O Lord sir, why there't serues well again

*La.* And end sir to your businesse: giue *Helen* this, And vrge her to a present answer backe, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne, This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*La.* Not much imployment for you, you vnderstand me.

*Clo.* Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges

*La.* Haste you again *Exeunt*

*Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.*

*Ol.Laf.* They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causeleſſe. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrours, enſconcing our selues into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an vnknowne feare

*Par.* Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ros.* And so 'tis.

*Ol.Laf.* To be relapſe in the offence of Ambition

*Par.* So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus*.

*Ol.Laf.* Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

*Par.* Right so I say.

*Ol.Laf.* That gaue him out incureable.

*Par.* Why there in so say I too

*Ol.Laf.* Not to be holpe.

*Par.* Right, as twere a man assur'd of a——

*Ol.Laf.* Vncertaine life, and sure death

*Par.* Iuſt, you say well: so would I haue ſaid.

*Ol.Laf.* I may truly say it is a sickenesse to my worde

*Par.* It is indeede: if you will haue it in showing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

*Ol.Laf.* A ſhewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.

*Par.* That's it, I would haue ſaid, the verie ſame.

*Ol.Laf.* Why your Dolphin is not luſtier: 'fore me I speake in respect——

*Par.* Nay 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtraunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a moſt facinerous ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

*Ol.Laf.* Very hand of heauen

*Par.* I, ſo I ſay.

*Ol.Laf.* In a moſt weake——

*Par.* And debile miniſter great power, great tranſcendence, which ſhould indeede giue vs a further vſe to be made, then alone the recouery of the king, as to be

*Old Laf.* Generally thankfull.

*Enter King, Helen, and attendants.*

*Par.* I would haue ſaid it, you ſay well. Heere comes the king.

*Ol.Laf.* Luſtique, as the Dutchman ſayes: He like a maide too: Better wench if I haue a tooth in my head: why he is able to leade her a Carranto.

*Par.* Mor du vinager, is not this *Helen*?

*Ol.Laf.* Fore God I thinke ſo.

*King.* Go call before me all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preſeruer by thy patients ſide,
And with this healthfull hand whoſe baniſhd ſence
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receiue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter 3 or 4 Lords.*

Faire Maid ſend forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Bachelors, ſtand at my bestowing,
O're whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I haue to vſe: thy frank election make,
Thou haſt power to choose, and they none to forſake.

*Hel.* To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris,
Fall when loue please, marry to each but one

*Old Laf.* I'ld giue bay Curtal, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a Noble father

*She addreſſes her to a Lord*

*Hel.* Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, reſtor'd the king to health.

*All.* We vnderſtand it, and thanke heauen for you.

*Hel.* I am a ſimple Maide: and therein wealthieſt
That I proteſt, I ſimply am a Maide:
Please it your Maieſtie, I haue done already
The blushes in my cheekes thus whiſper me,
We blush that thou ſhouldſt choose, but be refuſed;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheeke for euer,
We catch'd there where we were
*King.* Make choice and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy loue, ſhuns all his loue in me.
*Hel.* Now Dian from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall Loue, that God moſt high
Do my high ſuites addreſſe. Sir, will you heare my ſuite?

*1 Lo* And grant it.

*Hel* Thanks sir, all the reſt is mute.

*Ol.Laf* I had rather be at this choake, then throw
An ache for my ſelfe

*Hel* I read it in the flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threatningly replies
Loue make your fortunes twenty times aboue
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble loue.

*2 Lo* No better if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receiue,
Which great loue grant: and so I take my leaue

*Ol.Laf* Do all they deny her? And they were ſons of mine I'd haue them whipt, or I would ſend them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

*Hel* Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne ſake
Bleſſing vpon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed

*Old Laf.* These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none

have

haue heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the Frenchnere got em

*La.* You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

*4.Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

*Ol.Lord* There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an Asse, I am a youth of fourteene: I haue knowne thee already

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you, but I giue Me and my seruice, ever whil'st I liue Into your guiding power. This is the man.

*King.* Why then young *Bertram* take her, she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife my Liege? I shall beseech your highnes In such a businesse, giue me leaue to vse The helpe of mine owne eies

*King.* Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee has done for mee?

*Ber.* Yes my good Lord, but euer hope to know why I should marry her

*King.* Thou know'st shee has raisd me from my sickly bed

*Ber.* But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising? I know her well: Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge A poore Physitians daughter my wife? Disdaine Rather corrupt me euer.

*King.* 'Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off In differences so mightie. If she bee All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st), A poore Physitians daughter, thou dislik'st Of vertue for the name. But doe not so: From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th'doers deede: Where great additions swell's and vertue none, It is a dropsied honour. Good alone, Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so: The propertie by what it is should go, Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire, In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire And these breed honour: that is honour's scorne, Which challenges it selfe as honours borne, And is not like the sire. Honours thriue, When rather from our acts we them deriue Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a slaue Debosh'd on euery tombe, on euery graue: A lying Trophee: and as oft is dumbe, Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be said? If thou can'st like this creature, as a maide, I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

*Ber.* I cannot loue her, nor will striue to doo't

*King.* Thou wrong'st thy selfe if thou should'st striue to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd my Lord, I am glad Let the rest go

*King.* My Honor's at the stake, which to defeate I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand, Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift, That dost in vile misprision shackle vp My loue, and her desert: that canst not dreame, We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where We please to haue it grow. Check thy contempt: Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good: Beleeue not thy disdaine, but presently Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes, Or I will throw thee from my care for euer Into the staggers, and the careleſse lapse Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice, Without all termes of pitie. Speake, thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit My fancie to your eies, when I consider What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now The praised of the King, who so ennobled, Is as 'twere borne so

*King.* Take her by the hand, And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise A counterpoize: if not to thy estate, A ballance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract: whose Ceremonie Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe, And be performed to night: the solemne Feast Shall more attend vpon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her, Thy loue's to me Religious: else, do'st erre. *Exeunt*

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

*Laf.* Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure sir.

*Laf.* Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation

*Par.* Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

*Laf.* I: Is it not a Language I speake?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be vnderstood without bloody succeeding. My Master?

*Laf.* Are you Companion to the Count *Rossillion*?

*Par.* To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is Counts man. Counts master is of another stile

*Par.* You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a pretty wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe: yet the scarfes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from beleeuing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I lose thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that thou art scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

*Laf.* Do not plunge thy selfe too farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy casement I needs not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

*Par.* My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity

*Laf.*

*Laf.* I with all my heart, and thou are worthy of it.

*Par.* I haue not my Lord deseru'd it.

*Laf.* Yes good faith, euery dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Eu'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound in thy scarfe and beaten, thou shalt finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. *Exit*

*Par.* Well, thou hast a time I shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile haue no more pitie of his age then I would haue of——Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

*Enter Lafew.*

*Laf.* Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you haue a new Mistris.

*Par.* I most vnfainedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reseruation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue aboue is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God.

*Par.* I sir.

*Laf.* The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion. Dost make hose of thy sleeues? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: methink'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man should beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselues vpon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and vndeserued measure my Lord.

*Laf.* Go too sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue you. *Exit*

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

*Ros.* Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

*Par.* What's the matter sweet-heart?

*Ros.* Although before the solemne Priest I haue sworne, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what sweet heart?

*Ros.* O my *Parrolles*, they haue married me: I'le to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her.

*Par.* *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tred of a mans foot: too'th warres.

*Ros.* There's letters from my mother. What the importe is, I know not yet.

*Par.* I that would be knowne: too'th warrs my boy, too'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe vnseene,
That hugges his kicksie wicksie here at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which should sustaine the bound and high curuet
Of *Marses* fierie steed: to other Regions,
*France* is a stable, wee that dwell in't stables,
Therefore too'th warre.

*Ros.* It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled. Write to the King
That which I durst not speake. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife
To the darke house, and the detected wife.

*Par.* Will this Capricho hold in thee, art sure?

*Ros.* Go with me to my chamber, and aduise me.
Ile send her straight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why these ba's sound, ther's noise in it. 'Tis hard
A yong man maried, is a man that's mard.
Therefore away, and leaue her bravely go,
The King has done you wrong: but hush 'tis so. *Exit*

*Enter Helena and Clowne.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

*Clo.* She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well. but thankes be giuen she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?

*Clo.* Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send her quickly, the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

*Hel.* I hope so. I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters vndoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, th'art a knaue.

*Clo.* You should haue said sir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had beene truth sir.

*Par.* Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

*Clo.* Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

*Clo.* The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you finde in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

*Par.* A good knaue i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A verie serrious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.
*Hel.* What's his will else?
*Par.* That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,
And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.
*Hel.* What more commands hee?
*Par.* That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure.
*Hel.* In euery thing I waite vpon his will.
*Par.* I shall report it so. *Exit Par*
*Hell.* I pray you come sirrah. *Exit*

*Enter Lafew and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a souldier.
*Ber.* Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.
*Laf.* You haue it from his owne deliuerance
*Ber.* And by other warranted testimonie.
*Laf.* Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Lacke for a bunting.
*Ber.* I do assure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge, and accordinglie valiant.
*Laf.* I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and transgrest against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pursue the amitie.

*Enter Parolles*

*Par.* These things shall be done sir
*Laf.* Pray you sir whose his Tailor?
*Par* Sir?
*Laf.* O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.
*Ber.* Is shee gone to the king?
*Par.* Shee is
*Ber.* Will shee away to night?
*Par.* As you'le haue her.
*Ber.* I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure,
Giuen order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.
*Laf.* A good Trauailer is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds, and vses a known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should bee once hard, and thrice beaten: God saue you Captaine.
*Ber.* Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monsieur?
*Par.* I know not how I haue deserued to run into my Lord displeasure.
*Laf.* You haue made shift to run into't, boores and spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question for your residence.
*Ber.* It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.
*Laf.* And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but we must do good against euill.
*Par.* An idle Lord, I sweare.
*Ber.* I thinke so.
*Par.* Why do you not know him?
*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I haue sir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue
For present parting, onely he desires
Some priuate speech with you.
*Ber.* I shall obey his will.
You must not maruaile *Helen* at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much vnsetled: This drues me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments haue in them a needs
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so
I leaue you to your wisedome.
*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient seruant.
*Ber* Come, come, no more of that.
*Hel.* And euer shall
With true obseruance seeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue fail'd
To equall my great fortune.
*Ber.* Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farwell H e home.
*Hel.* Pray sir your pardon.
*Ber.* Well, what would you say?
*Hel.* I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.
*Ber.* What would you haue?
*Hel.* Something, and scarse so much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse
*Ber.* I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.
*Hel.* I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell. *Exit*
*Ber.* Go thou toward home, where I will neuer come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and for our flight.
*Par.* Bravely, Coragio.

## *Actus Tertius.*

*Flourish.* *Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troope of Souldiers.*

*Duke.* So that from point to point, now haue you heard

The

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.
1. *Lord.* Holy seemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the opposer.
*Duke.* Therefore we meruaile much our Cosin France
Would in so just a busines, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.
*French E.* Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
By self-vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to fayle
As often as I guest.
*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.
*Fren G* But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke.
*Duke.* Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailes they tell,
To morrow to th'field.
*Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

*Count.* It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue that he comes not along with her.
*Clo.* By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very melancholly man
*Count.* By what obseruance I pray you.
*Clo.* Why, he will looke vpon his boote, and sing: mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Manner for a song.
*Lad.* Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes
*Clow.* I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the braines of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I begin to loue, as an old man loues money, with no stomacke.
*Lad.* What haue we heere?
*Clo.* In that you haue there. *exit*

*A Letter.*

*I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, she hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.* *Your vnfortunate sonne,*
Bertram.

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within betweene two soulders, and my yong Ladie.
*La.* What is the matter.
*Clo.* Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought he would.
*La.* Why should he be kild?
*Clo.* So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I only heare your sonne was run away.

*Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.*

*French E.* Saue you good Madam.
*Hel.* Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.
*French G* Do not say so.
*La.* Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me vnto't. Where is my sonne I pray you?
*Fren. G.* Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.
*Hel.* Looke on his Letter Madam, here is my Passport

*When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer shall come off, and shew me a childe begotten of thy bodie, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a (then) I write a Neuer.*

This is a dreadfull sentence
*La.* Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?
1. *G.* I Madam, and for the Contents take ate sorrie for our paines.
*Old La.* I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engrossest all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moity: He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?
*Fren G* I Madam.
*La.* And to be a souldier.
*Fren G* Such is his noble purpose, and beleeu't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenience claimes.
*La* Returne you thither.
*Fren E* I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
*Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,*
'Tis bitter.
*La.* Find you that there?
*Hel.* I Madame
*Fren.E.* 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which his heart was not consenting too.
*Lad.* Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserues a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourely Mistris. Who was with him?
*Fren.E.* A seruant onely, and a Gentleman, which I haue sometime knowne.
*La. Parolles* was it not?
*Fren.E.* I my good Ladie, hee
*La.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature
With his inducement.
*Fren.E.* Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to haue.
*La.* Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can neuer winne the honor that he loses: more I will intreate

you written to beare along.

*Fren.A.* We serue you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

*La.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere? *Exit.*

*Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.*

Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,
Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I
That chase thee from thy Country, and expose
Those tender limbes of thine, to the event
Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,
That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou
Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,
Fly with false aymo, moueche still-peering aire
That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer shoots at him, I set him there.
Who euer charges on his forward brest
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him to't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: Better 'twere
I met the ramme Lyon when he roar'd
With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,
As oft it looses all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The eyre of Paradise did fan the house,
And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitifull rumour may report my flight
To consolate thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away. *Exit*

*Hautboys. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion, drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parolles.*

*Duke.* The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence
Vpon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sweet
A charge too heauy for my strength, but yet
We'l striue to beare it for your worthy sake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard

*Duke.* Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme
As thy auspicious mistris

*Ber.* This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prooue
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

*Enter Countesse & Steward.*

*La.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a Letter. Read it agen.

*Letter.*

*I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone.*
*Ambitious loue hath so in me offended,*
*That barefoot plod I the cold ground vpon*
*With sainted vow my faults to haue amended*
*Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre,*
*My dearest Master your deare sonne, may hie,*
*Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,*
*His name with zealous fervour sanctifie:*
*His taken labours bid him me forgiue:*
*I his despightfull Iuno sent him forth,*
*From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,*
*Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.*
*He is too good and faire for death, and me,*
*Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.*

Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?
*Rynaldo*, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus she hath preuented.

*Ste.* Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue beene ore-tane: and yet she writes
Pursuite would be but vaine.

*La.* What Angell shall
Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,
Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath
Of greatest Iustice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word weigh heauie of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest greefe,
Though little he do feele it, set downe sharpely.
Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that shee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I haue no skill in sence
To make distinction: prouide this Messenger:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake.
*Exeunt*

*A Tucket afarre off*

*Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta and Mariana, with other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty,
We shall loose all the sight.

*Dian.* They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable seruice.

*Wid.* It is reported,
That he has taken their great'st Commander,
And that with his owne hand he slew
The Dukes brother. we haue lost our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
you may know by their Trumpets.

*Mari.* Come lets returne againe,
And suffice our selues with the report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is so rich
As honestie.

*Wid.* I haue told my neighbour
How you haue been solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

*Mari.*

*Maria.* I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I needs not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modestie which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not needs to feare me.

*Enter Helen.*

*Wid.* I hope so: I looke here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

*Hel.* To S. *Iaques le grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the S. *Frances* here beside the Port.

*Hel.* Is this the way? *A march afarre.*

*Wid.* I marrie ift. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse
As ample as my selfe.

*Hel.* Is it your selfe?

*Wid.* If you shall please so Pilgrime.

*Hel.* I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.

*Wid.* you came I thinke from *France*?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Heere you shall see a Countryman of yours
That has done worthy seruice.

*Hel.* His name I pray you?

*Dia.* The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the eare, that heares most nobly of him
His face I know not.

*Dia.* What somere he is
He's bravely taken heere. He stole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

*Hel.* I surely meane the truth, I know his Lady.

*Dia.* There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,
Reports but courtsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur *Parolles*.

*Hel.* Oh I beleeue with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane.
To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing
Is a reserued honestie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd.

*Dian* Alas poore Ladie,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord,
*Wid.* I warrant good creature, wheresoere she is,
Her hart weighes sadly: this yong maid might do her
A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.
*Hel.* How do you meane?
May be the amorous Count solicites her
In the vnlawfull purposes?
*Wid.* He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in such a suite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide
But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honestest defence.

*Drumme and Colours.*
*Enter Count Rossillion, Parolles, and the whole Armie*

*Mar.* The goddes forbid else
*Wid.* So, now they come
That is *Antiphonus* the Dukes eldest sonne,
That *Ffeanse*
*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?
*Dia.* Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife if she were honester
He were much goodlier: Is't not a handsom Gentleman
*Hel* I like him well.
*Dia* 'Tis pitty he is not honest: yon is that same knaue
That leades him to these places were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile rascall.
*Hel.* Which is he?
*Dia* That lacke-an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee melancholy?
*Hel.* Perchance he is hurt i'th battaile
*Par.* Loose our drumme? Well.
*Mar.* He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he has spyed vs.
*Wid.* Marrie hang you.
*Mar.* And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit*
*Wid.* The troope is past. Come pilgrim, I will bring you, Where you shall host: Of enioyn'd penitents
There foure or fiue, to great S. *Iaques* bound,
Already at my house.
*Hel.* I humbly thanke you.
Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me, and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.
*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first.*

*Cap.E.* Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him haue his way.

*Cap.G.* If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect

*Cap.E.* On my life my Lord a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you thinke I am so farre
Deceiued in him?

*Cap.E.* Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endlesse Lyar, an hourely promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

*Cap.G.* It were fit you knew him, least reposing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trustie businesse, in a maine danger, fayle you.

*Ber* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

*Cap. G.* None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidently vndertake to do.

*Cap.E.* I with a troop of Florentines will sodainly surprize

prize him, such I will haue whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemie: we will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents. be but your Lordship present at his examination: if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my iudgement in any thing.

*Cap.G.* O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't. when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainement, your inclining cannot be removed. Heere he comes.

*Enter Parrolles.*

*Cap.E.* O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honour of his design, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

*Ber.* How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

*Cap.G.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

*Par.* But a drumme. Is't but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne soldiers.

*Cap.G.* That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of warre that *Cæsar* him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor we had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recouered.

*Par.* It might haue beene recouered.

*Ber.* It might, but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recouered, but that the merit of seruice is seldome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or *hic iacet*.

*Ber.* Why if you haue a stomacke, 'soot Monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit. if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse.

*Par.* By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* Ile about it this euening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemmas, encourage my selfe in my certainty, put my selfe into my mortall preparation: and by midnight look to heare further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

*Par.* I know not what the successe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou'rt valiant,
And to the possibility of thy soldiership,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

*Par.* I loue not many words. *Exit*

*Cap.E.* No more than a fish loues water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damned than to do't.

*Cap.G.* You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

*Ber.* Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriously he doers addresse himselfe vnto?

*Cap.E.* None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost embost him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

*Cap.G.* Weele make you some sport with the Fox ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this very night.

*Cap.E.* I must go looke my twigges,
He shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother he shall go along with me.

*Cap.G.* As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse I spoke of.

*Cap.E.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
by this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,
And this is all I haue done. She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?

*Cap.E.* With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt*

*Enter Hellen, and Widdow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.
First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good aydes that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should beleeue you,
For you haue shew'd me that which well approues
Y'are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your daughter,
Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolues to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As we'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it.
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That she'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house

From

From loane to loane, to me foure or fiue diſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This Ring he holds
In moſt rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeeme too deere,
How ere repented after
*Wid.* Now I ſee the bottome of your purpoſe.
*Hel.* You ſee it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere ſhe ſeemes as wonne,
Deſires this Ring, appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her ſelfe moſt chaſtly abſent after
To marry her, Ile adde three thouſand Crownes
To what is paſt already.
*Wid.* I have yeelded
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſeuer,
That time and place with this deceite ſo lawfull
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes
With Muſicke of all ſorts, and ſongs compoſd
To her vnworthineſſe: It nothing ſteeds vs
To chide him from our eeues, for he perſiſts
As if his life lay on it.
*Hel.* Why then to night
Let vs aſſay our plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not ſinne, and yet a finefull fact.
But let's about it.

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or ſixe other ſouldiers in ambuſh.*

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you ſallie vpon him, ſpeake what terrible Language you will, though you vnderſtand it not your ſelues, no matter: for we muſt not ſeeme to vnderſtand him, vnleſſe ſome one among vs, whom wee muſt produce for an Interpreter.
1. *Sol.* Good Captaine, let me be th'Interpreter.
*Lor E.* Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voyce?
1. *Sol* No ſir I warrant you.
*Lo E.* But what linſie-woolſie hath thou to ſpeake to vs againe
1. *Sol.* E'en ſuch as you ſpeake to me.
*Lo E.* He muſt thinke vs ſome band of ſtrangers, i'th aduerſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we muſt every one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we ſpeak one to another: ſo we ſeeme to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe. Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you muſt ſeeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a ſleepe, and then to returne & ſweare the lies he forges

*Enter Parrolles*

*Par.* Ten a clocke. Within theſe three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What ſhall I ſay I haue done? It muſt bee a very plauſiue inuention that carries it. They begine to ſmoake mee, and diſgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore. I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my pate is full of the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.
*Lo E.* This is the firſt truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.
*Par.* What the diuell ſhould moue mee to vndertake the recouery of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt giue my ſelfe ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit: yet ſlight ones will not carrie it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the inſtance. Tongue, I muſt put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my ſelfe another of *Bajazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into theſe perilles.
*Lo E.* Is it poſſible he ſhould know what hee is, and be that he is
*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would ſerue the turne, or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.
*Lo E.* We cannot afford you ſo.
*Par.* Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem.
*Lo E.* 'Twould not do
*Par.* Or to drowne my cloathes, and ſay I was ſtript.
*Lo E.* Hardly ſerue.
*Par.* Though I ſwore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.
*Lo E.* How deepe?
*Par* Thirty fadome
*Lo E.* Three great oathes would ſcarſe make that be beleeued.
*Par.* I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would ſweare I recouer'd it.
*Lo E.* You ſhall heare one anon.
*Par.* A drumme now of the enemies.

*Alarum within.*

*Lo F.* *Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*
*All.* *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*
*Par.* O ranſome, ranſome,
Do not hide mine eyes.
*Inter.* *Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*
*Par* I know you are the *Muſkos* Regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeake to me,
Ile diſcouer that, which ſhall vndo the Florentine.
*Int.* *Boſkos vauvado*, I vnderſtand thee, & can ſpeake thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* ſir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeuenteene poniards are at thy boſome.
*Par.* Oh.
*Inter.* Oh pray, pray, pray.
*Manka reuania dulche.*
*Lo E.* *Oſcorbidulchos volunteo.*
*Int.* The Generall is content to ſpare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt informe
Something to ſaue thy life.
*Par.* O let me liue,
And all the ſecrets of our campe Ile ſhew,
Their force, their purpoſes: Nay, Ile ſpeake that,
Which you will wonder at.
*Inter.* But wilt thou faithfully?
*Par* If I do not, damne me.
*Inter.* *Acordo linta.*
Come on, thou are granted ſpace. *Exit*

*A short Alarum within.*

*L.E* Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (muffled
*Sol* Captaine I will.
*L.E* A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
Informe on that.
*Sol.* So I will Sir.
*L.E.* Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt. *Exit*

*Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.*

*Ber* They told me that your name was *Fontybell.*
*Dia.* No my good Lord, *Diana.*
*Ber.* Titled Goddesse,
And worth it with addition: but fate soule,
Is your fine frame haunted to this cold sleepe?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your mould,
You are no Maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.
*Dia.* She then was honest,
*Ber* So should you be.
*Dia.* No:
My mother did but duty, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.
*Ber.* No more of that
I prethee do not striue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loue's own sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice.
*Dia* Ay so you serue vs
Till we serue you: but when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to prick our selues,
And mock vs with our barrennesse.
*Ber* How haue I sworne
*Dia* 'Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we sweare not by,
But take the High'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleeue my oathes,
When I did loose you ill? This has no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue
That I will worke against him: Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd
At least in my opinion.
*Ber* Change it, change it.
Be not so holy-cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integrity ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,
Who then recouers: Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it begins shall so persever.
*Dia.* I see that men make ropes in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring
*Ber.* I'le lend it thee my deere, but haue no power
To giue it from me.
*Dia.* Will you not my Lord?
*Ber* It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obliquie'th world,
In me to loose. Thus your owne proper wisedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault
*Ber.* Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee
*Dia,* When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee.
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe again this Ring shall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
*Ber* A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.
*Dia* For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may (I'm the end.
My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead, therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would vniustly winne. *Exit*

*Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Souldiours*

*Cap G.* You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.
*Cap* I haue deliuered it an houre since, there is something in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.
*Cap G.* He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady
*Cap E.* Especially, he hath incurred the euerlasting displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to sing, approoue to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.
*Cap G* When you haue spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grauer of it
*Cap E* He hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night he fleshes his will, in the spoyle of her honour: he hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the vnchaste composition
*Cap G* Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selues, what things are we
*Cap E* Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale themselues, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends, so he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility in his proper stream, ore-flowes himselfe
*Cap G* Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night?
*Cap E* Not till after midnight: for he is dieted to his houre
*Cap G* That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him see his company anathomiz'd, that he might take

a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

*Cap. E.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

*Cap. G.* In the meane time, what heare you of these Warres?

*Cap. E.* I heare there is an overture of peace

*Cap. G.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

*Cap. E.* What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

*Cap. G.* I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell

*Cap. E.* Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great deale of his act.

*Cap. G.* Sir, his wife some two moneths since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iaques le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with most austere sanctimonie she accomplisht: and there residing, the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heauen.

*Cap. E.* How is this iustified?

*Cap. G.* The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her story true, euen to the point of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirmed by the Rector of the place.

*Cap. E.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

*Cap. G.* I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

*Cap. E.* I am heartily sorrie that he'l bee gladde of this.

*Cap. G.* How mightily sometimes, we make vs comforts of our losses.

*Cap. E.* And how mightily some other times, we drowne our gaine in teares, the great'st grace lending grace vses it selfe before it come, so I forget to thanke the counterfeit with a thankes example.

*Cap. G.* Therefore is our vertues of a mingled vaine, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now? Where's your master?

*Ser.* He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

*Cap. E.* They shall bee no more than needfull there, if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

*Ber.* They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my La de mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue not ended yet.

*Cap. E.* If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

*Ber.* I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter but shall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, has deceiu'd me, like a double-meaning Prophesier.

*Cap. E.* Bring him forth, has'sate i'th stockes all night poore gallant knaue.

*Ber.* No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

*Cap. E.* I haue told your Lordship already. The stockes carry him. But to answer you as you would be vnderstood, he weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes and what think you he hath confest?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has'a?

*Cap. E.* His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordship be in't, as I beleeue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it

*Enter Parolles with his Interpreter*

*Ber.* A plague vpon him, muffled, can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

*Cap. G.* Hoodman comes. *Portotartarossa.*

*Inter.* He calles for the tortures, What will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

*Int.* Bosko Chimmo

*Cap.* Boskos thromuldo boskos.

*Int.* You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to liue.

*Int.* First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

*Par.* Fiue or six thousand, but very weake and vnserviceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

*Int.* Shall I set downe your answer so?

*Par.* Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to me.

*Ber.* What a past-saving slaue is this?

*Cap. G.* Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Monsieur *Parrolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theorike of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger.

*Cap. E.* I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleeue he can haue euerie thing in man, by wearing his apparell neatly.

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* Fiue or six thousand horse I said I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.

*Cap. G.* He's very neere the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he deliuers it.

*Par.* Poore rogues, I pray you say.

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marueilous poore.

*Interp.* Demand of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred & fifte,

fifttie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many *Guiltian Cassio*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fifte each. Mine owne Company, *Chrisopher*, *Vaumond*, *Tenij*, two hundred fifte each: so that the muster file, to reade and ound, vpon my life amounts not to fifteene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cadoxes, least they shake themselues to peeces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*Cap. G.* Nothing, but let him haue thankes. Demand of him my condition, and what credite I haue with the Duke.

*Int.* Well, that's set downe: you shall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* be i' Campe, a Frenchman, what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whether he thinkes it were not possible with well-weighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

*Int.* Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

*Par.* I know him: a was a Botchers 'prentize in *Paris*, from whence a was whipt for getting the Shrieue's fool with child, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that falls.

*Int.* Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

*Par.* Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

*Cap. G.* Nay looke not so vpon me, we shall heare of your Lord anon.

*Int.* What sort of reputation with the Duke?

*Par.* The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to me this other day, to turne him out a th' band. I think, I haue his Letter in my pocket.

*Int.* Marry we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Duke's other Letters, in my Tent.

*Int.* Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our Interpreter do's it well.

*Cap. G.* Excellently.

*Int. Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.*

*Par.* That is the Dukes letter: fox that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you to proceed.

*Int.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your fauour.

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maide, for I know the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and deuoures vp all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable both-sides rogue.

*Int Let. When he swears oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it.*
*After he scores, he neuer pares the score.*
*Draw no aduantage from his blood-shed,*
*But make sport to driue it from his head,*
*And at the minute of his sorrow pay him:*
*For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,*
*Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*
*Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*
*Parolles.*

*Ber.* He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

*Cap. E.* This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

*Int.* I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, we shall be fayne to hang you.

*Par.* My life sir in any case. Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a dungeon, i' th stockes, or any where, so I may liue.

*Int.* Well see what may be done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

*Par.* He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloyster: for rapes and raui'shments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes not keeping of oathes, in breaking 'em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honesty, he has euery thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

*Cap. G.* I begin to loue him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honestie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

*Int.* What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

*Par.* Faith sir, has led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

*Cap. G.* He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

*Int.* His qualities being at this poore price, I need not to aske you if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a Cardecue he will sell the fee-simple of his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

*Int.* What's his Brother, the other Captaine *Dumaine*?

*Cap. E.* Why do's he aske him of me?

*Int.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a Crow a th' same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excells his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreate he outruns any Lackey; marrie in comming on, he has the Crampe.

*Int.* If your life be saued, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine.

*Par.* I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count *Rossillion*.

*Int.* I'le whisper with the Generall, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'le no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, only to seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the supposition

sition of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an ambush where I was taken?

*Int.* There is no remedy Sir, but you must dye: the General sayes, you that haue so traitorously discouerd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serue the world for no honest vse: therefore you must dye. Come Headman, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord Sir, let me liue, or let me see my death.

*Int.* That shall you, and take your leaue of all your friends.

So, looke about: Confesse if you haue any friends.

*Count.* Good morrow noble Captaine.

*Lo. E.* God bleſſe you Captaine *Parolles*.

*Cap. G.* God saue you noble Captaine.

*Lo. F.* Captaine what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

*Cap. G.* Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a very Coward, I'de compell it of you, but fare you well. *Exeunt.*

*Int.* You are now a Captaine no, but you ſcarfe, that has a knot on yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crusht with a plot?

*Inter.* If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare ye well Sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speake of you there. *Exit.*

*Par.* Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burſt at this. Captaine I'le be no more,
But I will eate and drinke, and ſleepe as ſoft
As Captaine ſhall: Simply the thing I am
Shall make me liue. Who knowes himſelfe a braggart
Let him feare this, for it will come to paſſe,
That euery braggart ſhall be found an Aſſe.
Ruſt ſword, coole blushes, and *Parolles* liue
Safeſt in ſhame: being fooliſh, foolifh gooderude,
There's place and meanes for euery man aliue.
Ile after them. *Exit.*

*Enter Helen, Widdow, and Diana.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety: 'fore whoſe throne 'tis needfull,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a deſired office
Deere almoſt as his life: which gratitude
Through flinty Tartars boſome would peepe forth,
And answer thankes. I duly am informed,
His grace is at *Marſeilles*, to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy. You muſt know
I am ſuppoſed dead: the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen aiding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
We'le be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a ſeruant to whoſe truſt
Your boſines was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor your Miſtris
Euer a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue. Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motiue
And helper to a husband. But O ſtrange men,
That can ſuch ſweet vſe make of what they hate,
When ſawcie trailing of the coſin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, ſo luſt doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter: you *Diana*,
Vnder my poore inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalfe.

*Dia.* Let death and honeſtie
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Vpon your will to ſuffer.

*Hel.* Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When Briars ſhall haue leaues as well as thornes,
And be as ſweet as ſharpe. We muſt away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,
All's well that ends well: ſtill the fine's the Crowne;
Whate're the courſe, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Leſſie.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your ſonne was miſled with a ſnipt taffata fellow there, whoſe villanous ſaffron would haue made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene aliue at this houre, and your ſonne here at home, more aduanced by the King, then by that red-tayl'd humble Bee I ſpeak of.

*La.* I would I had not known him: it was the death of the moſt vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praiſe for creating. If ſhe had partaken of my fleſh and coſt me the deareſt groanes of a mother, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thouſand ſalletts ere wee light on ſuch another herbe.

*Clo.* Indeed ſir ſhe was the ſweete Marierom of the ſalet, or rather: the herbe of grace.

*Laf.* They are not ſalet herbes you knaue, they are noſe-herbes.

*Clowne.* I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, ſir: I haue not much skill in grace.

*Laf.* Whether doeſt thou profeſſe thy ſelfe, a knaue or a foole?

*Clo.* A foole ſir at a womans ſeruice, and a knaue at a mans.

*Laf.* Your diſtinction.

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſeruice.

*Laf.* So you were a knaue at his ſeruice indeed.

*Clo.* And I would giue his wife my bauble ſir to do her ſeruice.

*Laf.* I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

*Clo.* At your ſeruice.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why ſir, if I cannot ſerue you, I can ſerue as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that, a Frenchman?

*Clo.* Faith ſir a has an Engliſh name: but his fiſnomie is more hotter in France then there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The blacke prince ſir, alias the prince of darkeneſſe, alias the diuell.

*Laf.* Hold thee there's my purſe, I giue thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerue him ſtill.

*Clow*

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow sir, that always loued a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselues may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'le be for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy waies, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy waies, let my horses be well look'd too, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks vpon 'em sir, they shall be Iades tricks, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *exit*

*Laf.* A shrewd knaue and an vnhappie

*Lady.* So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie he remaines heere, which he thinkes is a patterne for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home, I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a late gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to do it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

*La.* With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

*La.* It reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted

*Lad.* You needs but plead your honourable priuiledge.

*Laf.* Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet

*Enter Clowne*

*Clo.* O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of velure on's face, whether there bee a scar vnder't or no, the Velure knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velure, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

*Laf.* A scarre nobly got,
Or a noble scarre, is a good liuerie of honor,
So belike is that

*Clo.* But it is your carbinado'd face

*Laf.* Let vs go see
your sonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble soulders.

*Clowne.* Faith there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Helen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting day and night,
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it
But since you haue made the dayes and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,

*Enter a gentle Astringer.*

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties eare,
If he would spend his power. God saue you sir.

*Gent.* And you

*Hel.* Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France

*Gent.* I haue beene sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse,
And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vse of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankefull.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you
To giue this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you haue
To come into his presence.

*Gen.* The Kings not heere.

*Hel.* Not heere sir?

*Gen.* Not indeed,
He hence remou'd last night, and with more haste
Then is his vse

*Wid.* Lord how we loose our paines.

*Hel.* All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seeme so aduerse, and meanes vnfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry as I take it to *Rossillion*,
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

*Gent.* This ile do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall finde your selfe to be well thanked
Whate're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go, prouide

*Enter Clowne and Parrolles*

*Par.* Good Mr *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fish of Fortunes buttering, Prethee allow the winde.

*Par.* Nay you needs not to stop your nose sir I spake but by a Metaphor

*Clo.* Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor Prethee get thee further. *Par*

*Par.* Pray you sir deliuer me this paper.

*Clo* Foh, precheeland away, a paper from fortunes close stoole to giue to a Nobleman. Looke neere he comes himselfe.

*Enter Lafew.*

*Clo.* Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat, that has falne into the vncleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, vse the Carpe as you may, for he looks like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knaue. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordship.

*Par.* My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratcht.

*Laf.* And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to pare her nailes now. Wherein haue you playes with her fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long vnder her? There's a Cardecue for you. Let vs take the fittes we haue, and not weare out a well dreste Lye for her sake. You and fortune hencefoorth; Exit for other businesse.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to heare me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more. Come you shall haue it, saue your word.

*Par.* My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

*Laf.* You beg more then word then. Cox my passion giue me your hand. How does your drummer?

*Par.* O my good Lord, you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I in sooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lyes in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out vpon thee knaue, dost thou put vpon me at once both the office of God and the deuil, one brings thee in grace, and the other poops thee out. The King comming, I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you.

*Flourish. Enter King, and Lords Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.*

*King.* We lost a iewell of her, and our esteeme
Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne,
As mad in folly, lackt the sence to know
Her estimation home.

*Old Lad.* 'Tis past my Liege,
And I beseech your Maiestie to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire too strong for reasons force,
Oreboares it, and burnes on.

*King.* My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgiuen and forgotten all,
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to shoote.

*Laf.* This I must say,
But first I begge my pardon. the yong Lord
Did to his Maiestie, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note, but to himselfe
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the suruey
Of richest eyes, whose words all eares tooke captiue,
Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,
Humbly call'd Mistris.

*King.* Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition. Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblyuion, we do burie
Th'incensing relques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall my Liege.

*King.* What sayes he to your daughter,
Haue you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your Highnes.

*King.* Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent me, that sets him high in our fauour.

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunne-shine and a haile
In me at once. But to the brightest beames
Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth,
The time is fayre againe.

*Ber.* My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quickest decrees
Th'inaudible and noyselesse foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my Liege, at first
I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornefull Perspective did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of euery other fauour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous obiect. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,
Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd.
That thou didst loue her strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried
To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults,
Make trifles of despight of serious things we haue,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their grauе.
O'er our displeasures to our selues vniust,
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust.
Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's don,e
While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet *Helen* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*,
The maine contents are had, and heere wee'l stay
To see our widdowers second marriage day:
Which better then the first O deere heauen bleſſe,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ceſſe.

*Laf.* Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested, giue a fauour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And euery hayre that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I saw vpon her finger.
*Ber.* Hers it was not.
*King.* Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fastened to't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Helen*,
I bad her if her fortunes euer stoode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releeue her. Had you that craft to reaue her
Of what should stead her most?
*Ber.* My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was neuer hers.
*Old La.* Sonne, on my life
I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her liues rate.
*Laf.* I am sure I saw her weare it
*Ber.* You are deceiu'd my Lord, she neuer saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contein'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd: but when I had subscribd
To mine owne fortune, and informd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the ouerture, she ceast
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.
*King. Plutus* himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,
Then I haue in this Ring: 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Whoe euer gaue it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer come: or sent it vs
Vpon her great disaster.
*Ber.* She neuer saw it.
*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I loue mine Honor,
And mak'st coniectural feares to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out, if it should prooue
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not prooue so:
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleeue,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes howe're the matter fall
Shall taze my teares of ready vanish,
Hanging vaily teard to mine ire. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.
*Ber.* If you shall prooue
This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie
Prooue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she neuer was
*Enter a Gentleman.*
*King.* I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.
*Gen.* Gracious Soueraigne,
Whether I haue beene to blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or fiue removes come short,
To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

*A Letter.*

*Upon his many protestations to marrie me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Rossillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to me, and my honors payed to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Country for Iustice: Grant it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poore Maid is vndone*

Diana Capilet.

*Laf.* I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Ile none of him
*King.* The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this discouery: seeke these suters.
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.
*Enter Bertram.*
I am afeard the life of *Helen* (Ladie)
Was foully snatcht.
*Old La.* Now iustice on the doers
*King.* I wonder sir, sir, wiues are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

*Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parroller.*

*Dia.* I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My suite as I do vnderstand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pitied.
*Wid.* I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie.
*King.* Come hether Count, do you know these Women?
*Ber.* My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?
*Dia.* Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?
*Ber.* She's none of mine my Lord
*Dia.* If you shall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens vowes, and those are mine:
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none.
*Laf.* your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her
*Ber.* My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with. Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.
*King.* Sir for my thoughts, you haue them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: prooue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.
*Dia.* Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.
*King.* What saist thou to her?
*Ber.* She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Campe.
*Dia.* He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do

Do not beleeue him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Parallell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
if I be one.
*Coun.* He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of six preceding Ancestors, that Iemme
Confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes
*King.* Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.
*Dia.* I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles.*
*Laf.* I saw the man to day, if man he bee,
*Kin.* Finde him, and bring him hether
*Ref.* What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slaue
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and deboshd,
Whose nature sickens but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will speake any thing.
*Kin.* She hath that Ring of yours
*Ref.* I think she has, certaine it is I lik'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagernesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motiues of more fancie: and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her modeme grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.
*Dia.* I must be patient
You that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Sith you lacke vertue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And I giue me mine again.
*Ref.* I haue it not.
*Kin.* What Ring was yours I pray you?
*Dian.* Sir much like the same vpon your finger.
*Kin.* Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.
*Dia.* And this was it I gaue him being a bed.
*Kin.* The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.
*Dia.* I haue spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*
*Ref.* My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.
*Kin.* You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you.
Is this the man you speake of?
*Dia.* I, my Lord.
*Kin.* Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master.
Which on your iust proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?
*Par.* So please your Maiesty, my master hath been an
honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him,
which Gentlemen haue.
*Kin.* Come, come, to'th'purpose. Did he loue this
woman?
*Par.* Faith sir he did loue her, but how.
*Kin.* How I pray you?
*Par.* He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.
*Kin.* How is that?
*Par.* He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not.
*Kin.* As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-
nocall Companion is this?
*Par.* I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-
mand
*Laf.* Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator
*Dian.* Do you know he promis'd me marriage?
*Par.* Faith I know more then Ile speake.
*Kin.* But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?
*Par.* Yes so please your Maiesty. I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he lou'd her, for in-
deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Satan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would derriue me I will not
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.
*Kin.* Thou hast spoken all already, vnlesse thou canst
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy euidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.
*Dia.* I my good Lord.
*Kin.* Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?
*Dia.* It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.
*Kin.* Who lent it you?
*Dia.* It was not lent me neither
*Kin.* Where did you find it then?
*Dia.* I found it not
*Kin.* If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you giue it him?
*Dia.* I neuer gaue it him.
*Laf.* This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure
*Kin.* This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.
*Dia.* It might be yours or hers for ought I know.
*Kin.* Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou tell'st me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou dy'st within this houre
*Dia.* I'le neuer tell you
*Kin.* Take her away
*Dia.* Ile put in bayle my liedge.
*Kin.* I thinke thee now some common Customer.
*Dia.* By Iouefe euer I knew man 'twas you.
*King.* Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while.
*Dia.* Because he's guiltie, and he is not guiltie.
He knowes I am no Maid, and I'le sweare too't.
He sweare I am a Maid and he knowes not.
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.
*Kin.* She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.
*Dia.* Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Iewell that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke.
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning

*Enter Helen and Widdow*

*Kin.* Is there no exorcist
Begnines the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?
*Hel.* No my good Lord,

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
*Ber.* Both, both, O pardon.
*Hel.* O my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And look you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
*Ber.* If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ile love her dearely ever, ever dearly.
*Hel.* If it appeare not plaine, and prove it true,
Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
O my deare mother do I see you living?
*Laf.* Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drum lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, wait on me home, Ile make sport with
thee: Let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Resolvedly more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweete.

*Flourish.*

*THe Kings a Beggar, now the Play is done,*
*All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,*
*That you expresse Content: which we will pay,*
*With strifes to please you, day exceeding day:*
*Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,*
*Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.* Exeunt omn

FINIS.

# Twelfe Night, Or vvhat you vvill.

*Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.*

*Scæna Secunda.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

T h I had made mine owne occasion for
What my estate is.
*Cap.* That were hard to compasse,
Because she wold not know estate,
Nor mine.
*Vio.* I pray thee tell me true.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'gainst my will, as my delight in earnest
Will believe thee, and I (self) minde no harme
Whatsoever you are made to warde character
I prethee (and blame me not to love)
Conceale me what I am, and be my aide,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Be secret as Dukes,
Thou shalt present me as a eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines, for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.
*Cap.* Be you his Eunuch and your Mistris chuse,
I know my conscience, though my cheeke and cheeke should
Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

*Sir To.* What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth Sir *Toby*, you must come in earlier a nights: your Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

*To.* Why let her except, before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.

*To.* Confine? I'le confine my selfe no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drinke in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their owne straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undoe you. I heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

*To.* Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke*?

*Mar.* I sir.

*To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*To.* Why he has three thousand ducates a yeare.

*Mar.* I but he'le have but a yeare in all these ducates. He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

*To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plaies o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and speakes three or foure languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath indeed, all most natural: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*To.* By this hand they are scabbes and shallow wits in the consideration of his enemy. Where are they?

*Mar.* And besides, he's a fellow crammed with ale, as he is with knowledge, that I have heard him capable of. Or to speake more properly, stuffed with ale: for he hath eaten the Marshall's dogge, and what knowledge he puts forth to guard withall, dogges, unboltings of Beefe, and such kickshawses, no Christian wit can dive into.

*To.* No question.

*Mar.* An he were not, I'de be sworne he were a foole. I am sorry to our Cousin.

*To.* Fie on him Ginkes face!

*Mar.* Why he has three thousand ducates a yeare.

*To.* O the more shame for him! I would I had but halfe his wealth, that he were to sixes, and seven, I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as he has. Out upon't, by this hand, 'tis pitty thou shouldst be his drie nurse. Who have we here?

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke* is here, and craves sparing of your kindred.

*To.* Sparing of your kindred? I would I had but two more of that kinde to cudgell, that I had a dozen to beating. Odsbones but to see what a face he will make when he has lost his third dram of brayning. Odsbones but to see his face, and his hand driving at his head, and the quarrell with the Anatomy of it in's bosome! Dispatch, where is he?

*Ser.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy: as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a Codling when 'tis almost an Apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well scene, and will be in his forward yeares, a man of himselfe. Thousand unsolicited Ladies bid him welcome: Unlesse all Obscurity be in one of them, he is wonderfull to be gazed at.

*To.* Is't even so?

*Ser.* But to heare his speech you will sweare 'tis.

*To.* Not I, sweare it, and I could scarce understand it.

*Ser.* Yfaith, some what you must.

*To.* I, so I thought I should, but they shall have no more adoe than needes must, for the Gentlewoman will have it: as for the yong Gentleman, give him good report, he shall not be tongue-tide for my sake, and sweare for no more than he has reason for.

*Ser.* Here he comes.

*To.* Now sir, how dost thou? how dost thou my good fellow?

*Sir And.* Good Sir *Toby*.

*To.* Cousin, Cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargie?

*Sir And.* Lethargie? call'st thou me so?

*To.* I, or mistake you, which is worse than to call you so: how you like it I am sorry for thee: but come, you shall ha't for all that.

*Sir And.* Ha't? I, 'mary what's that?

*To.* Wit.

*Sir And.* Would I had any.

*To.* So do I too, else I'de be mad: but I'le stand to't for all that.

*Sir And.* Ha't for all that, I am sure I am not such an asse, but I understand a fox, when I see one.

*To.* Yet you will be hard to be understood.

*Sir And.* Why, thou hast put him in as good a phrase as ever I heard: come, how do you like it?

*To.* Excellently, excellently.

*Sir And.* Faith I like it better than my bloud.

*To.* Why, indeed, methinks it better becomes you than to be pale: what's that I hear you sing, the last night you were merry, and brought cut-hollands?

*Sir And.* Was't eloquent, and full of invention? taunting, and bawdy, and full of wit and humour?

*To.* Most certain, such as would have done good upon Saint *Bennet*, had he been there to heare it.

*Sir And.* Why, I can sing it you, and 'tis any man's else that will.

*To.* Can you remember any of the principles?

*Sir And.* Not now, you shall see I can remember when we are more drie: and now I remember me, I'le not be afraid to sing any man a stave of my length, that will take exception to my ability.

*To.* Come, come, what is it? for drowning the melancholy of the Earle, and expelling sadnesse out of the house, will you sing, or no?

*Sir And.* Ay, ay, I care not for singing, since the Clowne of the house, Master *Feste*, is gone about to convert his Lady.

*To.* Well, sir, begin: and when I drinke, do you sing.

*Sir And.* I had rather than forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctiall of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impeticos thy gratillity, for Malvolio's nose is no whipstocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

*To.* Come on, there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testrill of me too: if one knight give a——

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* I, I: I care not for good life.

*Clo.* O mistris mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hearken, your true love coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise mans sonne doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i'faith.

*To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kisse me sweet and twenty,
Youths a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

*To.* To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouze the night-Owle in a catch, that will draw three soules out of one Weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r lady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave*.

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, hold thy peace, thou knave knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, Foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

*Clo.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i'faith. Come, begin.

*Catch sung.*

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keepe here? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward Malvolio, and bid him turne you out of doores, never trust me.

*To.* My Lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly vally. Lady. *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady*.

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* I, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*To.* O the twelfe day of Decembring, with the youths in flame! Would they were hang'd, that were the cause of this losse!

*Sir And.* Do, do, thou hast it: for it is found by Natural reason.

*To.* Who, *Mistris Mall*?

*Sir And.* I, Sir *Toby*.

*To.* Thou hast it indeed, I do confesse.

*Sir And.* Thou hast it more than I can tell how to name it: but I had it, as the Trojan Horse had Troy in it.

*To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o'thy finger, and quench the watch-light of thy wit, and yet will'd fire-brand of Jove stand to't?

*Sir And.* Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to the buttery barre, and let it drinke.

*To.* Wherefore, my true Caterpillar?

*Sir And.* Why, I am drie: besides, you know it draws some blood presently.

*To.* Draw, cheeke by jowle, and part.

*Clo.* Let our Catch be, *Thou knave*.

*Sir And.* Agreed, agreed: I'le stand some while.

*To.* We'll draw cuts for the Singer: he that speakes last, shall sing.

*Sir And.* Content, 'tis agreed.

*Clo.* Here's my cut.

*Sir And.* No, no, the last word is mine.

*To.* Draw cuts for all, or I'le throw't at your faces.

*Sir And.* Well, I'le draw, though I had rather not be so fantastical: come, which wise soever.

*Clo.* No more words, the Catch I made, shall ride on the longest cut, or the worst man's in't.

*To.* Content, I am the man: I will treble him, as he is valiant, and this dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r Lady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Well, I'le be the third man.

*To.* Begin, *Hold thy peace*.

*Sir And.* I dare not say I take you, that fellow will be the death of me.

*Clo.* Thou knave.

*Sir And.* Knave, I, I am he.

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, thou knave knight.

*Sir And.* I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Clo.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, Foole.

*Sir And.* Foole, I, I am he.

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, thou knave knight.

*Sir And.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Clo

*And.* He ſtay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o th ſtrangeſt minde i th world I delight in Maskes and Reuelles ſo pettie ſa altogether

*To* Art thou good at theſe kicke-chawſes Knight?

*And* As any man in Illyria, whatſoeuer he be, vnder the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with a ſtout man

*To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*And* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*To* And I can cut the Mutton to't.

*And.* And I think I haue the backe-tricke, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

*To.* Wherefore are theſe gifts a Curtaine before em? Are they like to take duſt, like Miſtreſſe Mall's Picture? Why doſt thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Coranto? My very walke ſhould be a Iigge. I would not ſo much as make water but in a ſinke-a-pace. What doſt thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did think by the exact conſtruction of thy legge, it was formed vnder the ſtarre of a Galliard.

*And* I, ſir, I am ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd ſtocke. Shall we ſet about ſome Reuells?

*To.* What ſhall we do elſe? were we not borne vnder Taurus?

*And* Taurus? That ſides and heart

*To* No ſir, it is legges and thighes. Let me ſee thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Maria and Clowne.*

*Ma.* Nay, either tell me where thou haſt bin, or I will not open my lippes ſo wide as a bristle may enter, in way of excuſe. My Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world, needs to feare no colours.

*Ma.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He ſhall ſee none to feare.

*Ma.* A good Lenten anſwer. I can tell thee where y ſaying was borne, of I feare no colours.

*Clo.* Where good miſtreſſe *Mary*?

*Ma.* In the wards, & that may ſometimes be bolde to ſay in your boſome.

*Clo.* Well, God giue them wiſedome that haue it & thoſe that are fooles, let them vſe their talents.

*Ma.* Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent: or to be turn'd away, is not beſt a hanging thing to me.

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prouides ill rancage & many a man goes before his nightcap.

*Ma.* Y watere

*Clo.* Not a nay-word, not a word, or two paires of theſe gloues. I did not giue mine hands for Boots but I gaue them for two gloues, will you haue them?

*Ma.* Are you and faire ſir well? for my way, it may be you expect no more then will ſerue plaine with a piece of Virginall.

*Clo.* Peace you rogue, no more o that. Here comes my Lady, make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

*Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.*

*Cla.* Wit an't be thy will, put me into good fooling those wits that dote timely with wiſedome ſuch as know they are fooles, ſit wiſe men that paſſe for fooles in their owne conceits, let me be one of thoſe, becauſe I am not ſaid is not to be a wiſe man for my part, as ſaies *Quinapalus*, better a witty foole then a foolish wiſe man. Giue me leaue I ſay.

*Ol.* Well, and ſo I doe euer: and take his part before me.

*Cla.* Do you not hate it, that your Lord ſhould take part with a foole?

*Ol.* Fie vpon him, I know he is a dry foole. He no more of you beſides you grow dishoneſt.

*Cla.* Two faults Madona that drinke & good counſell will amend: for giue the dry foole drinke, he is the ſooner lightned of his wit: leaue him to his vices, no counſell will mend him: and for the third, he is no longer diſhoneſt, if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that mends, is but patch'd vertue: that tranſgreſſes, is but patch'd with ſinne, and ſin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this ſimple Syllogiſme will ſerue, ſo: if it will not, what remedy?



*Enter Sir Andrew and Maria in mans attire.*

*Sir And* [illegible] Come you are ſtolne away, ſtolne away, and you are no leſſe.

*Vio.* You haue ſtolne no loue, or I am more then common craftie, that you ſay ſo. Did I ſteale any loue? If you can conſtrue it ſo, you ſtand me much vpon. Do, my loue reſtore.

*Enter Clowne, and after him Malvolio.*

*Vio* I [illegible] keepe you where it ſeemes the Court

*Duke* Why ſaw *Ceſario* no?

*Vio* Of your aſpect I ſaw enough, Lord I beſeech.

*Du* Stand you a-while aloofe. *Ceſario*

Thou knowſt no leſſe, but all I haue vtter'd

To thee the booke even of my ſecret loue

Therefore good youth, addreſſe thy gate vnto her,

Be not denide acceſſe, ſtand at her doores

And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow

Till thou haue audience

*Vio* Sure my Noble Lord

If ſhe be ſo abhor'd to her lookes

As ſhe ſpake the meſſenger with me

*Du* Her ſmiles are ſuns and leapes are ſeaſons,

Rather then make vnprofited returne,

*Vio.* Say I doe ſpeake with her (my Lord) what then?

*Du.* O then vnfold the paſſion of my loue,

Surprize her with diſcourſe of my deare faith,

It ſhall become thee well to act my woes.

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aſpect.

*Vio.* I thinke not ſo, my Lord

*Du* Deare Lad, beleeue it;

For they ſhall yet belye thy happy yeeres,

That ſay thou art a man. *Diana's* lip

Is not more ſmooth, and rubious: thy ſmall pipe

Is as the maidens organ, ſhrill, and ſound,

And all is ſemblative a womans part.

I know thy conſtellation is right apt

For this affayre: ſome foure or fiue attend him,

All if you will: for I my ſelfe am beſt

When leaſt in company: proſper well in this,

And thou ſhalt liue as freely, as thy Lord,

To woe my Lady yet this boone I aſke,

To woe your Lady yet (a barre betweene)

Where eare compact plants out-growe: put not forth

My goodly Lord to this ambaſſage:

Your Lady ſhall not be abode this ſute

And limit not the dole of your diſdaine

Vnleſſe it be to report hot proceedings

Vpon the iuſtneſſe of my cauſe and wiſh.

*Vio.* I might haue also hope to be a Wife

As I haue much affection to her grace,

But competitors to admittance

I ſee laid inuiſible, and I feare no leſſe

Your wiſh, then with my hope to win her.

*Du.* Are you the man then?

*Vio.* I feare it is I.

*Du.* I ſhould your Lord and maſter loue you then,

As well deſerue her. Be aduiſed man,

Goe to her doore, knocke there, and importune

Vntill ſhe take the doore, and as for me,

I'le ſtay a while vnknowne, and heare what you ſpeake,

To woe your Lady: yet a barre betweene,

Where eare compact. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Maria and Clowne.*

*Ma.* Nay, either tell me where thou haſt bin, or I will not open my lippes ſo wide as a bristle may enter, in way of excuſe. My Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world, needs to feare no colours.

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*Ma.* A good Lenten anſwer. I can tell thee where y ſaying was borne, of I feare no colours.

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*Ma.* In the wards, & that may ſometimes be bolde to ſay in your boſome.

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*Ol.* Well, and ſo I doe euer: and take his part before me.

*Cla.* Do you not hate it, that your Lord ſhould take part with a foole?

*Ol.* Fie vpon him, I know he is a dry foole. He no more of you beſides you grow dishoneſt.

*Cla.* Two faults Madona that drinke & good counſell will amend: for giue the dry foole drinke, he is the ſooner lightned of his wit: leaue him to his vices, no counſell will mend him: and for the third, he is no longer diſhoneſt, if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that mends, is but patch'd vertue: that tranſgreſſes, is but patcht with ſinne, and ſin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this ſimple Syllogiſme will ſerue, ſo: if it will not, what remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

*Ol.* Sir, I bad them take away you.

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine. good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

*Ol.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexteriously, good Madona.

*Ol.* Make your proofe.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouse of vertue answer mee.

*Ol.* Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your proofe.

*Clo.* Good Madona, why mournst thou?

*Ol.* Good foole, for my brothers death.

*Clo.* I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona.

*Ol.* I know his soule is in heauen, foole.

*Clo.* The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

*Ol.* What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity that decaies the wise, doth euer make the better foole.

*Clow.* God send you sir, a speedie Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he will not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

*Ol.* How say you to that *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* I marueil your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

*Ol.* O you are sicke of selfe loue *Maluolio*, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Birdbolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no railing, in a knowne discreet man, though he do nothing but reproue.

*Clo.* Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

*Ol.* From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

*Ma.* I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

*Ol.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Ma.* Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

*Ol.* Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be a suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it. *Exit Malno.*

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose scull, Ioue cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*

One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater.*

*Ol.* By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cosin?

*To.* A Gentleman.

*Ol.* A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

*To.* 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle herring: How now Sot.

*Clo.* Good Sir *Toby*.

*Ol.* Cosin, Cosin, how haue you come so earely by this Lethargie?

*To.* Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

*Ol.* I marry, what is he?

*To.* Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith say I. Well, it is all one. *Exit*

*Ol.* What's a drunken man like, foole?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man. One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him

*Ol.* Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sit o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke, he's drown'd: go looke after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

*Enter Malnolio.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's fortified against any denial.

*Ol.* Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

*Mal.* Has's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'l speake with you.

*Ol.* What kinde o'man is he?

*Mal.* Why of mankinde.

*Ol.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of verie ill manner: hee'l speake with you, will you, or no

*Ol.* Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before 'tis a peason, or a Codling when 'tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauoured, and he speakes verie shrewishly; One would thinke his mothers milke were scarse out of him.

*Ol.* Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my Lady cals. *Exit*

*Enter Maria.*

*Ol.* Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face, We'l once more heare *Orsinos* Embassie.

*Enter Violenta.*

*Vio.* The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?

*Ol.* Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee sustaine no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least sinister vsage.

*Ol.* Whence came you sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more then I haue studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that

I

may proceede in my speech.

*Ol.* Are you a Comedian?

*Vio.* No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie pangs of mal'ce, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

*Ol.* If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

*Vio.* Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurpe your selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserue. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

*Ol.* Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

*Ol.* It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowed your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you haue reason, be briefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialect.

*Ol.* Will you hoyst sayle, heere lies your way.

*Vio.* No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

*Ol.* Sure you haue some hideous matter to deliuer, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

*Vio.* It alone concernes your eare: I bring no ouerture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

*Ol.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

*Vio.* The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

*Ol.* Giue vs the place alone.

We will heare this diuinity. Now, sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet Ladie.

*Ol.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In *Orsinos* bosome.

*Ol.* In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

*Vio.* To answer by the method of the booke were the part of a clowne.

*Ol.* O, I haue read it: is there ought else you would say?

*Vio.* Good Madam, let me see your face.

*Ol.* Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Ol.* 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st shee aliue,
If you will leade these graces to the grane,
And leaue the world no copie.

*Ol.* O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers schedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them, Item, one necke, one chin, &c. to forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the diuell, you are faire:
My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie.

*Ol.* How does he loue me?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.

*Ol.* Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainelesse youth;
In voyces well diuulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:
He might haue tooke his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did loue you in my masters flame
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denyall, I would finde no sence,
I would not vnderstand it.

*Ol.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call vpon my soule within the house,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,
And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
And make the babling Gossip of the aire,
Cry out *Olivia*: O you should not rest
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pitie me.

*Ol.* You might do much.
What is your Parentage?

*Vio.* Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a Gentleman.

*Ol.* Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him send no more,
Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: fare you well.
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no feede poast, Lady, keepe your purse,
My Master, not my state, lackes recompence.
Loue make his heart of flint, that you shall loue,
And let your fernour like my masters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farewell fayre cruelty. *Exit*

*Ol.* What is your Parentage?
Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well,
I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,
Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,
Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?
Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an inuisible, and subtle stealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Maluolio*.

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Mal.* Heere Madam, at your seruice.

*Ol.* Run after that same peeuish Messenger
The Counts man: he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile giue him reasons for't: hie thee *Maluolio*.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. *Exit.*

*Ol.* I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:

Fare

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

*Finis, Actus primus.*

## *Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.*

*Enter Antonio & Sebastian.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you.

*Seb.* By your patience, no: my stars shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound

*Seb.* No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe. You must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had pleas'd, we had been so like, as we were: I saw't thought we were one person. But you, hauing a little hinder'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas the day

*Seb.* A Lady sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre beleeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that enuy could not but call faire. She is drowned already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.

*Ant.* If you will not murther me for my loue, let me be your seruant.

*Seb.* If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit*

*Ant.* The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:
I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go *Exit.*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Viola and Malvolio, at seuerall doores.*

*Mal.* Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Olivia*?

*Vio.* Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriu'd but hither.

*Mal.* She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued me my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so.

*Vio.* She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

*Mal.* Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it. *Exit*

*Vio.* I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her.
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speake in starts distractedly.
She loues me sure: the cunning of her passion
Inuites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;
I am the man, if it be so (as 'tis)
Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:
Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,
Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.
How easie is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their formes!
Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,
For such as we are made, if such we bee:
How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,
And I (poore monster) fond as much on him.
And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my masters loue:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olivia* breath?
O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

*To.* Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to be a bed after midnight, is to crow, betimes, and *Diluculo surgere*, thou knowst?

*And.* Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

*To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?

*And.* Faith so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*To.* Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

*Enter Clowne.*

*And.* Heere comes the foole yfaith.

*Clo.* How now my harts? Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

*To.* Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

*And.* By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. In sooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith. I sent thee sixe pence for

forth my Lemon, haue it?

*Clo.* I did impeticos thy gratillity: for *Malvolio*'s nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*An.* Excellent! Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

*To.* Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's haue a song.

*An.* There's a testrill of me too. If one knaue haue no

*Clo.* Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good life?

*To.* A loue-song, a loue-song.

*An.* I, I. I care not for good life.

*Clo.* O Mistris mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hearke, your true loue is coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty sweeting.
Iourneys end in louers meeting,
Euery wise mans sonne doth know.

*An.* Excellent good, i'faith.

*To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* What is loue, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still vnsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kisse me sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*An.* A contagious breath.

*To.* Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

*An.* To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will draw three soules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

*An.* If you loue me, let's do't. I am dogge at a Catch.

*Clo.* By'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*An.* Most certaine. Let our Catch be, *Thou knaue.*

*Clo.* Hold thy peace, thou knaue knight. I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knaue, knight.

*An.* 'Tis not the first time I haue constrain'd one to call me knaue. Begin, Foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

*Clo.* I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

*An.* Good, i'faith. Come, begin.

*Catch sung.*

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keepe here? If my Lady haue not call'd vp her Steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

*To.* My Lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally. Lady. *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*An.* I, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*To.* O the twelfe day of Christmas.

*Mar.* For the loue o' God peace.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozens Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

*To.* We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Sneck vp.

*Mal.* Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's not bound to your reproofe. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leaue of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*To.* Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

*Mar.* Nay good Sir *Toby*.

*Clo.* His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

*Mal.*

*To.*

*Mal.*

*To.*

*Mal.*

*Clo.*

*To.*

*Mal.* Sir *Toby*, there you lye.

*To.* What for being a Puritane? Thy exquisite reason, deere knight?

*Mal.* I speake to you.

*To.* I, sir, we know to what effect you speake, and your Lady bad me tell you of it, sir.

*Mal.* Marry hang thee brock.

*To.* Vnskilfull Asse, vnable to skoule it cheere vpon him.

*Mal.* I will not stay a iot longer.

*To.* Thou'rt i'the right. Go sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A stoope of Wine

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*Mal.*

*To.*

*Mal.*

*Clo.*

*To.*

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*Mal.* I will not stay a iot longer.

*To.* Thou'rt i'the right. Go sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A stoope of Wine

*An.* I was adored once too.

*To.* Let's to bed knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

*An.* If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way out.

*To.* Send for money knight: if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

*An.* If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

*Clo.* Come, come, I'le go burne some Sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight; come knight.

*Exeunt.*

*Duke.* Giue me some Musicke. Now good morrow friends. Now good Cesario, but that peece of Song, That old and Antique Song we heard last night: Me thought it did releeue my passion much, More than light ayres and recollected termes Of these most briske and giddy-paced times: Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste the Iester, that did vse to come abroad with your Brother.

*Duke.* Go seeke him: I am not well, and I would haue him heard. Be you gone sir.

*Exit Curio.*

*Duke.* Come hither Boy. If ever thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it remember me,
For such as I am all true Louers are,
Vnstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Saue in the constant image of the creature
That is beloued. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It giues a very eccho to the seate
Where Loue is throned.

*Duke.* Thou dost speake masterly.
My life vpon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your fauour.

*Duke.* What kinde of woman is't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What yeares i'faith?

*Vio.* About your yeares my Lord.

*Duke.* Too old by heauen: let still the woman take
An elder than herselfe, so wears she to him,
So sways she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we do praise our selues,
Our fancies are more giddy and vnfirme,
More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne,
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well my Lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy loue be younger than thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas that they are so,
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

*Enter Curio and Clowne.*

*Duke.* O fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine:
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sunne,
And the free Maides that weaue their thred with bones,
Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old Age.

*Clo.* Are you ready sir?

*Duke.* I pray thee sing.

*Clo.* Come away, come away death,
And in sad Cypresse let me be laide.
Fly away, fly away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide.
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ewe,
O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweete,
On my blacke coffin let there be strewne.
Not a friend, not a friend greete
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne.
A thousand thousand sighes to saue,
Lay me, O where
Sad true Louer neuer find my graue,
To weepe there.

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

*Duke.* I'le pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truely sir, and pleasure will be paide one time or another.

*Duke.* Giue me now leaue to leaue thee.

*Clo.* Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy mind is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancy put to sea, that their businesse might be euery thing, and their intent euery where, for that's it that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

*Exit Clowne.*

*Duke.* Let all the rest giue place.
Once more Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sommers cheeke, and tell her,
Tell her my loue more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirtie lands:
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle and Queene of gems
That Nature pranks her in attracts my soule.

*Vio.* But if she cannot loue you sir.

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* Sooth but you must.
Say that some Lady as perhaps there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for Olivia: you cannot
Loue her: you tell her so: must she not then be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As loue doth giue my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liuer, but the palate,
That suffer surfet, cloyment and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* I but I know.

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loued a man,
As it might be perhaps were I a woman
I should your Lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blanke my Lord. She neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'the bud
Feed on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholy
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at griefe. Was not this loue indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shewes are more than will: for still we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

*Duke.* But died thy sister of her loue my Boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

*Duke.* I, that's the theame.
To her in haste: giue her this Iewell: say
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*To.* Come thy way Fabian.

*Fab.* Would you'd chanc'd of that Letter.

*To.* What a plague meanes my Neece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Fab.* By my troth I maruell how you can be so fond as to doate on obstinate cruelty.

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*To.* Why let her except before excepted.

*Fab.* I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.

*To.* Confine? I'le confine my selfe no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drinke in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselues in their owne straps.

*Fab.* That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here to be her woer.

*To.* Who, Sir *Andrew Aguecheeke*?

*Fab.* I, he.

*To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

*Fab.* What's that to the purpose?

*To.* Why he has three thousand Ducates a yeare.

*An.* I, but he'll haue but a yeare in all these Ducates: he's a very Foole, and a prodigall.

*Fab.* Fie that you'll say so: he plaies o' the Viol-de-gambo, and speakes three or foure languages word for word without Booke, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*To.* He hath indeed all most naturall: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller, and but that he hath the gift of a Coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly haue the gift of a graue.

*Fab.* By this hand they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

*To.* They that adde moreouer he's drunke nightly in your company.

*An.* With drinking healths to my Neece: I'le drinke to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drinke in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystrill that will not drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'the toe like a Parish-top. What wench, *Castiliano vulgo*: for here comes Sir *Andrew Agueface*.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*An.* Sir *Toby* Belch: how now Sir *Toby* Belch?

*To.* Sweet Sir *Andrew*.

*An.* Bleſſing on your beard, you are welcome.

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*An.* If you mean some iest to vexe him withall, I am dogge at it.

*To.* Fie on him Iezebel: for he'll write to her I loue her more than euer wit could speake, more than euer eye could see, more than euer hand could write, more than euer heart could loue. And as many more as the Stile of Vocabularies can afford him, that he may indite himselfe a foole.

*Fab.* Why, this will be a iest worth the obseruation.

*To.* Let there be gall enough in thy Inke, though thou write with a Goose pen, no matter: about it.

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*To.* We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: go.

*Exit Sir Andrew.*

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*To.* Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew* if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his Liuer as will clogge the foot of a flea, I'le eate the rest of the Anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite the youth beares in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*To.* Looke where the youngest wren of mine comes.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* If you desire the spleene, and will laugh your selues into stitches, follow me. Yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho, for there is no Christian that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer beleeue such impossible passages of grossenesse. He's in yellow stockings.

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*Mar.* Most villanously, like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'the Church. I haue dogg'd him like his Murderer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new Map with the Augmentation of the Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbeare hurling things at him. I know my Lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great fauour.

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*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*

*Seb.* I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you: my desire
(More sharper than filed steele) did spur me forth,
And not all Loue to see you (though so much
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But iealousie what might befall your trauell,
Being skilesse in these parts, which to a stranger
Vnguided and vnfriended, often prooues
Rough and vnhospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare,
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kinde Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and euer thanks: often good turnes
Are shuffled off with such vnmuch pay, you take
That repaid: what tell me of a sea-Mans chiding,
Or what is worse, of the wracke of the deepe
Can be to him, whose more than all is gone?
Some adde to the hazard, need flowes in him selfe,
Where such abound.

*Ant.* But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.

*Seb.* A determinate voyage meere extremity,
Both of the rode and me, we will not walke
The ribbes of the dead Sea-Monsters, I am well.
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I thinke it well done, and as you shall finde
Your selfe in peace and humane kindnesse welcome.

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Will you make me beleeue that I am not sent for you?

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*An.* And your horse now would make him an Asse.

*Mal.* Asse I doe not.

*An.* O but I doe now.

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I would not haue you think that my desire of having the Letter, and holding him vp in that hope, doth any way iustifie your wrongs to him. Notwithstanding, I would be glad he did amend his folly.

*To.* Can you hinder him from writing?

*An.* I haue good wishes.

*To.* Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

*Mal.* I know not, but I think it does: you are best to haue your Horse againe, and any spirit of loue that goes my horse as well as Loue, hurts not him. But you'l needs before I goe?

*An.* I will so: if I thought that tricke of Sir Toby's would proue what's vile and dishonest in it, I would not for my life haue a hand in't.

*To.* Fie on him Iezabel: he is now in some commerce with my Lord's Foole, about sweet-meats and Lady-fingers, and thither will I now follow him, to make one among their friendships.

*Mal.* Farewell Cosin Andrew: if you loue Sir Toby, follow him: I know he is diuersely offended.

*An.* Pray you sir, why?

*Mal.* The iniury done him in his seruant, is a shrewd vexation to him: adde to it, the perplexity of his Mistris, and his owne feare of her displeasure (shee purposing to bestow her selfe vpon the Count) which may make him digest it as a blow in the heart. Goe, you cannot follow a better guide: follow him, and if he be drunke, as I feare he will be ere you can ouertake him, you shall finde him in the company of the most opposite Foole that Illyria can afford him: and to a mans vnderstanding, there is not a more tedious Animall then a drunken Foole.

*An.* I'le make one of the best in Illyria, for I will follow him.

*Mal.* Get you to your horse, and away: I know you will hold me but a dull Neighbour, my Cosin.

*An.* Well, I'le follow him: if I haue any horse-wit, I'le follow him by the smell.

*Mal.* Farewell dry hay: till we meet againe, I wish you wit.

*An.* I will not giue my part of a good Dinner for it.

*Mal.* Farewell.

*An.* Well, I'le follow him, and giue him indifferent ill words: I cannot hold him worse then in words.

*To.* I did impeach the yong Gentleman to the Count Orsino, for I know the yong Gentleman hath a sweet Beard to his face.

*An.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoeuer he be, vnder the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*To.* What is his name?

*An.* Viola.

*To.* What's that?

*An.* My sweet Knight.

*To.* What is his name?

*An.* Viola.

*To.* Viola? Why Viola?

*An.* In Greeke, Viola: in Latine, a Violet: in Spanish, Viola: and in Vrginian, Viola: marry in Portugall, Ianua: call him Viola.

*To.* Accost, accost.

*An.* I would not by my will haue troubled him: nor might I do it with gentlenesse, moralitie, nicenesse, or any handsome warrantable ground: he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Neece: on a Nonscript, one of her owne stamps, strange mistakes: set downe the manner of the Duke Orsino's comming: how much man-like he is, how full of Courtship. I will do it.

*To.* Excellent: I smell a deuice.

*An.* I haue't in my nose too.

*To.* He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Neece, and that she is in loue with him.

*An.* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

*An.* And your horse now would make him an Asse.

*Mal.* Asse I doe not.

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Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much: they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Palate,
That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

*Vio.* I but I know

*Du.* What dost thou know?

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As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship

*Du.* And what's her story?

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But let concealment like a worme i'th' bud
Feed on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,
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Our shewes are more than will: for still we proue
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*Du.* But di'd thy sister of her loue my Boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my Father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

*Du.* I prythee do.
Thy manner of thy entertainment shall more commend thee
My loue to her is pilgrimage: dearer than
My Father's seate, richer than my life,
My vowes cannot expresse it halfe.

*Exeunt*

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*To.* Come on, there is sixe pence for you: let's haue a song.

*And.* There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a

*Clo.* Would you haue a Loue-song, or a song of good life?

*To.* A loue-song, a loue-song.

*And.* I: I care not for good life.

*Clo.* Then is this for me, i'faith. What is your Argument?

*To.* Care-you-not.

*And.* Care-you-not? Faith tis eas'ie enough to please him.

*Clo.* Then come kill me a browne Bull. Let me see, why then the Spirit is common: euery man mortall, that it is a Nothing, and the Fellow whose Song we would haue, doth but sing from the matter inward, as we clowns vtter it after the Tabor.

*And.* Excellent good, i'faith.

*To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* What is Loue? 'Tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter:
What's to come is still vnsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kisse me sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuffe will not endure.

*And.* A mellancholy, I had rather than forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the Fool has. In sooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the Equinoctiall of Queubus: 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impeticos thy gratillity: for Malvolio's nose is no whipstocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*And.* Excellent: why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

*To.* Come on, there is sixp

*Mal.* Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not moue, no man must know. No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter'd: No man must know, If this should be thee *Maluolio?*

*To.* Marrie hang thee brocke.

*Mal.* I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucrece knife.

*With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*

*Fa.* A fustian riddle.

*To.* Excellent Wench, I say.

*Mal.* *M. O. A. I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

*Fab.* What dish a poyson has she dresst him?

*To.* And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

*Mal.* I may command, where I adore: Why shee may command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M. O. A. I.*

*To.* O, I, make vp that, he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

*Mal.* *M.* Maluolio, *M.* why that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* comes

*Fa.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*To.* I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fa.* I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then fortunes before you.

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I.* This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for euery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes prose: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my starres I am aboue thee, but be not afraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vpon 'em. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a seruing-man still, the fellow of seruants, and not worthie to touch Fortunes fingers. Farewell. Shee that would alter seruices with thee, thy fortunate vnhappy daylight and champian discouers not more: This is open. I will be proud, I will read politicke Authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuice, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade me; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-gartered, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction drawes me to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Gartered, euen with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee.* Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I will do euery thing that thou wilt haue me. *Exit*

*Fab.* I will not giue my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

*To.* I could marry this wench for this deuice.

*An.* So could I too.

*To.* And aske no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

*Enter Maria.*

*An.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

*To.* Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.

*An.* Or o'mine either?

*To.* Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and become thy bondslaue?

*An.* Ifaith, or I either?

*Tob.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.

*Ma.* Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

*To.* Like Aqua vitæ with a Midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruites of the sport, marke his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yeallow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion she detests; and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be to her a scruple, and her opposition, hauing beene addicted to a melancholly, as she is, that cannot but turne him into a notable contempt. If you will see it follow me.

*To.* To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

*And* Ile make one too *Exeunt*

*Finis Actus secundus.*

## *Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.*

*Enter Viola and Clowne*

*Vio.* Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

*Clo.* No sir, I liue by the Church.

*Vio.* Art thou a Churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: for I do liue at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church.

*Vio.* So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

*Clo.* You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill glouue to a good witte, how quickely the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

*Vio.* Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickely make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

*Vio.* Why man?

*Clo.* Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

*Vio.* Thy reason man?

*Clo.*

*Clo.* Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without words, and words are growne so false, I am loath to proue reason with them.

*Vio* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you inuisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s Foole?

*Clo.* No indeed sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly: shee will keepe no Foole sir, till she be married, and Fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger, I am indeede not her Foole, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino*'s.

*Clo.* Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sunne, it shines every where. I would be sorry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistris: I think I saw your wisedome there.

*Vio* Nay and thou passe vpon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

*Clo* Now Ioues in his next commodity of hayre, send thee beard.

*Vio.* By my troth I'de fain grow my face out of my country to be rid of thee. Is it with you sir?

*Clo* What I pray thee good Mistris Mary Accost?

*Vio* You mistake knaue, accost is front her, boord her, woo her, assaile her.

*Clo.* I would therefore my sister had had name *Penthesilea*, for it growes matter for a Foole.

*Vio.* Fare you well gallant, and God saue your life.

*Clo* Sir, I haue not you by the hand: Mistris Mary, if you prized my Ladies fauour at any thing more than contempt, you would not giue meanes for this seruice to passe so: but I know sir, you care for nothing: but I will conster to them whence you come, who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is ouer-worne. *exit*

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit:
He must obserue their mood on whom he iests,
The quality of persons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, check at euery Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practise,
As full of labour as a Wise mans Art:
For folly that he wisely shewes is fit;
But wise men folly fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter Sir Toby and Andrew*

*To.* Saue you Gentleman.

*Clo.* And you sir.

*And.* Dieu vous garde Monsieur.

*Vio.* Et vous aussi, vostre seruiteur.

*And.* I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

*To.* Will you encounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

*To.* Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I vnderstand what you meane by bidding me taste my legges.

*To.* I meane to go sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

*Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.*

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours on you.

*And.* That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

*And.* Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

*Ol.* Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue me to my hearing. Giue me your hand sir.

*Vio.* My duty Madam, and most humble seruice.

*Ol.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cesario is your seruants name, faire Princesse.

*Ol.* My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're seruant to the Count *Orsino*, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your seruants seruice, is your seruants duty,
And his duty vowes his duty vowes on you.

*Ol.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather then filled with me.

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.

*Ol.* O by your leaue, I pray you,
I bad you neuer speake againe of him:
But would you vndertake another suite
I had rather heare you to solicite,
Then Musicke from the spheares.

*Vio.* Deere Lady.

*Ol.* Giue me leaue beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shame full cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,
And baited it with all th'vnmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
Enough is shewne a Cypresse, not a bosome,
Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Ol.* That's a degree to loue.

*Vio.* No, not a grize: for 'tis a vulgar proofe
That very oft we pity enemies.

*Ol.* Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile againe.
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?
*Clocke strikes.*
The clocke vpbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid good youth, I will not haue you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,
Your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lies your way, due West.

*Vio.* Then Westward hoe:
Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:
You'll nothing Madam to my Lord, by me?

*Ol.* Stay: I prethee tell me what thou think'st of me?

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are.

*Ol.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what I am.

*Ol.* I would you were, as I would haue you be.

*Vio.* Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

*Ol.* O what a deale of scorne, looks beautiful?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murderous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,
Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.
*Cesario* by the Roses of the Spring,
By maid-hood honor truth, and euery thing,
I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;
Loue sought, is good, but giuen vnsought, is better.
*Vio.* By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Master tease in youre behalfe.
*Oli.* Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart, which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

## *Scœna Secunda.*

*Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

*And.* No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:
*To.* Thy reason deere venome, giue thy reason.
*Fab.* You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew*?
*And.* Marry I saw your Neece doe more fauours to the Counts Seruingman, then euer she bestow'd vpon me: I saw't i'th Orchard.
*To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that.
*And.* As plaine as I see you now.
*Fab.* This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.
*And.* S'light, will you make an Asse o'me.
*Fab.* I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of iudgement, and reason.
*To.* And they haue beene grand-Iurie men, since before *Noah* was a Sayler.
*Fab.* She did shew fauour to the youth in your sight, onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer: you should then haue accosted her, and with some excellent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bang'd the youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was balkt: the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an ysicle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you doe redeeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.
*And.* And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Browne-ist, as a Politician.
*To.* Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him: hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it, and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.
*Fab.* There is no way but this Sir *Andrew*.
*And.* Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?
*To.* Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of inuention: taunt him with the licence of Inke: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in England, set em downe, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no matter: about it.
*And.* Where shall I finde you?
*To.* Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.
*Exit Sir Andrew.*
*Fa.* This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.
*To.* I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand strong, or so.
*Fa.* We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le not deliuer it.
*To.* Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.
*Fab.* And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Enter Maria.*

*To.* Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.
*Mar.* If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no Christian that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer beleeue such impossible passages of grossenesse. He's in yellow stockings.
*To.* And crosse garter'd?
*Mar.* Most villanously, like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church. I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines then is in the new Map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbeare hurling things at him. I know my Ladie will strike him: if she doe, he'le smile and take't for a great fauour.
*To.* Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.
*Exeunt Omnes.*

## *Scœna Tertia.*

*Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.*

*Seb.* I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.
*Ant.* I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealousie, what might befall your trauell,
Being skilleste in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often prooue
Rough, and vnhospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.
*Seb.* My kinde *Anthonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thankes,
And thankes: and ever oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

You

You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?
*Ant.* To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?
*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.
*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke these streetes
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some service, of such note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would scarse be answer'd.
*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people
*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay deere.
*Seb.* Do not then walke too open.
*Ant.* It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
'Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.
*Seb.* Why I your purse?
*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
You haue desire to purchase; and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.
*Seb.* Ile be your purse-bearer, and leaue you
For an houre.
*Ant.* To th'Elephant.
*Seb.* I do remember. *Exeunt.*

## Scæna Quarta.

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

*Ol.* I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd
I speake too loud. Where's *Malvolio*, he is sad, and civill,
And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,
Where is *Malvolio*?
*Mar.* He's coming Madame:
But in very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam.
*Ol.* Why what's the matter, does he raue?
*Mar.* No Madam, he does nothing but smile, your Ladyship were best to haue some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.
*Ol.* Go call him hither.

*Enter Malvolio.*

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.
How now *Malvolio*?
*Mal.* Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
*Ol.* Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.
*Mal.* Sad Lady, I could be sad.
This does make some obstruction in the blood:
This crosse gartering, but what of that?
If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.
*Mal.* Why how dost thou man?
What is the matter with thee?
*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Romane hand.
*Ol.* Wilt thou go to bed *Malvolio*?
*Mal.* To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.
*Ol.* God comfort thee. Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?
*Mar.* How do you *Malvolio*?
*Mal.* At your request?
Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.
*Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.
*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.
*Ol.* What meanst thou by that *Malvolio*?
*Mal.* Some are borne great.
*Ol.* Ha?
*Mal.* Some atchieue greatnesse.
*Ol.* What sayst thou?
*Mal.* And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.
*Ol.* Heauen restore thee.
*Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.
*Ol.* Thy yellow stockings?
*Mal.* And wish'd to see thee crosse gartered.
*Ol.* Crosse gartered?
*Mal.* Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.
*Ol.* Am I made?
*Mal.* If not, let me see thee a seruant still.
*Ol.* Why this is very Midsommer madnesse.

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* Madame, the young Gentlemen of the Count *Orsino* is returned, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyships pleasure.
*Ol.* Ile come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Cosine *Toby*, let some of my people haue a speciall care of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry. *Exit*
*Mal.* Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse man than sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough, sayes she: be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity: and consequently sets downe the manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth. I haue limde her, but it is Loues doing, and Loue make me thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too. Fellow? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres together, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or vnsafe circumstance. What can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Loue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

*To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possest him, yet Ile speake to him.

*Fab.* Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir? How ist with you man?

*Mal.* Go off, I discard you: let me enioy my private: go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah ha, does she so?

*To.* Go too, go too: peace, peace, we must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Maluolio*? How ist with you? What man, defie the diuell; consider, hee's an enemy to mankinde.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

*Fab.* Carry his water to th'wise woman.

*Mar.* Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not loose him for more then Ile say.

*Mal.* How now mistris?

*Mar.* Oh Lord

*To.* Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not see you moue him? Let me alone with him

*Fa.* No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

*To.* Why how now my bawcock? how dost § chuck?

*Mal.* Sir.

*To.* I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with Satan. Hang him foul Collier.

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby* get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers Minx.

*Mar.* No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlinesse.

*Mal.* Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more hereafter. *Exit*

*To.* Ist possible?

*Fa.* If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

*To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

*Mar.* Nay pursue him now, least the deuice take ayre, and taint.

*Fa.* Why we shall make him mad indeede

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*To.* Come, we'l haue him in a darke room & bound My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, til our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*

*Fa.* More matter for a May morning.

*And.* Heere's the Challenge, reade it I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so sawcy?

*And.* I, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

*To.* Giue me

*Youth whatsoeuer thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

*Fa.* Good, and valiant.

*To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mindo why I doe call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.* (Law

*Fa.* A good note, that keepes you from the blow of §

*To. Thou comst to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she vses thee kindly: but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

*Fa.* Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse.

*To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.*

*Fa.* Good.

*To. Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.*

*Fa.* Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.

*Tob. Farthewell, and God haue mercy vpon one of our soules. He may haue mercy vpon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vsest him, & thy sworne enemie,* Andrew Ague-cheeke.

*To.* If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

*Mar.* You may haue verie fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

*To.* Go sir *Andrew*, scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer proofe it selfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

*And.* Nay let me alone for swearing. *Exit*

*To.* Now will not I deliuer his Letter, for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; set vpon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices

*Enter Olivia and Viola.*

*Fab* Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him.

*To* I will meditate the while vpon some horrid message for a Challenge.

*Ol.* I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
There's something in me that reproues my fault:
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe.

*Vio.* With the same hautour that your passion beares,
Goes on my Masters greefes.

*Ol.* Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beseech you come againe to morrow.
What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (sau'd) may vpon asking giue.

*Vio.* Nothing but this, your true loue for my master.

*Ol.* How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you.

*Vio* I will acquit you.

*Ol.* Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

*Enter Toby and Fabian.*

*To.* Gentleman, God saue thee.

*Vio*

*Vio.* And you sir.

*To.* That defence thou hast, betake the too'e: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not: but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end. dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

*To.* You'l finde it otherwise I assure you. therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

*Vio.* I pray you sir what is he?

*To.* He is knight dubb'd with vnhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a dueller in private brall, soules and bodies hath he diuore'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcure. Hob, nob, is his word giue or take it.

*Vio.* I will returne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke

*To.* Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very competent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his office. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vndertake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked. for meddle you must that's a certain, or forsweare to weare iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as vncivil as strange. I beseech you, doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*To.* I will doe so. Signeur *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

*Vio.* Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incenst against you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloody, & fatall opposite that you could possibly haue found in any part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Toby and Andrew.*

*To.* Why man hee's a verie deuell, I haue not seen such a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all and he gues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

*And.* Pox on't I'le not meddle with him.

*To.* I but he will not now be pacified, *Fabian* can scarse hold him yonder.

*An.* Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.

*To.* Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry I'le ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Enter Fabian and Viola.*

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded him the youths a duell.

*Fa.* He is as horribly conceited of him and pants, & lookes pale as if a Beare were at his heeles.

*To.* There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake. marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and he is now desirous that now scarce to bee worth talking of therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you

*Vio.* Pray God defend me a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

*Fab.* Giue ground if you see him furious.

*To.* Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors take haue one bowt with you he cannot by the Duello auoide it. but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you Come on, to't.

*And.* Pray God he keepe his oath.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Vio.* I do assure you 'tis against my will

*Ant.* Put vp your sword if this yong Gentleman Haue done offence, I take the fault on me.
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

*To.* You sir? Why, what are you?

*Ant.* One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

*To.* Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

*Enter Officers.*

*Fab.* O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

*To.* Ile be with you anon.

*Vio.* Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

*And.* Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and reines well

1 *Off.* This is the man, do thy Office

2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*

*Ant.* You do mistake me sir.

1 *Off.* No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well:
Though now you haue no sea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:
What will you do now my necessitie
Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come sir away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money sir?
For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you some coyne: my hauing is not much,
Ile make diuision of my present with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now,
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
Least that it make me so vnsound a man
As to vpbraid you with those kindnesses

That I haue done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none,

Nor know you by voyce, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Then lying, vainenesse, babling drunkennesse,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frayle blood.

*Ant.* O heauens themselues.

*2. Off.* Come away sir, hold your peace.

*Ant.* Let me speake a little. This youth that you see

Releeu'd me from the sea when I was sicke,

And promis'd me his purse and dearest loue,

Most venerable worthy that Sebastian

*1. Off.* Away. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

*Ant.* But oh, how vildely doth this world proue this God?

Thou hast *Sebastian* done good feature, shame,

In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:

None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.

Virtue is beauty, but the beautious euill,

Are empty trunkes o'erflourished by the deuill.

*1. Off.* Away.

*Ant.* I know not.

*Vio.* How often by thy selfe thou hast refus'd

That which now you call promise?

Is it not well done?

*Ant.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Vio.* 'Tis in grace (Antonio) to learne: farewell sir,

There's purse for you, when shall we visit you?

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

*Vio.* No sooth sir, my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancy.

But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it shall content you to be ignorant of mine estate, vntill my returne.

*Ant.* In the mean time, what name ys that I shall loue in vaine?

That the remembrance of my more deserts may not extinguish at your returne.

*Vio.* My name is call'd Roderigo: Write for mine sake,

The paine you haue in writing, I'le embrace:

Let me still know of you, and all is done.

Now sir, haue I met you againe? there's for you.

*Ant.* Why what's the matter?

*Vio.* Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well,

Now go with me and with this holy man

Into the next voyde house, where we will coupled be

Still in this habit, till I haue mine,

For in your company I will be seene,

Temptations are rife, and I feare you.

*Tob.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leauing his friend here in necessity, and denying him: and for his cowardship, aske *Toby*.

*Ant.* Sir, I did not.

*Tob.* A Coward, a most deuout Coward, religious in it.

*Ant.* Sir, I did neuer lend him a penny, but he requited me with cowardly, base, and ingrateful words.

*Ant.* And I do so.

*Fab.* Come, let's see the euent.

*Tob.* I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Quartus, Scena prima.*

*Enter Sebastian and Clowne.*

*Clo.* Will you make me beleeue, that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,

Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speake with her, nor your name is not Master *Cesario*, and this is not my nose neyther. Nothing that is so is so.

*Seb.* I prethee vent thy folly somewhere else, thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly? He has heard that word of some great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney. I prethee now vngird thy strangenes, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall giue worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth thou hast an open hand, these Wise-men that giue fooles money, get themselues a good report after fourteene yeares purchase.

*Enter Antonio, Toby and Fabian.*

*Ant.* Now sir, haue I met you againe? there's for you.

*Seb.* Why there's for thee, and there, and there,

Are all the people mad?

*Tob.* Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house

*Clo.* This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

*Tob.* Come on sir, hold.

*Ant.* Nay let them alone: Ile go another way to worke with him: Ile haue an action of Battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I strooke him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Tob.* Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my young Cocke-rell, and you your weapon drawne: I say, Come on.

*Seb.* Now, be free from me. What would you? I do not vse to weare my weapon drawne, or wrong any man.

*Tob.* What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter Oliuia.*

*Oli.* Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

*Tob.* Madam.

*Oli.* Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,

Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,

Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my sight,

Be not offended, deere *Cesario*.

Rudesby be gone: I prethee gentle friend,

Let thy fayre wisedome, not thy passe of way

Intimate thy stay with me, and I entreat thee

Away with this rude creature, and I entreat thee

Againe to my house, and hold more precious

All the iniunctions that thou shalt impose,

Then they haue borne of late, that thou euen now

Mayst smile at this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:

Do not denie, beshrew his soule for me,

He started one poore heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* What relish is in this? How runs the streame?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame.

Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,

If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.

*Oli.* Nay come I prethee, would thou'dst be ruled by me.

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O say so, and so be. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Maria and Clowne.*

*Mar.* Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleeue thou art sir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call sir *Toby* the whilst.

*Clo.* Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe in't: and I would I were the first that euer dissembled in

in such a gowne I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man and a good house-keeper goes as fairely, as sodainly, a scored phrase & a great scholler. The Competitors enter.

*Enter Toby.*

*To.* Iaue bleste thee M. Parson.

*Clo.* Bonos dies Sir Toby: for as the olde hermit of Prage that never saw pen and inke, very wittily said to a Neece of King *Gorboduc*, that that is, is: so I being Master Parson, am Master Parson: for what is that but that, and is but is?

*To.* To him Sir Topas.

*Clow.* What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

*To.* The knaue counterfeits well: a good knaue.

*Mal.* Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the Curate who comes to visit Malvolio the

*To.* Well said Master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas

*Clo.* Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

*To.* Well said Master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged, good Sir Topas, I am no more mad than you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning Wild-fowle?

*Mal.* That the soule of our Grandam might haply inhabit a Bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soule, and no way approue his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse: thou shalt hold the opinion of *Pythagoras* ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou dispossesse the soule of thy Grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas.

*To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas.

*Clo.* Nay I am for all waters.

*Mar.* Thou might'st haue done this without thy beard and gowne, he sees thee not.

*To.* To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findst him: I would we were well rid of this knauery. If he may be conueniently deliuered, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Neece, that I cannot pursue with any safetie this sport to the vpshot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

*Clo.* Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

*Mal.* Foole

*Clo.* My Lady is vnkind, pardon

*Mal.* Foole.

*Clo.* Alas why is she so.

*Mal.* Foole, I say.

*Clo.* She loues another. Who calles, ha?

*Mal.* Good Foole, as euer thou wilt deserue wits and mine owne, come to a Candle, and paper, as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to be thankefull to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio?

*Mal.* I good Foole.

*Clo.* Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue wits?

*Mal.* Foole, there was neuer man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a foole.

*Mal.* They haue heere maliciously conspired my madnesse, and penn'd

*Clo.* Advise you what you say, the minister is heere. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heauens restore, endeauour thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas.

*Clo.* Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I Sir Topas? marry God restore you your wits. Foole, foole, while thou liu'st, take heed of the deuill, and leaue to be a Foole.

*Exit*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Sebastian.*

This is the aire, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle she gaue me, I do feele and see't,
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

Yet 'tis not madneſſe. Where's *Anthonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to ſeeke me out,
His counſell now might do me golden ſeruice,
For though my ſoule diſputes well with my ſence,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſſe,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am readie to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſwades me
To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing
As I perceiue ſhe do's: there's ſomething in't
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

*Enter Olivia, and Prieſt.*

*Ol.* Blame not this haſte of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that conſecrated roofe,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt iealious, and too doubtfull ſoule
May liue at peace. He ſhall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you ſay?

*Seb.* Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing ſworne truth, euer will be true

*Ol.* Then lead the way good father, & heauens ſo ſhine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quartus.*

## *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Clowne and Fabian.*

*Fab.* Now as thou lou'ſt me, let me ſee his Letter

*Clo.* Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not deſire to ſee this Letter.

*Fab.* This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence deſire my dogge againe.

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

*Clo.* I ſir, we are ſome of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: how doeſt thou my good Fellow?

*Clo.* Truely ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

*Du.* Iuſt the contrary, the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No ſir, the worſe.

*Du.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſſe of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Aſſe: ſo that by my foes ſir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelfe, and by my friends I am abuſed, ſo that concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Du.* Why this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth ſir, no: though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

*Du.* Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double dealing ſir, I would you could make it another.

*Du.* O you giue me ill counſell.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

*Du.* Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, ſecundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde ſaying is, the third payes for all: the triplex ſir, is a good tripping meaſure, or the bells of S. *Bennet* ſir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

*Du.* You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry ſir, lul aby to your bountie till I come a-gen. I go ſir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my deſire of hauing is the ſinne of couetouſneſſe: but as you ſay ſir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon *Exit*

*Enter Anthonio and Officers.*

*Vio.* Here comes the man ſir, that did reſcue mee.

*Du.* That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the ſmoake of warre:
A bawbling Veſſell was he Captaine of,
For ſhallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathfull grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of loſſe
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

1 *Offi.* *Orſino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord
When your yong Nephew *Titus* loſt his legge;
Heere in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him

*Vio.* He did me kindneſſe ſir, drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

*Du.* Notable Pyrate, thou ſalt-water Theeſe,
What fooliſh boldneſſe brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes ſo bloudie, and ſo deere
Haſt made thine enemies?

*Ant.* *Orſino*: Noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you giue mee:
*Anthonio* neuer yet was Theeſe, or Pyrate,
Though I confeſſe, on baſe and ground enough
*Orſino's* enemie. A witcheraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingrateſull boy there by your ſide,
From the rude ſeas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke paſt hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe my ſelfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerſe Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres removed thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his vse,
Not halfe an houre before.
*Vio.* How can this be?
*Du.* When came he to this Towne?
*Ant.* To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *intrim*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.
*Enter Olivia and attendants.*
*Du.* Heere comes the Countesse, now heaven walkes on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
*Ol.* What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein *Olivia* may seeme seruiceable?
*Cesario*, you do not keepe promise with me.
*Vio.* Madam:
*Du.* Gracious *Olivia*.
*Ol.* What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.
*Vio.* My Lord would speake, my duttie hushes me.
*Ol.* If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
As howling after Musicke.
*Du.* Still so cruell?
*Ol.* Still so constant Lord.
*Du.* What to perseuerancie? you vnciuill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and vnauspicious Altars
My soule the faithfull'st offrings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?
*Ol* Euen what it please my Lord, that shal become him
*Du.* Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a sauage iealousie,
That sometime sauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screwes me from my true place in your fauour:
Liue you the Marble-breasted Tirant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender dearely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his masters spight
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischiefe:
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue
*Vio.* And I most iocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.
*Ol.* Where goes *Cesario*?
*Vio.* After him I loue,
More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witnesses aboue
Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.
*Ol.* Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?
*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
*Ol.* Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.
*Du.* Come, away.
*Ol.* Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.
*Du.* Husband?
*Ol.* I Husband. Can he that deny?
*Du.* Her husband, sirrah?
*Vio.* No my Lord, not.
*Ol.* Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.
*Enter Priest.*
O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
Reueales before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me,
*Priest.* A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauail'd but two houres.
*Du.* O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quicke grow,
That thine owne trip shall be to thee vnawares:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet
*Vio.* My Lord, I do protest.
*Ol.* O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

*Enter Sir Andrew.*
*And.* For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one presently to sir *Toby*
*Ol.* What's the matter?
*And.* H'as broke my head a-crosse, and has giuen Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.
*Ol.* Who has done this sir *Andrew*?
*And.* The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incardinate
*Du.* My Gentleman *Cesario*?
*And* Od's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir *Toby*
*Vio.* Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you:
you drew your sword vpon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not

*Enter Toby and Clowne.*
*And.* If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt you haue hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did.
*Du.* How now Gentleman? how ist with you?
*To.* That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th end on't. Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?
*Clo.* O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agone: his eyes were set at eight i'th morning.
*To.* Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures pauyn: I hate a drunken rogue.
*Ol.* Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?
*And.* Ile helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.
*To.* Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

*Ol.*

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must have done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago

*Du.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not

*Seb.* *Antonio*? O my deere *Antonio*,
How have the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

*Ant.* *Sebastian* are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that *Antonio*?

*Ant.* How have you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

*Ol.* Most wonderfull

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges have deuour'd.
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

*Vio* Of *Messaline*: *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too.
So went he suited to his watery tombe
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright vs.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed:
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

*Vio.* My father had a moale vpon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And dide that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

*Seb.* O that record is lively in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre.
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was preserv'd to serue this Noble Count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

*Seb.* So comes it Lady, you have beene mistooke.
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Du.* Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall have share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st loue woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings, will I over sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That severs day from night.

*Du.* Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.

*Vio.* The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

*Ol.* He shall inlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

*Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.*

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he sirrah?

*Cl.* Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staues end as well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are deliuer'd.

*Ol* Open't, and read it.

*Clo.* Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

*Ol.* How now, art thou mad?

*Clo.* No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your Ladyship will have it as it ought to bee, you must allow *Vox.*

*Ol.* Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and give eare.

*Ol.* Read it you, sirrah

*Fab. Reads.* By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you have put mee into darkenesse, and given your drunken Cosine rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladieship. I have your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you please. I leave my duty a little vnthought of, and speake out of my injury. *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*

*Ol.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* I Madame

*Du.* This sauours not much of distraction

*Ol.* See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither.
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Du.* Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
your Masters Mistris

*Ol.* A sister, you are she

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Du.* Is this the Madman?

*Ol.* I my Lord, this same: How now *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

*Ol.* Have I *Maluolio*? No.

*Mal.* Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or

Or say, tis not your seale, nor your inuention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come smiling and crosse-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Vpon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull,
That ere inuention play'd on? tell me why?
*Ol.* Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Character:
But out of question, 'tis *Marias* hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which here were presupposd
Vpon thee in the Letter. Prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:
But when we know the graunds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cause.
*Fab.* Good Madam, heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no brauerie come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I haue wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse, my selfe and *Toby*
Set this deuice against *Maluolio* here,
Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiued against him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at sir *Tobyes* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was followed,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,
That haue on both sides past.
*Ol.* Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee!
*Clo.* Why some are borne great, some atchieue greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's all one. By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall; and you smile not he's gagg'd: and thus the whirligigge of time, brings in his reuenges.
*Mal.* Ile be reuenged on the whole packe of you?
*Ol.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.
*Du.* Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace.
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time consents
A solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sir,
We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come
(For so you shall be while you are a man)
But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Mistris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt*

*Clowne sings.*

*When that I was and a little tine boy,*
*with hey, ho, the winde and the raine*
*A foolish thing was but a toy,*
*for the raine it raineth euery day.*

*But when I came to mans estate,*
*with hey ho &c*
*Gates Knaues and Theeues men shut their gate,*
*for the raine &c.*

*But when I came alas to wiue,*
*with hey ho &c.*
*By swaggering could I neuer thriue,*
*for the raine &c.*

*But when I came vnto my bed,*
*with hey ho &c*
*With toſpotes still had drunken heades,*
*for the raine &c.*

*A great while ago the world begon,*
*hey ho, &c.*
*But that's all one, our Play is done,*
*and we'l striue to please you euery day.*

FINIS.

# The Winters Tale.

## Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Camillo and Archidamus.*

*Arch.* If you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my Services are now on foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your Sicilia.

*Cam.* I think this coming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the Visitation, which he justly owes him.

*Arch.* Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs we will be left to our Losses, for indeed—

*Cam.* Beseech you—

*Arch.* Verily I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepe Drinkes, that your Senses (vnintelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot praise vs, as little accuse vs.

*Cam.* You pay a great deale too deare for what's given freely.

*Arch.* Believe me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to vtterance.

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to *Bohemia*. They were trayn'd together in their Childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made separation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) have been Royally attorneyed with enterchange of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

*Arch.* I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter to alter it. You have an vnspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a gentleman of the greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note.

*Cam.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child, one, that indeed Physicks the Subiect, makes old Hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their Life, to see him a Man.

*Arch.* Would they else be content to die?

*Cam.* Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to liue.

*Arch.* If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to liue on Crutches till he had one.

*Exeunt.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.*

*Pol.* Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note, since we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long again
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place, I may) multiply
With one "I thank you" many thousandfolds more,
That goe before it.

*Leo.* Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

*Pol.* Sir, that's to morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say,
This is put forth too truly. Besides, I haue stay'd
To tire your Royalty.

*Leo.* We are tougher, Brother,
Than you can put vs to't.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leo.* One Seue'night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to morrow.

*Leo.* We'll part the time betweene's then: and in that
Ile no gainesay it.

*Pol.* Press me not (beseech you) so.
There is no Tongue that moues, none, none i'th' World
So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessitie in your request, although
'Twere needfull I denyed it. My Affaires
Doe euen drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me: my stay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)

*Leo.* Tongue-tied our Queene? speake you.

*Her.* I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay. You (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction,
The by-gone day proclaym'd. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

*Leo.* Well said, *Hermione*.

*Her.* To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him goe;
But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with Distaffes.
Yet of your Royall presence (Ile aduenture
The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good deed, *Leontes*,
I loue thee not a iarre o'th' Clock, behind

What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?
*Pol.* No, Madame.
*Her.* Nay, but you will?
*Pol.* I may not verely.
*Her.* Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek t'vnsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say (Sir) no going. Verely
You shall not goe: a Lady's Verely'is
As potent as a Lord's. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and save your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.
*Pol.* Your Guest then, Madame:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.
*Her.* Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lord's Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes.
You were pretty Lordings then?
*Pol.* We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.
*Her.* Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two?
*Pol.* We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guiltie; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.
*Her.* By this we gather
You haue tript since.
*Pol.* O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not crost's the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.
*Her.* Grace to boot.
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,
If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with vs.
*Leo.* Is he woon yet?
*Her.* Her'le stay (my Lord.)
*Leo.* At my request, he would not:
Hermione (my dearest) thou never spoak'st
To better purpose.
*Her.* Never?
*Leo.* Never, but once.
*Her.* What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſſe,
Slaughters a thousand waiting vpon that.
Our praises are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it has an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*,
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long
*Leo.* Why, that was when
Three crabbed Monethshad sowr'd themselues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
And clap thy selfe my Loue; then didst thou vtter,
I am yours for euer.
*Her.* 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I haue spoke to th' purpose twice.
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband,
Th'other, for some while a Friend.
*Leo.* Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart dances,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: derive a Liberty
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I grant:
But to be paddling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?
*Mam.* I, my good Lord.
*Leo.* I'fecks
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Copy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heyfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
*Mam.* Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
*Leo.* Thou want'st a rough pash, & the shoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
*Pol.* What means *Sicilia*?
*Her.* He something seemes vnsettled.
*Pol.* How? my Lord?
*Leo.* What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?
*Her.* You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction.
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)
*Leo.* No, in good earnest.
How sometimes Nature will betray its folly?
Its tendernesse? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did recoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Velure Coat, my Dagger muzzel'd,
Lest I (that am his Mother) should publish him
(As Ornaments oft dares) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kercher,
But Sir, good me-thinkes you was then Maid-like,
Wanton, apish, and blushing to the eye,
Hot, hasty, like a Feauer, to and fro,
Fearefully both cold and feuerous.
Whether this Practice have some truth in it,
I doe not know: but I obserue in those
That haue too much of Boldnesse in their Youth,
Or too much Shame, (which seldome comes alone)
Euen to their Childrens Childhood.
How now Boy?
*Mam.* I am like you say.
*Leo.* Come Sir Page,
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam? may't be?
Affection! thy Intention stabs the Center:
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames; (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue Art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou may'st co-joyne with something: and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines
And hardning of my Browes.)
*Pol.* What meane you Sir,
That you thus heape vpon your Wife these thoughts?
*Leo.* Why, Happily you heard too: on the instant
She drew her Lippe aside: was not that done
To any Eare that hearkned? Feele your owne Talke,
Speake this to your famous Affection,
Affection! that dispenses with it selfe,
Power no Motion but it: Not to my Sonne,
Nor any of his Creatures, but my Wife,
Hide full Sayle to her Lord I'th Dungeon,
Your Mothers Office, and her Name there?
Call my sweet Boy, Infant, Trifle, Jeast,
Footboy, Thumbe, or Ring, might she play Saint George,
And send vp Dragons as faire as Katherine,
Be shooting Gallants? Fie vpon't, foh, foh!
Mothers, and Fathers know all these locks:
Not what is spoke, thought, done, at these light howres:
Slackens and stirs the Nature of her Slippe.
'Tis warpt. Hearke Polixenes, something it is
That does vndoe my Credit, see the Game is vp.
*Cam.* I had drunke, but for the great Occasion
Of speaking my amazement, with that Businesse
I could haue time to looke on. Good my Lord,
How haue you dream'd since we parted? Allow
My breathing that hath vrg'd it selfe to know,
The Conference was sluttish?
*Leo.* Futler, thou dar'st not
Vndresse me: Come, I know thou dar'st not: Do:
Dar'st thou not Antick, say I touch Bohemia,
And touch my Wife, my Bed, my Throne, imbrace
Corruptibly? Is shee not expos'd to Dust?
Am I not free? Stand I not Enough before
Polixenes? Beare me to him.
*Cam.* Sir, my Lord,
Arrest your Fancy: Almost from my Payment,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand,
And clap thyselfe my Loue: then didst thou vtter
I am yours for euer.
*Cam.* It is Fancy in him,
And call it Fancy, or what thing you will,
The Issue is but seriously bad enough,
And that you might well enough endure,
Had I fair Play: and our Friends
You'd pickt a hundred Seuerall Plots for Me:
Giuen me Scope, and Cue: but now all's marr'd,
As you shall feele: doing it, in Dread, as Gaolers
To hurry me to my Graue: but know (my Lord)
If euer I were wilfully dishonest,
Hauing their Offer, and my Time prepar'd,
Which would haue sham'd their Sweetnesse, my Affection,
And haue nam'd it, that would: vnto the vildest
Light Wenches Reputation: I did know it,
And my Reward was sure: and my Truth knowne
Off and on at Pleasure: Pleasure, which doe lye
Euen when they are tasted, as a Blanket
Hot in the Sun, Coole to be laid vpon,
And greeting well, is nothing.
Why then should I hazard for it, more than for
My Dyet, my Repose, my Life, which all depend
On your displeasure? And suppose, that vnarm'd Sir
Haue not my Life for Forfeit, euery houre
Of my whole Time here, assures it not.
Now, no Conspiracie, Treason, Murder,
Or in Thought, can be laid to me, nor any
Exception, that conceales it from me.
*Leo.* Ha?
*Cam.* Stayes here longer.
*Leo.* I, but why?
*Cam.* To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistris.
*Leo.* Satisfie?
The Entreaties of your Mistris? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee Camillo
With all the neerest things to my Heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, as my Hearts Secrets,
Hast pluck'd my Heart from my Breast, left the wounds bleeding,
Which must try with some losse.
*Cam.* 'Tis good Lords.
*Leo.* First thy Father
Call him a Flatterer, haue not Courts enough
To haue that Truth supply'd?
Affection! thy Intention stabs the Center:
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
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Which must try with some losse.
*Cam.* 'Tis good Lords.
*Leo.* First thy Father
Call him a Flatterer, haue not Courts enough
To haue that Truth supply'd?

My Wife a ſlipperie? If thou wilt confeſſe,
Or elſe be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then ſay
My Wife's a Holy-Horſe-deſerues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts-to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and iuſtify't.
*Cam.* I would not be a ſtander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Miſtreſſe clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: ſhrew my heart,
You neuer ſpoke what did become you leſſe
Then this, which to reiterate, were ſin
As deepe as that, though true.
*Leo.* Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meeting Noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide Lip? ſtopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a ſigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honeſtie:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would vnſeene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing: *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue theſe Nothings,
If this be nothing.
*Cam.* Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeaſed Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
*Leo.* Say it be, 'tis true.
*Cam.* No, no, my Lord.
*Leo.* It is: you lye, you lye:
I ſay thou lyeſt *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſſe Lowt, a mindleſſe Slaue,
Or elſe a hoouering Temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life) ſhe would not liue
The running of one Glaſſe.
*Cam.* Who does infect her?
*Leo.* Why he that wears her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck, *Bohemia*: who, if I
Had ſeruants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thriftes) they would do that
Which ſhould vndoo more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meane eſtate
Haue bred vp at mine owne Table, who may'ſt ſee
I am, ay, I'le ſpeake it, in a Free Opinion:
Haſt clean my Bed, I haue reaſon to be-ſpice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a laſting Winke.
Which Draught to me, were coſtiue as
*Cam.* Sir (my Lord)
I could do this, and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a ling'ring Dram that ſhould not worke
Maliciouſly, like Poiſon. But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſſe
(So ſouereignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee,
*Leo.* Make that thy queſtion, and goe rot:
Do't not thinke I am ſtaddy, to vnfold,
Diſappoint my ſelfe in mine vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteneſſe of my Sheetes
(Which to preſerue, is Sleepe; which being ſpotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waſpes)
Giue ſcandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)
Without ripe moouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man ſo blench?
*Cam.* I muſt beleeue you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highneſſe
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at firſt,
Euen for your Sonnes ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Known, and ally'd to yours.
*Leo.* Thou do'ſt aduiſe me,
Euen ſo as I mine owne courſe haue ſet downe:
Ile giue no blemiſh to her Honor, none.
*Cam.* My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendſhip weares at Feaſts, keepe with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue wholeſome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.
*Leo.* This is all:
Do't and thou haſt the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine owne.
*Cam.* Ile do't, my Lord.
*Leo.* I will ſeeme friendly, as thou haſt aduis'd me. *Exit.*
*Cam.* O miſerable Lady. But for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poyſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Maſter, one,
Who in rebellion with himſelfe will haue
All that are his, ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion followes. If I could find example
Of thouſands that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't. But ſince
Nor Brand, nor Starre, nor Story, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it ſelfe forſweare't. I muſt
Forſake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Florizell.*
*Pol.* This is ſtrange: Me thinkes
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not ſpeake?
Good day *Camillo*.
*Cam.* Hayle moſt Royall Sir.
*Pol.* What is the Newes i'th' Court?
*Cam.* None rare (my Lord.)
*Pol.* The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd as he loues himſelfe: euen now I met him
With cuſtomarie complement, when for
Wot'ſt thou what mou'd his eyes to't? contrary, not calling
A Lord of ſuch deſert, nodded for me, and
So leaues me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
*Cam.* I dare not know (my Lord.)
*Pol.* How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelfe, what you doe know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhewes me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My ſelfe thus alter'd with't.
*Cam.* There is a ſickneſſe
Which puts ſome of vs in diſtemper, but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe, and it may be caught
Of you, that yet are well.
*Pol.* How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſiliſque.

I haue

I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainely a Gentleman thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealement
*Cam.* I may not answere
*Pol.* A Sickenesse caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou do'st ghesse of harme
In creeping toward me? how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be preuented if to me.
If not, how best to beare it.
*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be euen as swiftly followed as
I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.
*Pol.* On, good *Camillo*.
*Cam.* I am appointed him to murther you.
*Pol.* By whom, *Camillo*?
*Cam.* By the King.
*Pol.* For what?
*Cam.* He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you haue touch't his Queene
Forbiddenly
*Pol.* Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nostrill
Where I arriue, and my approch be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read
*Cam.* Sweare his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Countaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body
*Pol.* How should this grow?
*Cam.* I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawed, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,
Clearе them o'th' Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vttred Truth: which if you seeke to proue,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemned by the Kings owne mouth.
Thereon his Execution sworne.

*Pol.* I doe beleeue thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Stil neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This Iealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare
Must it be great, and, as his Person's mightie,
Must it be violent, and, as he do's conceiue,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer
Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene part of his Theame, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,
I will respect thee as a Father if
Thou bear'st my thoughts not hence: Let vs auoid
*Cam.* It is in mine authority to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away.
*Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies, Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.*

*Her.* Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
*Lady.* Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your Playfellow?
*Mam.* No, I'le none of you.
*Lady.* Why, my sweet Lord?
*Mam.* You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.
2. *Lady.* And why so, my Lord?
*Mam.* Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much hayre there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)
2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this'?
*Mam.* I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?
*Lady.* Blew (my Lord)
*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock. I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That has been blew, but not her eye-browes.
*Lady.* Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'l wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.
2. *Lady.* She's spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke: good time encounter her!
*Her.* What wisdome stirs amongst you? Come Sir now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you keepe him,
And tell's a Tale.
*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shal't be?
*Her.* As merry as you will.
*Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.
*Her.* Let's haue that, good Sir.
Come on, sit downe: come on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it.
*Cham.* There

*Mam.* There was a man.
*Her.* Nay,come sit downe: then on.
*Mam.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not heare it.
*Her.* Come on then,and giu't me in mine eare.
*Leon* Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with him?
*Lord.* Behind the tuft of Pines I met them,never
Saw I men scowre so on their way. I eyed them
Euen to their Ships.
*Leo.* How blest am I
In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack,for lesser knowledge,how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd,and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye make knowne
How he hath drunke,he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke,and seene the Spider.
*Camillo* was his helpe in this,his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life,my Crowne;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd,was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discouer'd my Designe,and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea,a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?
*Lord.* By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse preuail'd,then so,
On your command.
*Leo.* I know't too well.
Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Haue too much blood in him.
*Her.* What is this? Sport?
*Leo.* Beare the Boy hence,he shall not come about her,
Away with him: and let her sport her selfe
With that shee's big-with,for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee swell thus.
*Her* But I'd say he had not;
And Ile be sworne you would beleeue my saying,
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.
*Leo* You (my Lords
Looke on her,marke her well; be but about
To say shee is goodly Lady,and
The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty shee's not honest: Honorable;
Praise her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight
The Shrug,the Hum,or Ha,(these Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth vse. Oh,I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will seare
Vertue it selfe: these Shrugs,these Hum's,and Ha's,
When you haue said shee's goodly,come betweene,
Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne
(From him that has most cause to grieue it should be)
Shee's an Adultresse
*Her* Should a Villaine say so,
(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Do but mistake.
*Leo.* You haue mistooke (my Lady)
Polixenes to *Leontes*. O thou thing
(Which I'le not call a Creature of thy place,
Least Barbarism (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language vse to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leaue out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue said
Shee's an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:
More; shee's a Traytor,and *Camillo* is
A Federarie with her,and one that knowes
What she should shame to know her selfe,
But with her most vild Principall. that shee's
A Bed-swaruer,euen as bad as those
That Vulgars giue bold'st Titles; I,and priuy
To this their late escape.
*Her.* No (by my life)
Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge,that
You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly,then,to say
You did mistake.
*Leo.* No: if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her,to Prison
He who shall speake for her,is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he speakes
*Her.* There's some ill Planet raignes,
I must be patient,till the Heauens looke
With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I haue
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here,which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne: beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified,as your Charities
Shall best instruct you,measure me; and so
The Kings will be performed.
*Leo.* Shall I be heard?
*Her* Who is't that goes with me? beseech your Highnes
My Women may be with me,for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weepe (mine Infants)
For thee to-day a Mother,and hereafter
Hard-hearted Father: poore Babes,
As I come out: this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come,you haue leaue.
*Leo.* Go,do our bidding hence.
*Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe
*Antig* Be certaine what you do(Sir)least your Iustice
Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your Selfe,your Queene,your Sonne.
*Lord.* For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe,and will do't (Sir)
Please you t'accept it,that the Queene is spotlesse
I'th'eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane
In this,which you accuse her.)
*Antig.* If it prone
Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele,and see her,no farther trust her:
For euery inch of Woman in the World,
I,euery dram of Womans flesh is false,
If shee be.
*Leo* Hold your peaces.
*Lord.* Good my Lord.
*Antig.* It is for you we speake,not for our selues:
You are abus'd,and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

I would Land-damme him : be ſhe honor-flaw'd,
I haue three daughters : the eldeſt is eleuen;
The ſecond, and the third, nine: and ſome fiue :
If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
I'le geld 'em all : fourteene they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe generations : they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my ſelfe, then they
Should not produce faire iſſue
*Leo.* Ceaſe, no more
You ſmell this buſineſſe with a ſence as cold
As is a dead-mans noſe : but I do ſee't and feel't,
As you feele doing thus : and ſee withall
The Inſtruments that feele.
*Antig.* If it be ſo,
We needs no graue to burie honeſty
There's not a graine of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.
*Leo.* What? lacke I credit?
*Lord.* I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground : and more it would content me
To haue her Honor true, then your ſuſpition
Be blam'd for't how you might
*Leo.* Why what needs we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceſull inſtigation? Our prerogatiue
Cals not your Counſailes, but our naturall goodneſſe
Imparts this : which if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in ſkill, cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth, like vs : informe your ſelues,
We need no more of your aduice : the matter,
The loſſe, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours
*Antig.* And I wiſh (my Liege)
You had only in your ſilent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture.
*Leo.* How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole : *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
Which was as grоſſe, as euer touch'd conieCture,
That lack'd ſight onely, nought for approbation
But onely ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made vp to'th deed) doth puſh-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Moſt pitteous to be wilde) I haue diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* Temple,
*Cleomines* and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd-ſufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whoſe ſpirituall counſaile had
Shall ſtop or ſpurre me. Haue I done well?
*Lord.* Well done (my Lord.)
*Leo.* Though I am ſatisfide, and need no more
Then what I know, yet ſhall the Oracle
Giue reſt to th' mindes of others; ſuch as he
Whoſe ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th' truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhall be conſtraine,
Leaſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to ſpeake in publique : for this buſineſſe
Will raiſe vs all.
*Antig.* To ſlaughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne *Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.*
*Paul.* The Keeper of the priſon, call to him
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
*Gao.* For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour
*Paul.* Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene
*Gao.* I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I haue expreſſe commandment.
*Paul.* Here's ado, to locke vp honeſty & honour from
Th' acceſſe of gentle viſitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To ſee her Women? Any of them? *Emilia*
*Gao.* So pleaſe you (Madam)
To put a part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
*Paul.* I pray now call her
Withdraw your ſelues
*Gao.* And Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your Conference.
*Paul.* Well be't ſo, prethee.
Here's ſuch a-doe, to make no ſtaine, a ſtaine,
As paſſes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
*Emil.* As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorne
May hold together. Ouer-nights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliuer'd.
*Paul.* A boy?
*Emil.* A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't. Sayes, my poore priſoner,
I am innocent as you.
*Paul.* I dare be ſworne
These dangerous, vnſafe Lunes i'th King, beſhrew them:
He muſt be told on't, and he muſt the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'le take vpon me,
If I proue honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter.
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger be
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queene,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'le ſhew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Aduocate to th' lowd'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th Child:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſwades, when ſpeaking fayles.
*Emil.* Moſt worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodneſſe is ſo euident,
That your free vndertakings cannot miſſe
A thriuing yſſue: there is no Lady liuing
So meete for this great errand, pleaſe your Ladiſhip
To viſit the next roome, I'le preſently
Acquaint the Queene of your moſt noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this deſigne,
But durſt not tempt a miſerie of honour
Leaſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

*Paul*

*Paul.* Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile vſe that tongue I haue. If wit flow from't
As boldneſſe from my boſome, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
*Emil.* Now be you bleſt for it.
Ile to the Queene: pleaſe you come ſomething neerer.
*Gao.* Madam, if't pleaſe the Queene to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incurre, to paſſe it,
Hauing no warrant
*Paul.* You needle not feare it (ſir)
This Child was prophet to the world, and ſ
By Law and proceſſe of great Nature, thus
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treſpaſſe of the Queene.
*Gao.* I do beleeue it.
*Paul.* Do not you feare vpon your honor, I
Will ſtand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.*

*Leo.* Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſſe
To beare the matter thus: meere weakneſſe, if
The cauſe were not in being: part o'th cauſe,
She, th'Adultreſſe: for the harlot-King
Is ſhrin'd to my deare Anne, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-proofe: but ſhee,
I can hooke to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moity of my reſt
Might come to me againe. Whoſe there?
*Ser.* My Lord.
*Leo.* How do's the boy?
*Ser.* He tooke good reſt to night: 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſſe is diſcharg'd.
*Leo.* To ſee his Nobleneſſe,
Conceyuing the diſhonour of his Mother.
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And downe-right languiſh'd. Leaue me ſolely: goe,
See how he fares. Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me: in himſelfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance: Let him be,
Vntill a time may ſerue. For preſent vengeance
Take it on her. *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me: make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my powre.
*Enter Paulina.*
*Lord.* You muſt not enter.
*Paul.* Nay rather (good my Lords) be ſecond to me:
Feare you his tyrannous paſſion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent ſoule,
More free, then he is iealous.
*Anti.* That's enough.
*Ser.* Madam; he hath not ſlept to night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
*Paul.* Not ſo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him ſleepe. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creepe like ſhadowes by him, and do ſ
At each his needleſſe heauings: ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That preſſes him from ſleepe
*Leo.* What noyſe there, hoa?
*Paul.* No noyſe (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About ſome Goſſips for your Highneſſe.
*Leo.* How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.
*Anti.* I told her ſo (my Lord)
On your diſpleaſures perill, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you
*Leo.* What? canſt not rule her?
*Paul.* From all diſhoneſtie he can: in this
(Vnleſſe he take the courſe that you haue done)
Commit me, for commuting honor, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.
*Anti.* La-you now, you heare,
When ſhe will take the raine, I let her run,
But ſhee'l not ſtumble.
*Paul.* Good my Liege, I come
And I beſeech you heare me, who profeſſes
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, your Phyſitian,
Your moſt obedient Counſailor: yet that dares
Leſſe appeare ſo, in comforting your Euils,
Then ſuch as moſt ſeeme yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queene
*Leo.* Good Queene?
*Paul.* Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I ſay good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
*Leo.* Force her hence.
*Paul.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firſt, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis. Commends it to your bleſſing
*Leo.* Out
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
*Paul.* Not ſo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In ſo entit'ling me: and no leſſe honeſt
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to paſſe for honeſt.
*Leo.* Traitors:
Will you not puſh her out? Giue her the Baſtard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Baſtard,
Take't vp, I ſay: giue't to thy Croane
*Paul.* For euer
Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt vp the Princeſſe, by that forced baſeneſſe
Which he has put vpon't
*Leo.* He dreads his Wife.
*Paul.* So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.
*Leo.* A neſt of Traitors.
*Anti.* I am none, by this good light.
*Paul.* Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himſelfe: for he,

The

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Sword; and will not
(For as the case now stands it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oake, or Stone was sound.
*Leo.* A Callat
Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now baits me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.
*Paul.* It is yours
And, might we lay the old Proverb to your charge,
So like you 'tis the worse. Behold, my Lords,
Although the Print be little, the Whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Forehead, nay the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles
The very Mold, and Frame of Hand, Nayle, finger.
And thou good Goddesse Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The Ordering of the Mindes as well as Mindes,
Let not the Worke of the Divell be so lame,
To mock the Subject of it. Cressida was
As false as Vowes can make her.
*Paul.* She dares not
Call your Cheekes so, while they are crimson
For Feare, and not for Love.
*Leo.* Once more take her hence.
*Paul.* A most unworthy and unnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.
*Leo.* I'le have thee burnt.
*Paul.* I care not:
It is not the first time I ha're scap'd by Fire,
Nor the worst time to be burnt to day. Beare
Your Queene
Not a Queene, but a Traytor to you all,
Look to't, I say, she'le make you,
Worse then the Sea to vexed Neptune, are
*Leo.* Out A Crone,
Once more answer me, Were I a Tyran,
Where were't that I should finde a Friend to pleade
It? the rest know me one. Away with her
*Paul.* I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone
Looke to your Babe my Lord, 'tis yours *Ione* tells her
A better day. Sir. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,
Will never doe him good, not one of you.
So, so. Farewell, we are gone. *Exit*
*Leo.* Thou Traytor, hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? even thou that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done
(And by good testimony) or I'le seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so,
The Bastard-brayes with thee are premeditated steeds
Shall dash out. Goe take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy Wife.
*Ant.* I did not Sir
These Lords my Noble Fellowes, if they please
Can cleare me in't
*Lords.* We can my Royall Liege,
He is not guilty of her comming thither
*Leo.* You're liers all.
*Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse give us better credit:
We have alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech
So to esteeme of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our deare services
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele
*Leo.* I am a Feather for each Wind that blowes:
Shall I live on to see this Bastard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margerie your Mid-wife there,
To save this Bastards life: for this new Marriage,
Which may passe well enough, you shall not passe
Once more in Councell with us, shall not live
The Issue of your Royall Bed, Sir, but
Your Mother shall uphold my Friend your Husband,
And take your Trull. Looke to't: Come (my Lord)
To see his Nuptiall. Ere mine (wrong'd Friend)
Make thee a Widow; and thy Issue (borne
Our Daughter) by the Sword be lesse lamented
Then poore Mamillius, Royall Prince deceased.
Thy Mother's worth a thousand hundred Hermiones
If I chance to call her so. Goe to my Closet,
Take your vaine Doting. Heare me this my purpose:
Have these Gallants instantly to Ship
Polixenes and Hermione, and my Babe
Lodg'd in the Sea, in an appointed Barke
Lyme-hatch, or Milford, where the Wind
And Key of Ocean navigate, shall expect
Their Shipmans best direction to carry them
To Syracusa, their accustom'd freight
All done within the houre. Dispatch, and meet me
Within two dayes: for in the Temple I
Will all assemble. Come, come, no entreaty
Or speech worth your paines: I am an Adamant
To all Requests, certaine to what I purpose,
And to obtaine what I denie, am fixt
As Nature is, whose Rocks abide, and will
Not yeeld to Waters worth. Lead away.
*Ant.* Prosperously to these Particulars
Attend their Businesse: till my Expedition
Be authoriz'd, keepe with my Liege, you Belong
Aboord the Tent, ready on the howre
(For by then I hope we shall dispatch)
*Exit.*
*Lord.* Not eate, nor sleepe
Untill our Fire-side.
*Enter a Seruant.*
*Seru.* Please your Highnesse, Posts
From those you sent to th' Oracle are come
An houre since: Cleomines and Dion,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the Court.
*Lord.* So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath been beyond account.
*Leo.* Twenty three dayes
They have been absent: 'tis good speed: foretelling
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have

The

The truth of this appeare. Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publikely accus'd, so shall she have
A iust and open Triall. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Cleomines and Dion.*

*Cleo.* The Ayre, my Lord, does profit by your patience,
Your patience is the Command and Cure
Of all these ragefull Iudgements.
*Dion.* Yet the Law,
For what is done in publique Courts, may challenge
(Methinkes) of Iustice, more than the secrecie
Of priuate Closets, or the Shades of Night.
How could you more diuorce your selfe from Passion,
Had the whole World the Power to behold you?
*Cleo.* But of all, the blast
And the euen-dealing Voyce o'th'Oracle,
Kin to *Ioues* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sense,
That I was nothing.
*Dio.* If th'euent o'th'Iourney
Proue as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath been to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vse on't.
*Cleo.* Great Apollo
Turne all to th'best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon Hermione,
I little like.
*Dio.* The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the Businesse: when the Oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discouer, something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.*

*Leo.* This Sessions (to preface't, what follows)
Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall have due course,
Euen to the guilt or the emptinesse.
Produce the Prisoner.
*Off.* It please your Highnesse, to put off
Your Princely Maiesty, and chaire the Queene
According to your Court. *Silence.*
*Her.* Sir, I desire you do not make me
Turne o'er Authorities, *Queene to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, committed with Adultery with* Polixenes *King of Bohemia,*
*and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open thou* (Hermione) *contrary to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subiect, didst counsaile and aide them, for their better safetie, to flie away by Night.*
*Her.* Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: mine Integritie
Being counted Falshood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiu'd. But thus: if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord, best knowne
(Whom least will seeme to doe so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Than Historie can patterne, though deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne, a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, 'fore
Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Grace, which I would spare: for Honor,
'Tis a derriuation from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so vncurrant, I
Haue strayn'd t'appeare thus: if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of kin
Cry fie vpon my Grace.
*Leo.* Your knees vp yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,
Than to performe it first.
*Her.* That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.
*Leo.* You will not owne it.
*Her.* More than Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd.
With such a kinde of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I think had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke
Euen such as it is, (too much) Infamie, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try: how. All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man,
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues
(Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.
*Leo.* You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vnderta'ne to doe in's absence.
*Her.* Sir,

*Her.* Sir,
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.
*Leo.* Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auaile: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice, in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.
*Her.* Sir, spare your Threats
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke
To me can Life be no commoditie:
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy
And first fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Starr'd most vnluckily) is from my breast
The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on euery Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet. With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge denyed which
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,
That I should fear to die? Note that I am sure
But yet heare in: our part so flake me not: no life,
(I prize it not a straw, but for mine Honor,
Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes, all proofes sleepe else,
But what your Iealousies awake, I see not
'Tis richer, then not I. Your Honors all,
doe refuse me to the Oracle
*Apollo* be my Iudge.
*Lord.* This your request
Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo's* Name, his Oracle.
*Her.* The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatnesse of my misery, yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.
*Officer.* You here shall sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos and from thence haue brought
This seal'd vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest: and that since then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.
*Cleo. Dio.* All this we sweare.
*Leo.* Breake vp the Seales, and read.
*Officer.* Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo a true Subiect, Leontes a iealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that which is lost be not found.
*Lords.* Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.
*Her.* Prayed.
*Leo.* Hast thou read truth?
*Offic.* I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.
*Leo.* There is no truth at all i'th Oracle.
The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.
*Ser.* My Lord the King: the King?
*Leo.* What studied businesse?
*Ser.* O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.
*Leo.* How? gone?
*Ser.* Is dead.
*Leo.* *Apollo* is angry, and the Heauens themselues
Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?
*Paul.* This Newes is mine: and to the Queene: Looke downe
And see what Death is doing.
*Leo.* Take her hence
Her heart is but o'recharg'd: she will recouer.
I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne suspition:
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being transported by my Iealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose
*Camillo* for the minister, to poison
My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My swift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he (most humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest
Vnclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties himselfe commended,
No richer than his Honor: How he glisters
Through my Rust? and how his Pietie
Does my deeds make the blacker?
*Paul.* Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.
*Lord.* What fit is this good Lady?
*Paul.* What studied torments (tyrant hid for Gaole?
Wrie'd in a Barrell of the Seas wildest Billow?
Or bound Leaden Coles? What old Dungeon euer
Held thing so vile, as thou? Which earthly Fact
Was worse than toward? Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealousies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and Idle
For Girles of Nine) O think what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed, stare madnesse at all
That by-gone euils were but sports to it?
That to be hold it *Polixenes*, was nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
And damnable ingratefull. Nor was much
Thy wish'd it should be so? (Ay, and the good *Camillo*)
To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crowes, thy Babe to sorrow,
To be vncertaine or little, shoot a Dead
Would haue chid me worse: and vnderstand me well,
Men set downe before you. Neuer
Of the young Prince what (most) is infamous
(Though by his seruice taken) here to carry
That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answere: but the last: O Lords,
When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The

The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead, & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.
*Lord.* The higher powres forbid.
*Paul.* I say she's dead: I'le swear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outward, or breath within, Ile serue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can stirre; therefore I take thee
To nothing but despaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.
*Leo.* Go on, go on
Thou canst not speake too much. I haue deseru'd
All tongues to talke their bitt'rest.
*Lord.* Say no more,
How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldnesse of your speech.
*Paul.* I am sorry for't,
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I haue shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past helpe
Should be past griefe: do not receiue affliction
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman.
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, I haue done worse)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And I'le say nothing.
*Leo.* Thou'lt mooue me
When most thou striu'st to comfort me, know much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both. Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall.) Once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to vse it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes. *Exeunt*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-heard, and Clowne.*

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch't vpon
The Deserts of *Bohemia*.
*Mar.* I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.
*Ant.* Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to your barke, Ile not be long before
I call vpon thee.
*Mar.* Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.
*Ant.* Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.
*Mar.* I am glad at heart
To be so ridde o'th businesse. *Exit*
*Ant.* Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thrower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted lost for euer, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this ingentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shrieks
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreames, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeue
*Hermione* hath suffer'd death, and that
*Apollo* would (this being indeede the issue
Of King *Polixenes*) it should here be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of its right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy character: there these,
Which may (if Fortune, please both breed thee (pretty)
And still rest thine. The storme begins, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I
To be by oath enjoyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
A lullaby too rough: I neuer saw
The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord. This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer. *Exit pursued by a Beare.*
*Shep.* I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Ancientry, stealing, fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyes-braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They haue scar'd away two of my best Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde: then the Master: if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of Ivy. Good-lucke (and 't be thy will) what haue we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a very pretty one) sure some Scape; Though I am not booke-learn'd, yet I can

can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the fcape: this hath beene some ſtaire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some behinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet I'le tarry till my ſonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa.

*Shep.* What? art ſo neere? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'ſt thou, man?

*Clo.* I haue ſeene two ſuch ſights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the ſky: betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkins point.

*Shep.* Why boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the ſhore, but that's the leaſt of: the moſt pitteous cry of the poore ſoules: ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: Now the Ship boaring the Moone with her maine Maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeaſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a Corke into a hogſhead. And then for the Land-ſeruice, to ſee how the Beare tore out his ſhoulder bone, how he cried to me for helpe, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but firſt, how the poore ſoules roared, and the ſea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both to one chop.

*Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this boy?

*Clo.* Now now: I haue not winked ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, for the Beare hath but newly ſtept ſkin: and the bodies of the Mariners, and that now

*Shep.* Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man.

*Clo.* I would you had beene by the ſhip ſide, to haue helpt her: there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

*Shep.* Heavy matters, heavy matters: but looke thee here boy. Now bleſſed be the great Bountie of Bohemia: thou haſt cauſe to pray for it, I with three thouſand pounds a yeare. Heere's a ſtrange alteration! Looke thee, a ſtrange-cloath'd thing: a Spirit: I'le hide me there: let me ſee: Now take vp, take vp Boy: open't ſo, let's ſee it: it was told me I ſhould be rich by the fairies. This is ſome Changeling: open't: what's within boy?

*Clo.* You're a mad olde man: If the ſinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all Golde!

*Shep.* This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue ſo: vp with it, keepe it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky boy, and to be ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecrecie. Let my ſheepe go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo.* Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go ſee if the Beare be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt out when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

*Shep.* That's a good deed: if thou may'ſt diſcerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to that end: I doubt not but ſhall.

*Clowne.* 'Marry will I: and you ſhall helpe to put him i'th' ground.

*Shep.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'l do good deeds on't. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Time, the Chorus.*

*Time.* I that please ſome, try all: both joy and terror
Of good, and bad: that make, and vnfold error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vſe my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow Law, and in one ſelfe borne houre
To plant, and o'erwhelme Cuſtome. Let me paſſe
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd: I witneſſe to
The times that brought them in: ſo like a Doe
To'th' Queene of Bohemia: and make the beſt of it
That I can to your ſight turne my Glaſſe,
And giue my Tale, anew the due Meaſure
As I hold from the Sun. Accompt that I
Commaund to paſſe the minute, that I haue
Let paſſe the ſame, to this Relation
Which now I faithfully do. Leontes, he
Hath ſeene you both: Eyes well enough.
Behold'ſt thou Polixenes, this Glaſſe
Filles in the rome twixt Bohemia,
And your Throne, Sicilia. Well met both
In your faire Iſſue. Three crowned Sweets
Which maieſtie, and Beauty intends
Vpon their ſeuerall Gracious Names.
Perdita, now grown in Grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her enſues
I liſt not propheſie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepheards daughter,
And what to her adheres, which followes after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If euer you haue ſpent time worſe, ere now:
If euer you haue heard Time to ſpeake,
Let this, make your eſtimate, beſt for my ſake. *Exit.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.*

*Pol.* I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſſe denying thee any thing: a death to graunt this.

*Cam.* It is fifteene yeeres ſince I ſaw my Country: though I haue (for the moſt part) bin aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides the penitent King (my Maſter) hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrowes I might be ſome allay, or I o'erweene to thinke ſo, which is another ſpurre to my departure.

*Pol.* As thou lou'ſt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the reſt of thy ſeruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of thee, thine owne goodneſſe hath made: better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee: thou (hauing made me Buſineſſes (which none without thee, can ſufficiently manage) muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelfe, or take away with thee the very ſeruices thou haſt done: which if I haue not enough conſidered (as too much I cannot) to be more thankfull to thee ſhall be my ſtudie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendſhips. Of that fatall Country Sicilia, prethee ſpeake no more, whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance

of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell* my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

*Cam.* Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (missingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared

*Pol.* I haue considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse, from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnspeakable estate.

*Cam.* I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

*Pol.* That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I think it not vneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my present partner in this businesse, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Cam.* I willingly obey your command.

*Pol.* My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selues. *Exit*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Autolicus singing.*

*When Daffadils begin to peere,*
*With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,*
*Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,*
*For the red blood raigns in't winters pale*

*The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,*
*With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing,*
*Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,*
*For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King*

*The Larke that tirra Lyra chaunts,*
*With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay:*
*Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts*
*Whil'st we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I haue seru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of seruice

*But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)*
*the pale Moone shines by night:*
*And when I wander here and there*
*I then do most go right*
*If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,*
*and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,*
*Then my account I well may giue,*
*and in the Stockes auouch it.*

My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) litter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the silly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are' terrors to me For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Let me see, euery Leauen-weather todder, euery tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling. fifteene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

*Aut.* If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

*Clo.* I cannot do't without Compters Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shearers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bales; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes. I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace, Dates, none; that's out of my note. Nutmegges, seuen a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun.

*Aut.* Oh, that euer I was borne.

*Clo.* I'th'name of me,

*Aut.* Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges and then death, death.

*Clo.* Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then haue these off.

*Aut.* Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend me more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mighty ones and millions.

*Clo.* Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Aut.* I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell tane from me, and these detestable things put vpon me.

*Clo.* What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

*Aut.* A footman (sweet sir) a footman

*Clo.* Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee if this bee a horseman's Coate, it hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

*Aut.* Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

*Clo.* Alas poore soule.

*Aut.* Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clo.* How now? Canst stand?

*Aut.* Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office

*Clo* Dost lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.

*Aut.* No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart.

*Clow.* What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

*Aut.* A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainely Whipt out of the Court.

*Clo.*

*Clo.* His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

*Aut.* Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Procesle-seruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compaft a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lyes; and (having flowne ouer many knauish professions) he settled only in rogue: some call him *Autolicus*.

*Clo.* Out vpon him Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Bear-baitings.

*Aut.* Very true sir: he sir, he: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparell.

*Clo.* Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, he'le haue runne.

*Aut.* I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am falle of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

*Clo.* How do you now?

*Aut.* Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will even take my leaue of you, & pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

*Clo.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Aut.* No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

*Clo.* Then farthewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. *Exit*

*Aut.* Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the shearers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue

Song. *Iog-on, Iog-on, the foot path way,*
*And merrily hent the Stile-a.*
*A merry heart goes all the day,*
*Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.* *Exit.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.*

*Flo.* These your vnusual weeds, to each part of you
Do's giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't

*Perd.* Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them) your high selfe
The gracious marke o'th' Land, you haue obscur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Most Goddesse-like prank'd vp. But that our Feasts
In euery Messe haue folly, and the Feeders
Digeft with a Custome, I should blush
To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse

*Flo.* I blesse the time.
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse
Thy Fathers ground

*Perd.* Now Loue affoord you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse Hath not beene vs'd to feare) euen now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did. Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,
Vilde y bound vp? What would he say? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The sternnesse of his presence?

*Flo.* Apprehend
Nothing but iollity: the Gods themselues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellowed: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I seeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

*Perd.* O but Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' powre of the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speake, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life. (pose,

*Flo.* Thou dear *Perdita*,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feast. Or Ile be thine, my Faire,
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destinie say no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle such thoughts, as these, with any thing
That you beheld the while. Your Guests are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two haue sworne shall come.

*Perd.* O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspitious

*Flo.* See, your Guests approach,
Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

*Shep.* Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon
This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all,
Would sing her song and dance her turne: now here
At vpper end o'th' Table, now i'th' middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face afire
With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feasted one: and not
The Hostesse of the meeting. Pray you bid
These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe
That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing,
As your good flocke shall prosper.

*Perd.* Sir, welcome.
It is my Fathers will, I should take on me
The Hostesses o'th' day: y'are welcome sir,
Giue me those Flowres there (*Dorcas*, Reuerend Sirs)
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe
Seeming, and Sauour all the Winter long
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

*Pol.* Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.
*Perd.* Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
*Pol.* Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them?
*Perd.* For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their piedneſſe shares
With great creating-Nature.
*Pol.* Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Scion, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baser kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.
*Perd.* So it is.
*Pol.* Then make your Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them bastards.
*Perd.* Ile not put
The Dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Marioram,
The Marygold, that goes to bed wi' the Sun,
And with him rises weeping: These are flowres
Of middle time, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.
*Cam.* I should leaue grazing, were I of your flocke,
And eate no more.
*Perd.* Out alas:
You'ld be so leane, that blasts of January (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairest
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maydenheads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dites* Wagon. Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty. Violets (dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Iunos* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Primroses,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a Malady
Most incident to Maids) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne-Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
The Flowre-de-Luce being one! O these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of (and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and o're.
*Flo.* What? like a Coarse?
*Perd.* No, like a Bank, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flowres,
Me thinkes I play as I have seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition.
*Flo.* What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'ld haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'ld haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.
*Perd.* O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fearefully through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd
With wisedome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the faire way.
*Flo.* I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*) so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.
*Perd.* Ile sweare for 'em.
*Pol.* This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer
Ran on the greene-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.
*Cam.* He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.
*Clo.* Come on, strike vp.
*Dorcas* *Mopsa* must be your Mistresse: marry Garlick,
to mend her kissing with.
*Mop.* Now in good time.
*Clo.* Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners.
Come, strike vp.
*Here a Dance of Shepheards and Shepheardesses*
*Pol.* Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?
*Shep.* They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeue it.
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as he'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loues another best.
*Pol.* She dances featly.
*Shep.* So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If young *Doricles*
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Seruant*
*Ser.* O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: he sings
seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: he vtters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.
*Clo.* He could neuer come better: he shall come in.
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be doleful matter
merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and
sung lamentably.

*Ser.*

*Ser.* He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie (which is strange.) with such delicate burthens of Dil-do's and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answere, *Whoop, doe me no harme good man* put's him off, slights him, with *Whoop, doe me no harme good man*

*Pol.* This is a braue fellow.

*Cla.* Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

*Ser.* He hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'gro-Inckles, Caddysles, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings 'em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would think a Smocke were a shee-Angell, he so chaunts to the sleeue-hand, and the worke about the Square on't.

*Cla.* Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

*Perd.* Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words in's tunes.

*Clow.* You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in them, then you'd thinke (Sister.)

*Perd.* I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

*Enter Autolicus singing.*

*Lawne as white as driuen Snow,*
*Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,*
*Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses,*
*Maskes for faces, and for noses,*
*Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,*
*Perfume for a Lady's Chamber:*
*Golden Quoifes and Stomachers*
*For my Lads to giue their Deares.*
*Pins, and poking-sticks of Steele.*
*What Maids lacke from head to heele:*
*Come buy of me, come, come buy, come buy,*
*Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry. Come buy.*

*Cla.* If I were not in loue with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

*Dor.* He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

*Mop.* He hath paid you all he promis'd you: May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him againe.

*Cla.* Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

*Mop.* I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

*Cla.* Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money.

*Aut.* And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooues men to be wary.

*Cla.* Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Aut.* I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcels of charge.

*Cla.* What hast here? Ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

*Aut.* Here's one, to a very doleful tune, how a Vsurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money bagges at a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

*Mop.* Is it true, thinke you?

*Aut.* Very true, and but a moneth old.

*Dor.* Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer.

*Aut.* Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist. *Tale-Porter*, and fiue or six honest Wiues, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

*Mop.* Pray you now buy it.

*Cla.* Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see more Ballads: We'l buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared vpon the coast, on Wednesday the fourescore of April, forty thousand fathom aboue water, & sung this ballad against the hard hearts of Maids. It was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that woo'd her. The ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true too, thinke you.

*Aut.* Fiue Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more then my packe will hold.

*Cla.* Lay it by too; another.

*Aut.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mop.* Let's haue some merry ones.

*Aut.* Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

*Mop.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare 'tis an excellent part.

*Dor.* We had the tenor on't, a moneth ago.

*Aut.* I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: haue at it with you.

*Song.* *Get you hence, for I must go*
*Aut.* *Where it fits not you to know*
*Dor.* *Whether?*
*Mop.* *O whether?*
*Dor.* *Whether?*
*Mop.* *It becomes thy oath full well,*
*Thou to me thy secrets tell*
*Dor.* *Me too, let me to the Sheer*
*Mop.* *Or thy Flocks keep by the Grange, or Hill,*
*Dor.* *Let me goe with thee,*
*Aut.* *Neither.*
*Dor.* *What not her?*
*Aut.* *Neither:*
*Dor.* *Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,*
*Mop.* *Thou hast sworne it more to me*
*Then whether goest? Say whether?*

*Cla.* We'l haue this song out anon by our selues. My Father and the Gentlemen are in sad talke, & we'l not trouble them. Come bring away thy pack after me. Wenches I'll buy for you both. Pedler let's haue the first choice, follow me girles.

*Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

*Song.* *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape*
*My dainty Duck, my deare-a?*
*Any Silke, any Thread, any Toys for your head*
*Of the newest, and finest, fine wearing-a.*
*Come to the Peddler, Money's a meddler,*
*That doth vtter all men's ware-a* Exit

*Seruant.* Master, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neate-herds, three Swine-herds that haue made

themſelues all men of haire, they cal themſelues Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches ſay is a gally-maufrey of Gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelues are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling) it will pleaſe plentifully.

*Shep.* Away: We'l none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) we weary you.

*Pol.* You wearie thoſe that refreſh vs: pray let's ſee theſe foure-threes of Herdſmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worſt of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'ſquire.

*Shep.* Leaue your prating, ſince theſe good men are pleaſ'd, let them come in (but quickly now).

*Ser.* Why (they ſtay at doore Sir).

*Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.*

*Pol.* O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter. Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them. He's ſimple, and tells much. How now (faire ſhepheard) Your heart is full of ſomething that takes Your minde from feaſting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed Loue, as you do, I was wont To load my She with knackes: I would haue ranſackt The Pedlers ſilken treaſury, and powr'd it To her acceptance: you haue let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Laſſe Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bid him leaue, what after Were beſt to ſend for ſome her abſence ſued, To hinder his returne. No, hath her hand Feeling of her greene vaines, more ruddy then The Lawne ſhe worke's on? Hath ſhe any cunning In hand, tongue, eare, eye, motion, that will beare Our beſt obſeruation? Can ſhe ſing, reckon, dance, Or (should our Spring make preſent vſe of her) Tell vs from whence ſhe learn'd the ſtranger obſeruance? If ſo, ſhe hath not her Breeding, and her Generous Inheritance, from this poore Cottage, Her Princeſſe-like aire, her Goddeſſe-like pace, Are ſtrong reproouers of her Countrey-breeding. O maſter of a Feaſt, this Lady Is the ſubiect of my Hiſtory, and reaſon Why I ſpeake to her: ſhe is the Queene of Curds and Creame.

*Clo.* Sir, my Gheſſe is no leſſe.

*Pol.* Moſt Goddeſſe-like prank'd vp: But that our Feaſts In euery meane man's minde, made Gods by Feaſts, Are vſed more then in their Temples, where I ſhould haue fear'd diſhoneſty: how would (O Father) I thinke this Lady Would paſſe for Maid to Proſerpine? For Flowres now ſeaſon'd, are nor roſes, Lillies, Nor the blew Violets dedicate to Death, But ſweeter then the lids of Iuno's eyes, Or Cytherea's breath. Pray you a poſie.

*Per.* Here's flowres for you: Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Marioram, the Marigold, That goes to bed wi'Sunne, and with him ryſes Weeping: theſe are flowres Of middle ſummer, and I think they are giuen To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

*Cam.* I ſhould leaue grazing, were I of your flocke, And only liue by gazing.

*Per.* Out alas: You'd be ſo leane, that blaſts of Ianuary Would blow you through and through. Now my fairſt friend, I would I had ſome Flowres o'th'Spring, that might Become your time of day: and yours, and yours, That weare vpon your virgin branches yet Your Maiden-heads growing: O Proſerpina, For the flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'ſt fall From Dis's Waggon: Daffadils, That come before the Swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty: Violets (dim, But ſweeter then the lids of Iuno's eyes, Or Cytherea's breath) Pale Primroſes, That die vnmarried, ere they can behold Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength (a malady Moſt incident to Maids) Bold Oxlips, and The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds, The flowre-de-luce being one. O, theſe I lacke, To make you Garlands of, and my ſweet friend, To ſtrew him o're, and ore, that you will wed: And poore (but ſweet) and preſty fancies, will You take them off my hands: I'll take them ſtraight.

*Flo.* Old Sir, I know She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are: The gifts ſhe lookes from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it ſhould ſeeme) Hath ſometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As ſoft as Doues-downe, and white as it, Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fan'd ſnow, that's bolted By th'Northerne blaſts, twice o're.

*Pol.* What follower this? How prettily th'yong Swaine ſeemes to waſh The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out, But to your proteſtation: Let me heare What you profeſſe.

*Flo.* Do, and be witneſſe too't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all, That were I crown'd the moſt Imperiall Monarch Thereof moſt worthy, were I the fayreſt youth That euer made eye ſwerue, had force and knowledge More then was euer man, I would not prize them Without her Loue; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her ſeruice, Or to their owne perdition.

*Pol.* Fairely offer'd.

*Cam.* This ſhewes a ſound affection

*Shep.* But my Daughter, Say you the like to him.

*Per.* I cannot ſpeake So well (nothing ſo well) no, nor meane better By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargaine, And friends vnknowne, you ſhall beare witneſſe too: I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

*Flo.* O, that muſt bee I'th'Vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I ſhall haue more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on, Contract vs fore theſe Witneſſes.

*Shep.* Come, your hand: And daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft Swaine a-while, beſeech you, Haue you a Father?

*Flo.* I haue: but what of him?

*Pol.* Knowes he of this?

*Flo.* He neither do's, nor ſhall.

*Pol.* Me-thinkes a Father, Is at the Nuptiall of his ſonne, a gueſt That beſt becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapeable Of reaſonable affayres? Is he not ſtupid With Age, and alring Rheumes? Can he ſpeake? heare? Know man, from man? Diſpute his owne eſtate? Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being childiſh?

*Flo.* No good Sir, He has but (as) earth, and ampler ſtrength indeede Then moſt haue of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard, You offer him (if this be ſo) a wrong Something vnfiliall. Reaſon my ſonne Should chooſe himſelfe a wife, but as good reaſon The Father (all whoſe ioy is nothing elſe But fayre poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſaile In ſuch a buſineſſe.

*Flo.* I yeeld all this; But for ſome other reaſons (my graue Sir) Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My Father of this buſineſſe.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He ſhall not.

*Pol.* Prethee let him.

*Flo.* No, he muſt not.

*Shep.* Let him (my ſonne) he ſhall not need to greeue At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he muſt not: Marke our Contract.

*Pol.* Marke your diuorce (yong ſir) Whom ſonne I dare not call. Thou art too baſe To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire, That thus affects a ſheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor, I am ſorry, that by hanging thee, I can but ſhorten thy life one weeke. And thou, freſh peece Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force muſt know The royall Foole thou coap'ſt with.

*Shep.* Oh my heart.

*Pol.* Ile haue thy beauty ſcratcht with briers & made More homely then thy ſtate. For thee (fond boy) If I may euer know thou doſt but ſigh, That thou no more ſhalt neuer ſee this knacke (as neuer I meane thou ſhalt) we'l barre thee from ſucceſſion, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words) Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our diſpleaſure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Wor-

Worthy enough a Heard man  yes him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee  I euer hence for ty, thou
These turne Fatches to  s entrance open,
Or hope his body  more, with thy embraces,
I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't.  *Exit*
*Tard.* Euen here vndone:
I was not much a fear'd  for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainely,
The selfe same Sun, that shines vpon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Will please you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beest  ,
Of your owne vocation: take care  This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no  ,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.
*Cam.* Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.
*Sup.* I cannot speake, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of  , restore him
That thought to  , respect, neglect, yea,
To the speediest  ,
To eyed to be  , neeft by  , but now
Seuerely  , must put on my shrowd,  me
Where no Priest shouels  t. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the  nce, and would'st vse more
To  gle in such a  , O  one vnlesse
I had  , neuer, neuer, I had seene
I had  e when I  re.  *Exit*
*Flo.* Why  ould you  o pon me?
I am  ory, not  ear'd  denyed
Beyond  gainst  What I was, am:
More  ming on, for  ching backe, not  wing
My  aft  wardly
*Cam.* Cr  ton  my Lord
You know my Father's  per  at this time
He will allow no  e  do gentle
You do  purpose to  s  ly
Wo  eem,  e you  ,  e Heire,
Then tell the  y  s Hy  cile feate
Come not  e  ction
*Flo.* I not  po  
I take Camillo
*Cam.* I am  e, my Lord,
*Per* How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twer known?
*Flo.* It cannot fayle, but by
The  olation of my  ,  then
I let Nature crush the  s to heart  gether,
And marre the seeds within. I  pt  y lookes
From my face (Least  w pe me Father) I
Am  heyre to my affection.
*Cam* Be  s'd,
*Flo.* I am  ake my fa  e, if my Reason
Vn  thereto be obedient  I  ue reason
If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse,
Do bid it welcome.
*Cam.* This  s of  perate  r.)
*Flo.* So call it  but  dos tell me vow
I needs must think it  onesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*  or the pompe that may
Be  thereat  ie  s  for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To  s my faire beloued  Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) cast your good counsailes
Vpon his passion. Let my  e, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come  This you may know,
And so deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who  eere, I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportune to  ceede, I haue
A Vessell  es  t by, but not prepar'd
For this  e  What course I meane to hold
Shall not  benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me  e reporting.
*Cam.* O my Lord,
I  ould not  eere softer for aduice,
O  stronger  r  ecue.
*Flo.* Haste  ards,
Le  ease you by, or by
*Cam.* Hee  remoueable,
Re  d for night. Now were happy if
Hap  g I could  ame to  ercome my  ine,
Saue him from danger, do him loue and  nour,
Purchase the sight again of deere Sicilia,
And that vnhappy  g, my Master, whom
I so  e  ith to  e
*Flo.* Now good *Camillo*,
I am so  ast  with curious  e  ffe, that
I  eare not  crem  s.
*Cam.* Sir, I  ke
You haue  eard of my poore  ru  ces, I  lode
That  e  e  ter your  ers?
*Flo.* Very nobly
Haue you  ed  It  s my Fathers Mo  cke
To speake your deeds  or little of his care
To haue  em recompenc'd, as thought on.
*Cam* Well (my Lord)
If you may please to  e  , loue the K  g,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious  e  embrace by my direction,
(Your  e  ous  ous  ed  ted protect
May  ter a  ration.  On my  or,
I  pose you where you shall haue such receiuing
As shall become your  e  e where you may
  ,  ect Mistris, from whom, I see
There's no  ion to  e  e but by
As  ers  ) your  e  Marry her,
And with my best  e  ours to your  ence.
Your discontenting Father, striue to qualifie
And bring him vp to  ing.
*Flo.* How *Camillo*
May this, almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee  ing, more then man.
And after that truft to thee.
*Cam* Haue you  ought  on
A place where we will go?
*Flo.* Not any yet
But as th'  ent  ing  ce dent is guiltie
To what we  ild  o, so we professe
Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flyes
Of  ery  nde that blowes.
*Cam.* Then list to me
This follow  s  you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present your  e, and your fayre Princesse,
(For so I see she must be, 'fore *Leontes*;

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
*Leontes* opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse, o're and o're diuides him
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.
*Flo.* Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?
*Cam.* Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue no colour for't. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,
Things known betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at euery sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.
*Flo.* I am bound to you.
There is some sappe in this.
*Cam.* A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of Loue
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.
*Perd.* One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.
*Cam.* Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seauen yeeres
Be borne another such.
*Flo.* My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear'our Birth.
*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.
*Perd.* Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.
*Flo.* My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (*Camillo*)
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.
*Cam.* My Lord,
Feare none of this. I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

*Enter Autolycus.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold all my Trompery: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Pettey-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Senses stucke in Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was senceleſſe; 'twas nothing to geld a Cod-peece of a Purse: I would haue filed Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I picked and cut most of their Festiuall Purses. And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Choughes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole Army.
*Cam.* Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.
*Flo.* And those that you'le procure from King *Leontes*
*Cam.* Shall satisfie your Father.
*Perd.* Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes fayre.
*Cam.* Who haue we here?
We'le make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may giue vs aide.
*Aut.* If they haue ouer-heard me now, why hanging.
*Cam.* How now (good Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.
*Aut.* I am a poore Fellow, Sir.
*Cam.* Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouerty, we must make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side, be the worst, that euer touch'd any Seruant
*Aut.* I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)
*Cam.* Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe flead already.
*Aut.* Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)
*Flo.* Dispatch, I prethee.
*Aut.* Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.
*Cam.* Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndescry'd.
*Perd.* I see the Play so lyes,
That I must beare a part.
*Cam.* No remedie:
Haue you done there?
*Flo.* Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne
*Cam.* Nay, you shall haue no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)
*Aut.* Adieu, Sir.
*Flo.* O *Perdita*. what haue we twaine forgot?

'Pray

Pray you a word.

*Cam.* What I doe next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevaile,
To force him after, to whose company
I shall re-view *Sicilia*; for whose sight,
I have a Womans Longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed vs:
Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better. *Exeunt*

*Aut.* I understand the businesse, I heare: it to have an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, as needfull for a Cut-purse, a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th' other Senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thriue. What an exchange were this been without boote? What a boote is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere connive at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of Iniquity, stealing away from his Father with his Clog at his heeles. If I had but two houres of this Trade, I might advance my selfe to a Side-Boord, or a Corner-Cupboord, or a Lay-Stall: I would the more kindely accept it, and the gallowes should be my Steeple. Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot brayne: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

*Clowne.* See, see what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay but heare me.

*Clow.* Nay, but heare me.

*Shep.* Goe too then.

*Clow.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, about what (the no) with her. This being done, let the Law goe whistle: I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the King all, every word, yea and his Sonnes pranckes too, who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

*Clow.* Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely (Puppies.)

*Shep.* Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Master.

*Clo.* 'Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

*Aut.* Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what having? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discouer?

*Clo.* We are but plaine fellowes Sir.

*Aut.* A Lye; you are rough, and hairy. Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradesmen, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but we pay them for it with stamped Coyne not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

*Clo.* Your Worship had like to haue given vs one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baseneſſe, Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, at'toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*: and one that will eyther push-on, or pluck back, thy Businesse there, whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

*Shep.* My Businesse Sir, is to the King.

*Aut.* What Aduocate hast thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not (and't like you.)

*Clo.* Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say you haue none.

*Shep.* None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock nor Hen.

*Aut.* How blessed are we that are not simple men? Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdaine.

*Clo.* This cannot be but a great Courtier.

*Shep.* His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handsomely.

*Clo.* He seemes to be the more Noble in's reproofe. A great man, I'le warrant, I know by the picking on's Teeth.

*Aut.* The Farthell there? What's i' the Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this houre, if I may come to speake to him.

*Aut.* Art thou so fast? thy Condition and thy Ship tell me thou art trim: but I see in thy face, as thou wert a Carpenters Mate, that blowes himselfe with Phisicke: but what thou dost (as thou art a Cut-purse) I shall not feele, for turning the Inside of my Gowne Outward, I shall not see thy Fact. Yet know I how much an ounce.

*Shep.* Sir, I see by your Garment, you haue seene the King, and his Affaires.

*Aut.* Thou know'st he is at Pallace, he is gone aboord a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of griefe.

*Shep.* So 'tis said Sir: about his Sonne, that should haue married a Shepheards Daughter.

*Aut.* If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast to let him fly: there is like to be the hottest Loue-broyle in Christendome, that happens this hundred yeere. But what with the Hearke of this Counsell? If this Old Man haue not offended the King, he cannot choose, vnlesse he feele a Palsie vpon him, make scrapes with his Heeles, and with his Head bow to his Knees, creeping like vnto his Graue. I smell the Businesse, and the Transportation preuailes on't.

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Tell me(for you seeme to be honest plaine men)what you haue to the King: being something gently consider'd,Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfes; and if it be in man, besides the King,to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it.

*Clow.* He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne Beare, yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd alriue.

*Shep.* And't please you(Sir)to vndertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

*Aut.* After I haue done what I promised?

*Shep.* I Sir.

*Aut.* Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

*Clow.* In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pittifull one,I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

*Aut.* Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne hang him,hee'le be made an example

*Clow.* Comfort,good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: we are gone else. Sir,I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed,and remaine(as he sayes)your pawne till it be brought you.

*Aut.* I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea-side, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge,and follow you.

*Clow.* We are blest'd,in this man: as I may say, euen blest'd.

*Shep* Let's before,as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest,I see *Fortune* would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: Gold,and a meanes to doe the Prince my Master good, which,who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring these two Moales,these blind-ones,aboord him. If he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am proofe against that Title,and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them,there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Leontes,Cleomines Dion,Paulina Seruants Hermiol. Perdita*

*Cleo.* Sir,you haue done enough,and haue perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow. No fault could you make, Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence,then done trespas: At the last Doe,as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill, With them,forgiue your selfe.

*Leo.* Whilest I remember Her,and her Vertues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them,and so still thinke of The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much, That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome,and Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of,true

*Paul.* Too true(my Lord.) If one by one,you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are,tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd, Would be vnparallell'd.

*Leo.* I thinke so. Kill'd? She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me Sorely,to say I did: it is as bitter Vpon thy Tongue,as in my Thought. Now,good now, Say so but seldome

*Cleo.* Not at all, good Lady: You might haue spoken a thousand things,that would Haue done the time more benefit,and grac'd Your kindnesse better.

*Paul.* You are one of those Would haue him wed againe.

*Dio* If you would not so, You pitty not the State,nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little, What Dangers,by his Highnesse faile of Issue, May drop vpon his Kingdome,and deuoure Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to reioyce the former Queene is well? What holyer,than for Royalties repayre, For present comfort,and for future good, To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe With a sweet Fellow to't?

*Paul* There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone) besides the Gods Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes: Is't not the Daunce *Apollo* got? Is't not the tenor of his Oracle, That King *Leontes* shall not haue an Heire, Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our humane reason, As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue, And come againe to me, who,on my life, Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councell, My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary, Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander* Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor Was like to be the best

*Leo.* Good *Paulina*, Who hast the memorie of *Hermione* I know in honor: O,that euer I Had squar'd me to thy councell: then,euen now, I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes, Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes.

*Paul.* And left them More rich,for what they yeelded.

*Leo.* Thou speak'st truth: No more such Wiues,therefore no Wife: one worse, And better vs'd,would make her Sainted Spirit Againe possesse her Corps,and on this Stage (Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext, And begin,why to me?

*Paul.* Had she such power, She had iust such cause.

*Leo.* She had, and would incense me To murther her I married.

*Paul.* I

*Paul.* I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shrieke, that euen your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine
*Leo.* Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile haue no Wife, *Paulina.*
*Paul.* Will you sweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?
*Leo.* Neuer (*Paulina*) so be blest my Spirit.
*Paul* Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath.
*Cleo.* You tempt him ouer-much.
*Paul.* Vnlesse another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
*Cleo.* Good Madame, I haue done.
*Paul.* Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office
To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy
To see her in your armes.
*Leo.* My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.
*Paul.* That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

*Enter a Seruant*

*Ser.* One that giues out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes* with his Princesse (she
The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires accesse
To your high presence.
*Leo.* What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Traine?
*Ser.* But few,
And those but meane.
*Leo.* His Princesse (say you) with him?
*Ser.* I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.
*Paul.* Oh *Hermione*,
As euery present Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue
Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you haue seene a better.
*Ser.* Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
*Paul.* How? not women?
*Ser.* Women will loue her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.
*Leo.* Goe *Cleomines*,
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale vpon vs. *Exit.*
*Paul.* Had our Prince
(Iewel of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.
*Leo.* 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

*Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines and others.*

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very Ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs performd before. Most dearely welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh, alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Misery) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.
*Flo.* By his command
Haue heere touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Ability, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
(He bad me say so, more then all the Scepters,
And those that beare them, liuing.
*Leo.* Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre
Afresh within me, and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'feareful vsage
(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
Th'aduenture of her person?
*Flo.* Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*
*Leo.* Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?
*Flo.* Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue crost,
To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
For visiting your Highnesse. My best Traine
I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arriuall, and my Wiues, in safetie
Heere, where we are.
*Leo.* The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose person

(So

(So facred as it is) I haue done ſinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Iſſue-leſſe: and your Father's bleſs'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodneſſe. What might I haue been,
Might I a Soone and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the prooſe ſo nigh. Pleaſe you (great Sir)
*Bohemia* greets you from himſelfe, by me:
Deſires you to attach his Sonne, who has
(His Dignitie, and Duties both caſt off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

*Leo.* Where's *Bohemia*? ſpeake:

*Lord.* Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I ſpeake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Meſſage. To your Court
Whiles he was haſtning (in the Chaſe, it ſeemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Country quitted,
With this young Prince.

*Flo.* *Camillo* has betray'd me;
Whoſe honor, and whoſe honeſtie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't ſo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

*Leo.* Who? *Camillo*?

*Lord.* *Camillo* (Sir:) I ſpake with him: who now
Has theſe poore men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneele, they kiſſe the Earth;
For weare their ſelues as often, as they ſpeake:
*Bohemia* ſtops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

*Perd.* Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen ſets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

*Leo.* You are married?

*Flo.* We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I ſee) will kiſſe the Valleyes firſt:
The odds for high and low's alike.

*Leo.* My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

*Flo.* She is,
When once ſhe is my Wife.

*Leo.* That once (I ſee) by your good Fathers ſpeed,
Will come-on very ſlowly. I am ſorry
(Moſt ſorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duetie: and as ſorry,
Your Choiſe is not ſo rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enioy her.

*Flo.* Deare, looke vp:
Though Fortune (viſible an Enemie,
Should chaſe vs with my Father; powre no leſt
Hath ſhe to change our Loues. Beſeech you (Sir)
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Than I; ſo nor now much thought of ſuch Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your requeſt,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

*Leo.* Would he doe ſo, I'ld beg your precious Miſtris,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

*Pau.* Sir (my Liege)
You haue done enough, and too much, youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

*Leo.* I thought of her,
Euen in theſe Looke I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-anſwer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Antigonus, and a Gentleman.*

*Ant.* Beſeech you (Sir) were you preſent at this Relation?

*Gent.* 1. I was by at the opening of the Fardell, heard the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazedneſſe) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: only this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard ſay, he found the Child.

*Ant.* I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

*Gent.* 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Buſineſſe; but the changes I perceiued in the King and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to teare the Caſes of their Eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſſe, Language in their very geſture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ranſom'd, or one deſtroyed: a notable paſſion of Wonder appeared in them. But the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if the importance were Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it muſt needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, *Rogero*.

*Gent.* 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: ſuch a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſſe it.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward: he can deliuer you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is called true) is ſo like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in ſtrong ſuſpition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

*Gent.* 3. Moſt true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumſtance: That which you heare, you'le ſweare you ſee, there is ſuch vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermione's*, her Iewell about the Neck of it, the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character, the Maieſtie of the Creature, in reſemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleneſſe, which Nature ſhewes aboue her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

*Gent* 2. No.

*Gent.* 3. Then haue you loſt a Sight which was to be ſeene, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was caſting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor.

Our

Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Losse, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes *Bohemia* forgiuenesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes him, for Daughter, with clapping her Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings reigne.) I never heard of such another Encounter, which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's description to boot.

*Gent.* 2. What, pray you, became of Antigonus that carryed hence the Child?

*Gent.* 3. Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter to rellish a good Faith in it, and little Truth, seeming Truth, which you heare, makes my offices with a part exempt. The Storme whereon I haue the Relation, was so like an Element in the Sea-fight, that to say it raged, and was tempestuous, is for the Mariner worne and beaten; and to say it was boysterous and cruell, is for the Nouice vnpractis'd. He first saw the Bay-Mares like the Horses of the Sea, before he could distinguish of their Sexes; and therefore could not say if the Spirit of Nature had gone with this Particular Accident. The Affayres of this Court, so diuersely painted in the Fortunes of our Behauiours, that for the most part it was to be maruayled whether it were a Tragedy or Comedy: for the Nobler they were indeed, the neerer they came to Sorrow: So were the Sorrowfull borne to the basenesse of Clownes, shaded with more then Clownish Fortune.

*Gent.* 1. Not the Duke himselfe, the Case standing as it doth, could chuse but finde Compassion.

*Gent.* 3. For Mamillius, a braue Child, worthy more Noble Mother then he had, by Possession of a Royall Fortune, and likely to haue answered Expectation: how he mended, after the Recouery of his Sister, is beyond Beleefe. Shee (I mean) that so promisingly is gone, and lost: for which the Father (now single) is so sorry, that he is vowed to seeke downe-right with the Heauens, to set downe by comparison, whose Sorrow is greatest: how shall we do to know it?

*Gent.* 1. That we learne by his King-like Brother, his wife, and Issue, who now reape the Harmes of his Passion.

*Gent.* 3. How the Iealousie of Camillo and Antigonus, that parted hence with the Child, and losse of their Noble Fellowes, touch'd the Sicilian Bosome: Hopefull Mamillius is dead, and the Care of the Children is all the Subiect that both Kingdomes haue, and none greater betweene them.

*Gent.* 2. Reuenges vpon her? Poore Lady, she may liue to haue hard Time to repent.

*Gent.* 3. Now the Sicilian Bosome will make him (I thinke) of so full, that flowing ouer 'twixt him and his dumbe Iudgements, he's like to finde his Remedy: Apt enough, I dare say, if the Powers abroad could as soone giue Comfort, as he shall neede it: for the Young Prince (now his Hope) is set downe after Hermione's Graue, into a Sadnesse, that I feare will driue him hastily after her. Shall we thither, and with our Company peece the Rejoycing?

*Gent.* 1. Who would be thence, that has his Eye retir'd? Moue in Obedience. Possesse our Absence makes vs vnhandsome to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

*Aut.* Now had I not the dash of my former Life in me, would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old Man and his Sonne aboord the Prince: told him, I heard them talke of a Fardell, and I know not what: but he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremity of Weather continuing, this Mystery remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue relish'd among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clowne.*

Here come those I haue done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

*Shep.* Come Boy, I am past more Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

*Clow.* You are well met Sir: you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no Gentleman borne: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen: he that beholds me, shall say I am a Gentleman borne: but he'l say there's no matter for such Gentlemen borne: you were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne: Giue me the Lye: doe, and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

*Aut.* I know you are now Sir a Gentleman borne.

*Clow.* I, and haue been so any time these foure houres.

*Shep.* And so haue I: and I cry more Gentlemen, then I haue yeares and Money to bestow on them, and none but the King omnes and euery where we stood, and had more teares then we could lacke to cry for the Queene, and her Children, and the Good King her Husband, which we haue made good with our Handkerchiefes.

*Aut.* Bee's not the Sonne of a Woman for these Teares.

*Clow.* I'le swore (if I could haue remembred a Lye) as big as any, to sweare you were no Sonne of mine.

*Aut.* Why, that's some comfort. What, Passenger?

*Clow.* Master, I haue seene Ships plye like Burre-thornes, to and fro, hoyst like Cockle-shells, and their Sailes as white as Mowlds or Snow, when the Blasts haue blowne them all to peeces. Passenger?

*Aut.* I smell the Trickes of a Knaue: I haue a sweet Fellow to a Fardell: Good Master, Passenger.

*Shep.* Nay, you shall see my Basket.

*Clow.* Nay, but my Fardell first.

*Aut.* I, it is in my Power to haue you both: Shewe it.

*Clow.* Here is it Sir: it hath been the Ruine of Speculation here, if it proue a rich one early.

*Aut.* Vnbinde the Fardell: Softly, softly: Aha, Boy, but art well borne? Open't, and shewe what's within.

*Clow.* I, and Money enough.

*Aut.* If the Seruice were now to be done, I'de choose it should be with such Rich Pay. Let me see: Vnfold it well.

*Clow.* Imprimis, a Robe of Tissue, cloth of Siluer, and Siluer Lace, and imbroidered with Orient Pearle, and a Diadem discouered.

*Aut.* Let me see: How came you by it?

*Clow.* A wonder, Master: I was a Shepheard, you know, when the Prince (why's Sonne) was fauour'd and affected by the Princesse from Bohemia. When I was but three Times Seuen yeares old, I was the best Cudgell-player in the Countrey: and I had a Rogue for my Seruant, who in my Mind, was a wondrous Man at his Weapon. Well, he is run out of Seruice now, and set vp: he had but Foure and Twenty Yeares, and three Months, when I taught him his Trade. Let me see: what was I about to say? Foure and Twenty Yeares, and three Months.

*Aut.* I thinke so: you were about to say so.

*Clow.* No, Sir: I was about to say, he was Foure and Twenty Yeares old, and that I was the first that euer taught him a Blow.

*Aut.* And how old is the Child then?

*Clow.* The Child: I meane not the Child, but my Seruant.

*Aut.* Leaue your Prating: since these Good Men are pleased, let them be vse their Affayres. Do you know me?

*Clow.* Not a whit, Master: not yet, but I shall be more obseruant.

*Aut.* Know you these two?

*Clow.* Not well Master, not well: I know him to be a Notable Coward, which others (more Valiant then he, and yet but Men) may offend, and he shall pocket vp Wrongs. Also he is a Great Fauourer of Forraine Wines and Liquors.

*Aut.* Come, you are well vnderstood: Stand you Authorized vpon your owne Report, and I'le worke with you.

*Clow.* Come, Father: be Honest, Act Nobly: Remember my Fortune.

*Shep.* You may say it, but not sweare it.

*Clow.* Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Franklins say it, I'le sweare it.

*Shep.* How if it be false, Sonne?

*Clow.* If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his friend: And I'le sweare to the Prince thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but I'le sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

*Aut.* I will proue so, Sir, to my power.

*Clow.* I, by any meanes prooue a tall Fellow: If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow: trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes our Kinsman, are come to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: we'le be thy good Masters. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Hermione, and Traine.*

*Leo.* O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I haue had of thee?

Cc *Paul.* What

*Paul.* What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue paid home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may last to answere.
*Leo.* O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Haue we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities, but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.
*Paul.* As she liued peerelesse,
So her dead likeneſſe I doe well beleeue
Excells whatsoeuer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?
*Leo.* Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she.
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet *Paulina*,
*Hermione* was not so much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.
*Pol.* O, not by much.
*Paul.* So much the more our Caruers excellence.
Which lets go-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liu'd now.
*Leo.* As now she might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warme Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd. Does not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone than it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which has
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.
*Perd.* And giue me leaue,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.
*Paul.* O, patience
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
*Cam.* My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore laid-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy
Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.
*Pol.* Deere my Brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, haue powre
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himselfe.
*Paul.* Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
I'd not haue shew'd it.
*Leo.* Doe not draw the Curtaine.
*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.
*Leo.* Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes already.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines
Did verily beare blood?
*Pol.* Masterly done
The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.
*Leo.* The fixure of her Eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
*Paul.* Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it liues.
*Leo.* Oh sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:
No setled Senses of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.
*Paul.* I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
*Leo.* Doe *Paulina*:
For this Affliction has a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her.
*Paul.* Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kisse it; staine your owne
With Oyly Paintings: shall I draw the Curtaine.
*Leo.* No: not these twentie yeeres.
*Perd.* So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.
*Paul.* Either forbeare,
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolue you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
I'le make the Statue moue indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.
*Leo.* What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as moue.
*Paul.* It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then all stand still:
On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart.
*Leo.* Proceed.
No foot shall stirre.
*Paul.* Musick; awake her: Strike.
'Tis time: descend; be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?
*Leo.* Oh she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Law-

Lawfull as Eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

*Pol.* I, and make it manifest where she has liu'd,
Or how stolne from the dead?

*Paul.* That she is liuing,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,
Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

*Her.* You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Vials powre your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preserued? Where liu'st? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that,
Knowing by *Paulina* (that the Oracle
Gaue hope thou wast in being) haue preserued
Myselfe, to see the yssue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that,
Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to euery one. I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some withered bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost.

*Leo.* O peace *Paulina*:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted: and here iustified
By Vs, a payre of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? Looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill suspicions: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead vs from hence, where we may leysurely
Each one demand, and answere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were disseuer'd. Hastily lead away. *Exeunt.*

# The Names of the Actors.

*Leontes* King of Sicilia.
*Mamillius*, yong Prince of Sicilia.
*Camillo*
*Antigonus* } Foure
*Cleomines* } Lords of Sicilia.
*Dion.*
*Hermione* Queene to *Leontes*
*Perdita*, Daughter to *Leontes* and *Hermione*
*Paulina*, wife to *Antigonus*.

*Emilia*, a Lady
*Polixenes*, King of Bohemia
*Florizell* Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of *Perdita*
Clowne his Sonne.
*Autolicus*, a Rogue.
*Archidamus* a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shepheardesses

FINIS

# The life and death of King Iohn.

## *Actus Primus, Scena Prima.*

*Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chattylion of France*

*King Iohn.*

Now say *Chatillion*, what would *France* with vs?

*Chat.* Thus (after greeting) speakes the King of France,
In my behaviour to the Maiestie,
The borrowed Maiestie of *England* heere.

*Elea.* A strange beginning, borrowed Maiestie?

*K. Iohn.* Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

*Chat.* Philip of *France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreys* sonne,
*Arthur Plantagenet*, lawes most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland, Poyctiers, Anioy, Torayne, Maine*,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways vsurpingly these seuerall titles,
And put the same into young *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

*K. Iohn.* What followes if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud controlment of this precious Iewell,
The blood and dearth this controlment must poure forth,
To make heauen shine with a calme countenance,
All ports and hauens shut, and the yong Babe
Lulled with the noise of warlike Ensignes,
Rocke for his owne graue. Thus in mighty hate,
Will he sweep on, and doe vast obstacles,
And plucke confusion vpon those that hinder.
Heere haue we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer *France*.

*Chat.* Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie

*K. Iohn.* Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen prologue of your owne decay.
An honourable conduct let him haue,
*Pembroke* looke too't: Farewell *Chatillion*.

*Exit Chat. and Pem.*

*Elea.* What now my sonne, haue I not ere now told
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her sonne.
This might haue been prouented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of loue,
Which now the manage of two kingdomes must
With fearefull bloudy issue arbitrate.

*K. Iohn.* Our strong possession, and our right for vs.

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more then your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me.
So much my conscience whispers in your eare,
Which none but heauen, and you and I, shall heare.

*Enter a Sheriffe.*

*Essex.* My Liege, here is strange controuersie
Come from the Country to be iudged by you
That e're I heard: shall I produce the men?

*K. Iohn.* Let them approach.
Our Abbeys and our Priories shall pay
This expedition with their meanest plate.
What men are you?

*Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip*

*Philip.* Your faithfull subiect I a gentleman,
Borne in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest sonne
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier by the Honor-giuing hand
Of *Coeur-de-lion* Knighted in the field.

*K. Iohn.* What art thou?

*Robert.* The selfe same, and accord to what my brother *Faulconbridge*

*K. Iohn.* Remember'st thou aught of this thy fathers?

*Philip.* Most certaine of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known: and as I thinke one father.
But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you ore to heauen, and to my mother,
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Elea.* Out on thee rude man, thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

*Philip.* I Madame? No, I haue no reason for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prooue, a pops me out,
At least from faire fiue hundred pound a yeere.
Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

*K. Iohn.* A good blunt fellow: why being younger borne
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

*Philip.* I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slanderd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay vpon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the pains for me)
Compare our faces, and be Iudge your selfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him:
O old Sir *Roberts* Father, on my knee
I giue heauen thankes I was not like to thee.

*K. Iohn.* Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

*Elea.* He hath a tricke of *Coeur-de-lions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him
Do you not read some tokens of my sonne
In the large compositon of this man?

*K.Iohn.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.
*Philip.* Because he hath a half-face like my father:
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?
*Rob.* My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.
*Phil.* Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th'aduantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meane time soiourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I haue heard my father speake himselfe
When this same lusty gentleman was got:
Vpon his death bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:
Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
*K.Iohn.* Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Insooth, good friend I, your father might haue kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world
Insooth he might then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.
*Rob.* Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.
*Phil.* Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enioy thy land:
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
*Bast.* Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eele skins stuft, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,
I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:
It would not be sir nobbe in any case.
*Elinor.* I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.
*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.
*Elinor.* Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.
*Bast.* Our Country manners giue our betters way.
*K.Iohn.* What is thy name?
*Bast.* *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,
*Philip*, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.
*K.Iohn.* From henceforth beare his name
Whose forme thou bearest:
Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
*Bast.* Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:
Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
*Ele.* The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.
*Bast.* Madam by chance, but not by truth, what though;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,
And haue is haue, how ere men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.
*K.Iohn.* Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.
*Bast.* Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

*Exeunt all but bastard.*

*Bast.* A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*,
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable
For your conuersion, now your traueller,
He and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Abcy booke:
O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your seruice sir:
No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
And so ere answer knowes what question would,
Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perenean and the riuer *Po*,
It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipfull society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smoake of obseruation,
And so am I whether I smacke or no:
And not alone in habit and deuice,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliuer
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practise to deceiue,
Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court so hastily?

*Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.*

*Lady.* Where is that slaue thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe.
*Bast.* My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* sonne:
*Colbrand* the Gyant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir *Roberts* sonne that you seeke so?
*Lady.* Sir *Roberts* sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
Sir *Roberts* sonne? why scorn'st thou at sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Roberts* sonne, and so art thou.
*Bast.* *Iames Gurney*, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?
*Gour.* Good leaue good *Philip*.
*Bast.* *Philip*, sparrow, *Iames*,
There's toyes abroad, anon ile tell thee more.

*Exit Iames.*

Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* sonne,
Sir *Robert* might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and ne're broke his fast
Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me sir *Robert* could not doe it,
We know his handy-worke: therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir *Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge
*Lady.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
What meanes this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue?
*Bast.* Knight, knight good mother Basilico-like
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder.
But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* sonne,
I haue disclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone,
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
*Lady.* Hast thou denied thy selfe a *Faulconbridge*?
*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the deuil
*Lady* *King Richard Cordelion* was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed
Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence.
*Bast* Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not wish a better father:
Some sinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault, was not your folly,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subiected tribute to commanding loue,
Against whose fury and vnmatched force,
The awelesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a womans: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had beene sinne;
Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say 'twas not.

*Exeunt.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.*

*Lewis.* Before *Angiers* well met braue *Austria*,
*Arthur* that great fore-runner of thy blood,
*Richard* that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in *Palestine*,
By this braue Duke came early to his graue
And for amends to his posteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vsurpation
Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, English *Iohn*,
Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.
*Arth.* God shall forgiue you *Cordelions* death
The rather, that you giue his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of vnstained loue,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.
*Lewis.* A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
*Aust.* Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zealous kisse,
As seale to this indenture of my loue
That to my home I will no more returne
Till *Angiers*, and the right thou hast in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that vtmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes
*Const.* O take his mothers thanks, a widdowes thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength,
To make a more requitall to your loue.
*Aust.* The peace of heauen is theirs lift their swords
In such a iust and charitable warre.
*King.* Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this resisting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best aduantages.
We'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we will make it subiect to this boy
*Con.* Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Least vnaduis'd you staine your swords with bloud,
My Lord *Chattillon* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,
That not rash haste to indirectly shedde.

*Enter Chattillon.*

*King* A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wish
Our Messenger *Chattillon* is arriu'd,
What *England* sayes, say breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, *Chatillon* speake.
*Chat.* Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:
*England* impatient of your iust demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduerse winds

Whose leisure I haue staid, haue giuen him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to blood and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,
And all th'vnsettled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Haue sold their fortunes at their natiue homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proud on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere.
In briefe, a brauer choyce of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the *English* bottomes haue waft ore,
Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome.
The interruption of their chartred drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,
To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare
*Kin.* How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
*Aust.* By how much vnexpected, by so much
We must awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.*

*K. John.* Peace be to *France*: if France in peace permit
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne,
If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heauen.
Whiles we Gods wrathful agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beates his peace to heauen.
*Fran.* Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
From *France* to *England*, there to liue in peace.
*England* we loue, and for that *England*'s sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweate.
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing *England* art so farre,
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne
Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this briefe into as huge a volume
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreyes*: in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-maistereſt?
*K. John* From whom hast thou this great commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles? (*France*,
*Fra.* From that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and staines of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.
*K. John.* Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.
*Fran.* Excuse it: is to beat vsurping downe.
*Queen.* Who is it thou dost call vsurper *France*?
*Const.* Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.
*Queen.* Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.
*Con.* My bed was euer to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,
As rain to water, or deuill to his dam: me;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother. (ther
*Queen.* Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-
*Const.* There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.
*Aust.* Peace.
*Bast.* Heare the Cryer.
*Aust* What the deuill art thou?
*Bast.* One that will play the deuill sir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith
*Blan.* O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.
*Bast* It hes as sightly on the backe of him
As great *Alcides* shooes vpon a Asse.
But Asse, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke
*Aust* What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe straight.
*Lew.* Women & fooles, breake off your conference
King *John*, this is the very sum: me of all:
*England* and *Ireland*, *Anjoy*, *Torayne*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:
Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?
*John.* My life as soone: I doe defie thee *France*,
*Arthur* of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win,
Submit thee boy.
*Queen.* Come to thy grandame child.
*Const.* Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.
*Arthur.* Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graue,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes.
*Qu. Mo.* His mother shames him so, poore boy hee
*Con.* Now shame vpon you where she does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heauen-moouing pearles frō his poore eies,
Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd
To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.
*Qu.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.
*Con.* Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sinne-conceiuing wombe.
*Iohn.* Bedlam haue done.
*Con.* I haue but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne: his injury
Her injurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.
*Qu.* Thou vnaduised scold, I can pronounce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.
*Con.* I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.
*Fra.* Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It is vnbeseemes this presence to cry ayme
To these ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose tongues they admit, *Arthur* or *Iohn*.

*Trumpet sounds*
*Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.*

*Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
*Fra.* 'Tis France, for England.
*Iohn.* England for it selfe:
You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects.
*Fra.* You louing men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
*Iohn.* For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first:
These flagges of France that are aduanced heere
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Haue hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:
All preparation for a bloody siedge
And merciles proceeding, by these French.
Comfort your Cities eies, your winking gates:
And but for our approch, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin dismounted, and wide hauocke made
For bloody power to rush vpon your peace.
But on the sight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To saue vnscratch'd your Cities threatned cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire
To make a shaking feuer in your walles,
They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,
To make a faithlesse errour in your eares,
Which trust accordingly kinde Citizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,
Craues harbourage within your Cities walles.
*France* When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.
Loe in this right hand, whose protection
Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,
In the releefe of this oppressed childe,
Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp:
Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against th'involuerable clouds of heauen,
And with a blessed and vn-vext retyre,
With vnhack'd swords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,
We will beare home that lustie blood againe,
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these Englishi, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?
Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,
And stalke in blood to our possession?
*Cit.* In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.
*Iohn.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
*Cit.* That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.
*Iohn.* Doth not the Crowne of England, proue the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witnesses
Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed
*Bast.* Bastards and else.
*Iohn.* To verifie our title with their liues.
*Fran.* As many and as well-borne bloods as those.
*Bast.* Some Bastards too.
*Fran.* Stand in his face to contradict his claime
*Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
*Iohn.* Then God forgiue the sinne of all those soules,
That to their euerlasting residence,
Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.
*Fran.* Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.
*Bast.* Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,
And ere since sits on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore
Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your owne sirrah, with your Lionnesse,
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide
And make a monster of you.
*Aust.* Peace, no more.
*Bast.* O tremble, for you heare the Lyon rore.
*Iohn.* Vp higher to the plaine, where wel't set forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.
*Bast.* Speed then to take aduantage of the Field.
*Fra.* It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right. *Exeunt*
*Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates.*
*F. Her* You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdowes husband groueling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victorie with little losse doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
*Arthur* of Britaine, England's king, and yours.

*Enter English Herald with Trumpet.*

*E. Her.* Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels,
King *Iohn*, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their Armours that marcht hence so siluer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood.
There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
That is remoued by a staffe of France.
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth.
And like a iolly troope of Huntsmen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.

*Hubert.* Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retyre
Of both your Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured (powers.
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue answerd
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like
One must proue greatest. While they weigh so euen,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

*Enter the two Kings with their powers, at seuerall doore.*

*Iohn.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on,
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leaue his natiue channell, and ore-swell
with course disturbed euen thy confining shores,
Vnlesse thou let his siluer Water keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

*Fra.* England thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That sweayes the earth this Climate ouer-looker,
Before we will lay downe our iust-borne Armes,
We'll put thee downe, gainst whom these Armes we weare
Or adde a royall number to the dead, (beare,
Gracing the scrowle that tels of this warres losse,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha Maiesty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele,
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus?
Cry! vnckle kings, backe to the stained field
You equall Potents, fierie kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirme
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

*Iohn.* Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit?

*Fra.* Speake Citizens for England, whose your king.

*Hub.* The king of England, when we know the king.

*Fra.* Know him in vs, that here hold vp his right.

*Iohn.* In vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare possession of our Person here,
Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.

*Fra.* A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resolu'd
Be by some certaine king purg'd and depos'd.

*Bast.* By heauen, these scroyles of Angiers flout you kings,
And stand securely on their battelments,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and West let France and England mount
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their soule-fearing clamours haue braul'd downe
The flinty ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'd play incessantly vpon these Iades,
Euen till vnfenced desolation
Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre.
That done, disseuer your vnited strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour she shall giue the day,
And kisse him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,
Smacks it not something of the police?

*Iohn.* Now by the sky that hangs about our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

*Bast.* And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
And when that we haue dasht them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell.

*Fra.* Let it be so: say, where will you assault?

*Iohn.* We from the West will send destruction
Into this Cities bosome.

*Aust.* I from the North.

*Fran.* Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

*Bast.* O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.
Ile stirre them to it: Come, away, away.

*Hub.* Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-faced league:
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,
That heere come sacrifices for the field.
Perseuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

*Iohn.* Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

*Hub.* That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of *Lewis* the Dolphin, and that louely maid.
If lustie loue should go in quest of beauty,

Where

Where should he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch*.
If zealous loue should go in search of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer then in *Blanch*?
If loue ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch*?
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin every way complete,
If not complete of, say he is not shee,
And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she,
And she a faire diuided excellence,
Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
O two such siluer currents, when they ioyne
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in
And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two Princes, if you marrie them.
This Warre that hath no bosome but for blood,
Whose womb vnapt for this cursed birth of death,
Can nurse the weake wing'd Rumour vp and downe,
That shakes the superstitious blisse of fold death
Ouer his raggues. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppy dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,
He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He giues the bastinado with his tongue,
Our eares are cudgell'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fist of France.
Zounds I was neuer so bet out of words,
Since I first call'd my brothers father Dad.
*Qu. Eli.* Son, list to this conioyned choyce, make this match
Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye
Thy now vnsur'd assurance to the Crowne,
That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite
I see a yeelding in the lookes of France.
Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their soules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.
*Hub.* Why answer not the double Maiesties,
This friendly treaty of our threatned Towne.
*Fra.* Speake England first, that hath been forward first
To speake vnto this Citie, what say you?
*John* If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
Can in this booke of Beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
For *Anglers*, and faire *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we vpon this side the Sea,
(Except this Citie now by vs possest)
Findes sutable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world.
*Fra* What sai'st thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.
*Dol.* I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow.
I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.
*whispers with Blanch.*
*Bast.* Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espie
Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quartered there should be
In such a loue, so vile a lout as he.
*Lan.* My vnckles wrongs in this respect is mine,
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees which moues his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthie loue,
Then that thy selfe vouchsafe to shine on her,
And this imperiall throne of Kings allow
Sweet Lady this loue, would not I prouide it,
I could put by a Lady.
*Blanch* You are young Prince Dolphin, and fair enough to woo,
And for your Vnckles sake I will not say you nay.
*Fra* Now Citizens of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady *Constance* in this troope?
I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would haue interrupted much.
Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?
*Dol.* She is sad and passionate at your Highnes Tent
*Fra.* And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will giue her sadnesse very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage.
*John.* We will aleage vp all,
For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne

We

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill vp the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as haste will suffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe. *Exeunt.*

*Bast.* Mad world, mad kings, mad composition
*Iohn* to stop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,
With that same purpose-changer, that sly deuel,
That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly break-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to loose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is peyzed well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This sway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a resolu'd and honourable warre,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no sin but to be rich.
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggerie
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee. *Exit*

## Actus Secundus

*Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

*Con.* Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
False blood to false blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those Prouinces?
It is not so, thou hast misspoke, misheard,
Be well aduis'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so,
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sicke, and capeable of feares,
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, subiect to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but iest
With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rheume,
Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds?
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true as I beleeue you thinke them false,
That giue you cause to proue my saying true.

*Con.* Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter so,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
*Lewis* marry *Blanch*? O boy, then where art thou?
*France* friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most vgly man

*Sal.* What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

*Con.* Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

*Ar.* I do beseech you Madam be content.

*Con.* If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and slanderous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleasing blots, and sightlesse staines,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deare boy)
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh adulterates hourely with thine Vncle *Iohn*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soueraignetie,
And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
That strumpet Fortune, that vsurping *Iohn*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Euenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-beare

*Sal.* Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

*Con.* Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to be proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,
To me and to the state of my great greefe.
Let kings assemble: for my greefe's so great
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and sorrowes sit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

*Actus*

## Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

*Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance.*

*Fran* 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept festivall:
To solemnize this day the glorious Sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glistering gold:
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it out a holy day.
*Const* A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame oppression perjury.
Or if it must stand still, let Wives with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Least that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But on this day let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea faith it selfe to hollow falsehood change.
*Fra* By heaven Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majestie?
*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majestie, which being touch'd and tride,
Proves valueless: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grasping vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted Peace
And our oppression hath made up this league:
Armes, armes, you heavens, against these perjur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heavens)
Let not the howres of this ungodly day
Weare out the dayes of Peace, before Sun-set,
Set armed discord twixt these perjur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.
*Aust.* Lady *Constance*, peace
*Const* War, war no peace, peace is to me a warre
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloody spoyle: thou slave, thou wretch, & coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st never fight
But when her humorous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art perjur'd too,
And soothest up greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Upon my party: thou cold blooded slave
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.
*Aust.* O that a man should speake those words to me.
*Phil* And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs
*Aust* Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.
*Phil* And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant
*Iohn.* We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe

*Enter Pandulph.*

*Fra* Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.
*Pan.* Haile you annointed deputies of heaven,
To thee King *Iohn* my holy errand is.
I *Pandulph* of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Archbishop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy See
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee
*Iohn* What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can taste the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not Cardinall devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answere as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreame head,
So under him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne we will alone uphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand.
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authoritie.
*Fra.* Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.
*Iohn* Though you and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
Dreame on the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himselfe.
Though you, and all the rest so grossely led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
*Pand* Then by the lawfull power that I have,
Thou shalt be curst and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegeance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hatefull life
*Con.* O lawfull let it be
That I have roome with *Rome* to curse a while.
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
*Pan.* There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
*Const* And for mine too when Law can do no right,
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?
*Pand* *Philip* of *France*, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch heretique,
And raise the power of *France* upon his head,
Unlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.
*Eleo* Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.
*Con.* Looke to that Devill, lest that *France* repent,

And

And by disioyning hands hell lose a soule
*Aust.* King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinall.
*Bast.* And hang a Calues-skinne on his recreant limbs.
*Aust.* Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,
Because,
*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.
*John.* *Philip*, what saist thou to the Cardinall?
*Con.* What should he say, but as the Cardinall?
*Dolph* Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heauy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the easier.
*Blan.* That's the curse of *Rome*.
*Con.* O *Lewis*, stand fast, the deuil tempts thee heere
In likenesse of a new vntrimmed [redacted]
*Blan.* The Lady *Constance* speakes not from her faith,
But from her need.
*Con.* Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue againe by death of need
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
*John.* The king is moued, and answers not to this
*Con.* O be remoued from him, and answere well.
*Aust* Do so king *Philip* hang no more in doubt
*Bast.* Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout
*Fra.* I am perplext, and know not what to say
*Pan.* What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?
*Fra.* Good reuerend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward soules
Married in league, coupled, and linkt together
With all religious strength of sacred vowes,
The latest breath that gaue the sound of words
Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,
And euen before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,
Heauen knowes they were besmear'd and ouer-staind
With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incensed kings
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,
Vnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?
Play fast and loose with faith? so iest with heauen,
Make such vnconstant children of our selues
As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
Vn-sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir
My reuerend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.
*Pand.* All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
Saue what is opposite to *England's* loue.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
A mothers curse, on her reuolting sonne:
*France*, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased Lion by the mortall paw,
A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
*Fra.* I may dis-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.
*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a ciuill warre setst oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,
And may not be performed by thy selfe,
For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
Is not amisse when it is truely done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it
The better Act of purposes mistooke,
Is to mistake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou hast sworne against religion:
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art vnsure
To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,
Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?
But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,
And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe
And better conquest neuer canst thou make,
Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curses light on thee
So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off
But in despaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.
*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion.
*Bast.* Wil't not be?
Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?
*Dau.* Father, to Armes.
*Blanch.* Vpon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Against mine Vncle.
*Const.* O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Dauphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.
*Blan.* Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may
Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?
*Con.* That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.
*Dolph.* I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,
When such profound respects doe pull you on?
*Pand.* I will denounce a curse vpon his head.
*Fra.* Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall frō thee
*Const.* O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.
*Elea.* O foule reuolt of French inconstancy.
*Eng.* *France*, thou shalt rue this houre within this houre.

*Bast.*

*Bast.* Old Time the clocke setter, y bald sexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.
*Blo.* The Sun's orecast with blood: faire day adieu,
Which is the side that I must goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne
Vncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st loose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thriue:
Who-euer wins on that side shall I loose
Assured loose, before the match be plaid.
*Dolph.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
*Blo.* There where my fortune liues there my life dies.
*John.* Cosen, goe draw our puissance together.
*France*, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The bloud, and deere valu'd bloud of *France*.
*Fra.* Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Looke to thy selfe, thou art in icopardie.
*John.* No more then he that threats. To Arms let's hie.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter Bastard with Austria's head.*

*Bast.* Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Deuil houers in the skie,
And powres downe mischiefe. *Austria's* head lye there,
*Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.*
While *Philip* breathes.
*Iohn.* *Hubert*, keepe this boy. *Philip* make vp,
My Mother is assailed in our Tent,
And I am I feare.
*Bast.* My Lord, I rescued her,
Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:
But on my liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit*

*Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Elenor, Arthur, Bastard, Hubert, Lords.*

*Iohn.* So shall it be, your Grace shall stay behinde
So strongly guarded. Cosen, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vncle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
*Arth.* O this will make my mother die with griefe.
*Iohn.* Cosen away for *England*, haste before,
And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vse our Commission in his vtmost force.
*Bast.* Bell, Booke & Candle, shall not driue me back,
When gold and order bids me to come on
I leaue your highnesse. Grandame, I will pray
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.
*Ela.* Farewell gentle Cosen.
*Iohn.* Coz, farewell.
*Ela.* Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde.
*Iohn.* Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,
And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Liues in this bosome, deerely cherished.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heauen *Hubert*, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I haue of thee.
*Hub.* I am much bounden to your Maiesty.
*Iohn.* Good friend thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt haue: and creepe time ne're so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it goe.
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the midnight bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
If this same were a Church yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surly spirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A passion hatefull to my purposes.
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, vsing conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words:
Then, in dispight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bosome powre my thoughts:
But ah, I will not: yet I loue thee well,
And by my troth I think thou lou'st me well.
*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
By heauen I would doe't.
*Iohn.* Do not I know thou would'st?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wheresoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?
Thou art his keeper.
*Hub.* And Ile keepe him so,
That he shall not offend your Maiesty.
*Iohn.* Death.
*Hub.* My Lord.
*Iohn.* A Graue.
*Hub.* He shall not liue.
*Iohn.* Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee.
Well Ile not say what I intend for thee.
Remember. Madam, fare you well.
Ile send those powers o're to your Maiesty.
*Ela.* My blessing goe with thee.
*Iohn.* For *England* Cosen, goe.
*Hubert* shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duetie. On toward *Calice*, hoa.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena*

## Scæna Tertia.

*Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.*

*Fra.* So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of conuicted saile
Is scattered and dis-ioyn'd from fellowship
*Pand.* Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.
*Fra.* What can goe well, when we haue runne so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?
*Arthur* tane prisoner? diuers deere friends slaine?
And bloudy *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France*?
*Dol.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified.
So hot a speed, with such aduice disposd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
*Fra.* Well could I beare that *England* had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame.

*Enter Constance.*

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,
Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath
I prethee Lady goe away with me.
*Con.* Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace.
*Fra.* Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance*.
*Con.* No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottennesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulte browes,
And ring these fingers with thy household wormes,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe,
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,
And busse thee as thy wife: Miseries Lawe,
O come to me.
*Fra.* O faire affliction, peace.
*Con.* No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a modern Inuocation.
*Pand.* Lady you vtter madnesse, and not sorrow
*Con.* Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Young *Arthur* is my sonne, and he is lost,
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe.
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.
*Fra.* Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of those her haires;
Where but by chance a siluer drop hath falne,
Euen to that drop ten thousand wiery fiends
Doe glew themselues in sociable griefe,
Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.
*Con.* To *England*, if you will.
*Fra.* Binde vp your haires
*Con.* Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,
As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore childe is a prisoner.
And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heauen
If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;
For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-childe
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And so he'll dye: and rising so againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen
I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
*Pand.* You hold too heynous a respect of greefe
*Const.* He talkes to me, that neuer had a sonne.
*Fra.* You are as fond of greefe, as of your children.
*Con.* Greefe fills the roome vp of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walkes by his side, sees me with his shape,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reason to be fond of greefe?
Fare you well: had you such a losse as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure. *Exit.*
*Fra.* I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.*
*Dol.* There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowsie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitternesse.
*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,
Euen in the instant of repaire and health,
The fit is strongest: Euils that take leaue
On their departure, most of all shew euill:
What haue you lost by losing of this day?
*Dol.* All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.
*Pan.* If you had won it, certainely you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much King *Iohn* hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearely wonne.

Are

Are not you grieu'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?
*Dol.* As heartily as he is glad he hath him
*Pan.* Your minde is all as youthful as your blood.
Now heare me speake with a prophetick spirit
For euen the breath of what I meane to speake,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke
*John* hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
The misplac'd *John* should entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
A Scepter snatch'd with an vnruly hand,
Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that stands vpon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him vp:
That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
*Dol.* But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?
*Pan.* You are the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.
*Dol.* And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
*Pan.* How green you are, and fresh in this old World?
*John* layes you plots: the times conspire with you,
For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,
Shall neuer sleepe but bloodily inough.
This Act so euilly borne shall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
That none so small aduantage shall step forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
No natural exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
No common winde, no customed euent,
But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
And call them Meteors, prodigies and signes,
Abortiues, presages, and tongues of Heauen,
Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon *John*.
*Lew.* May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.
*Pan.* O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone already,
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall reuolt from him,
And kisse the lippes of vnacquainted change,
And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *John*.
Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foote;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I haue nam'd. The Bastard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent
Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.
*Dol.* Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,
If you say I, the King will not say no. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

*Enter Hubert and Executioners.*

*Hub.* Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras: when I strike my foote
Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.
*Exec.* I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
*Hub.* Vncleanly scruples: feare not you: looke to't.
Yong Lad come forth, I haue to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Art.* Good morrow *Hubert*.
*Hub.* Good morrow little Prince.
*Art.* As little Prince, hauing so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.
*Hub.* Indeed I haue been merrier.
*Art.* Mercie on me.
Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonnesse. By my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My Vncle practises more harme to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreys* sonne?
No indeede is not: and I would to heauen
I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert.
*Hub.* If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.
*Art.* Are you sicke Hubert? you look pale to day.
In sooth I would you were a little sicke,
That I might sit all night and watch with you
I warrant I loue you more than you do me.
*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosome.
Read here yong *Arthur*. How now foolish rheume?
Turning dispitious torture out of doore?
I must be breefe, least resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
Can you not read it? Is it not faire writ?
*Art.* Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect.
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?
*Hub.* Yong Boy, I must.
*Art.* And will you?
*Hub.* And I will.
*Art.* Haue you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkercher about your browes
(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)
And I did neuer aske it you againe.
And with my hand, at midnight held your head,
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,
And ne're haue spoke a louing word to you.
But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was crafty loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heauen be pleas'd that you muſt vſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
So much as frowne on you.
*Hub.* I haue ſworne to do it
And with hot Irons muſt I burne them out.
*Art.* Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it ſelfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more ſtubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell ſhould haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.
*Hub.* Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
*Art.* O ſaue me *Hubert*, ſaue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierce looke of these bloody men.
*Hub.* Giue me the Iron I ſay, and binde him heere.
*Art.* Alas, what need you be ſo boiſtrous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone ſtill
For heauen ſake *Hubert* let me not be bound.
Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a Lambe
I will not ſtirre, nor wince, nor ſpeake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly
Thruſt but theſe men away, and Ile forgiue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.
*Hub.* Go ſtand within: let me alone with him.
*Exec.* I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deede.
*Art.* Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a ſterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compaſſion may
Giue life to yours.
*Hub.* Come (boy) prepare your ſelfe.
*Art.* Is there no remedie?
*Hub.* None, but to loſe your eyes.
*Art.* O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a duſt, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boyſterous there,
Your vilde intent muſt needs ſeeme horrible.
*Hub.* Is your promiſe? Go too, hold your tong.
*Art.* *Hubert* the vtterance of a brace of tongues,
Muſt needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes,
Though to no vſe, but ſtill to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Inſtrument is cold,
And would not harme me.
*Hub.* I can heate it, Boy.
*Art.* No, in good ſooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vndeſerued extreames: See elſe your ſelfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.
*Hub.* But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.
*Art.* And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould vſe to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vſes.
*Hub.* Well, ſee to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treaſure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I ſworne, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron, to burne them out
*Art.* O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguis'd.
*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle muſt not know but you are dead.
Ile fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe reports:
And, pretty childe, ſleepe doubtleſſe, and ſecure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
*Art.* O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*.
*Hub.* Silence, no more; go cloſely in with mee.
Much danger do I vndergo for thee. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter John, Pembroke, Salsbury, and other Lordes.*

*John.* Heere once againe we ſit, once againe crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with cheareful eyes
*Pem.* This once again (but that your Highneſſe pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off
The faiths of men, nere ſtained with reuolt.
Freſh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.
*Sal.* Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly,
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To ſeeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garniſh,
Is waſtefull, and ridiculous exceſſe.
*Pem.* But that your Royall pleaſure muſt be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being vrged at a time vnſeaſonable.
*Sal.* In this the Antique, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much diſfigured,
And like a ſhifted winde vnto a ſaile,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights conſideration:
Makes ſound opinion ſicke, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.
*Pem.* When Workemen ſtriue to do better then well,
They do confound their skill in couetouſneſſe,
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by th'excuſe.
As patches ſet vpon a little breach,
Diſcredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.
*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Counſell: but it pleas'd your Highneſſe
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and euery part of what we would
Doth make a ſtand, at what your Highneſſe will.

*John.*

*Iob.* Some reasons of this double Corronation
I haue possest you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare
I shall indue you with. Meane time, but aske
What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceiue, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests.
*Pem.* Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To found the purposes of their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them, but chiefe of all
Your safety, for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument,
If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares (which as they step on stepps
The stepps of wrong, the moue you to new vp
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich aduantage of good exercise:
That the time's enemies may not haue this
To grace occasions, let it be our suite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then whereupon our weales on you depending,
Counts it your weale he haue his liberty.
*Enter Hubert.*
*Iohn.* Let it be so. I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert*, what newes with you?
*Pem.* This is the man I should do the bloody deed.
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearefully beleeue 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
*Sal.* The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heraldry vpon two dastall bastones set
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.
*Pem.* And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.
*Iohn.* We cannot hold mortalities strong hand
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is giuing,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
*Sal.* Indeed we feare his sickenesse was past cure.
*Pem.* Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the child himselfe felt he was sicke:
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.
*Iob.* Why do you bend such solemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Shearres of destiny?
Haue I commaunded ought that you haue done?
*Sal.* It is apt, and to be so, and it shame
That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it,
So thrust it on your graine, and to farewell
*Pem.* Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore child,
His little kingdome of a forced grace
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt*
*Iohn.* They burne in indignation. I repent. *Enter Mes.*
There is no sure foundation set on blood:
No certaine life atchieu'd by others death.
A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I haue seene inhabite in those cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?
*Mes.* From France to England, neuer such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leuied in the body of a land
The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them.
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes that they are all arriu'd.
*Iob.* O where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drowne in France,
And she not heare of it?
*Mes.* My Liege, her eare
Is stopt with dust: the first of Aprill died
Your noble mother, and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie died
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I do my selfe vniuerse, or false I know not.
*Iohn.* Withhold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion.
O make a league with me 'till I haue pleas'd
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Estate in France?
Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth giu'st out are landed here?
*Mes.* Vnder the Dolphin.
*Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.*
*Iob.* Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings. Now? What says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes, for it is full.
*Bast.* But if you be a feard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.
*Iohn.* Beare with me Cosin, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath'd againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, speake of what it will.
*Bast.* How I haue sped among the Clergymen,
The summes I haue collected shall expresse
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles,
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.
*Iohn.* Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so?
*Pet.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
*Iohn.* *Hubert*, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd
Deliuer him to safety, and returne,
For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?
*Bast.* The French (my Lord) men's mouths are full of it
Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisburie*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seeke the grace
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kept to night, on your
*Iohn.* Gentle kinsman, go (suggestion
And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,

I haue a way to winne their loues againe:
Bring them before me
*Bast.* I will seeke them out
*Iohn.* Nay, but make haste: the better foote before
O, let me haue no subiect enemies,
When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout inuasion.
Be Mercurie, let feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.
*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed *Exit*
*Iohn.* Spoke like a sprightly Noble Gentleman
Go after him: for he perhaps shall needs
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou he
*Mes.* With all my heart, my Liege.
*Iohn.* My mother dead?

*Enter Hubert*

*Hub.* My Lord, they say fiue Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night.
The other foure, in wondrous motion
*Iohn.* Fiue Moones?
*Hub.* Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie vpon it dangerously:
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and ranked in Kent
Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.
*Iohn.* Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why vrgest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdred him. I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
*Hub.* No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me?
*Iohn.* It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaues, that take their humours for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderstand a Law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it frownes
More vpon humour, then aduis'd respect.
*Hub.* Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
*Iohn.* Oh, when the last accompt 'twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against vs to damnation.
How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.
*Hub.* My Lord.
*Iohn.* Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words;
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my sight, and neuer see me more
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hostilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.
*Hub.* Arme you against your other enemies
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is aliue. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosome, neuer entered yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought.
And you haue slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoeuer rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe
*Iohn.* Doth *Arthur* liue? O haste thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule imaginarie eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my Closset bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haste,
I coniure thee but slowly: run more fast. *Exeunt*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Arthur on the walles.*

*Ar.* The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite,
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones. *Dies*

*Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at S. *Edmondsbury*,
It is our safetie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
*Pem.* Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
*Sal.* The Count *Melune*, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, then these lines import.

*Big.*

*Big.* To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
*Sal.* Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.
*Enter Bastard.*
*Bast.* Once more to day well met, distempered Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.
*Sal.* The king hath dispossest himselfe of vs,
We will not line his thin bestained cloake
With our pure Honors, nor attend the foote
That leanes the prince of blood, where ere he walkes
Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst.
*Bast.* What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were best.
*Sal.* [illegible] and not of any power to doe a litle.
*Bast.* [illegible] your greene
[illegible] you had power to doe.
*Pem.* [illegible] hath spirit enough
*Bast.* [illegible] to vent his anger, on himselfe.
*Sal.* This is a prison: What is he lyes here?
*P.* Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.
*Sal.* Murther, as hatefull what he hath done,
Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.
*Big.* Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
Found it too precious Princely for a graue.
*Sal.* Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you haue beheld,
Or haue you eyes, or hearing, or conceiuing sence?
Or do you almost thinke although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this obiect
Forme such another? This is the very top,
The height the Creast or Crest vnto the Crest
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest Stratagem, the vildest stroke
That ere walld eye, or wrathfull iarring rage
Presented to the teares of soft remorse.
*Pem.* All murthers past, do stand excused in this:
And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable,
Shall giue a holinesse, a iustice,
To the yet vnbegotten sinne of times:
And prooue a weake, blood-shed, but a rash,
Exampled by this heynous spectacle.
*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody worke,
The graceles action of a heauy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
*Sal.* If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kinde of light, what would ensue.
It is the shamefull worke of *Hubert* and,
The practise, and the purpose of the King:
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow
Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuersant with Ease and Idlenesse,
Till I haue set a glory to this hand,
By giuing it the worship of Reuenge.
*Pem. Big.* Our soules religiously confirme thy words.
*Enter Hubert.*
*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you,
*Arthur* doth liue: the King hath sent for you.
*Sal.* Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villaine, get thee gone. *(to the Law?*
*Hub.* I am no villaine. *Sal.* Must I rob
*Bast.* Your sword is bright sir, put it vp againe.
*Sal.* Not till it hew the murtherers skin.
*Hub.* Stand backe Lord Salsbury stand backe I say:
By heauen, I think my sword's as sharpe as yours,
I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Least I by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.
*Big.* Out dunghill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?
*Hub.* Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.
*Sal.* Thou art a Murtherer.
*Hub.* Do not prouoke me so:
Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.
*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.
*Bast.* Keepe the peace I say.
*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you *Faulconbridge*.
*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the deuil Salsbury:
If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy hasty spleene to do me shame,
I'le strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,
Or I'le so maule you and your toasting-Iron,
That you shall think you had but slept in hell,
*Sal.* Well, ere we part, thou wilt be throughly reconcil'd
*Faulconbridge*?
See how he vrges, as a Murtherer!
*Hub.* Lord Salsbury, I say we
*Pem.* [illegible] Prince?
*Hub.* 'Tis not the first time I left him well:
I stood [illegible] I had power to, and will weepe
My share of teares, or more, ere they be spent.
*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanies is not without such rheume,
And he long traded in it, makes it seeme
Like Riuers of remorse and Innocency.
Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre
Th'vncleane fauours of a Slaughter house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.
*Big.* Away, to[illegible], to the Dolphin there.
*Pem.* Heare me, stay: [illegible] *Ex. Lords*
*Bast.* There goes a good warke you offer to doe of this fare worke
Beyond the infant'st thought: I'le not be iudge,
(I [illegible] this deed to death) as iudge I damn'd *Hubert*.
*Hub.* Do but [illegible]
[illegible]. Heare me speake.
*Bast.* Death [illegible]
The word is as blacke as night, nothing is so blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd than Prince Lucifer.
There is not yet so ougly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou shalt kill this childe.
*Hub.* Vpon my soule
*Bast.* If thou dost but consent
To this most cruell Act: do but despaire,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That euer Spider twisted from her wombe
Will serue to strangle thee. A rush will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a spoone,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.
I do suspect thee very grieuously.
*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought
Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me
I left him well.
*Bast.* Go, beare him in thine armes.
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and lose my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* vp,
From forth this morſe of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen: and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcamble, and to part by th'teeth
The vn-owed intereſt of proud ſwelling State:
Now for the bare pickt bone of Maieſty,
Doth dogged warre briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waites
As doth a Rauen on a ſicke-falne beaſt,
The imminent decay of wreſted pompe
Now happy he, whoſe cloake and center can
Hold out this tempeſt. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with ſpeed: Ile to the King:
A thouſand buſineſſes are briefe in hand,
And heauen it ſelfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

## *Actus Quartus, Scena prima.*

*Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
*Pan.* Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatneſſe and authoritie.
*John.* Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
And from his holieſſe vſe all your power
To ſtop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd:
Our diſcontented Counties doe reuolt;
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing allegeance, and the loue of ſoule
To ſtranger blouds, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of miſtempred humor,
Reſts by you only to be qualified.
Then pauſe not: for the preſent time's ſo ſicke,
That preſent medeine muſt be miniſtred,
Or ouerthrow incureable enſues.
*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this Tempeſt vp,
Vpon your ſtubborne vſage of the Pope
But ſince you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue ſhall hufh againe this ſtorme of warre,
And make faire weather in your bluſtring land
On this Aſcenſion day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of ſeruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*
*John.* Is this Aſcenſion day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion day at noone,
My Crowne I ſhould giue off? euen ſo I haue:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint,
But (heau'n be thanked) it is but voluntary.

*Enter Baſtard.*

*Baſt.* All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Douer Caſtle: London hath receiued
Like a kinde Hoſt, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer ſeruice to your enemy:
And wild amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.
*John.* Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was aliue?
*Baſt.* They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty Caſket, where the Iewell of life
By ſome damn'd hand was robd, and tane away.
*John.* That villaine *Hubert* told me he did liue.
*Baſt.* So on my ſoule he did, for ought he knew
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you ſad?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought
Let not the world ſee feare and ſad diſtruſt
Gouerne the motion of a kingly eye
Be ſtirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So ſhall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſſe ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field
Shew boldneſſe and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O let it not be ſaid: forrage, and runne
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doores,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nye.
*John.* The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promiſd to diſmiſſe the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.
*Baſt.* Oh inglorious league
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Armes inuaders? ſhall a beardleſſe boy,
A cockred-ſilken wanton braue our fields,
And flheſh his ſpirit in a warre-like toyle,
Mocking the aire with colours idly ſpred,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace,
Or if he doe, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
*John.* Haue thou the ordering of this preſent time.
*Baſt.* Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.*

*Dol.* My Lord *Meloone*, let this be copied out,
And keepe it ſafe for our remembrance:
Returne the preſident to theſe Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, peruſing ore theſe notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.
*Sal.* Vpon our ſides it neuer ſhall be broken,
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we ſweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-vrg'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleeue me Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of Time
Should ſeeke a plaiſter by contemn'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many. Oh it greeues my soule,
That I must draw this metaphore from my Text
To be a widdow-maker, oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of *Austria*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the earth and Peny-worth of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of sterne Iniustice, and confused wrong.
And is not pitty, (oh my grieued friends)
That we, the sonnes and children of this Ile,
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp
Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw and weepe
Vpon the spot of this enforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere.
What heere? O Nation that thou could'st remoue,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy seate,
And plant thee ore in Paynim heere,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spet so shrew'd a breach we make.
*Dolph.* A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrastling in thy bosome
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat hath fought
Betweene compulsion, and a braue respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That siluerly doth progresse on thy cheekes
My heart is full as great as Lyons teares,
Being a ordinary Inundation.
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazd
Then had I seene the vaine the top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow renowned *Salisbure*,
And with a great heart heauen saues the sonne:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That neuer saw the giuer of warre inraged,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping
Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As *Lewis* himselfe: so Nobles shall you all,
That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.
*Enter Pandulphe.*
And euen there, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.
*Pand.* Haile noble Prince of *France*.
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himselfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome.
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind vp,
And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion foster'd vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull than in shewe.
*Dol.* Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:
I am too high-borne to be propertied
To be a secondary at controll,
Or vseful seruing-man, and Instrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chastiz'd kingdome and my selfe,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that same weake wind, which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this Land,
Yea thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I by the honour of my marriage bed
After young *Arthur* claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Rome's* slaue? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
What men prouided? What munition sent
To vnderprop this Action? Is't not I
That vndergoe this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And shall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be said.
*Pand.* You looke but on the outside of this worke.
*Dol.* Outside or inside I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death.
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs?
*Enter Bastard.*
*Bast.* According to the fayre play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am come to speake
My Lord's Lord of Miramane, from the King
I come to learne how you haue dealt for him.
And as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.
*Dol.* The Dolphin is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my entreaties.
He flatly sayes, he'l not lay downe his Armes.
*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth speaks well. Now heare our *English* King,
For thus his royalty doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should,
This apish and vnmannerly approach,
This harnest Masque, and vnadui sed Reuell,
This vnheard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, euen at your doore,
To cudgell you and make you take the hatch,
To diue like Buckets in concealed Wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and trunckes,
To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

*Euen*

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
[illegible] voyce a[illegible]med Englishman.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To fowle annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloudy Neroes, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
*Dol.* There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold vs: fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.
*Pem.* Giue it vtterance speake.
*Bast.* No, I will speake.
*Dol.* We will attend to neyther:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Plead for our interest, and our being heere.
*Bast.* Indeede your drums being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine
Sound but another, and another shall
As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike *John*: and in his fore-head sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast vpon whole thousands of the French.
*Dol.* Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.
*Bast.* And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt
*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.*

*Iohn.* How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert*.
*Hub.* Badly I feare; how fares your Maiestie?
*Iohn.* This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is sicke.
*Enter a Messenger.*
*Mes.* My Lord: your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge*,
Desires your Maiestie to leaue the field,
And [illegible] whither, which way you go.
*Iohn.* Tell me to whom he's *Swinsted*, at the Abbey there.
*Mes.* Be it good or bad for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dolphin heere
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselues.
*Iohn.* Ay me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinsted*: to my Litter straight,
Weakenesse possesseth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.*
*Sal.* I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.
*Pem.* Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.
*Sal.* That misbegotten diuell *Falconbridge*,
In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day.
*Pem.* They say King *Iohn* sore sick, hath left the field.
*Enter Meloon wounded.*
*Mel.* Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.
*Sal.* When we were happie, we had other names.
*Pem.* It is the Count *Meloone*.
*Sal.* Wounded to death.
*Mel.* Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the pa[illegible]es you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Vpon the Altar at S. *Edmondsbury*,
Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and euerlasting loue.
*Sal.* May this be possible? May this be true?
*Mel.* Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a torme of waxe
Resolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceiue,
Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I say againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:
But euen this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The loue of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and deuout desires.
*Sal.* We do beleeue thee, and beshrew my soule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our rankenesse and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn*.
My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newnesse, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.*

*Dol.* The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to set;
But stayd, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needlesse shot,
After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
And wonn'd our tott'ring colours clearely vp,
Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mes.* Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?
*Dol.* Heere: what newes?
*Mes.* The Count *Melcomb* is slaine. The English Lords
By his perswasion, are againe falne off,
And your supply, which you haue wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunke on *Goodwin* sands.
*Dol.* Ah foule, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very hart
I did not think to be so sad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *John* did flie an houre or two before
The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?
*Mes.* Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.
*Dol.* Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be vp so soone as I,
To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt*

## Scena Sexta.

*Enter Bastard and Hubert, seuerally.*

*Hub.* Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickely, or I shoote
*Bast.* A Friend. What art thou?
*Hub.* Of the part of England.
*Bast.* Whether doest thou go?
*Hub.* What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?
*Bast.* *Hubert*, I thinke.
*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will vpon all hazards well beleeue
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?
*Bast.* Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.
*Hub.* Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,
Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.
*Bast.* Come, come: sans complement, What newes abroad?
*Hub.* Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out
*Bast.* Brieefe then: and what's the newes?
*Hub.* O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull comfortlesse, and horrible.
*Bast.* Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not swound at it.
*Hub.* The King I feare is poysond by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.
*Bast.* How did he take it? Who did taste to him?
*Hub.* A Monke I tell you, a resolued villaine
Whose bowels sodainly burst out. The King
Yet speakes, and peradventure may recouer.
*Bast.* Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty?
*Hub.* Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their compaine,
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his Maiestie
*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power
I tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These Lincolne-Washes haue deuoured them,
My selfe well mounted hardly haue escap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come *Exeunt*

## Scena Septima.

*Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot*

*Hen.* It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptible: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the soules frayle dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

*Enter Pembroke*

*Pem.* His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him.
*Hen.* Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?
*Pem.* He is more patient
Then when you left him; euen now he sung.
*Hen.* Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themselues.
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
Leaues them insensible, and his siege is now
Against the winde, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Confound themselues. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailety sings
His soule and body to their lasting rest.
*Sal.* Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme vpon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

*Iohn brought in.*

*Iohn.* I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome,

It

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:
I am a scroled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and dagges are my teares
Do I shrinke vp
*Hen.* How fares your Maiesty?
*Iob.* Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his yce fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdomes rivers take their course
Through my burned bosome, nor worke the Nothe
To make my blacke conceiuing wombe a flood,
And coniect me with cold: I beg no more of you much,
I beggs cold comfort and you are so straight
And so vngratefull, you deny me that
*Hen.* O that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might recure you.
*Iohn.* Too late for that.
Within me is a hell and there the poyson
Is, as a deed, done to my selfe:
On vnrecouerable consequence ground,
*Enter a Messenger.*
*Bast.* Of Kent, braue Hubert, way for violent motion
And speede, to comfort your Maiesty
*Iohn.* O Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye
The sockle of my soule doth leane vpon,
And all the shrowes that were vp in my commission,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till my Hubert view thee,
And the vile state of this thy visit, breake,
And module of confounded royalty.
*Bast.* The Dolphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heauen he knowes how we shall answer him,
For in a night the best part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the washes all vnwarily,
Deuoured by the vnexamined flood
*Sal.* You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King now dead.
*Hen.* The sonne of Heauen, and earth, helpe
What lunacy of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?
*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,
As it on earth hath beene thy seruant still.
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe,
To push destruction and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphine rages at our very heeles.
*Sal.* It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leaue this warre.
*Bast.* He will the rather doate, when he sees
Our states well trim'd to our defence.
*Sal.* Nay, 'tis in a manner done already
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe and other Lords
If you think meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.
*Bast.* Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may be best prepar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.
*Hen.* At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.
*Bast.* Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull seruices
And true subiection
*Sal.* And the like tender of our loue we make
To rest without a spot for euermore
*Hen.* I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares
*Bast.* O let vs pay the time but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes,
This England neuer did nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true. *Exeunt.*

# The life and death of King Richard the Second.

## *Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.*

*Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.*

*King Richard*

Old *Iohn of Gaunt*, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and bond
Brought hither *Henry Herford* thy bold son
Heere to make good thy boistrous late appeale,
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

*Gaunt.* I haue my Liege

*King.* Tell me moreouer, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiect should
On some known ground of treacherie in him.

*Gaunt.* As neere as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

*King.* Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare
Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake,
High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.*

*Bul.* Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

*Mow.* Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

*King.* We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou obiect
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

*Bul.* First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate.
Come I appealant to this Princely presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well. for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,
The vglier seeme the cloudes that in it flye.
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a restraint Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may proue.

*Mow.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeale
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush, and naught at all to say
First the fayre reuerence of your Highnesse curbes me,
From giuing reynes and spurre to my free speech,
Which else would post, vntill it had returned
These terms of treason doubly down his throat.
Setting aside his high blouds Royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,
And meete him, were I tide to runne a Moote,
Egall to Horse and Armes, sword, Launce, or Shafte,
In the defence of mine Honor and my Name.
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englishman durst set his foote.
Meane time let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

*Bul.* Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high blouds Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread haue left thee so much strength
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuise.

*Mow.* I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chiualrous designe of knightly triall
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.

*King.* What doth our Cousin lay to *Mowbrayes* charge?
It must be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Bul.* Looke what I said, my life shall prooue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiued eight thousand Nobles,

In

[illegible] bidings for your Highnesse Souldiers,
[illegible] detain'd for new employments,
[illegible] Lord, and all our Vnckle.
[illegible] and with them Bullingbrooke,
[illegible] were to the vtmost Verge
[illegible] ever,
[illegible] threescore yeeres
[illegible] Lawes,
[illegible] head and spring.
[illegible]
Vpon his [illegible] good
That he [illegible] Duke of Glousters death,
[illegible]
And consequently [illegible] Coward,
[illegible] dreames of blood,
With [illegible] crying *Aduenger*es,
(Deere Lord, out of the cauernes of the earth,
To [illegible] through chastisement
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall do't, or this life be spent.

*King.* How high a pitch his resolution soares!
*Thomas* of Norfolke, what say'st thou to this?

*Mow.* O let the Noble Gentleman blow fayre,
And [illegible] face,
[illegible]
[illegible] blood,
How God, and [illegible] hate to foule a lyar!

*King.* Harry, vpon [illegible] eyes dearer,
Were he my Brother, nay our Kingdomes Heyre,
As [illegible] brothers tongue,
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such [illegible] to our sacred blood,
Should [illegible], not pertaunze
[illegible] my vpright soule.
Here our Lieutenant *Mowbray* part to part,
[illegible],
[illegible]

*Mow.* [illegible] heart.
[illegible] yeeres,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Accompt,
[illegible]
Now [illegible] Eye [illegible],
[illegible]
Neglected my sworne duty [illegible]
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
The [illegible] Fathers toward,
Once [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
I [illegible],
I doe [illegible],
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
[illegible]
[illegible] a Varlet,
[illegible]
[illegible],
And [illegible] my gage
Vpon [illegible] Traitors foote,
To proue my self a loyall Gentleman,
[illegible] best blood chamber'd in his bosome
[illegible],
Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.

*King.* Wrath-kindled Gentleman be rul'd by me,
Let's purge this choller without letting blood
This we prescribe, though no Physition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calme the Duke of Norfolke, you, your son.

*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age.
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

*King.* And Norfolke, throw downe his.

*Gaunt.* When *Harry* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

*King.* Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there's no boote.

*Mow.* My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duty owes, but my faire name
Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To dark'd shonours vse, thou shalt not haue
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled heere,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare
The which no balme can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poyson.

*King.* Rage must be withstood
Giue me his gage. Lyons make Leopards tame.

*Mow.* Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My dearest deere Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Iewell in a ten-times barr'd vp Chest,
Is a bold spirit, a loyall breast
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one
Take Honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I dye.

*King.* Cousin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

*Bol.* O heauen defend my soule from such foule sin.
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar fear, impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face.

*Exit Gaunt*

*King.* We were not borne to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready (as your liues shall answer it)
At Couentree, vpon S. *Lamberts* day
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice design the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be ready to direct these home Alarmes. *Exeunt*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Gaunt, and Duchesse of Glouster.*

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Doth more solicite me then your exclaimes,
To stirre against the Butchers of his life.

But

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they see the howres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
*Duc.* Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
*Edwards* seuen sonnes, whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as seuen vyoles of his Sacred blood
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut:
But *Thomas* my deere Lord, my life, my Gloster,
One Vyoll full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royall roote
Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all vaded
By Enuies hand and Murders bloody Axe
Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe
That mettle, that selfe mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man, and though thou liu'st and breathest,
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience *Gaunt*, it is despaire:
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster death.
*Gaunt.* Heauen's is the quarrell: for heauen's substitute
His Deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister.
*Duc.* Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?
*Gaunt.* To heauen, the widdowes Champion and defence
*Duc.* Why then I will. Farewell old *Gaunt*,
Thou goest to Couentree, there to behold
Our Cousine Hereford, and fell Mowbray fight:
Oh sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breast:
Or if misfortune miss the first carreere,
Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heauy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming Courtiers backe
And throw the rider headlong in his Lists
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cousin Hereford
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Griefe, must end her life.
*Gaunt.* Sister farewell, I must to Couentree,
As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.
*Duc.* Yet one word more: Griefe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollownes but weight:
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmund* Yorke
Lo, this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him (Oh what?)
With all good speed at Plashey visit mee
Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see
But empty lodgings, and vnfurnished walles,
Vn-peopled Offices, vntroden stones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my groanes?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die,
The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Marshall, and Aumerle*

*Mar.* My Lord *Aumerle* is Harry Herford arm'd
*Aum.* Yea at all points, and longs to enter the lists
*Mar.* He is much beholding to the cause is with him.
*Aum.* Why is he not then?
*Mar.* He is gone to take his Armes,
For lots of new Milan armour, which did once belong to the Duke of Ireland,
*Aum.* Who came with a message from the King to the Duke of Lancaster?
*Mar.* The same.
*Aum.* Whose man is he now?
*Mar.* He is his owne man.
*Aum.* Whose armes does he beare?
*Mar.* Sable a Fesse Argent.
*Aum.* His word?
*Mar.* Loyaltie me lyeth.
*Aum.* Whose Crest?
*Mar.* A white Beare, chained and Muzzled Gules.
*Aum.* Who is his Competitor?
*Mar.* Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
*Aum.* Why then the Champions are prepared, and nothing wants but the Combatants.
*Mar.* Not so, for they are both come.
*Aum.* Who is his Second?
*Mar.* The Lord Marshall.
*Aum.* Why not the Duke of Surrey?
*Mar.* He is sent Ambassador into France.
*Aum.* Where is the Duke my father with the Dutchesse?
*Mar.* He is in the throng of Lookers on, to see the Combat.
*Aum.* Is he mounted?
*Mar.* No, he walkes on foote.
*Aum.* Is the Duke of Surrey returned?
*Mar.* No, my Lord.
*Aum.* Is the Lord Marshall mounted?
*Mar.* No, he walkes on foote.
*Aum.* Is the Duke of Norfolke ready?
*Mar.* He is.
*Aum.* Is the King come?
*Mar.* He is.
*Aum.* Is the Lord Marshall ready?
*Mar.* He is

[illegible] leaue
[illegible] our seuerall friends.
*Mar.* The Appellant in all dutie greets your Highnes,
And craues to kisse your Royall hand, and take his leaue
[illegible] We will descend and fold him in our armes
Cousin Hereford, as your selfe doth will,
So pleases vs the order of this loyall fight
Fare ye well, my blood, which willfully,
I grant we may, but not exchange your dead.
[illegible] Oh our noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if the gorie bowels of their Speare
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you my Noble Cousin Lord *Aumerle*,
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But what the more, as I feele my selfe well
Lo, as at English feasts so I regreete
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
O thou the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doubly diuorcing [illegible] bones from head,
Teaching their [illegible] to my dead,
And from the [illegible] of my prayers,
And [illegible] my [illegible],
Thy [illegible] and [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] thee prophetous
Be [illegible],
And [illegible],
[illegible] Cause
[illegible] enemy
Rouze vp this [illegible] blood, deuise [illegible].
*Iohn.* Mine innocencie and Saint George to thrive
*Mow.* How euer [illegible] my lot,
There [illegible], or this [illegible] King, And [illegible] Throne,
A [illegible],
Neere to thy Princely heart, [illegible],
Controuersie of [illegible], imbrace
[illegible] power vpon [illegible],
More than my dancing soule doth celebrate
This feast of Battell, with mine Aduersarie.
Most mighty Liege and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the [illegible] years,
As gentle, and as [illegible],
Go to [illegible].
*Rich.* Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye
Order the [illegible] Marshall, and begin
*Mar.* *Harry* of *Hereford, Lancaster* and *Derby*,
Receiue thy Launce, and [illegible] thy right.
[illegible] Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen
*Mar.* Go beare this Lance to *Thomas* Duke of Norfolke
1 *Her.* *Harry* of *Hereford, Lancaster*, and *Derbie*,
Stands here for God his Soueraigne, and him heere,
Oppos'd to be found false, and recreant,
To accuse the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight
2 *Her.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
*Henry* of *Hereford, Lancaster*, and *Derby*,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Courageously, and with a free desire
Attending but the Signal to begin. *A charge sounded*
*Mar.* Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe
*Rich.* Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe.
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we return these Dukes what we decree.
*A long Flourish*
Draw neere and list
What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our Kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbors swords,
Which to redeuz'd vp with boyst'rous vntun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull iron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood
Therefore we banish you our Territories
You Cousin heere vpon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers haue enricht our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
*Bol.* Your will be done. This must my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you heere, shall shine on me.
And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my Banishment.
*Rich.* Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doombe,
Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce.
The sly slow houres shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy deere exile
The hope and earth shall to thee, O Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee vpon paine of life.
*Mow.* A heauy sentence, my most Soueraigne Leige,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth.
A deere offence in me deepe amazement,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares
My natiue English, now must lye dead,
And now my tongue to you is turn'd to me,
Which is my Enemy now, a thing to me,
Or else a well deserued Scourge for me,
Which to a Verball Nouice, Vvall, or a Rod,
Or else a canning gentlewoman cast vp,
Or being open, put into my hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeares to be a pupill now
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath.
*Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.
*Mow.* Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.
*Rich.* Returne againe, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banish with your selues)
To keepe the Oath that we administer.
You neuer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduice purpose meete,
To plot, contriue, or compasse any ill
Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.
*Bus.* I sweare.
*Mow.* And I to keepe all this.
*Bus.* Nor ought, to part, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the king permitted vs
One of the times we had walkt forth in peace,
Baniht thy treacherous periurie by death,
As now we flesh'd with thee our swords in blood.
Confirm'd his Treasons ere we parted hence,
Since thou art to go beare a guilty tongue.
*Mow.* No Traitor tongue tels Traitor things,
My blood is pure as thine, be sure.
And I am ready to approue my cause
Put what thou dar'st, beleeue, thou shalt not know,
And time it is, when raging Rage is tam'd,
Lest we vnmuzzle Enuie ouer-long
Sate locked in the Caskets of our breasts, &c.
*Bus.* Were, enuious Lords of Hereford,
Fleete-ground and Tyber-water,
Had I remembred blood on both your faces
Ere I had wayd Sir Iohn of Gaunts gift,
Returne we to the house of Commons heere
*Yor.* How like a carmen seem'st thou now to me,
For anger? Were I, and your sex to vse,
I would send word to the proudest King
*Caunt.* You know I am too old to heare my shame
Let these reuiue in you reuenge on me
Lest you forget the times you liu'd by
Loue me yet yeares, and let me loue you dead
*Yor.* Mine eares are open, but my heart is shut,
My heart, like Marble, to your moane and teares,
*Caunt.* Let not a mother heare her sonnes complaint,
Nor mourning widow dying, ere I come,
Sit penny-worths of sighes from your soft breasts,
Nor let my kindred surfeit on the sowre
That sauce to sweet meate is prepared for me,
But stop no way, in speed I meane
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
*Rich.* Thy sonne is banisht vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue
Why yet our Edicte speakes but yeares to come?
*Caun.* Things sweet to taste proue oft in operation
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but had you been
You would haue beene more pittifull.
And, Lookt I when some of you shed teares,
was too strict to make mine eyes to flow,
But you gaue eare to my vnwilling tongue
Against my will to do my selfe this wrong.
*Rich.* Cousin farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go. *Exit*
*Yorke.*
*Aum.* Cosine farewell: what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show.
*Mow.* My Lord no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side
*Caunt.* O to what purpose dost thou hoord thy words,
That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?
*Bus.* I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.
*Caun.* Thy grecte is but a cold one for a time
*Bus.* Were a warme greetes present for that time
*Caun.* Parting are but greete makes of enemies.
*Bus.* Come that could I with thorough Rogers cure
*Caun.* My heart will sigh when I depart to thee,
And not with such a heated Passenger
*Caun.* I come a pilgrim of my weary steps
I come a stile, where at I now will rest
Let not us ewe of thy attendance
*Caun.* O who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus,
Or cloy the appetite with sugred words
With thoughts on death instead of Nectar,
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on the fiery Sirrian starre
O no, the apprehension of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worse
Fell sorrow's tooth doth neuer rancle more
Then when it bites but lanceth not the sore
*Caun.* Come, come, my sonne, I pray thee speedily wa
Hasty thy speed is euen wanton,
*Bus.* Should I haue wisht a thousand yeares had gone,
My Mother, and my Nurse that bore me yet
Were on the ground
Ile not be moand, thou shalt not lend a teare

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter King Aumerle with seuen or eight.*
*King.* We did obserue. Cosine Aumerle,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?
*Aum.* I brought high Herford if you call him so,
but to the next high way, and there I left him.
*King.* And say, what store of parting teares were shed?
*Aum.* Faith none for me, except the Northeast wind
which then grew bitter with speaking of the word,
Did driue my teares backe in my discontent.
*King.* What said our Cousin when you parted with him?
*Aum.* Farewell: and for my part I added nought
Sweet to prophesie the short time of his exile
To make him hast apace in Italy,
Could wish him ten times faster home againe.
Marry would the word be welcomer, I doubt
And twenty times he swore then he would hast,
He had no home but in our Mothers loue,
But when he word did rest he would be gone
*Rich.* Here comes our Cousin Buckingham,
We count him now at Barkly-castle sure,
Where our kinsman comes to greet vs heere,
Our eare is open to thy tale my Lord,
Our eare is open to thy tale my Lord,
Observe his Courtship to the common people,
How he can come to seeme familiar,
With humble, and affable courtesie,
What letters he will send down to his wife,
Wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster wench,

A brace of Draymen bid Gods speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thankes my Countrymen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuersion his,
And we our Vassals won at higher hope.
*Gaunt.* Well, you imagine & well you imagine of your loues
Now for the fetters, with the which we yoake
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leasure, yeelding times and stayes
For their aduantage, and your highnesse scathe.
*Rich.* We haue with a leaden hand
And on our Coffers, with a silent care
And liberall largenesse are growne somewhat light,
We are inforced to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof shall furnish vs
For our affayres in hand: If that come short
Our Subiects next degree in hope to buy
We will make forfeit of their charters
What yet we will not of our owne good will,
The one and th'other we exact for loane
For we will make for Ireland presently
*Enter Bagot.*
Bagot what newes?
*Bag.* Old Gaunt is very sicke my Liege,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent poste haste
To entreat your Maiesty to visit him.
*Rich.* Where lyes he?
*Bag.* At Ely house
*Rich.* Now put it God in the Physitians mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediately,
The liuing of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our Souldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let vs all go visit him
Pray heauen we may make haste, and come too late. *Exit*

## *Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Gaunt, sicke, with the Duke of*

*Gaun.* Will the King come that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsell to his vnstaid youth?
*Yor.* Vex not your selfe, and strive not with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.
*Gaun.* O but they say the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony,
Where words are scarce they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listned more,
Then they whom youth & ease haue taught to glose,
More are mens ends marke (no mens eares) before,
The setting Sun, and Musicke at the close
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past,
Though Richard my life counsell would not heare,
My death-bed tale, may yet vnstaid his eare.
*Yor.* No, it stands pitty with other flattering sounds
As praises of his state: then there are found
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen,
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation
Limpes after in base imitation
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
'Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose
*Gaunt.* Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,
For violent fires soone burne out themselues,
Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,
He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes,
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone preyes vpon it selfe
This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise,
This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of warre
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For Christian seruice, and true Chiualrie,
As is the sepulchre in stubborne Iury
Of the World-ransoming Crosse, the Lord Sonne.
This land of such deare soules, this dear dear Land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and holdings dishonourable,
That pale and dead with chamber-lyers and ills
Of foule sinke-sucking sloth, hath not the power
To walke the limits of his Infancie.
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

*Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.*

*Yor.* The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more.
*Qu.* How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?
*Rich.* What comfort man? how is't with aged *Gaunt*?
*Gaun.* O how that name befits my composition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me griefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,
Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.
*Rich.* Can sicke men play so nicely with their names
*Gaun.* No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,

I

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
*Ric.* Should dying men flatter those that liue?
*Gaun.* No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye
*Rich.* Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.
*Gaun.* Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.
*Rich.* I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.
*Gaun.* Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those Physitians, that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in so small a Verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou were possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.
Why (Cosine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a shame to let his Land by lease:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?
Land-lord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy state of Law, is bond-slaue to the law,
And ——
*Rich.* And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood
With fury, from his natiue residence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.
*Gaun.* Oh spare me not, my brothers *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly caroust.
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongst happy soules)
May be a president, and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,
And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long withered flowre.
Liue in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
These words hereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*
*Rich.* And let them dye, that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.
*Yor.* I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicklinesse, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.
*Rich.* Right, you say true: as *Herfords* loue, so his:
As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*Nor.* My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your Maiestie.
*Rich.* What saies he?
*Nor.* Nay nothing, all is said:
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
*Yor* Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo
*Rich* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which liue like venom, where no venom else
But only they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge
Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did stand possest.
*Yor* How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,
Nor *Gauntes* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
Haue euer made me sowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my soueraignes face:
I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,
In warre was neuer Lion rag'd more fierce
In peace was neuer gentle Lam more mild,
Than was that young and Princely Gentleman.
His face thou hast, for euen so look'd he
Accomplish'd with the number of thy howres
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did weare: and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne
Oh *Richard Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene
*Rich.* Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
*Yor.* Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content withall.
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of banish'd Herford?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iust? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deseruing sonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights:
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God (God forbid I say true)
If you do wrongfully seize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Attorneyes generall to sue
His Liuerie, and deny his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.
*Ric.* Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands
*Yor.* Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad coniectures may be vnderstood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
*Kech.* Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernor of England:
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *Flourish.*

*Manet North. Willoughby & Ross.*

*Nor.* Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
*Ross.* And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.
*Wil.* Barely in title, not in reuennew.
*Nor.* Richly in both, if iustice had her right.
*Ross.* My heart is great, but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.
*Nor.* Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.
*Wil.* Tends that thou'dst speake to th'Du. of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
*Nor.* Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Merely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute
'Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
*Ross.* The Commons hath he pil'd with grieuous taxes
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
*Wil.* And daily new exactions are deuis'd,
As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
*Nor.* Warres hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not.
But basely yeelded vpon compromise,
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.
*Ross.* The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.
*Wil.* The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.
*Nor.* Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.
*Ross.* He hath not money for these Irish warres
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.
*Nor.* His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme?
We see the winde sit fore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish
*Ross.* We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
*Nor.* Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
*Wil.* Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours
*Ross.* Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
*Nor.* Then thus: I haue from Port le Blanc
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, *Rainold* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *Iohn Ramston*,
Sir *Iohn Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quoint*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slauish yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in poste to *Rauenspurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
*Ross.* To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y feare.
*Wil.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.*

*Bush.* Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
*Qu.* To please the King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard*: yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is coming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greeues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
*Bush.* Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadowes
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not seene;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
*Qu.* It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heauy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.
*Bush.* 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

*Queene.*

*Qu.* 'Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriu'd
From ſome fore father greefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething greefe,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuerſion that I do poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot.

*Enter Greene.*

*Gree.* Heauen ſaue your Maieſty, and welcome Gentlemen:
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ire and.
*Qu.* Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his deſignes crane haſt, his haſt good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
*Gre.* That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,
and driuen into diſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is ſafe arriu'd
At *Rauenſpurg*.
*Qu.* Now God in heauen forbid.
*Gr.* O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L. Northumberland, his young ſonne *Henrie Percie*,
The Lords of *Roſſe*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.
*Buſh* Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolted faction, Traitors?
*Gre.* We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*.
*Qu.* So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my ſorrowes dismall heyre:
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gaping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioyn'd.
*Buſh.* Diſpaire not Madam.
*Qu.* Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.

*Enter Yorke.*

*Gre.* Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
*Qu.* With ſignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vncle, for heauens ſake ſpeake comfortable words.
*Yor.* Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a ſeruant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.
*Yor.* He was? Ay me, how full of griefe am I:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare reuolt on Hereford's ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhy to my ſiſter Gloſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.
*Ser.* My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall grieue you to report the reſt.
*Yor.* What is't knaue?
*Ser.* An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'de.
*Yor.* Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heauen
(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſtes diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe warres?
Come ſiſter (Cozen I would ſay) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, prouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Neuer beleeue me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And duetie bids defend: th'other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right:
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: Come Cozen,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter vp your men,
And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too: but time will not permit,
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at ſix and ſeuen. *Exit*
*Buſh.* The winde ſits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes: For vs to leuy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſſible.
*Gr.* Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of thoſe loue not the King.
*Ba* And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their purſes, and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
*Buſh* Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd
*Bag.* If iudgement lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we haue beene euer neere the King.
*Gr.* Well I wot, for refuge ſtraight to Briſtoll Caſtle,
The Earle of Wiltſhire is arriude there.
*Buſh.* Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hateſull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces.
Will you go along with vs?
*Bag* No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſtie:
Farewell, it hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r ſhall meete againe.
*Buſ* That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbrooke*.
*Gr.* Alas poore Duke, the taſke he vndertakes
Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.
*Buſh.* Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Well we may meete againe.
*Bag.* I feare me neuer. *Exit.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.*

*Bul.* How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?
*Nor.* Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger heere in Glouſterſhire,
Theſe high wilde hilles, and rough vneeuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearieſome:
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as ſugar,

Maki n

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tedioussesse, and processe of my trauell:
But theres is sweetned with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse;
And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.
*Bull.* Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

*Enter H. Percie.*

*North.* It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worcester*: Whence soeuer.
*Harry*, how fares your Vnckle?
*Percie.* I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his health of you.
*North.* Why, is he not with the Queene?
*Percie.* No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispersit
The Household of the King.
*North.* What was his reason?
He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together.
*Percie* Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barkely, to discouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.
*North.* Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)
*Percie.* No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
*North.* Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.
*Percie.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approued seruice, and desert.
*Bull.* I take thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.
*North.* How farre is it to Barkely? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?
*Percie.* There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

*Enter Rosse and Willoughby.*

*North.* Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.
*Bull.* Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.
*Rosse.* Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.
*Willo.* And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.
*Bull.* Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter Barkely.*

*North.* It is my Lord of Barkely, as I ghesse.
*Bark.* My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.
*Bull.* My Lord, my Answere is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that Name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
*Bark.* Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our Native Peace with selfe-borne Armes

*Enter Yorke.*

*Bull.* I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle.
*York.* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duetie is deceiuable, and false.
*Bull.* My gracious Vnckle.
*York.* Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
So many miles vpon her peaceful Bosome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes?
Com'st thou because th'anoynted King is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Bosome lies his power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my selfe
Rescued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Ranks of many thousand French:
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy Fault.
*Bull.* My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?
*York.* Euen in Condition of the worst degree,
In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In brauing Armes against thy Soueraigne.
*Bull.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye.
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman.
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,
And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:
My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.

What

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attorneyes are denyd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Discent.

*North.* The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Ross.* It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.

*Wills.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Cousins Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Armes,
Be his owne Carter, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrong, it may not be:
And you that doe abett him in this kinde,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebells all.

*North.* The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayd,
And let him neuer see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

*Bull.* An offer Vncle, that we will accept:
But we must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which haue been sworne to weed, and plucke away.

*York.* It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.*

*Capt.* My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will disperse our selues: Farewell.

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

*Capt.* 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey are all wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen:
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And lanke-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loose what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy Glory like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Bullingbrooke Yorke, Northumberland, Lord Percie, Willoughby, with Bushie and Greene Prisoners.*

*Bull.* Bring forth these men.
*Bushie* and *Greene*, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For all the which, see heere the enemy of me,
Executes some soules of your deathes.
You haue misled a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappied, and disfigured cleane:
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And stayn'd the beauty of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him mis-interprete me,
Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whil'st you haue fed vpon my Signories,
Dispark'd my Parkes, and fell'd my forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Houshold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresa, leauing me no signe,
Saue mens opinions and my liuing blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: See them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.

*Bushie.* More welcome is the stroake of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

*Greene.* My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,
And plague Injustice with the paines of Hell.

*Bull.* My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatcht.
Vncle you say the Queene is at your House,
For Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuered.

*York.* A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht
With Letters of your loue to her at large.

*Bull.* Thanke me, my Vncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendower* and his Complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Drums. Flourish and Colours*

*Enter Richard. Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers*

*Bish.* Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

*Aum.* Yea, my Lord. How brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

*King.* Needs must I like it well. I weep for joy
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth I do salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their horses hoofes
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her teares and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling greet I thee my Earth,
And do thee favour with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soveraines foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,
But let thy spightfull, venom'd Snakes, Adders,
And comming neere thy boystrous Sovereigne,
Do him no harme with their deceitfull wiles,
Untread my steps, and when he sues to thee,
Creep time-obsequious as they use to Adders,
Wreathing their lowe tongues, which with compliment
Throw their envy'd Speares as far from hurt
Mocke not my vengeance, gentle Earth, O let
The Lanket sting, and lurking Adder spot
Prouoked Soule my sacred Native King,
Shall altered venders like Rebellious Arme,
Our feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.
*Aum.* He means, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilst *Bullingbrooke* through our feare,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.
*King.* Discomfortable Cousin, know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeves and Robbers range abroad unseene
In Murthers and in Outrages boldly here
But when from under this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Eastern Pines,
And darts his light through every Guilty hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes,
The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day,
But self affrighted tremble at his sinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme off from an anointed King,
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay

A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

*Enter Salisbury*

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?

*Sal.* Nor neere nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme: discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire.
One day too late, I feare me my Noble Lord,
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on earth.
O call back Yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Ore-threwes thy loves, friends, Fortune, and thy State,
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort my Liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

*King.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reason to looke pale, and dead?
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

*King.* I have told sad stories for Antiquities sake.
Awaste to my sad Master, no man forces
I weepe, and fast, and watch, and pray, and die.
Aum. Nay, nay, my Liege, this must not be so.
Are you not stout, and lusty, wreake your wrongs,
Strike while the Iron is hot, and while you live,
Live valiantly, we come to you with Powers
Equivalent to the heavy Victorious hope
Of Powers, which your Enemie brings along.
Enter Scroope.
Scroope. More health and happinesse than my Liege

There is more comfort in your cheerfull eye,
Than these sad Armes can promise by their looke.
Say, gentle Scroope, what newes of every Cousin, Earle,
And every Friend to our Affaires? Care?
Scroope. Your Friends (most gracious Lord) are every where,
Greater than your Foes, which (well I wot)
Will, ere they come, be quite confounded.
Here comes the Duke, Yorke, Northumberland,
Enter Yorke, Northumberland.
Ros. Would, Bristow, Salisbury, Berkley, Castle Dearne,
Were safely landed on the Coast of Wales.
*Yorke.* Would Duke of Yorke, thou hadst the wish'd for aide.
*Scroope.* Gloucester, Bristow, and Salisbury,
Have gotten Head, and strength in Glamorgan.
Their Armies are full strong, and daily grow,
Whilst Fame with Trumpet tongue proclaimes your Love
Against thy Majesty, and gives with Women's Voyces,
Store to speake large and cap their emulations
Unto the new-come Armes: yea, they Crowne
Every Beadsman learne to bend the Bowes
Of double fatal Yew against thy State.
Yea Distaffe Women manage rusty Pols:
Against thy Seate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

*King.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Bushie*? where is *Greene*?

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Meature our Confines with such peacefull dayes?
If we preuaile their heeles shall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*
*Scroope.* Peace haue they made with him indeed (my Lord)
*Rich.* O Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption
Dogges, easie wooon to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Dukedoms all three as true to me
As bended Knees to Kings, as sword to Traitors,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence
*Scroope.* Sweet Loue (I see) changing his property,
Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate
Againe vncurbe their Sute, and peace is made
With Heauen, and not with Heauen those from your eyes
Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying wounds,
And lye full low grau'd in the hollow ground.
*Aum.* Is *Salisbury*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?
*Scroope.* I, all of them at Bristow lost their heads
*Aum.* Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
*Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speake
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Rayne our Eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones
For Heauen sake kneele we downe vpon the ground,
And talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs
How some haue been deposed, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue deposed,
Some poysoned by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,
All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be feared, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Castle Walls, and farewell King.
Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious duty,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while:
I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?
*Car.* My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently preuent the ways to waile.
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse, strength vnto your foe;
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death
Where fearing dying, payes death seruile breath.
*Aum.* My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe
*Rich.* Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.
*Scroope.* Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy Eye
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.
*Rich.* Thou hast said enough,
Beshrew thee Cousin, which did'st lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire:
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen I'le hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Castle, there I'le pine away,
A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe
To ear the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.
*Aum.* My Liege, one word.
*Rich.* He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.
*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter with Drum and Colours Bullingbroke, Harry, Northumberland, and Attendants*

*Bull.* So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.
*North.* The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
*Richard* not farre from hence, hath hid his head.
*York.* It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King *Richard*: alack the heauie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.
*North.* Your Grace mistakes; only to be briefe,
Left his Title out.
*York.* The time hath been,
Would you haue been so briefe with him he would
Haue been so briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.
*Bull.* Mistake not (Vnckle) further than you should.
*York.* Take not good Cousin, further than you should,
Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head
*Bull.* I know it Vnckle, and oppose not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here?
*Enter Percie*
Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?
*Per.* The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.
*Bull.* Roy-

*Bull.* Royally? Why, it containes no King?
*Per.* Yes my good Lord,
It containes heauen King, King *Richard* vses
[illegible] amisse of your Lone and Stroke,
[illegible] the Lord *Aumarle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
[illegible] *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Clergie man
[illegible] reuerence which cannot erre
[illegible] Oh, beware, beware of Bishop Carlile
[illegible] Noble Lords,
[illegible] Castle,
[illegible] breathe [illegible]
[illegible] Fares, and [illegible]
[illegible] vpon [illegible]
[illegible] grace
[illegible] come
[illegible] Power,
[illegible] Land,
[illegible] ages
[illegible] Power,
[illegible] Blood,
[illegible] men,
[illegible] make
[illegible] Land,
[illegible] new
[illegible] Dye,
[illegible] reach
[illegible] Deuice,
[illegible] Armes
[illegible] Coast
[illegible] Water.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] make
[illegible] Coast [illegible]
[illegible]
*Farewell our taxed Treasure [illegible] Armes, &c.*
[illegible]
See, see King [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

My Subiects,for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome,for a little Graue,
A little little Graue,an obscure Graue.
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade,where Subiects feet
May hourely trampe on their Soueraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now,whilest I liue;
And buryed once,why not vpon my Head?
*Aumerle*,thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin,
Wee'le make foule Weather with dispightfull Teares.
Our sighes,and they,shall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this fresh-reuiuing Land.
Or that we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make some pretty Match,with shedding Teares?
As thus,to drop them still vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth;and therein laid?there lyes
Two Kinsmen,digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill,if well exprest,moue,
Talke but my Griefe,and you mock at mee.
Most mighty Prince,my Lord *Northumberland*,
What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maiestie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue,till *Richard* dies?
You make a Legge,and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I
*North.* My Lord,in the base Court he doth attend
To speake with you,may't please you to come downe.
*Rich.* Downe,downe I come,like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the base Court? base Court,where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors Calls,and doe them Grace
In the base Court come down: down Court,down King,
For night-Owles shriek,where mounting Larks should sing.
*Bull.* What sayes his Maiestie?
*North.* Sorrow,and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly,like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
*Bull.* Stand all apart,
And shew fit duetie to his Maiestie.
My gracious Lord.
*Rich.* Faire Cousin,
You debase your Princely Knee,
To make the base Earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had,my Heart might feele your Loue,
Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.
Vp Cousin vp,your Heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least,although your Knee be low.
*Bull.* My gracious Lord,I come but for mine owne
*Rich.* Your owne is yours,and I am yours,and all
*Bull.* So farre be mine,my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your Loue.
*Rich.* Well you deserue:
They well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st,and surest way to get.
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay,dry your Eyes,
Teares shew their Loue,but want their Remedies.
Cousin,I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue,Ile giue,and willing too,
For doe we must,what force will haue vs doe.
Set on towards London.
Cousin,is it so?
*Bull.* Yea,my good Lord.
*Rich.* Then I must not say,no.

*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter the Queene,and two Ladies.*

*Qu.* What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?
*La.* Madame,we'le play at Bowles.
*Qu.* 'Twill make me think the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.
*La.* Madame,we'le Dance
*Qu.* My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe
Therefore no Dancing Girle,some other sport.
*La.* Madame we'le tell Tales.
*Qu.* Of Sorrow,or of Griefe?
*La.* Of either,Madame.
*Qu.* Of neyther Girle
For if of Ioy,being all a stranger to it,
I doe remember me the more of Sorrow.
Or if of Griefe,being alone opprest with it,
I shall make mine own the more of Sorrow.
Or if of Griefe or Ioy,some touch or taste
Of Ioy to driue away the time of Woe,
And what I want,it boots not to complaine.
*La.* Madame I'le sing.
*Qu.* 'Tis well that thou hast cause
But thou shouldst please me better,would'st thou weepe.
*La.* I could weepe,Madame,would it doe you good.
*Qu.* And I could sing,would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

*Enter a Gardiner and two Seruants.*

But stay,here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse,vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le take for Sta[illegible] for euery one doth so,
Against a Change,Woe is fore-runne with Woe.
*Gard.* Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnruly Children make their Sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight
Giue some supportance to the bending Twigges.
Goe thou,and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,
That looke too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen,in our Gouernment.
You thus imploy'd,I will goe root away
The noysome Weedes that without profit suck
The Soyle of fertile iuice from wholesome flowers.
*Ser.* Why should we,in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme,and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?
When our Sea-walled Garden,the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes,her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit-trees all vnprun'd,her Hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome Herbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
*Gard.* Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weedes that his broad-spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seem'd,in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vp Root and all by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane,the Earle of Wiltshire,*Bagot*,*Greene*.

*Ser.* What are they dead?
*Gard.* They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King
Oh, what pity is it, that he had not so trim'd
And dress'd his Land as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Least being ouer-prest with Sappie Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of duetie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, he had not borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
*Ser.* What think you the King shall be depos'd?
*Gard.* Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will liue. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell black tydings.
*Qu.* Oh, I am prest to death, through want of speaking:
Thou old *Adam* likenesse set to dresse this Garden:
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
What Euer, what Serpent hath suggested thee, (newes
To make a second Fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, King *Richard* is deposed,
Dar'st thou (thou little better thing than earth)
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill tydings? Speake thou wretch.
*Gard.* Pardon me Madame, Little ioy haue I
To breath this newes: yet what I say, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Balance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that odds he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Post you to London, and you will find it so,
I speake no more than euery one doth know.
*Qu.* Nimble Mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that know it? O thou think'st
To serue me last, that giu'st me before the rest.
Diuorce not woe from woe, but let it rest
Vpon the Center of Tragedie,
To feast at London, London shall be wee:
What was I borne to be the scourge and hate,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gardner, for telling me these newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st may neuer grow. *Exit.*
*G.* Poore Queene, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Here did she drop a teare, here in this place
Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, euen for ruth, here shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

## *Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter as to the Parliament Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, & a Bible, Abbot of Westminster, Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.*

*Bullingbrooke.* Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.
*Bag.* Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*
*Bul.* Cosin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.
*Bag.* My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnsay, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as Calice, to my Vnkles head.
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be in this your Cosins death.
*Aum.* Princes, and Noble Lords!
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,
On equall termes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his slanderous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast said, as falce,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.
*Bul.* *Bagot* forbeare, thou shalt not take it vp.
*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.
*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathize:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heare thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
That thou were't cause of Noble Glousters death.
If thou denied it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers point.
*Aum.* Thou dar'st not Coward, liue to see the day
*Fitz.* Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
*Aum.* *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.
*Per.* *Aumerle* thou lyest, his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniust:
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prooue it on thee, to the extreamest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.
*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helme of my Foe.
*Surrey.* My Lord *Fitz-water*
I do remember well, the very time
*Aumerle* and you did talke.
*Fitz.* My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.
*Surrey.* As true, by heauen,
As Heauen it selfe is true.
*Fitz.* Surrey, thou Lyest
*Surrey.* Dishonourable Boy;
That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.*

*Fitzw.* How fondly do'ſt thou ſpurre a forward Horſe?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wildernesſe,
And ſpit vpon him, whileſt I ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intend to thriue in this new World,
*Aumerle* is guilty of my true Appeale
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Calis.
*Aum.* Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his Honor.
*Bull.* These differences ſhall all reſt vnder Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be,
And (though mine Enemie) reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seigneuries: when hee's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.
*Carl.* That honorable day ſhall ne're be ſeene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolke* fought
For Ieſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
*Bull.* Why Biſhop is *Norfolke* dead?
*Carl.* As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
*Bull.* Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham*
Lords Appellants, your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

*Enter Yorke.*

*Yorke.* Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the fourth
*Bull.* In Gods Name Ile aſcend the Regall Throne
*Carl.* Marry, Heauen forbid.
Worſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*: then true Noblenesſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by Subiect, and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Soules refin'de
Should ſhew ſo heynous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to Subiects, and a Subiect ſpeakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to proud *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me propheſie,
The bloud of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for this foule Act.
Peace ſhall go ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead mens Sculles.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the woefulleſt Diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed Earth.
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children, cry againſt you Woe.
*North.* Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords to graunt the Commons Suit?
*Bull.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may reſigne his Crowne to Henry.
*Yorke.* I will his Conduct. *Exit.*
*Bull.* Lords, you that here are vnder our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer.
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little looke for at your helping Hands.

*Enter Richard and Yorke.*

*Rich.* Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The fauorſt Mignions: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry All hayle to me?
So Iudas did to Chriſt: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all but one, I in twelue thouſand, none.
God ſaue the King: will no man ſay Amen?
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke? well then, Amen
God ſaue the King, although I be not he.
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe make him mee.
To doe what ſeruice am I ſent for hither?
*Yorke.* To doe that office of mine owne good will,
Which tyre Maieſtie had made me ouer.
The Reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke.*
*Rich.* Giue me the Crowne. Here Couſin ſeize the Crowne:
Here Couſin on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
The other downe vnſeene and full of Water.
That Bucket downe and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes whilſt you mount vp on high.
*Bull.* I thought you had been willing to reſigne.
*Rich.* My Crowne I am: but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes: ſtill am I King of thoſe.
*Bull.* Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.
*Rich.* Your Cares ſet vp do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is loſſe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the Crowne yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
*Bull.* Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

*Rich.* I, no, no, I for I must nothing be.
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, marke the water that I shed for it,
I give this heauie Crowne with mine owne Hand,
And this vnwieldie Scepter with my Hand,
The pompe of Kingly state with my Heart,
With mine owne Breath release all duteous Oathes,
All Pompe and Maiestie I do forsweare
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees and Statutes I recall:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing haue, nothing craue,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiu'd.
Long may'st thou liue in Richards seate to sit,
And soone lye Henry dead, that stirr'd thee vp.
God saue King *Henry*, vnking'd Richard sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.
What more remaines?

*North.* No more, but that you read
These Accusations, and these grieuous Crimes
Committed by your Person, and your Followers,
Against the State and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Cup of Woe
May passe away with them and them from you.

*Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravell out
My weau'd vp follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troupe
To read a lesson against Kings anoynted?
Thou art too blame, I must confesse with Pilate,
Haue done with me, let sorrow haue with me,
And thou with all pardon'd, sit high in Heauen.
But Lord, thou wilt not, for I feele it well,
Nor soothe thy selfe with least vniustice so,
As to make perfect Periurie in Heauen,
Let it suffice I haue sworne, and broke my Othes,
Vpon my head and all this Nation sinne,
And if I be depos'd, till my Sorrow dye,
Let Heauen watch thee on the day of Iustice.
Now mine eyes part with some Teares I shed:
Now Wash away this Vncton from my Hands:
And let my Tongue vnanoynted with that Oyle,
Be blister'd with the Curses I shall lay
On thee, and those that doe aduance thy Pride.
Now Sorrow goe and pitch thy Mansion
In some stout Heart of Enemie or Friend,
Thus I perfume my Griefe, and spend my Plaints
On this base Breath, vnworthy to breathe Sighes:
Now Mock the Sorrowes that vnmake a King:
Now Teares I harmelesse
Now
Now
Now

What euer I shall happen to deuise.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Queene and Ladies.*

*Qu.* This way the King will come, this is the way
To *Iulius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

*Enter Richard and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet look vp, behold,
That you in pitie may dissolue to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true-lou'e Teares.
Ah thou, the Model where old Troy did stand,
Thou Map of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard:* thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

*Rich.* Ioyne not with griefe, fairе Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From, which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. Hie thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:
Our holy lives must win a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.

*Qu.* What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he been in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-pow'r'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

*Rich.* A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had been still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last living leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woefull Ages, long agoe betide.
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds.
For why? the senselesse Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy moouing Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,
For the depos'ing of a rightfull King.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

*Rich. Northumberland,* thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deserued Death.

*North.* My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.

*Rich.* Double-doores do (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage, 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.
Part vs, *Northumberland:* I, towards the North,
Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas or short'st of day.

*Qu.* And must we be diuided? must we part?

*Rich.* I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart frō heart.

*Qu.* Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

*North.* That were some Loue, but little Policy.

*Qu.* Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

*Rich.* So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

*Qu.* So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.

*Rich.* Twice for one step Ile groane, the Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a reasie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow 'tis behoofe,
Since we sing it there is such length in Griefe:
One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

*Qu.* Giue me mine owne againe 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane.

*Rich.* We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.*

*Duch.* My Lord you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins coming into London.

*Yorke.* Where did I leaue?

*Duch.* At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mis-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king *Richards* head.

*Yorke.* Then

*Yorke.* Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cride, God saue thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would haue thought the very windowes spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage: and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Iesu preserue thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*.
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud Steeds neck,
Bespake them thus, I thank you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, still passed along.
*Duch.* Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?
*Yorke.* As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God saue him:
No ioyful tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles
(The badges of his grieefe and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarism itself haue pitied him.
But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
To whose high will, we bound our calme contents
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subiects now,
Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.
*Enter Aumerle.*
*Duch.* Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.
*Yorke.* *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richard* friend,
And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now.
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.
*Duch.* Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring?
*Aum.* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as leefe be none, as one.
*Yorke.* Well, bare you well in this new-spring of time
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts & Triumphs?
*Aum.* For aught I know my Lord, they do.
*Yorke.* You will be there I know.
*Aum.* If God prevent not, I purpose so.
*Yorke.* What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.
*Aum.* My Lord, 'tis nothing.
*Yorke.* No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.
*Aum.* I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons, I would not haue seene.
*Yorke.* Which for some reasons, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.
*Duch.* What should you feare?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is entred into
For gay apparell against the Triumph.
*Yorke.* Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.
Boy let me see the Writing.
*Aum.* I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
*Yor.* I will be satisfied, let me see it I say. *Snatches it.*
Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.
*Duc.* What's the matter, my Lord?
*Yorke.* Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?
*Duc.* Why, what is it my Lord?
*Yorke.* Giue me my boots, I say. Saddle my horse.
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will apeach the Villaine.
*Duc.* What is the matter?
*Yorke.* Peace foolish Woman.
*Duc.* I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
*Aum.* Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.
*Duc.* Thy life answer?
*Enter Seruant with Boots.*
*Yor.* Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.
*Duc.* Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.
*Yor.* Giue me my Boots, I say.
*Duc.* Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonne? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?
*Yor.* Thou fond mad woman
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them here haue tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
*Duc.* He shall be none:
We'll keepe him here: then what is that to him?
*Yor.* Away fond woman: were he twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.
*Duc.* Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,
Thou would'st be more pitifull.
But now I know thy mind, thou do'st suspect
That I haue been disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may see,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I loue him.
*Yorke.* Make way, vnruly Woman. *Exit*
*Duc.* After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.*
*Bul.* Can no man tell of my vnthrifty Sonne?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen my Lords he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauernes there:

For

For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose Companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he, young wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So dissolute a crew.

*Per.* My Lord some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of those Triumphes held at Oxford.

*Bul.* And what (my to the Gallant?

*Per.* His answer was, he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common'st creature pluck a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

*Bul.* As dissolute as desperate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope, which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

*Enter Aumerle.*

*Aum.* Where is the King?

*Bul.* What meanes our Cosin, that he stares
And looks so wildely?

*Aum.* God saue your Grace. I do beseech your Maiesty
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

*Bul.* Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?

*Aum.* For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

*Bul.* Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be,
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale be done.

*Bul.* Haue thy desire. *Yorke within.*

*Yor.* My Liege beware, looke to thy state,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

*Bul.* Villaine I'le make thee safe.

*Aum.* Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare.

*Yorke.* Open the doore, lest rebell-like we force
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

*Enter Yorke.*

*Bul.* What is the matter (Vncle) speak, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

*Yor.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*Yor.* It was (villaine, ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, least thy pitty proue
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

*Bul.* O heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou sheere, immaculate, and siluer fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defiled him selfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne.

*Yorke.* So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;
As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honour liues, when his dishonor dies,
Or my shamed life, in his dishonor lies.
Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

*Duchesse within.*

*Duch.* What hoa! my Liege! for heauens sake let me in.

*Bul.* What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

*Duch.* A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pitty me, open the doore,
A Beggar begs, that neuer begg'd before.

*Bul.* Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King.
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.

*Yorke.* If thou do pardon, whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenesse prosper may.
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter Duchesse.*

*Duch.* O King, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue, loyall, and not fearefull, none but mine.

*Yor.* Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

*Duch.* Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

*Bul.* Rise vp good Aunt.

*Duch.* Not yet, I thee beseech.
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,
And neuer see day, that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy, vntill thou bid me ioy
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

*Aum.* Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

*Yorke.* Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.

*Duch.* Pleades he in earnest? look vpon his face,
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest.
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denied,
We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside.
His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie.
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

*Bul.* Good Aunt stand vp.

*Duch.* Nay do not say stand vp.
But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now.
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how
The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouths to meet.

*Yorke.* Speake it in French, King, say *Pardonne moy.*

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That sets the word it selfe, against the word.
Speake Pardon as 'tis current in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand.
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.

*Bul.* Good Aunt, stand vp.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand.

*Bul.*

*Bul.* I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee.
*Dut.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ficke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.
*Bul.* I pardon him with all my hart.
*Dut.* A God on earth thou art.
*Bul.* But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vncle helpe to order seuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them if I once know where.
Vncle farewell, and Cosin adieu:
Your mother well hath prai'd, and proue you true.
*Dut.* Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Exton and Seruants*

*Exe.* Did'st thou not marke the King what words hee spake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not so?
*Ser.* Those were his very words.
*Exe.* Haue I no Friends? quoth he: he spake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?
*Ser.* He did.
*Exe.* And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

## *Scæna Quarta.*

*Enter Richard.*

*Rich.* I haue bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it; yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith: as thus: Come little ones & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the posterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many haue and others must sit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as haue before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treason makes me wish my selfe a Beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penurie,
Perswades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Musick*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How sowre sweet Musicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintinesse of eare,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tells what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
Runs posting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere, his Iacke o'th Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad.
Yet blessings on his heart that gaues it me;
For 'tis a sign of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groome*

*Groo.* Haile Royall Prince.
*Rich.* Thanks Noble Peere,
The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man euer comes but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?
*Groo.* I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.
*Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?
*Groo.* So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.
*Rich.* So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Wast borne to beare? I was not made a horse,

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyred by jaunting *Bullingbrooke.*

*Enter Keeper with a Dish.*

*Keep.* Peelow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.
*Rich.* If thou loue me, 'tis time thou were away.
*Groo.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *Exit.*
*Keep.* My Lord, will't please you to fall too?
*Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou were't wont to doo.
*Keep.* My Lord *Exton* of *Pierce* of Exton,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary
*Rich.* The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaster, and thee,
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
*Keep.* Helpe, helpe, helpe

*Enter Exton and Seruants.*

*Ri.* How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy death's instrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.
*Exton strikes him downe.*
That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,
Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downeward, heere to dye.
*Exton.* As full of Valor, as of Royall Blood,
Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the liuing King, Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and giue them burials heere. *Exit*

## *Scœna Quinta.*

*Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords & attendants.*

*Bul.* Kinde Vncle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ceester in Glocestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not

*Enter Northumberland.*

We come my Lord. What is the newes?
*Nor.* First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse.
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of *Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt*, and *Kent*.
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.
*Bul.* We thanke thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will addere gracious gaines.

*Enter Fitz-waters.*

*Fitz.* My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of *Brocas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,
That sought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow
*Bul.* Thy paines *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter Percy and Carlile.*

*Per.* The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholy,
Hath yeelded vp his breath to the graue
But heere is *Carlile*, living to abide
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.
*Bul.* *Carlile* this is your doome
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More than thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast euer beene,
High sparkes of Honor, in thee haue I seene.

*Enter Exton with a Coffin.*

*Exton.* Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Heere all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
*Richard* of Bourdeaux, by my hand bereft
*Bul.* Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land
*Exton.* From your owne mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.
*Bul.* They loue not poyson, that do poyson need,
Nor do I thee, though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murthered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neuer shall my sword, nor Percies, for it.
With Caine go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my soules woe to be,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on sullen Blacke incontinent.
I'le make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

# The First Part of Henry the Fourth,
## with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

### *Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with others.*

*King.*

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Strands a-farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne children blood
Nor more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes
Of hostile paces: Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
And furious close of ciuil Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming ranks
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against Acquaintance, Kindred and Allies:
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore friends,
As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose Soldier now, vnder his blessed Crosse
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chace these Pagans in those holy fields,
Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.
But this our purpose is a twelue-month old,
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

*West.* My Liege, This haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A Post from Wales loaden with heauy Newes;
Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered.
Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

*West.* This matcheth with your hard imposition, my gracious Lord,
For more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspurre* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer-valiant and approued Scot,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought it, there in the very heate
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a deere and true-industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Staind with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes.
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon* Plaines. Of Prisoners, *Hotspurre* tooke
*Mordake* Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earle of *Athell*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is.

*West.* A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad & mak'st me sin,
In enuy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride.
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Riot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping Fairy, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*.

The

Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.
*West.* This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester
Malcuolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.
*King.* But I haue sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.
Coson, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.
*West.* I will my Liege. *Exeunt*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaffe and Poines.*

*Fal.* Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

*Prince* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truely know. What a deuel hast thou to do with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes and dials the signes of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason, why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take Purses go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phœbus hee, that wandring Knight so faire. And I prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou will haue none.

*Prin* What none?

*Fal.* No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prin.* Well, how then? Come roundly roundly.

*Fal.* Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights body, be call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Diana's* Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone, and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mistris the Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

*Prin.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone. As for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

*Fal.* Thou say'st true Lad. and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

*Prin.* As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fal.* How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a buffe-Ierkin?

*Prin.* Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse of the Tauerne?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

*Prin.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*Prin.* Yea and elsewhere, so far as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King, and resolution thus obrob'd as it is, with the rustie curbe of old Father Antickes the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

*Prin.* No, thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

*Prin.* Thou iudgest false already. I meane, thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well *Hal*, well: and in some sort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

*Prin.* For obtaining of suites?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of wiues, whereof the Hangman hath no lease, for their liues: for thy part, I am as melancholy as a Gyb Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

*Prin.* Or an Old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

*Prin.* What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholy of Moore Ditch?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most vnsauory similes, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascallest sweet young Prince. But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a Commodity of good names were to be bought. An olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I marked him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the street too.

*Prin.* Thou did'st well, for no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal* I knew nothing, and now I am (if a man should speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for euer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

*Prin.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke?

*Fal.* Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and yet I do not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

*Prin.* I see a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*: 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

*Poines.* Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

*Prin.* Good morrow Ned.

*Poines.*

*Poins.* Good morrow sweet Hal. What saies Monsieur Remorse? What saies Sir John Sacke and Sugar Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldst him on Good-friday last, for a Cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prin.* Sir *John* stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbs. *He will giue the Diuell his due.*

*Poins.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Diuell.

*Prin.* Else he had damn'd for cozening the Diuell.

*Poy.* But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning by foure a clocke early at Gads-hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purses. I haue visards for you all, you haue horses for your selues. Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue spoke of Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may do it as secure as sleepe. If you will go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

*Fal.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prin.* Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camst not of the blood royall, if thou darst not stand for ten shillings.

*Prin.* Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

*Fal.* Why that's well said.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

*Fal.* Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art hang'd.

*Prin.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir *John*, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion, and he the eares of reasonings, that what thou speakest, may moue, and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for poore abuses of time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

*Prin.* Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

*Poy.* Now, my good sweet Honey Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a deuice that will draw them all three from their Purses, whereto they shall not know how to giue any colour. *Item*, when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*Prin.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poy.* Why we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'l set vpon them.

*Prin.* I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

*Poy.* Tut our horses they shall not see. Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them: and sirrah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

*Prin.* But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

*Poy.* Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Ieast will be, the incompr[e]hensible lies that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured: and in the reproofe of these, lyes the Ieast.

*Prin.* Well, Ile go with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell.

*Poy.* Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

*Prin.* I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidaies,
To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised;
By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes:
And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyle to set it off.
Ile o're-throw, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspure, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

*King.* My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Sonne,
A glaiue, and rod to beat on, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as young Downe,
And therefore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly.

*Nor.* My Lord.

*King.* Worcester get thee gone: for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a seruant brow.
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.
You were about to speake.

*North.* Yea, my good Lord.

Those

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were all perfect, lustie, and with such strength vented
As was deliuered ouer to your Maiesty.
Whether enuy or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault, and not my Sonne
*Hot.* My Liege, I do deny no part of it.
But, remember me, the fight was hote,
When I was vrg'd with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathlesse, and all bestaind with sweat, and blood,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble Land at Haruest home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet box, which euer and anon
He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe.
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in scorne. And still he smild, and talkt:
And as the Souldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cal'd them vntaught Knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a slouenly vnhandsome Corse
Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday, and Lady tearme
He question'd me. Among the rest demanded
My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pestered with a Popinjay)
Out of my grace and patience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what:
He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talke so like a Waiting Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds (God saue the mark)
And telling me the Souereignst thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise:
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous Saltpeter should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmelesse earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroyd
So Cowardly. And but for these vile Guns,
He would himselfe haue been a Souldier.
This bald, vnioynted Chat of his, my Lord,
Made me to answer indirectly, as I said:
And I beseech you, let not report
Come current for an Accusation
Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.
*Lunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,
Whatsoeuer *Harry Percie* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and neuer rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vnsay it now.
*King.* Why yet doth he deny his Prisoners,
But with prouiso, and exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who on my soule, hath wilfully deseru'd
The Steepe, Tarpeian death, Vastalls fit to dye,
Against their Prince, I care not who, or how:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soules hope of Glory,
Into his ruine, immitigable Eare
Hath daily powr'd such Speech, I vnderstand,
Before the Gentle Sleepe, shall sleepe me vp,
Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Fears,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselues?
No on the barren Mountaines let him starue:
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,
To ransome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
*Hot.* Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Woundes, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuern's sedgy Bank,
In one day fifteene times, they set on him:
In foure fiue houres, thirty at least:
And from a Graue, vndigested, vnfelt,
Where the cold Earth, halfe a yeare had slept,
Darre I appeach one of that Honour? Why,
Is not a Captiue Noble, by the Law
As free as any Liege-man of the Land,
If not more free than many Liege-men are?
Call for Out-lawries, and they will appeare
As soone as Lightning, seas, and Warres appeare.
And for your Brothers-in-Law, the Earle of March,
Whom God preserue better than you would wish,
Is now residing heere, within this Land,
Euen in our sight, and care. Pardon me Sir,
If I rise, and plucke my Gloues.
Why should a Warre be lost, before the Needer?
Lord Marshall, and my selfe, will speed alone.
*Lunt.* Speake not so rashly, your Vncle *Mortimer*
Is not so guilty of his Nephewes Rising,
As plots imagin'd by his Enemies.
And harke you my Lord of Northumberland,
You shall haue Letters from me to day:
In deed it is the Counsell of vnwisedome,
To fasten on an Enemy, another Foe,
And let the Foe himselfe alone.
*Hot.* Imperfect Enuy, Neighbour to Disease,
And feeding on the Maladies it feeds vpon:
That Warre, or Women haue their Infancie,
Turne it a while, perhaps it may proue Warre,
Now by this Hand, I keepe it but a Graue,
Where it shall tanne, and grow to Puissance,
And let our Friends beware how they preserue
Sicke Fellowes, and blind Moules, to make a Warre.
*Lunt.* Well I haue done, and wish but for my part,
Rather to haue too little, than too much.
*Hot.* So doe I: and I thinke we shall haue some
Affaires of Moment, shortly after Easter.
*Lunt.* Perhaps no more: but I must heare your Loues,
Faith I am loth to heare, what you oppose
Against this Proiect, and it is my Fault.
*Hot.* Yesterday my Lord, as your Highnesse knowes,
Armed and very well attended,
Rode vp to Glendours Countrey, and to speak
Vnto that Braggart Gentleman, Owen Glendour,
Had sent me word, that early in the Morning,
He must attend his Highnesse at his Tent.
*Hot.* Where stayed for him, I did assay his Patience,
But being fretted in my Common-wealth,
And quickly come to Chollericke Choller,
Requested him to go.
*Lunt.* Yet more Occasion for your Patience.
*Hot.* Heard you the Starres of Heauen were falne?
Had I heard passe the Seas a League,
And at the Moone were it but a Day old?
Doth it still raine? Good Vncle take your Patience,
And winke at Wrongs.
*Hot.* Cousin, I am too young to take Counsell
Of such a Weather-fac'd Consideration,
And limit me this Time. Yet I do wish,
Not wishing Time were giuen me longer heere.
*Hot.* Heare how he interprets himselfe vpon particulars.
*Lunt.* His Answer was, he would vnto the Deuill,
Before the Newes of Warre, yet ripe in it,
Should make a Start for Feare of Enemies,
And so hot Valour, coldly, and timorously.
*Hot.* Now by my Sword, I could haue better spoke.
And to the Purpose, that is certainly.
But I tell you my Lord fine Captaine,
Looke when he feares, he smells out Warre.
Time nourishes his Cause, which else would sicken and die,
Betweene his greatnesse, and my Relation.
And betweene my Tame, and his vntam'd Conditions,
There is no Limit, Measure, Stint, nor Bound,
Will the King come, that I may breathe my Horse,
And bid him so indeed?
*Lunt.* I may not haue it so, he will not come.
*Hot.* Well, he may come on his Necke for me.
The Deuill take him, one that makes Bridges to feare his Enemie,
Swearing he comes not ouer: and he comes not ouer,
To breake his Faith, he cannot come:
The King is kinde, and well we know the Kings
Our Friends, and Vowes, and Confidences,
Defie the Booke, and Tables of the Law,
Sweare, and Lye, and breake with all the World.
*Hot.* Well I haue done, and end: I pray your Lordships,
All to the Presence, there to giue our Duties,
As well to chide me, as the waighty Difficulties
And high Designes about to grow vpon vs.
Come Vnkle, lead the way.
*Hot.* Now by the Starres that shine vpon my Helme,
I'll make a Ghastly Day for Englands Beauty.
Seuen Horses haue I skipt withall this Morning,
And Galloway-nags, like Pigeons, haue flowne
Reuiuers, and Recoyles, to and fro,
Since foure a Clocke.
*Hot.* Your Father may go to the Wall, and the King too.
Before I'll leese this Match-play of Aduantage,
O'rethrow the Law, ride with a Thousand Beades
Downe to my Journeys end. Tarry the Grooming of my Horse?
Not for a Hope of Gaine, a Kingdome.
*Hot.* Come, come, go in with me, 'tis after Midnight,
And to be plaine, I do not loue to Dine alone.
*Hot.* Not so, 'tis Philosophy to eate alone,
Meate and Keepe Cold, are the Lawes, and Prouerbes
Of Nice, and Dull Complaints. Lord Lumley, goe to bed,
Your Wife sits long after you, full of your Cares,
Stopping vnruly Mouthes, full of Impatience.
*Hot.* Yes Patience is quite beaten out of doore,
And leaues no Place; yet Lumley to bed.
*Hot.* Not yet my Nephew? In debt that Battell lookes,
Or else the Feare of it, behinde.
*Hot.* Why then the Powers are deepe.
*Hot.* Is the Glendour with them?
*Hot.* No Glendour is not with them.
*Hot.* Then he purposes not to be there.
He came not through the Mountaines with his Power,
And close incamped.
*Hot.* How knowes he this?
*Hot.* Why he is walking one three times now,
Hard by from Shrewsbury, Clad in Mud to the Knees,
His Horse all foam'd with Trauell, and himselfe
Tyr'd with the Beating of his Spurres.
*Hot.* What a Deuill sits on his Face?
Is his Mother, his Wife, his Brother dead?
*Hot.* Why no, he rides but Northward to Holmedon,
To meet Sir Michael Veron, and Sir Richard Stapley,
Are these my Letters, come in such a Hurry?
*Hot.* Why should they not come in Hurry?
Are not you on the Readie? While we
Defer our Loue, so much our Businesse suffers.
Meane time, but harke you Vncle, what's the Newes?
*Hot.* Why Letters of Preparation,
That the Scot is prepar'd against Barwicke.
Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast halfe a Tale to tell vs of Newes.
*Hot.* Yes, that there came a Ballad in my Pocket,
The last Night.
*Hot.* Why, so did there come to me many a thing,
I do not an houre before I came from Shrewsbury.
*Hot.* But my Tale is of Newes.
*Hot.* Of Horses, Armes, and Men,
Of Authority, Bent, and Resolution,
Thicke as the Autumne Leaues.
*Hot.* Some of them set forward, some vpon their Iourney,
All expected here: and the Newes is cold.
*Hot.* Now by my Troth, you haue a lustie Newes,
Of Dangerous Maner, as a Time is like to be.
*Hot.* But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented,
There were no more Perill in the Matter,
Then in the Report: Do not you fear it.
Looke to your Horses, Gentlemen, I haue seene the Time,
With my Long Sword, I would haue made foure tall Fellowes
Skip like Rats.
*Hot.* Haue you seene the Time?
*Hot.* Come, come, let's all to Bed.
Hot. Wednesday by Seuen,
Ile send your Horses, meete me Early there,
And there I'll sup. Farewell.
*Hot.* Farewell my Lord.

*Hot.* But soft I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne?
*Nor.* He did, my selfe did heare it.
*Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines starue.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake wore the detested blot
Of murtherous Subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the Agents or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtle King.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,
As both of you (God pardon it) have done,
To put downe an Vsurper, that ere long
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?
No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say——
*Wor.* Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing Discontents,
Ile read you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of peril and aduentrous Spirit,
As to ore-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnsteadfast footing of a Speare.
*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honour crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rouze a Lyon, than to start a Hare.
*Nor.* Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.
*Hot.* By Heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-faced Moone,
Or dyue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fathom-line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned Honor by the Locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Corriuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-faced Fellowship.
*Wor.* He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend.
Good Cousin, giue me audience for a-while,
And list to me.
*Hot.* I cry you mercy.
*Wor.* Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners——
*Hot.* I'le keepe them all.
By Heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not:
I'le keepe them, by this Hand.
*Wor.* You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.
*Hot.* Nay, I will, that's flat.
He said, he would not ransome *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*.
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his eare, Ile hollo *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'le haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.
*Wor.* Heare you Cousin a word.
*Hot.* All studies heere I solemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I loue the Fauour and the Wit,
And would be glad he met with some Aduance,
I would maintaine you with a Pot-gun shot,
And you in a Peece-shot.
*Wor.* Farewell Kinsman: I'le talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
*Nor.* Why what a Wasp-tongue & impatient fool
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
*Hot.* Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time: What do ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Glocestershire.
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*.
When you and he came backe from Ramspurgh.
*Nor.* At Barkley Castle.
*Hot.* You say true.
Why what a candy deale of courtesie
This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me:
Look when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Cousin.
O, the Deuill take such Cozeners: God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.
*Wor.* Nay, if you melt, goe forth and take your part.
When I shall finde you weeping, beare you selfe
Hot. I have done, enough.
*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the *Dowglas* come to you more yeerely
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Scottish Scotland being thus imploy'd,
Shall keepe you to the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbishop.
*Hot.* O Yorke, is't not?
*Wor.* True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroope*.
I speake not this in estimation
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set downe,
And only stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
*Hot.* I smell it.
Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.
*Nor.* Before the game is a-foot, thou still let'st slip.
*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.
*Wor.* And so they shall.
*Hot.* Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.
*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will always thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin to
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.
*Hot.* He does, he does, we'l be reueng'd on him
*Wor.* Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe (which will be looked for) ere.
Ile steale to *Glendower* and you, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.
*Nor* Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust
*Hot.* Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and groanes, applaud our sport *Exeunt*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.*

1.*Car.* Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. *Charles* waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ostler?
*Ost.* Anon, anon.
1.*Car.* I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Jade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2.*Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Botes: This house is turned vpside downe since *Robin* the Ostler dyed.
1.*Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oates rose, it was the death of him.
2. *Car.* I thinke this is the most vengeance house in all London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.
1.*Car.* Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Christendome, could be better bit, then I haue been since the first Cocke.
2.*Car.* Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.
1.*Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd: come away.
2.*Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse.
1.*Car.* The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued. What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare? And 'twere not as good a deed as drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gad.* Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?
1.*Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.
*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gelding in the stable.
1.*Car.* Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.
*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.
2.*Car.* I when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.
*Gad.* Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?
2.*Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, we'l call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge. *Exeunt*

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Gad.* What ho, Chamberlaine?
*Cham.* At hand quoth Pick-purse.
*Gad.* That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou knowest the plot, how.
*Cham.* Good morrow Master *Gads-Hill*, it holds current that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.
*Gad.* Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarkes, Ile giue thee this necke.
*Cham.* No, Ile none of it: I prythee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshippest S. Nicholas as truely as a man of falshood may.
*Gad.* What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with mee, and thou know'st he's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should be look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny-strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd Maltworms, but with Nobility, and Tranquillity, Burgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Boots.
*Cham.* What, the Commonwealth their Boots? Will she hold out water in foule way?
*Gad.* She will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle cocke-sure: we haue the receit of Fern-seede, we walke inuisible.
*Cham.* Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fern-seed, for your walking inuisible.
*Gad.* Giue me thy hand.
Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.
*Cham.* Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false Theefe.
*Gad.* Goe to: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt.*

## Scæna Secunda.

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.*

*Poynes.* Come shelter, shelter: I have removed *Falstaffs* Horse, and he frets like a gumd Velure.

*Prin.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* *Poynes, Poynes*, and be hang'd *Poynes*.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

*Fal.* What *Poynes*! *Hal*?

*Prin.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, Ile go seek him.

*Fal.* I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath removed my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'le be hang'd: it could not be else: I have drunke Medicines. *Poynes, Hal*, a Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*: I'le starue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles a foot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines know it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.*

Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fal.* Have you any Leuers to lift me vp again being downe? 'Sblood I'le not beare mine owne flesh so far a foot again for all the coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prin.* Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fal.* I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

*Prin.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fal.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparent Garters: If I be ta'ne, Ile peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a Jest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do against my will.

*Poyn.* O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce.
*Bardolfe*, what newes?

*Bar.* Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie ye rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fal.* To be hang'd.

*Prin.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I, will walke lower: if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* But how many be of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* Will they not rob vs?

*Prin.* What, a Coward Sir *John* Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed I am not *John of Gaunt* your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

*Prin.* Wee'l leave that to the proofe.

*Poyn.* Sirra Jacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedge, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

*Prin.* *Ned*, where are our disguises?

*Poyn.* Heere hard by. Stand close.

*Fal.* Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his businesse.

*Enter Trauellers.*

*Tra.* Come Neighbors: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: We'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our Legges.

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Tra.* Ieshu bestow vs.

*Fal.* Stand: lay downe your weapons: kneele downe on your knees, and yeeld vp your liues.

*Tra.* Lord pitty vs.

*Fal.* Stand close with them: cut the villaines throates: a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs by nature, for taking downe their fat. Downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons, on, what ye knaues? Young men must liue, you are Grand Iurors, are ye? We'l iure ye faith.

*Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poynes.*

*Prin.* The Theeues have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iest for ever.

*Poynes.* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter Theeues againe.*

*Fal.* Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poynes be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

*Prin.* Your money.

*Poyn.* Villaines.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.*

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeues are scattered, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned*, *Falstaffe* sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: were't not for laughing, I should pitty him.

*Poyn.* How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

## Scæna Tertia.

*Enter Hotspurre solus reading a Letter.*

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He

He could be contented: Why is he not then? In respect of the loue he beares our houſe. He ſhewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Cold, to ſleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord fooliſh) out of this Nettle, Danger; we pluck this Flower, Safety. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named uncertaine, the Time it ſelfe vnfurniſhed, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an Oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo: I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I proteſt, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friends true and conſtant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a froſty ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action. By this hand, if we were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vncle, and my ſelfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides the *Douglas*? Haue I not all their ſeuerall letters to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidel! Ha, you ſhall ſee now (in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart) will he to the King, and diſcouer vs all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my ſelfe, and go to buffets, for moouing ſuch a diſh of ſkim'd Milke with ſo honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will ſet forward to night.

*Enter his Lady.*

How now Kate, I muſt leaue you within theſe two houres.

*La.* O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight been
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (ſweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſit'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my Treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In my ſweet-ſlumbers, (by thy ſide haue watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres,
Speake termes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Baſiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,
Of Priſoners ranſome, and of Souldiers ſlaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at Warre,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweate hath ſtood vpon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed Streame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauie buſineſſe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it: elſe he loues me not.

*Hot.* What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

*Ser.* He is my Lord an houre agone.

*Hot.* Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes frõ the Sheriffe?

*Ser.* One horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.

*Hot.* What Horſe? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not?

*Ser.* It is my Lord.

*Hot.* That Roane ſhall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

*La.* But heare you, my Lord.

*Hot.* What ſay'ſt thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horſe, my Loue, my horſe.

*La.* Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not ſuch a deale of Spleene, as you are toſt with. In faith I'le know your buſineſſe *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtirre about this Title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go——

*Hot.* So farre-foot, I ſhall be weary, Loue.

*La.* Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly vnto this queſtion, that I demand. In faith I'le breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell me true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifler. Loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with Lips.
We muſt haue bloudie Noſes, and crack'd Crownes,
And paſſe them current too. Gods me my horſe!
What ſay'ſt thou *Kate*? what would'ſt thou haue with me?

*La.* Do's not he loue me? Do's not he not meane it?

Well, ſo I am then. For if he loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do's not he loue me?
Nay, tell me if thou pleaſe it in a ieſt or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou ride with me?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I may not, haue you not made ſome queſtion of me,
Whether I go, nor reaſon whereabout.
Whether I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This Euening muſt I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Than *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman: and for ſecreſie
No Lady cloſer. For I will beleeue
Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'ſt not know,
And ſo farre will I truſt thee gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How ſo farre?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?

*La.* It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Prince and Poines.*

*Prin.* *Ned* prethee come out of that fat roome & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poines.* Where haſt bene *Hall*?

*Prin.* With three or foure loggerheads, amongſt three or foureſcore Hogſheads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humanity. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh of Drawers, and can call them by their names as *Tom Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Courteſie: telling me flatly I am no proud Jack like *Falſtaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of Eng. I ſhall command all the good Lads in Eaſt-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then

——ry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am —— rd a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can ma w th any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me i' this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this pennyworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this shrill addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and I shall shew thee a President.

*Poines. Francis*

*Prin.* Thou art perfect.

*Poin. Francis.*

*Enter Drawer*

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir, looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

*Prince.* Come hither *Francis*

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth fiue yeares, and as much as to——

*Poin.* Francis.

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

*Poin.* Francis.

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* How old art thou, *Francis*?

*Fran.* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be——

*Poin.* Francis.

*Fran.* Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

*Prin.* Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

*Prin.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poin.* Francis.

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prin.* Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis on Thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

*Fran.* O Lord sir, who do you mean?

*Prin.* Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will sully. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What sir?

*Poin.* Francis.

*Prin.* Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

*Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore, *Poines*.

*Enter Poines*

*Poin.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

*Poin.* As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

*Prin.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselues humors, since the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.

*Prin.* That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the son of a Woman: his industry is vp-stairs and downe-stayres, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that kills me some six or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and cries to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* (sayes she) how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, sayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poin.* Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

*Fal.* A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I lead this life long, Ile sowe nether stocks, and mende them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

*Prin.* Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pitifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sacke with Lime in it. A Villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, till a true bred Cowards head come vpon the shoulders of euery good good mans sonne, and be not let downe with euery dudgeon dagger a Drawing Englishman: & one of them is fat and growes old, God help the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now Woolsacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

*Prin.* Why you horson round man? what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and *Poines* there?

*Prin.* Ye fatte paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call thee Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe. Call you

that

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prince.* O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

*Falst.* All's one for that. *He drinkes*
A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter?

*Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, *Jacke?* where is it?

*Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

*Falst.* I am a Rogue, if I were better at hand Sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I haue escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake: if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are Villaines, and the sonnes of darkenesse.

*Prince.* Speake sirs, how was it?

*Gad.* We foure set vpon some dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

*Gad.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No: no: they were not bound.

*Falst.* Yes, Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew else a Iew-bred Iew.

*Gad.* As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Falst.* All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore olde *Jacke*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

*Poins.* Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered some of them.

*Falst.* Nay, that's past praying for. I haue peppered two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Suites. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point, foure Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

*Prince.* What, foure? thou saydst but two, euen now.

*Falst.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poins.* I, so I said.

*Falst.* These foure came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me: I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Target thus.

*Prince.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Falst.* In Buckrom.

*Poins.* I, foure, in Buckrom Suites.

*Falst.* Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Falst.* Dost thou heare me *Hal?*

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, *Jacke.*

*Falst.* Do so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Falst.* Their Points being broken.

*Poins.* Downe fell his Hose.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

*Falst.* But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me, (for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene greasie Tallow Catt.

*Falst.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

*Poins.* Come: your reason *Jack*, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plentie as Blacke-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* I'le be no longer guilty of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

*Falst.* Away, you starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats-tongue, Bulls-pizzle, you stocke-fish: O for breath to vtter. What is like thee? you Tailors-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Well, breath-a-while, and then to it againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but this.

*Poins.* Marke Iacke.

*Prin.* We two saw you foure set on foure, and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth. Marke now, how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you here in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you carried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy Sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now finde out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Poines.* Come: let's heare Iacke. What trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* I know ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why thou know'st I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince. Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct. I shall think the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hostesse clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that *Hal*, and thou louest me.

*Enter Hostesse.*

*Host.* My Lord, the Prince?

*Prin.*

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

*Hoſteſſe.* Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would ſpeake with you: hee ſayes, hee comes from your Father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my Mother.

*Falſt.* What manner of man is hee?

*Hoſteſſe.* An old man.

*Falſt.* What doth Granſtie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *Iacke*.

*Falſt.* Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

*Prince.* Now Sirs: you fought faire; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon inſtinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie

*Bard.* Faith, I ranne when I ſaw others runne

*Prin.* Tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffe's* Sword ſo hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, hee would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

*Prin.* O Villaine, thou ſtoleſt a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and were taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore: thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

*Bard.* My Lord, doe you ſee theſe Meteors? doe you behold theſe Exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bard.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

*Bard.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter.

*Enter Falſtaffe.*

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne Knee?

*Falſt.* My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waiſt, I could haue crept into any Alderman's Thumbe-Ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Bruce* from your Father; you muſt goe to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Croſſe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O, *Glendower*.

*Falſt.* *Owen, Owen*; the ſame, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runnes a Horſe-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high ſpeede, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

*Falſt.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the Sparrow.

*Falſt.* Well, that Raſcall hath good mettall in him; hee will not runne.

*Prin.* Why, what a Raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

*Falſt.* A Horſe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

*Falſt.* I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Cappes more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by Night. thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this cruell buffeting hold, wee ſhall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles by the Hundreds.

*Falſt.* By the Maſſe Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three ſuch Enemyes againe as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not a whit: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

*Falſt.* Well, thou wilt be horrible chollericke to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father. If thou doe follow me, practiſe an anſwere.

*Prin.* Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my Life.

*Falſt.* Shall I? content: This Chayre ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crowne.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-ſtoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious Rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

*Falſt.* Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* vaine.

*Prin.* Well, heere is my Legge

*Falſt.* And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobility.

*Hoſteſſe.* This is excellent ſport, yfaith.

*Falſt.* Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Hoſteſſe.* O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

*Falſt.* For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queen, For teares doe ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Hoſteſſe.* O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

*Falſt.* Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine *Harry*. I doe not only maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? Shall the bleſſed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a queſtion not to be aſkt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purſes? a queſtion to be aſkt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to

many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch, as ancient Writers doe report, doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares, not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words only, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

*Prin.* What manner of man, and it like your Majestie?

*Falst.* A goodly portly man, yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r Lady inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his Name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for *Harry*, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I say unto thee, that *Falstaffe* hath not his fellow. And let me see now, thou wanton Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*Prin.* Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for me, and I'le play my Father.

*Falst.* Depose me: if thou dost it halfe so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rabbet sucker or a Poulters Hare.

*Prin.* Well, here I am set.

*Falst.* And here I stand: judge my Masters.

*Prin.* Now *Harry*, whence come you?

*Falst.* My Noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

*Prin.* The complaints I heare of thee are grievous.

*Falst.* 'Sblood, my Lord, they are falſe. Nay, I'le tickle ye for a young Prince.

*Prin.* Sweare'st thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me. Thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Devill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion. Why dost thou converse with that Trunke of Humors, that Bolting-Hutch of Beastliness, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuffed Cloake-bagge of Guts, that roasted Manning Tree Ox with the Pudding in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in yeares? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carve a Capon, and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein Crafty, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Falst.* I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

*Prince.* That villanous abominable misleader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Falst.* My Lord, the man I know.

*Prince.* I know thou doſt.

*Falst.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pitty) his white haires doe witneſſe it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If ſacke and ſugar be a fault, Heaven helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry be a ſinne, then many an old Host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* lean Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poines*: but for ſweet *Jacke Falſtaffe*, kinde *Jacke Falſtaffe*, true *Jacke Falſtaffe*, valiant *Jacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is olde *Jacke Falſtaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* company, banish plumpe *Jacke*, and banish all the World.

*Prince.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardolph running.*

*Bard.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffe, with a most monſtrous Watch, is at the doore.

*Falſt.* Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe*.

*Enter the Hoſteſſe.*

*Hoſteſſe.* O, my Lord, my Lord.

*Falſt.* Heigh, ho, an't, the Devill rides upon a Fiddle-ſtick: what's the matter?

*Hoſteſſe.* The Sheriffe and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

*Falſt.* Do'ſt thou heare *Hal*, never call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

*Prince.* And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

*Falſt.* I deny your Major: if you will deny the Sheriffe, ſo: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up. I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter, as another.

*Prince.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras: the reſt walke up above. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

*Falſt.* Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'le hide me. *Exit.*

*Prince.* Call in the Sheriffe.

*Enter Sheriffe and the Carrier.*

*Prince.* Now Maſter Sheriffe, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men unto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosſe fat man.

*Car.* As fat as Butter.

*Prince.* The man, I doe aſſure you, is not here, For I my ſelfe at this time have employ'd him. And Sheriffe, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to-morrow Dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall: And ſo let me entreat you, leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robbery loſt three hundred Marks.

*Prince.* It may be ſo: if he have robb'd theſe men, He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

*Sher.* Good Night, my Noble Lord.

*Prince.* I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeede, my Lord, I think it be two a Clocke. *Exit.*

*Prince.* This oyly Rascall is known as well as Paules: goe call him forth.

*Peto.* Falſtaffe faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a Horſe.

*Prince.* Harke, how hard he fetches breath. Search his Pockets. &c.

*He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers*

*Prince.* What hast thou found?

*Poto.* Nothing but Papers, my Lord

*Prince.* Let's see, what be they? reade them.

*Poto.* Item, a Capon. ... ij.s.ij.d.
Item, Sawce ... ij.d.
Item, Sacke, two Gallons. ... v.s.viij.d.
Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ... ij.s.vj.d.
Item Bread. ... ob.

*Prince.* O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is set downe, keepe close, wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning. Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow *Poto*

*Poto.* Good-morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.*

*Mort.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hotsp.* Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit downe?
And Vncle *Worcester*: a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappe.

*Glend.* No, here it is:
Sit Cousin *Percy*, sit good Cousin *Hotspurre*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speake of you,
His Cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh
He wisheth you in Heauen.

*Hotsp.* And you in Hell, as oft as he hearres *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

*Hotsp.* Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe had neuer beene borne.

*Glend.* I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

*Hotsp.* And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glend.* The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

*Hotsp.* Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.
Diseased Nature oftimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions: and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Colicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisonment of vnruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe
Steeples, and mosse-grownie Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these Crossings. Giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields
These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my Life doe shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments

*Hotsp.* I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh: Ile to Dinner.

*Mort.* Peace Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

*Hotsp.* Why so can I, or so can any man,
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuill.

*Hotsp.* And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuill,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.*
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,
And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

*Mort.* Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I sent him
Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

*Hotsp.* Home without Boots,
And in foule Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Deuills name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the Mappe.
Shall wee diuide our Right,
According to our three-fold order taene?

*Mort.* The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Coze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A Businesse that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed vs, at Shrewsbury.
My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,
Nor shall wee needs his helpe these fourteene dayes.
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the part of your Wife and you.
*Hosp.* Meeres [illegible] Mort [illegible] from Burton here,
In quart [illegible] not one of yours.
See, Powers Ruer comes [illegible],
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge fat Marre, a mile and more Cantre out.
He hauer [illegible] with speed downe,
And here the [illegible] Riuer Trent shall run,
In a new Channell, fare and euenly
It shall not wind with [illegible] any Sedge,
To [illegible] of [illegible] Bottome here.
*Glend.* Not wonder [illegible]
*Mort.* Yea, but marke how he bears his course,
And runnes me [illegible] with head aduantage out of [illegible],
Casting the [illegible] Current quite,
As [illegible] the [illegible] takes from vs.
*Worc.* Yea, but [illegible] charge vnto the Riuer there,
And on [illegible] Name [illegible] Law,
And [illegible] against the Land.
*Hot.* I [illegible] to [illegible] Courage with [illegible].
*Glen.* I can [illegible] stand.
*Hot.* Why [illegible]?
*Glend.* No, [illegible].
*Hot.* Why [illegible]?
*Glend.* Why [illegible].
*Hot.* I [illegible] marry, [illegible] stand out then, speake it in Welsh.
*Glend.* I can speake English, Lord as well as you,
For I was train'd vp in the English Court,
Where being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many a [illegible] Dance, [illegible] well,
And gaue the Tongue a [illegible] Ornament,
A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.
*Hot.* Marry and I am [illegible] it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten and cry mew,
Then one [illegible] these Meeter Ballad-mongers
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge:
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetry,
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.
*Glend.* Come you shall haue Trent turn'd.
*Hosp.* I [illegible] am I growne to this Land
To any well [illegible] end,
But to the world Barganet, make one,
Come I to [illegible] part of a Moyre
And see the Lady stares draw out, shall we be gone?
*Glend.* The Moone shines fayre,
You may away by Night:
Be halted, [illegible] and waited all,
Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my Daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit*
*Mort.* Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my Father.
*Hosp.* I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies,
And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,
A clip-winged Griffin, and a moulten Raucn,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night at least nine houres,
In reckoning vp the seuerall Deuils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a railing Wife,
Worse then a smoakie house. I had rather liue
With Cheese and garlicke in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-House in Christendome.
*Mort.* Exceeding well read and profited
In strange [illegible]
Valiant as a [illegible],
And as [illegible],
Sheds teares [illegible],
He [illegible] temper [illegible]
An [illegible],
Well [illegible],
I [illegible],
Mingles [illegible],
With [illegible],
[illegible],
*Hot.* Infidell, I [illegible] to wife for shame,
And [illegible] home enough.
To [illegible] patience.
Yea, [illegible] this fault
Through [illegible] Cowardice, Coward Blood,
And [illegible],
Yet [illegible],
Deepe [illegible],
[illegible],
I [illegible],
Vpon [illegible],
Be [illegible].
*Hosp.* Will [illegible]
Come [illegible]
Heere [illegible], and take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower with the Ladie.*

*Mort.* This is the [illegible], that angers me,
My [illegible],
*Glend.* My Daughter weepes, [illegible] part a while,
She'le be a Souldier too, she'le [illegible],
[illegible] and sing to my Aunt *Percy*.

*Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

*Glend.* [illegible] heere
A [illegible],
O [illegible] good vpon.

*The Lady speakes in Welsh.*

*Mort.* I vnderstand thy Lookes, that pretty Welsh
Which thou powr'dst downe from these swelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame,
In such a parley should I answere thee.

*The Lady againe in Welsh.*

*Mort.* I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Mor-

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fayre Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With ravishing Division to her Lute.
*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she runne madde.

*The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.*

*Mort.* O I am Ignorance it selfe in this.
*Glend.* Sit, and attend.
Come, come, you Pupil lay your Head with mine,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
And the will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eyelids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heavinesse,
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harnest'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.
*Mort.* With all my heart I'le sit and heare her sing
By that time will our Booke, I think, be drawne.
*Glend.* Do so.
And those Musitians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Aire a thousand Leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
*Hotsp.* Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying, downe
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy Lappe.
*Lady.* Go ye giddy Goose.

*The Musicke plays.*

*Hotsp.* Now I perceive the Devill understands Welsh,
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous.
By'r Lady he is a good Musitian.
*Lady.* Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by humours.
Lye still, ye Thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.
*Hotsp.* I had rather heare Lady, my Brach howle in Irish.
*Lady.* Would'st have thy Head broken?
*Hotsp.* No.
*Lady.* Then be still.
*Hotsp.* Neyther 'tis a Womans fault.
*Lady.* Now God helpe thee.
*Hotsp.* To the Welsh Ladies bed.
*Lady.* What's that?
*Hotsp.* Peace, she sings.

*Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.*

*Hotsp.* Come, I'le have your Song too.
*Lady.* Not mine, in good sooth.
*Hotsp.* Not yours, in good sooth? You are as hot a Cumbrian as ever broke Bread, and that's a wonder: and yet not a Cumbrian neither: am I deceived? Speake againe.
*Lady.* I will not sing.
*Hotsp.* 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breast teacher. And the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within these two houres: and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*
*Glend.* Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: we'le but seale,
And then to Horse immediately.
*Mort.* With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*

*King.* Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference.
But be neere at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.
*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret Doome out of my Blood,
He'le breede Revengement and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art only markt
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
*Prince.* So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,
By smiling pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.
*King.* Heaven pardon thee.
Yet let me wonder *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company,
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That

That men would tell their Children, This is he
Others would say, Where, which is *Bullingbrooke*.
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,
And dreft my selfe in such humilitie,
That I did pluck Allegeance from mens hearts,
Loud shouts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,
My Presence, like a Robe Pontifical,
Ne're seene, but wonder'd at: and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, showed like a Feast,
And won by rarenesse such solemnitie.
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe
With shallow Iesters, and rash bauen Wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt: carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with Capring Fooles,
Had his great Name profaned with their Scornes,
And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gibing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue:
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfeoffed himselfe to Popularitie,
That being daily swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surfeited with Honey, and began
To loath the Taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded, seene, but with such Eyes,
As sicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids downe,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As Cloudie men vse to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry* standest thou
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more
Which now doth that I would not haue it do,
Make blind it selfe with foolish tender nesse.
*Prince.* Shall I be net'red, my most gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe.
*King.* For all the World,
As thou art to this houre was *Richard* then,
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh,
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then thou the shadow of Succession,
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right,
He doth fill fields with Harnesse in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes,
And being no more in debt to yeeres, than thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on
To bloody Battailes, and to crutch'd Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglas*? whose high Deedes,
Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Soldiers chiefe Maiority,
And Military Title Capitall
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Three times hath *Hotspur Mars*, in swathing Clothes,
This Infant Warrior, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, Northumberland,
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neerest and dearest Enemie?
Thou that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.
*Prince.* Do not think so, you shall not finde it so:
And Heauen forgiue them, that so much haue sway'd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske,
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene're it lights,
That this same Child doth cancell Honor and Renowne,
This gaine and *Hotspur*, that is sharpe-visaged Knight,
And your vnthought-of *Harry* chance to meet
For euer: Honor hangs on his Helme.
Why doubt you, were I ore-ruled or no, and on my head
My Fathers sins are scal'd. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities.
*Percy* is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery Glory vp,
Yea euen the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:
The which if I performe, and do suruiue,
I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue
The long-grauen Wounds of my Intemperance:
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.
*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.

*Enter Blunt.*

How now good *Blunt*? thy Lookes are full of speed.
*Blunt.* So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the English Rebels met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.
*King.* The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day:
With him we sent the Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
For this aduertisement is fiue dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry* thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selues will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry*, you shall march

Through Glocestershire: by watch account,
Our Businesse valued some twelve dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,
Advantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not falne away vilely, since this last action? do I not hate? do I not dislike? Why my skinne hangs about me like an old Lady's loose Gowne; I am withered like an old Apple-*John*. Well, I'le repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewer's Horse: the inside of a Church! Company, villanous Company hath been the spoyle of me.

*Bard.* Sir *Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why there it is: Come sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry. I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuously enclined, and I did not abuse my selfe in any kinde, above once in a quarter of an houre, pay the Score, and make all even. I did not above once or twice a day, loose my Money at Dice, my Good-name (I feare) by Drinking, and Drabbing. I have not walk'd above two miles afoote, so much for my Stomacke, and have not kept company with any man of reputation, these two and fifty yeares, but sometimes with my betters: and yet now I am growne so melancholy, that I could finde in my heart to repent. Where's my Page? Boy? Where's my Page? Go, see if you can finde him, if you can finde him, I'le give you a Penny.

*Bard.* Sir *Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why there it is: Come sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry. I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuously enclined, and I did not abuse my selfe in any kinde, above once in a quarter of an houre, pay the Money that I borrowed three or foure times, lie every night in good compasse, and now I lie out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bard.* Why you are so fat, Sir *Iohn*, that you must needs be out of all compasse, out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *Iohn*.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy Face, and I'le amend my Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

*Bard.* Why, Sir *Iohn*, my Face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, I'le be sworne: I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Death's-Head, or a *Memento Mori*: I never see thy Face, but I thinke upon Hell-fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple; for there he is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should be, *By this Fire*. But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Son of utter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st up Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse: I did not think, that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne. But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deerest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares, Heauen reward me for it.

*Bard.* I would my Face were in your Belly.

*Fal.* So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

*Enter Hostesse.*

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

*Hostesse.* Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I have searched, I have enquired, so has my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight'st of a hayre was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lye Hostesse: *Bardolph* was shau'd, and lost many a hayre; and I'le be sworne my Pocket was pick'd. Go, you are a Woman, go.

*Hostesse.* Who I? I defie thee: I was never call'd so in mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Hostesse.* No, Sir *Iohn*, you do not know me, Sir *Iohn*: I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your backe.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I have given them away to Bakers Wiues, and they have made Boulters of them.

*Hostesse.* Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe Money here besides Sir *Iohn*, for your Diet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twenty pounds.

*Prince.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Hostesse.* He? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How? Poore? Looke vpon his face. What call you rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, I'le not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Seale-Ring of my Grandfathers worth forty Marke.

*Hostesse.* I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

*Fal.* How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.*

*Fal.* How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

*Hostesse.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.

*Prince.* What say'st thou, Mistresse *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man.

*Hostesse.* Good, my Lord, heare mee.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

*Prince.* What say'st thou, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grandfathers.

*Prince.* A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

*Prince.* What hee did not?

*Host.* There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

*Fal.* There's

*Falst.* There's no more faith in thee [illegible] a fluxe Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Woman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing go.

*Host.* Say what thing? what thing?

*Falst.* What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I would thou shouldst know it. I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Falst.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

*Fal.* What beast? Why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, sir *Iohn*? Why an Otter?

*Fal.* Why? She's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Host.* Thou art vnworthy to say so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prince.* Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely.

*Host.* So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Falst.* A thousand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million, thou owest me thy loue.

*Host.* Nay my Lord, he cal'd you Iacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

*Fal.* Did I, *Bardolph*?

*Bar.* Indeed Sir *Iohn* you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why *Hal* thou know'st as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

*Prince.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Fal.* The King himselfe is to be feared as the Lyon. Do not thou when thou art King, hang a Theefe.

*Prin.* No, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine. It is all filled vp with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horrible impudent embost Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Reckonings, *Memorandums* of Bawdie houses, and one poore penny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other iniuries but these, I am a Villaine. And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

*Fal.* Do thou heare *Hal*? Thou knowest in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?

*Prin.* It appeares so by the Story.

*Fal.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee.
Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband,
Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests.
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason.
Thou seest, I am pacified still.
Nay, I prethee be gone.

*Exit Hostesse.*

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

*Prin.* O my sweet Beefe:
I must still be good Angell to thee.
The Monie is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

*Prin.* I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with vnwash'd hands too.

*Bard.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee *Iacke* a Charge of Foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of Horse. Where shall I finde one that can lead well? O, for a fine theefe, of two and twentie, or thereabout. I am heynously vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I loue them, I praise them.

*Prin.* *Bardolph.*

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster.
To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Westmerland.
Go *Poines*, to horse, for thou and I,
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
*Iacke*, meet me to morrow i' the Temple Hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue
Money and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percie* stands on hye,
And either they, or we must lower lye.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world.
Hostesse my breakfast, come:
O, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribute should Douglas haue,
As not a Soldier of this seasons stampe,
Should go so generall currant through the world.
By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place
In my heart's loue, hath no man than you he[illegible].
Nay task me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dou.* Thou art the King of Honor.
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there?
I can but thanke you.

*Mess.* These Letters come from your Fathers.

*Hot.* Letters from him?
Why comes he not himselfe?

*Mes.* He cannot come, my Lord,
He is grieuous sicke.

*Hot.* How? has he the leysure to be sicke now,
In such a iustling time? Who leades his power?
Vnder whose Gouernment come they along?

*Hen.* His letters bears his mind, not these words.
*Prin.* [illegible] keepes his dore.
*Hen.* [illegible] my Lord, your Councell set forth
[illegible] of my departure hence,
[illegible]
[illegible] should be sent to me, and where,
[illegible]
[illegible] how
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.*

*Falst.* *Bardolph*, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a Bottle of Sack: our Souldiers shall march through, wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

*Bard.* Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

*Falst.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This Bottle makes an Angell.

*Falst.* And if it do, take it for thy paines: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

*Bard.* I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

*Falst.* If I be not ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a sowter-Garnet. I haue misvs'd the Kings Presse damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and three Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me none but good Householders, Yeomens Sonnes: inquire me out contracted Bachelers, such as had rather pay, then men: all shotes, and twice as many Commodities, are taken as my Money is. Well, I haue led my rag-of-Muffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left aliue, and them is the Rascall-hearted vagabond Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such scar-Crowes. I'le not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on, for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S. Albones, or the red-Nose Inne-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.*

*Prince.* How now blowne *Iacke*? how now Quilt?

*Falst.* What *Hall*, How now mad Wag: what a Deuill do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

*West.* Faith Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away all to Night.

*Falst.* Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

*Prince.* I think to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whose fellowes are those that come after?

*Falst.* Mine, *Hal*, mine.

*Prince.* I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.

*Falst.* Tut, tut, good enough to toste Foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortall men, mortall men.

*Westm.* I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Falst.* Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that: and for their bareneſſe, I am sure they neuer learn'd that of me.

*Prince.* No, Ile be sworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already in the field.

*Falst.* What, is the King encamp'd?

*Westm.* He is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare we shall stay too long.

*Falst.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hotsp.* Well'e fight with him to Night.

*Worc.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Vern.* Not a whit.

*Hotsp.* Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?

*Vern.* So do we.

*Hotsp.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Worc.* Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to Night.

*Vern.* Do not, my Lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsell well:
You speake it out of feare and cold heart.

*Vern.* Do me no slander, *Douglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,
If well-respected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.
Let it be seene to morrow in the battell,
Which of vs feares.

*Doug.* Yea, or to night.

*Vern.* Content.

*Hotsp.* To night, say I.

*Vern.* Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernons* are not yet come vp.
Your Vnckle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettell is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

*Hotsp.* So are the Horses of the Enemie
In generall, iourney bated, and brought low.
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Worc.* The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

*The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
*Hotsp.* Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*
And would to God you were of our determination
Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some
Enuie your great deseruings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemie.
*Blunt.* And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anoynted Maiestie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You conjure from the Breast of Ciuill peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall haue your desires, with interest,
And Pardon absolute for your selues, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.
*Hotsp.* The King is kind:
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liuerie, and beg his Peace,
With teares of Innocency, and terrors of Zeale,
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and performe it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher than his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh:
And now forsooth, takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lye too heauy on the Commonwealth,
Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceed no further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Fauorites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him here,
When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.
*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.
*Hotsp.* Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the King.
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, and euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drone vs to seeke out
This Head of safetie: and withall, to pry
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
*Blunt.* Shall I returne this answer to the King?
*Hotsp.* Not so, Sir *Walter*.
Wee'le with-draw awhile
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.
*Blunt.* I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
*Hotsp.* And't may be, so we shall.
*Blunt.* Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter the Arch Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Scroope*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If we knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.
*Sir Mich.* My good Lord, I guesse their tenor.
*Arch.* Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to vnderstand,
The King with mighty and quick raysed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry*: and I feare Sir *Michell*,
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*,
Whose Power was in the first proportion,
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.
*Sir Mich.* Why my good Lord you need not feare,
There is *Douglas* and Lord *Mortimer*.
*Arch.* No, *Mortimer* is not there
*Sir Mich.* But there is *Mordake Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

*Arch.* And

*Arch.* And so there is but very little King that's drawne
The Royall Head of all the Land together
The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland and warlike *Blunt*,
And many more Corriuals, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.
*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lord of all be well opposd
*Arch.* I hope no letter lesse fortune to care,
And to present the worst, Sir *Michaell* speed
For if Lord *Marsh* be not, and the King
Discouers vs, power, he meanes to leaue vs,
For he hath heard of our Conniuance,
And, tis but wisedome to make strong against vs,
Therefore make all, I may say we presume
Those letters hasted for, to reach Sir *Michaell*. *Exeunt.*

## *Alius Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,*
*[illegible]*

*King.* How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Aboue yon busky hill, the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
*Prin.* The Southern wind
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempest and a blustring day.
*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.
*The Trumpet sounds.*
*Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet vpon such termes,
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Mischeefe to the vnborne Times?
*Wor.* Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres. For I do protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.
*King.* You haue not sought it? how comes it then?
*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
*Prin.* Peace, chewet peace.
*Wor.* It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes
Of Fauour, from my Seruice, and from our House,
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends.
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In Richards time, and poasted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did swear that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The seate of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster.
To this, we swore our aide. But in a short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres
That all in England did repute him dead,
And from this swarme of fayre aduantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath vpon the Doncaster,
And being now trimm'd in thine owne deceits,
You start about to patch and edge your faith
With this same copesmate of base Pouerty,
That smoothing smooth'ring flattery. I come to you
As Spirits of Noate warned and so long,
Now my Side-Conscience calls you to my Heele.
Tell me, if you hold not that Morne more thrifty,
To adde vnto your last Offence a Kingdome,
Which the false hand of well-fac'd Fortune proffers.
*Prin.* Rebellion had mistaken him before.
*Wor.* Looke to it, Grandsire, with your mouth thus stopt,
You shall not haue the allowance of an Earle,
Nor a Heart-string to call Father.
For mine owne part, Lords, I did decline the offer,
Proffer'd me by the Welsh Owen Glendower,
Till I heard how you had dealt with Hotspur
And his Power, at Shrewsbury, and then I came
Darting my Light on you, my Sonne in Law,
And my deere Friends, the Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Warres, and whose Friendship daily grew
Full to the Tide. Your Liberall Hand then vp
Lifted to the Crowne, but your first Enterprize
Was to embrace the Proffer of meere Power,
Euen such as we had spent our Blouds withall.
And when it came to pinch, and to assure
The Lasting Peace, to mortize it with Faire Oathes,
Such as are made most Holy by the Sworne,
And gilded with the Guildry of Braue Hearts,
Then was I sent home from the Marches,
To parley my Sweet Friend to this Enterview,
Where Order should be taken for my Griefe.
In briefe, the Articles of our Couenant
Stood vpon Sifting, and no part I find
Of all those Euen Scales, weighing Equall Gaine
Of Priuiledge, Charter, Ransome, or Deliuerance,
But flye the Light. And for my Life, my Liege,
I rest as one vpon a Tenure, and Death
Is alwayes Entred as my Absolute Heire.
Then set before my Eyes the Danger of my Trust,
Growne great by your Protection, sicke by your Subtracting.
And last of all, consider the Assurance
Of Times, on whose Wings I might ouer-peere
The Shortnesse of my Life, hauing both Ball and Marke
Before mine Eyes, without Hope to faile,
Or Fortune shifting the Marke, and in a word,
Prosperity, that euer Failes to Teach vs
Vnto our Ruine. Why should I then be false?
Since not the Glasse more apt to break then I.
Looke for no lesse of Truth in me, then Doubt in you.
*King.* And I haue heard your Griefes, so dare we enter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do

Do make against it. No good Worke, no,
We loue our people well; euen those we loue
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you, yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and I'le be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

*Exit Worcester.*

*Prin.* It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Douglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

*King.* Heare therefore, euen I leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Prince and Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so 'tis a point of friendship.

*Prin.* Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*Prin.* Why, thou owest God a death.

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet, would be loth to pay him
before his day. What need I be so forward with him
that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks
me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come
on? How then? Can Honour set to a leg? No. Or an
arme? No. Or take away the griefe of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? No. What is Ho-
nour? A word. What is that word Honour? Aire. A
trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died a Wednes-
day. Doth he feele it? No. Doth he heare it? No. Is it
insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not liue with
the liuing? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. There-
fore I'le none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vndone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspition will shall be stucke full of eyes,
Whole Treasons liuery shall be sowed in the Foxe,
Who, well inclosed in the Lyons shag-hide,
Will scape vntouch'd, and scorne Inquisitors.
For we shall locke (as men doe in a Map)
The dangers of the Land, but not know how
To shunne them. Therefore it is requisite,
As well to know the vtmost of our hope,
As what we feare. Therefore my Nephew must
Be still kept in, lest wanting him, our Friends
Grow key-cold, and looke strangely on vs.

*Ver.* Why, my good Vncle, you mistake the King:
He bears a Temper of more Confidence
Than you imagine.

*Wor.* Yet he still remembers
The hot blood he is of, and the boldnesse
Of his youth, which euen in the quietest close
Of peace will breake out: and in my Conscience,
He will not trust vs, this we may assure him of.
He knowes the power we haue, and so will hope
Before the time we will inforce our hopes.

*Ver.* Be sure not to acquaint him with your feares:
Feare and Reuenge, friend to Destruction both,
Like Gallants rushing out of Tauerns doores,
Full of Resolue, while none doth know what hee is.

*Wor.* Which I could well be without, but that I doe
Open my Griefes to him, to qualifie
The rage and yeelding of his Iniuries.

*Ver.* If all the Grieues are true that you haue told,
How strongly doe you thinke to proue
Our Nephew guilty of Reuenge?

*Wor.* Easily,
As proue him guilty of high Treason, late
Broke out in Armes against the King.

*Ver.* Some light displeasures done him, in regard
Of Reputation and of Honour,
Are thrust on him by the Necessity
Of Present Times.

*Wor.* O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vndone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspition will shall be stucke full of eyes,
Whole Treasons liuery shall be sowed in the Foxe,
Who, well inclosed in the Lyons shag-hide,
Will scape vntouch'd, and scorne Inquisitors.
For we shall locke (as men doe in a Map)
The dangers of the Land, but not know how
To shunne them. Therefore it is requisite,
As well to know the vtmost of our hope,
As what we feare. Therefore my Nephew must
Be still kept in, lest wanting him, our Friends
Grow key-cold, and looke strangely on vs.

*Ver.* Why, my good Vncle, you mistake the King:
He beares a Temper of more Confidence
Than you imagine.

*Wor.* Yet he still remembers
The hot blood he is of, and the boldnesse
Of his youth, which euen in the quietest close
Of peace will breake out: and in my Conscience,
He will not trust vs, this we may assure him of.
He knowes the power we haue, and so will hope
Before the time we will inforce our hopes.

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The rage and yeelding of his Iniuries.

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How strongly doe you thinke to proue
Our Nephew guilty of Reuenge?

*Wor.* Easily,
As proue him guilty of high Treason, late
Broke out in Armes against the King.

*Ver.* Some light displeasures done him, in regard
Of Reputation and of Honour,
Are thrust on him by the Necessity
Of Present Times.

*Wor.* Oh, yes, my Nephew must not know of this.
And an adopted name of Preuiledge,
A haire-brain'd *Hotspurre*, gouern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being taken from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King.

*Ver.* Deliuer what you will, I say 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cousin.

*Enter Hotspurre.*

*Hot.* My Vncle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vncle, what newes?

*Wor.* The King will bid you battell presently.

*Dow.* Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

*Hot.* Lord *Douglas*, Go you and tell him so.

*Dow.* Marry and shall, and very willingly.

*Exit Douglas.*

*Hot.* There is no seeming mercy in the King.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid.

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which I mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

*Enter Douglas.*

*Dow.* Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth.
And Westmerland that was engag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stept forth before the King,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talke of Seeming cold Demeanor?

*Ver.* No, by my Soule, I neuer in my life
Did see a Carriage more remou'd,
More vnderfooted with a Regular
Deportance to a Brother, than he
To gentle exercise, and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if the passages were a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he outlue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse.

*Hot.* Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers armes,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
Armes, armes with speed. And Fellowes, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Scena Tertia.

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

*Dou.* I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art whoe're thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*
*Enter Prince.*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Shirley, Stafford, Blunt* are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promises, but he meanes to pay.
*They fight, Douglas flyeth.*
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'st thou makest some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prin.* O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That euer said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

*K.* Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gawsey*. *Exit*
*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

*Prin.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is *Harry Percie*.

*Prin.* Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs, and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on my Crest,
Ile crop to make a Garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no Boyes play heere I can tell you.
*Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaffe, who falls downe as if he were dead, and the Prince kills Percie.*

*Hot.* O *Harry* thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me.
They wound my thoughts worse then thy sword my flesh.
But thought's the slaue of life, and Life, Time's foole;
And Time that takes survey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lies on my Tongue. No *Percy*, thou art dust
And food for

*Prin.* For Worms braue *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound.
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares thee dead,
Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray.
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit*
*Falstaffe ariseth vp.*

*Falst.* Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hotte Termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion, in the which better part, I haue saued my life. I am afraid of this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit. Therefore Ile make him sure: yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-body sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. *Takes Hotspur on his backe.*
*Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come Brother *Iohn*, full braue hast thou fleshed thy Maiden sword.

*Iohn.* But soft, whom haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certaine. I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe* then am I a Iacke. There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, so: if not, let him kill the next *Percie* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to Lying? I grant you I was downe, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsbury clocke. If I may be beleeued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death, I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were aliue and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

*Iohn.* This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *Iohn*.

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe.
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
I'le gild it with the happiest termes I haue.
*A Retreat is sounded.*
The Trumpets sound Retrait, the day is ours.
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt*
*Fal.* Ile follow as they say, for Reward. He that rewards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great againe, Ile grow lesse: For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

## Scena Quarta.

*The Trumpets sound.*
*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester & Vernon Prisoners*

*King.* The sinister did Rebellion finde Entrance
In the fayre Worcester, and wee thee Grace,
Pardon, and termes of Loue to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had been alyue this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true intelligence
*Wor.* What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded it falls on me.
*King.* Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too.
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.
*Exit Worcester and Vernon.*
How goes the Field?
*Prin.* The Noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruz'd
That the pursuers took him. At my Tent
The *Douglas* is: and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.
*King.* With all my heart.
*Prin.* Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong
Goe to the *Douglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:
His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Euen in our bosomes, and our Aduersaries.
*King.* Then this remaines: that we deuide our Power
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Cosin Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you with your deerest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who as we heare are busily in Armes.
My Sonne, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Check of vs, and our another day:
And since this Businesse so fortunately is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

# The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

## Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

### Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

INDVCTION.

*Enter Fame.*

[illegible]

Vnto the listning fearefull Multitude.
[illegible]
Me [illegible], from the [illegible] East,
[illegible] with [illegible] Tydes, Warre,
[illegible] Armour, as [illegible]
Is wreath'd Garrisons thicke, Cowarded Spires;
And [illegible]
The [illegible] Mouth [illegible] Peace,
The [illegible]
[illegible]
My [illegible]
Among [illegible] Welkin heere?
I am beleech'd [illegible]
[illegible] Troopes,
Quenching [illegible]
[illegible] because I
To [illegible]
[illegible]
Vnder [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Peasant-Towres,
[illegible] Shrewsbury,
[illegible] Stone,
[illegible] Northumberland,
[illegible]
[illegible] Rumours Tongues,
[illegible] worse then True-wrongs.

*Exit*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.*

*L. Bar.* Who keepes the Gate heere hoa?
Where is the Earle?
*Por.* What shall I say you are?
*L. Bar.* Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
*Por.* His Lordship walkes in the Orchard,
Please your Honor, and come but to the Gate,
And I will tell him your mind.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*L. Bar.* Heere comes the Earle.
*Nor.* What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? every minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem,
The Times are wilde: Contention like a Horse
Full of high Feeding, must make wanton worke,
Or breake some Owner.
*L. Bar.* Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
*Nor.* Good, and God crowne them.
*L. Bar.* As good as heart can wish.
The King almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harry* slaine outright, and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd in the like: Vernon, your Brother,
And Westmerland, and Stafford fled the Field.
And *Harcourt* Almost with ruine (grim'd like Hee
That winnes by *Iohn*)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O such a Day,
(So fought, so followed and so fairely won)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæsars* Fortunes.
*Nor.* How is this deriued?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
*L. Bar.* I spake with one my Lord that came thence,
A Gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely rendred me these newes for true.
*Nor.* Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after Newes.

*Enter Trauers.*

*L. Bar.* My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furnished with no certainties,
More then he haply may retaile from me.
*Nor.* Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes frō you?

*Tra.*

*Fra.* My Lord, Sir *John* [illegible] heard me speake
With other all-dreadings and beleeuers of
Out-ragine. Attended, came [illegible] read
Assurance all that [illegible]
I left opprest, to bid [illegible]
He took the way to Chester. And of [illegible]
I told him and what Newes from Shrewsbury
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that young *Harry Percie* Spurre was cold
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the rowell head, and starting so
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Seeking to giue reporte.
*Nor.* Hah, what's he?
Said he yong, *Harry Percie* Spurre was cold?
(O *Hot-Spurre* of dSpurre!) that Rebell,
Had met his like?
*L. bar.* M. Lord I tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne had not the way,
Vpon mine honor, for a hot man
I'le giue my Barony. Neuer take of it.
*Nor.* Why the [illegible] Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
Giue then such instances of Loffe?
*L. bar.* Who, he?
He was some hilding Fellow that had stolne
The Horse he rode on, and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

*Enter Morton.*

*Nor.* Yet this across his brow, like a faire Title-leafe,
To tell the Nature of a tragicke Volume,
So looks the Strond, when the imperious Flood
Hath left a witnest Vsurpation.
Say *Morton*, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?
*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my Noble Lord,
Where hatefull Death put on his vgliest Maske
To fright our party.
*Nor.* How doth my Sonne and Brother?
Thou tremblest, and the whitenesse in thy cheeke
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-begone,
Drew *Priams* curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his Tongue,
And I my Percies death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say, Your Sonne did thus, and thus,
Your Brother thus: So should my Newes be long.
Say *Morton*, did I not? another breath,
In telling me of my Sonnes fortune,
Tells me this newes: for what is in this Fame,
But that my Sonne is dead?
*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid,
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.
*Nor.* Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st the head, and hold'st it fear or sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead,
Not he which but reports the Gentleman.
Let horrid deeds lye in their owne report.
Or that same Tongue that tells the Newes impos'd,
Was but a Bell to ring the Deuill his Paine,
Fall'n from the Dyzie of his Fellowship.
*Mor.* Pardon me, Lord, I feare will proue it true,
The breathlesse Trumpet doubles it to you.
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.
*Nor.* Yet for all this, say not that *Percies* dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st the head, and hold'st it fear or sinne,
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead,
Not he which but reports the Gentleman.
Let horrid deeds lye in their owne report.
Or that same Tongue that tells the Newes impos'd,
Was but a Bell to ring the Deuill his Paine,
Fall'n from the Dyzie of his Fellowship.
*L. bar.* Remember, Lords, all dying mouthes are fed
*Mor.* Vpon the wholesome parts of this our head.
*Nor.* Why, he that cures my Lord, his Sonne or me dead.
*Mor.* I am sorry I should force you to be seene
That, what I would to heauen I might not speake:
But flesh and blood so cowers at fear or sense,
As dumbe and soundlesse as a Stone it moues,
Ere it can out-breath griefe. (Stout Worcester
The *Hotspur* Mowbray, the Seuen-times-victorious
Thrice from the banks of Wye and Seuerne clad,
From whence with life he neuer more sprung vp.
In these two Princes, one three Crownes should beare,
In both their Fates, Fearefull Ambition sate,
And bade it make Angell me ready, or not.
Both to the Impartiall Enemy of Peace,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody houre,
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shocke of Armes, it did appeare to me,
Communicating with the dead.
How these my Newes were receiued, can I tell,
But this I know, my Lord, that in mine eye,
And my poore Soldiers, standing by my Lord,
I saw both griefe and feare, and my poore part
Of this odde accident, so pierce the heart,
As that the Body of my Tale lyes here,
Full of sad Patience, mocking sinfull Playe,
And in the Limits of good Oldmans Duty,
Keepes Prisoner the Attention of your eares,
Till it find Vent in Teares, and Heate in Sighes.
Come Sorrow, as a good enough Physicke now,
And thou most welcome Silence.
*Nor.* Yet speake *Morton*,
Tell thou their griefe how euer taking vp,
Thou speak'st of euery Accident of Griefe,
That hath begot it selfe, or doth beget
This Actions Quarrell, were it twice told,
Or twice so many Trumpets, twice so many Fames,
That were to vs, as is a Friend growne cold,
As Winters Thunder, or a sommers Storme,
Or as the Obsequies to the next Morne.
Or hath the Guilty Hand, and Eare of Death
Cut off the Breath from all the Noble Bodies,
Which were the Motiues of the Northerne Seate?
Tydes, Seasons, Causes, Habits, Formes,
Are these dissolu'd? If they are not, would they
Haue not resisted? Or not all resist?
Grones like to Children, ere they can be borne,
Must I haue them? No mother when she heares
Of the vprore of her Childes Nurse,
Shall hold to the vnrighteous Horse his Bit,
As you (Rumor) vpon your gasping Notes
Doe gallop vp your owne Reports of Wrath,
Scalding with your Breath, the fallen Regions,
And Blasting with wide Stretch the Feares of Men,
Like to the Snakes in Iune.
*Mor.* Heare me speake.
Do so, and then speake Death a hundred times,
Ere hee bids, Morton, stand, for Rumors Toong,
Is but a Warriner to Consequence,
And Death the Master-Feare.
*Nor.* How might'st thou make me sicke,
But in recounting of thy Sicknesse?
Which to auoyd, as I would any Bane,
I lyke a Coward stop my hearing quite.
Thy Newes being told, as I may rightly iudge,
Will rise as farre beyond the Reach of Thought,
As that I am from Reuerence of my Mind,
When first I did perswade my selfe to feare.
Speake how high's Fame can raise Report to Truth,
So should we thinke the Newes we heare is true.
The Spirit of the Time shall teach me speed.
*Mor.* Therefore my Lord, thinke fit for to endure
The worst that may befall, and what the Time may doe,
And what indeed it doth: Counsell is still for vse.
Whilst we are heere discoursing Honors losse,
And dreame vpon the Minutes of the Time,
Time flies from vs, and now the swift Aduice
Of Warre, the Powres which it hath rays'd in Feare,
Growes great in Strength, in Skill, and Policie.
*Nor.* Let Heauen kisse Earth: Now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: let Order die,
And let the world no longer dure in rest.
Let Confusion [illegible]
Be [illegible] Come

[illegible] Power.
[illegible]
[illegible] Noble Lord
[illegible] discomposed Note, hereto and
[illegible] was of present use,
[illegible] crop.
[illegible] pledge
[illegible]
[illegible] Starre [illegible] forward Writ
[illegible], were all trace of danger razed,
[illegible]
[illegible] strange
[illegible] strange-borne Action what art thou, strange?
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More strong than these, were was to be?
[illegible] Weak Master Grace-and-Mercie, shall,
Hath this our scambling trade of warre,
[illegible] we venture on such dangerous Seas,
[illegible] we wrong'd, waste to ours:
[illegible] we have counted, opposed,
[illegible] and,
[illegible], I am very sorry, my Noble Lord,
[illegible] to take leave of you
[illegible] Yorke stop
[illegible] Power
[illegible]
[illegible] Powers,
[illegible] Bopes,
[illegible] Doubles,
[illegible] stop,
[illegible] the Bishop
[illegible] Religion,
[illegible] Thrusts
[illegible] Jove Mercie
[illegible] Dreames, our Limbes
[illegible] from Contentions,
Do [illegible] Quarrels [illegible] Cause:
[illegible] commended to a peaceful [illegible],
Crampe [illegible] our great Designes,
And marry [illegible] Hopes to Issue,
[illegible] I have [illegible] to speake truth,
This present crosse hath planted [illegible] my blade
Crowns [illegible] and [illegible] every man
[illegible] Hopes, [illegible]
Get Posts and Letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, nor never so much need. *Exeunt*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe and Page*

*Fal.* Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doctor to my water?

*Pag.* He said sir, the water it self was a good healthy water: but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the brayne of man is not able to invent any thing that intends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walke before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set mee off, why then I have no judgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, than to wait at my heeles. I was never manned with an Agot till now, but I will inspect you well, for I will retain you.

*Pag.* I would my Master would make me sicke, that he might be rid of me.

*Fal.* Well, if I be served such another trick, I'le have my brayne ta'ne out and buttered, and give it an arrant Cocke and Pullet: and I warrant you, my retention holds, for the villanous Mistake of man keepes not out more villanous Houses. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Pag.* Sir, Master Dombledon, about the Sattin for your short Cloake and Slops.

*Fal.* He may keepe it still at his own best discretion: if he make mee no better Attendance than he does, I'le not weare his bond & yours, by this Counterfeit Security. I am scurvily transformed now I serve no other way than mine owne Legges, and I take pride in them neither: I am the more scorned for it. God may blesse them, they are my onely meanes to advancement. If I have not ere long a better Suite than ever I had, or meane ever to have, or else let mee lose all the Calves of my Legges, I'le make Bucks of Woodmen, and Woodcocks of Weavers. Have you provided me any Souldiers?

*Fal.* Yes, I have pressed a Souldier to carry your worship a Mace.

*Fal.* Then I will to Paules and hire me a horse in Smithfield. If I could get me a wife in the Stewes, I were Manned, Horsed, and Wived.

*Enter Chiefe Iustice and Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Ch. Iust.* What's he that goes there?

*Ser.* Falstaffe, and please your Lordship.

*Iust.* He hath [illegible] of late for the Robbery?

*Ser.* He my Lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*.

*Iust.* What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

*Ser.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

*Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

*Pag.* You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

*Iust.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow: I must speake with him.

*Ser.* Sir *Iohn*.

*Fal.* What? a young knave, and begge? Is there no wars? Is there no employment? Doth not the King lacke subjects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on

on any side but one, it were worse shame to be one, then to be one: the worst man, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can make it,

*Ser.* You mistake me Sir.

*Fal.* Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knighthood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat if I had said so.

*Ser.* I pray you Sir then set your Knighthood and your Souldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other, then an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbet-sucker, or a poor Jack: If thou dost, I will not take it of my Soveraign the Prince, but of my Lord your Master.

*Ser.* Why my Lord would speak with you.

*Iust.* Sir *John Falstaffe*, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good Lord, give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

*Iust.* Sir *John*, I sent you before your Expedition, to levy Souldiers for the Service.

*Fal.* It is true, my Lord, if the King's Majesty is returned with victory from Wales.

*Iust.* I, I must tell you Manly, your dilatory sloth is such, as becomes not those that are so employed as you are.

*Fal.* Your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty: but how I should be your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple it self.

*Iust.* I partly know the reasons you have to be pressed rather than your selves. I have not forgotten the complaints I have heard of you, of late, in the City: how you bestow your time and your means there.

*Fal.* My Lord, I had some business there, and went only for my own private: I owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of no man's advancement, sorry for no man's disgrace, open to conference, and apt to please every man. Never purchase displeasure, never lay wait for my Commodity, nor ever disdain the Society of those that are vendible to any indifferent Customer. I am vilely slandered by some that are my Enemies, when it is known to many, that I am as subject to Temptation, as a sworn Brother of the Fraternity of Steepe-up-hill: but he that will not be overthrown by Temptation, shall pass by my House, and say, there dwells no sinner.

*Iust.* Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound: your days are ill spent in your wicked courses, such a little grace even your Nay, is expected of you. You may think the rather

vagarie time, for your quarrel to go great Action.

*Fal.* My Lord?

*Iust.* But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping Wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a Wolf is as bad as to smell a Fox.

*Iust.* What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A Wassel-candle, my Lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Iust.* There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravity, gravity.

*Iust.* You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill Angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my Lord: your ill Angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet in some respects, I grant I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermongers, these time-shifters, that I am come to lurch: but sorrow take him that cares for it, I will speak the truth. A good gingerbread face you have, it would do well at a new Fair. What call you the right vaward of your Regiment? Is it not a new Forrest?

*Iust.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call your self young? Fie, fie, fie, *Falstaffe*.

*Fal.* My Lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollowing, and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding: and he that will caper with me for a thousand Marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have checked him for it, and the young Lion repents: marry not in ashes, and sackcloth, but in new silk, and old sack.

*Iust.* Well, heaven send the Prince a better companion.

*Fal.* Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Iust.* Well, the King hath severed you and Prince *Harry*: I hear you are going with Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, against the Archbishop and

*Fal.* Yea? Can you speak English? Why this is excellent. I am glad of it. I have a kinsman is to command the English. I think you have seen him, Lord *Mowbray*, Duke *Norfolk*, or *Norfolk*: I know not well the name of him.

*Iust.* Yea, my Lord *Norfolk*.

*Fal.* Is not he a proper man?

*Iust.* A brave man of Arms, by my troth: and very well given, in my conscience.

*Fal.* Then I see Lord *John* of *Lancaster* is not come: if he be, he is well met by my troth. Where lies he, my good Lord? Where, my Lord?

*Iust.* Of my Cousin *Vernons*, are you not?

*Fal.* Where, my Lord?

*Iust.* Where, but in Yorkshire, as you well know.

*Fal.* Heaven comfort him then, for I am his Baggage, his Lackey, his Gentleman-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Covetousness, than can part young limbs and lechery: but the Gout galles the one, and

one, and the pox pinches the other; and to both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

*Page.* Sir.

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seuen groats and two pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris *Vrsula*, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiu'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Pox: for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pention shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing. I will turne diseases to commodity. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.*

*Arch.* Thus haue you heard our causes, & know our Means
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake your minds our opinions of our hopes,
And first Lord Marshall, what say you to it?

*Mow.* I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues
To looke with forehead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

*Hast.* Our present Musters grow vpon the File
To fiue and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed Fire of injuries.

*L. Bar.* The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth thus
Whether our present fiue and twenty thousand
May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*L. Bar.* I marry, there's the point
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgement is, we should not step too farre
Till we haue his Assistance by the hand.
For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,
Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise
Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed
It was yong *Hotspurres* case, at Shrewsbury.

*L. Bar.* It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,
Flatter'd with hope, & promise of a power,
Much smaller then the smallest of his Thoughts,
And so with great imagination
Proper to mad men led his Powers to death,
And (winning) leapt into destruction.

*Hast.* But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

*L. Bar.* Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the instant action (a cause on foot,
Liues so in hope) As in an early Spring,
We see th'appearing buds which to proue fruite,
Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire
That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at least, desist
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp) should we suruey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Consent vpon a sure Foundation
Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,
How able such a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,
We fortune in Paper, and in Figures,
Vsing the Names of men, instead of men
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house
Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost
A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,
And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be still-borne, and that we now possest
The vtmost man of expectation:
I thinke we are a Body strong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

*L. Bar.* What is the King but fiue & twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To vs no more: nay not so much Lord *Bardolfe*.
For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third
Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirme King
In three diuided: and his Coffers found
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse.

*Arch.* That he should draw his seuerall strengths together
And come against vs in full puissance
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

*L. Bar.* Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh himselfe, and *Harrie Monmouth*.
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I haue no certaine notice.

*Arch.* Let vs on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted:
An habitation giddy, and vnsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing *Bullingbrooke*,
Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,
That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.
So, so (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,
And how'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on,
After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*,
Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
*Past, and to Come, seemes best, things Present worst.*
*Mow.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
*Hast.* We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon

## *Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Hostesse with two Officers Fang, and Snare.*
*Hostesse.* Mr. *Fang*, haue you entred the Action?
*Fang.* It is entred.
*Hostesse* Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?
*Fang* Sirrah, where's *Snare*?
*Hostesse* I, I good M. *Snare*.
*Snare.* Heere, heere
*Fang* *Snare*, we must Arrest Sir *John Falstaffe*
*Host.* I good M. *Snare*, I haue entred him and all.
*Snare.* It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he will stab
*Hostesse.* Alas the day take heed of him: he stab'd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeefe he does, if his weapon be out: he will foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor childe.
*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
*Hostesse.* No, nor I neither: I'le be at your elbow
*Fang.* If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.
*Host.* I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing vpon my score. Good M. *Fang* hold him sure: good M. *Snare* let him not scape, he comes continually to Py-Corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lobster in Lombard-street, to M. *Smoothie* the Silkeman: I pray ye, since my Exton is entred and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A ton of Man-slaughter is a light one, for a poore Lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue been fub-bed off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare euery knaues wrong. *Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.* Yonder he comes, and that arrant Mal-tasty Nose *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices, do your offices M. *Fang*, & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices
*Fal* How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?
*Fang.* Sir *John*, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist *Quickly*
*Falst.* Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*. Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.
*Host* Throw me in the channel? He throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou, thou bastardly rogue. Murder murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a hony-seed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
*Falst* Keep them off, *Bardolfe*. *Fang* A rescue, a rescue.
*Host.* Good people bring a rescue. Thou wilt not, thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue. Do thou Hemp-seed.
*Page* Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustilarian: I'le tucke your Catastrophe. *Enter Ch. Iustice*
*Iust* What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.
*Host.* Good my Lord be good to me. I beseech you stand to me
*Ch. Iust* How now sir *John*? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should haue been well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang'st vpon him?
*Host* O my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit. *Ch. Iust.* For what summe?
*Host.* It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue he hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue some of it out againe, or I will ne're eate a pennie. Nights, like the Mare
*Falst.* I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.
*Ch. Iust* How comes this, Sir *John*? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdow to so rough a course, to come by her owne?
*Falst* What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?
*Host.* Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, & the money too. Thou didst sweare to me vpon a parcell-gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-coale fire, vpon Wednesday in Wheat-week when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor. Thou didst sweare to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and call me Gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar, telling vs she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby thou didst desire to eate some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didst not thou when she was gone downe the staires, desire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, saying that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst not thou commit? Why nowe? Why nowe? Why nowe? Has not she paid thee? Why nowe? Why nowe? Why nowe

*Fal.* Glasses glasses, is the only drinking: and for my walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Story of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me: dost not know me? come, come.

*Host.* Pretty Sir *John*, I must be bold twenty Nobles, I cannot pawne my Gowne, by my troth, by my troth.

*Fal.* Let it alone, I will make other shift: you'l be a fool still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. I pray you come to Supper. You pay nothing.

*Fal.* Will it come? Go walke, and talke with the Musicke, go.

*Host.* Will you [illegible] Lord, I pray you leave me.

*Fal.* I will not sup to night, I cannot eate any thing.

*Host.* Now I pray you sup, Sir *John*.

*Fal.* Rogue, if I be cold, I will stand by the fire and bake my knees. When the Boy knocks at the doore, bid him come downe, and aske after my Horse, and be gone

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wifes new Petticoat, & peeped through.

*Prin.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bar.* Away you horson vpright Rabbet, away.

*Page.* Away, you rascaly *Althea* dreame, away.

*Prin.* Instruct vs Boy: what dreame Boy?

*Page.* Marry, my Lord *Althea* dream'd, she was delivered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

*Prince.* A Crowaes-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

*Poin.* O that this good Blossome could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is fourepence to preserue thee.

*Bard.* If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes shall be wronged.

*Prince.* And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*?

*Bar.* Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

*Poin.* Deliuer'd with good respect. And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

*Bard.* In bodily health Sir.

*Poin.* Marry, the immoderate spirits hourely needes a Physician: but that moues not him, though that be sicke, it dyes not.

*Prince.* I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

*Poin. Letter. John Falstaffe Knight.* Euery man must know that, as oft as his occasion (as may sometimes fall out) hath need of any one, so he hath occasion to vse him. In that he dubs me Knight, I am not Iohn of Gaunt your Father, but I prick my knighthood downe in Sacke. How comes this, Sweet-heart? Why, this flat and counterfeit Rascall scores me out of his Commendations. Well, I cannot last euer: but was alwayes good enough for a shallow Lad, and liues by Sea-coale. You, and all other young Princes, doe the like. Giuen vnder the Dog-house, the 30. of February. By the Moone, or some other Planet, good enough to serue the purpose. Your Majesties to vse, Sir *John Falstaffe*.

*Prin.* Well, this is a Certificate.

*Poin.* Peace.

*I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.*

*Poin.* Sure he meanes breauity in staues-straight. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Be not too familiar with Poines, for he misuses Fauours so much that he weares thou art to marrie. Seale Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.*

*Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou feelst him.* Iacke Falstaffe *with my Familiars. Iohn with my Brothers and Sisters, and Sir* Iohn, *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sacke, and make him eate it.

*Prin.* That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vse me thus, Ned? Must I marry your Sister?

*Poin.* May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I neuer said so.

*Prin.* Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the Spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mocke vs. Is your Master heere in London?

*Bard.* Yes my Lord.

*Prin.* Where sups he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

*Bard.* At the old place my Lord, in Eastcheape.

*Prin.* What Company.

*Page.* Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

*Prin.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and Mistris *Doll Teare-sheet*.

*Prin.* What Pagan may that be?

*Page.* A proper Gentlewoman Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

*Prin.* Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfers are to the Towne-Bull? Shall we tell this vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

*Poin.* I am your shadow my Lord: Ile follow you.

*Prin.* Sirra, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne. There's for your silence.

*Bar.* I haue no tongue Sir.

*Page.* And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

*Prin.* Fare ye well, go.

This *Doll Teare-sheet* should be some Roade.

*Poin.* I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

*Prin.* How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not in his disguises?

*Poin.* Put on two Leather Iackets, like Appren. and waite vpon him at his Table as Drawers.

*Prin.* From a God, to a Bull? A heauie descension: it was Iupiter to Europa. Because she was a Prettie one. It is for this Villaine, that he hath beene long in his Debt, and threatens him euery time he meets him. And his pretence shall be, to arrest me, when I am King of this Forsaken Towne. Come, let's hence.

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Northumberland in his Night-Gowne, and Harcourt.*

*North.* I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the visage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie troublesome.

*Wife.* I haue giuen ouer: I will speake no more.
Do what you will, your Wisedome be your guide.

*North.* Alas sweet Wife, my Honour is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can restraine it.

*La.* O yet, for Gods sake go not to these Warres.
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it then now,
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere *Harry*,
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father
Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honours lost, Yours and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it.
For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne
In the grey vault of Heauen: and by his Light
Did all the Chiualrie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse
Wherein the Noble Youth did dresse themselues.
He had no Legges, that practis'd not his Gate:
And speaking thicke (which Nature made his Blemish)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For those that could speake low and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection to Abuse,
To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Military Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke, and Glasse Copy and Booke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vnseconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In disaduantage to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotspurs* Name
Did seeme defendable to you and him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost this wrong,
To hold your Honour more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotspurs* Neck)
Haue askt a doole of *Drammes* for his Grace
*North.* Beshrew your heart,
Faire Daughter, you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouersights.
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And finde me worse prouided.
*Wife.* O fly to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.
*Lady.* If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Rib of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But for all our loues,
First let them try themselues. So did your Sonne,
He was so aduis'd, to come a Weeke
And neuer shall I make distemperature of Teares and woe.
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow and sprout, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.
*North.* Come, come go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde swelling vp vnto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
Fame would I goe to meet the Archbishop,
But many moodes and Reasons of my State,
I will refolue for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter two Drawers*

1. *Drawer.* What hast thou brought there? Apple-Johns? I know Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou sai'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were but more Sir *Iohns*: and, pitying the olde round, wrinkled Knight, it angred him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then cover, and set them downe: and see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyse, Mistris *Tearesheet* would faine haue some Musique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master *Poynes* anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then heere will be old *Vtis*: it will be an excellent Stratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit*

*Enter Hostesse, and Dol.*

*Host.* Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperality: your Pulsidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire, and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose. But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marueilous searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

*Dol.* Better then I was: Hem.

*Host.* Why that was well said. A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* *When Arthur first in Court—(empty the Iordan) and was a worthy King.* How now Mistris *Dorothy*?

*Host.* Sicke of a Calme: yea good sooth.

*Fal.* So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

*Fal.* You make fat Rascalls Mistris *Dol*.

*Dol.* I make them? Gluttony and Diseases make them, I make them.

*Fal.* If the Cooke make the Gluttony, you helpe to make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you. Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

*Dol.* I marry, our Chaynes and our Iewels.

*Fal.* You, brooches, Pearles and Owches: For to serue bravely, is to come halting off: you know: to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent bravely, and to surgery the bravely; to venture vpon the charg'd Chambers bravely.

*Host.* Why this is the olde fashion: you two never meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as rheumatike as two drie Toastes, you cannot one beare with another's Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must be you: you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell.

*Dol.* Can a weake empty Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Bourdeaux-Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke better stuffe in the Hold. Come, I'le be friends with thee *Iacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Drawer.* Sir, Ancient *Pistoll* is below, and would speake with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither. It is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you.

*Fal.* Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

*Host.* 'Pray you pacifie your selfe, Sir *Iohn*, there comes no Swaggerers heere.

*Fal.* Do'st

*Falst.* Do'ſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

*Hoſt* Tilly-fally, Sir *Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Maſter *Tiſicke*, the Deputie, the other day: and as hee ſaid to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday laſt Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee;) Maſter *Dombe*, our Miniſter, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee) receiue thoſe that are Ciuill; for (ſayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for (ſayes hee) you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Gueſts you receiue Receiue (ſayes hee) no ſwaggering Companions There comes none heere. You would bleſſe you to heare what hee ſaid No, no Swaggerers.

*Falſt* Hee's no Swaggerer (Hoſteſſe) a tame Cheater, hee: you may ſtroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not ſwagger with a Barbarie Hennе, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

*Hoſt.* Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſayes, ſwagger. Feele Maſters, how I ſhake, looke you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you doe, Hoſteſſe.

*Hoſt.* Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aſpen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

*Enter Piſtol, and Bardolph and his Boy.*

*Piſt* 'Saue you, Sir *Iohn*.

*Falſt.* Welcome Ancient *Piſtol*. Here (*Piſtol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you diſcharge vpon mine Hoſteſſe.

*Piſt.* I will diſcharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

*Falſt.* She is Piſtoll-proofe (Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

*Hoſt.* Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

*Piſt.* Then to you (Miſtris *Dorothie*) I will charge you

*Dol.* Charge me? I ſcorne you (ſcuruie Companion) what? you poore, baſe, ratcally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Maſter.

*Piſt.* I know you, Miſtris *Dorothie*.

*Dol.* Away you Cut-purſe Raſcall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thruſt my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the ſawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcall, you Baſket-hilt ſtale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

*Piſt* I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

*Hoſt.* No, good Captaine *Piſtol*: not heere, ſweete Captaine

*Dol.* Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for reſcuing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houſe? Hee a Captaine: hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie ſtew'd-Prunes, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? Theſe Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had needs looke to it.

*Bard* Pray thee goe downe good Ancient.

*Falſt* Hearke thee hither, Miſtris *Dol*.

*Piſt* Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reuenged on her.

*Page* 'Pray thee goe downe.

*Piſt* Ile ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Torments vile alſo. Hold Hooke and Line, ſay I: Downe, downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here?

*Hoſt.* Good Captaine *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late I beſeeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

*Piſt.* Theſe be good Humors indeede. Shall Packe-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Aſia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with Canniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare. Shall wee fall foule for Toyes?

*Hoſt.* By my troth Captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

*Piſt.* Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes Haue we not *Hiren* here?

*Hoſt.* On my word (Captaine) there's none ſuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

*Piſt.* Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*) Come, giue me ſome Sacke, *Si fortune me tormente, ſperato me contente*. Feare wee broad-hoes? No, let the Fiend giue fire Giue me ſome Sacke: and Sweet-heart liue thou there. Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

*Fal. Piſtol*, I would be quiet.

*Piſt.* Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy Neaffe. what? wee haue ſeene the ſeuen Starres.

*Dol* I thruſt him downe ſtayres, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcall.

*Piſt.* Thruſt him downe ſtayres? know wee not Galloway Nagges?

*Fal.* Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a ſhoue-groat ſhilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, hee ſhall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you downe ſtayres.

*Piſt* What? ſhall wee haue Inciſion? ſhall wee embrew? then Death rocke me aſleepe, abridge my doleful dayes: why then let grieuous, gaſtly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Siſters three Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

*Hoſt* Here's good ſtuffe toward.

*Fal* Giue me my Rapier boy.

*Dol* I prethee *Iack*, I prethee doe not draw.

*Fal.* Get you downe ſtayres.

*Hoſt* Here's a good yoake of it: Ile forſweare keeping houſe, before Ile be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

*Dol.* I prethee *Iack* be quiet, the Raſcall is gone: ah, you whorſon little valiant Villaine, you.

*Hoſt.* Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee made a thruſt at your Belly.

*Fal.* Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

*Bard* Yes Sir: the Raſcall's drunke: you haue hurt him Sir in the ſhoulder.

*Fal* A Raſcall to braue me.

*Dol* Ah you ſweet little Rogue, you: alas poore Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy Face Come on, you whorſon Chops. Ah Rogue, I loue thee Thou

art

arta valorous as Hector of Troy, worse then of Agamemnon and ten times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine

*Fal.* A rascally Slaue, I will toste the Rogue in a Blanket.

*Dol.* Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, Ile canuas tree betweene a paire of Sheetes.

*Enter Musique.*

*Page.* The Musicke is come Sir

*Fal.* Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascally yea-forsooth knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then stand vpon Security.

*Dol.* And thou a withered Seruingman, how can'st thou vilifie mee, for I am as honest as my Neighbour, she sels Bread and keeps Geese, as I may: and you play the Saint to me, you neuer buckled to any thing but Mistresses and Seruingmen, and begin to patch vp thine old body for Heauen.

*Enter the Prince and Poines disguised.*

*Fal.* Peace (good *Dol*) I doe not speake. Death, my Heart is very heauy now, that I cannot sleepe. Death, I am as melancholy as a Gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

*Dol.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Here's Bardolph and Page, and one Peto, will you vnderstand Welsh, Mistris *Dol*? I could be contented to be there in this company, if the Legge.

*Dol.* Well thought vpon *Falstaffe*, good eyes and good words to them, and Drinke too, if thou can'st. Tell me, how many Lords and Princes came with him o'Horsebacke?

*Fal.* There's but one Prince, and they call him *Hall*: a plague vpon him, he will learne of mee to make base Welsh, and then he will stab. I am damn'd for keeping his company. A weake Mungrell, if the Prince follow'd him, I would forsake him: there comes no grace from him, he brings his Pouertie with him, and they say he lies in the Woods one night a Robbing Egges, and thefts them hot and rosted. Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres outlue performance?

*Fal.* Kisse me *Dol.*

*Prince.* Saw'st thou euer an Impudent Embossed Rascall, if there were not a Law to restraine thee, thou would'st driue all the Boyes in the Land, for stealing Dutches.

*Dol.* Nay truely I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am olde, I am olde.

*Dol.* I loue thee better then I loue ere a scuruie young Boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuffe wilt haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merry Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

*Dol.* Thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some Sack *Francis*.

*Prince, Poins.* Anon, anon Sir.

*Fal.* Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

*Prince.* Why thou Globe of sinfull Contents, what a life doest thou lead?

*Fal.* A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

*Prince.* Very true, Sir, and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

*Host.* Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen blesse that sweete face of thine: What, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad Compound of Maiestie, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

*Dol.* How you fat Foole, I scorne you.

*Poins.* My Lord, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heed.

*Prince.* You whoreson Candle-mine you, how vilely did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

*Host.* Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou heare me?

*Prince.* Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no not so: I did not thinke, thou was't within hearing.

*Prince.* I shall driue you then to confesse the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, *Hall*, on mine Honor, no abuse.

*Prince.* Not to dispraise me, and call me Pantler, and Bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, *Hall*.

*Poins.* No abuse?

*Fal.* No abuse (*Ned*) in the World: honest *Ned*, none. I disprou'd him for the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuse (*Hall*) none, *Ned*, none, no Boyes, none.

*Prince.* See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is she of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph*, whose Zeale burnes in his Nose, of the Wicked?

*Poins.* Answere thou dead Elme, answere.

*Fal.* The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecouerable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy Kitchin, where he doth nothing but roast Maulte-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

*Prince.* For the Women?

*Fal.* For one of them, shee is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules for the other, I owe her Money, and whether shee be damn'd for that, I know not.

*Host.* No I warrant you.

*Fal.* No,

*Fal.* No, I tell thee thou art not. I think thou art quicker of that. Marry, there is cause of impediment: my Page, my Horse, my Lackey, my Groome, and my selfe, diuersly to be seuered, casting that their course, contrary to the Lawes of the Watch: I haue not lookt on Winter and Summer.

*Host.* All Vittailers will not doe. What say'st thou to a Cygnet of Mutton or two, in a Veale Pie?

*Prince.* You, Gentlewoman.

*Dol.* What saies your Grace?

*Fal.* His Grace saies that, which his flesh rebels against.

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at doore? Looke to the doore there, *Francis*?

*Enter Peto.*

*Prince.* *Peto*, how now? what newes?

*Peto.* The King your Father, is at Westminster,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Posts
Come from the North: and as I came along
I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

*Prince.* By Heauen, *Poines*, I feele me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When I empe for Command on, like the Sparrow,
Beate with black Vapour, and begin to hatter,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.
Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:
*Falstaffe* good night.

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the night, and we must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

*Seruant.* You must away to Court, Sir, presently,
A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

*Fal.* Pay the Musicians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell *Doll*. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vndeseruer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you againe, ere I go.

*Doll.* I cannot speake: if my heart be not readie to burst. Well, sweete Iacke, haue a care of thy selfe.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

*Host.* Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Peascod-time: but an honester, and truer-hearted man: Well, fare thee well.

*Seruant.* Mistris *Tearesheet*.

*Host.* What's the matter?

*Seruant.* Bid Mistris *Tearesheet* come to my Master.

*Host.* O runne, *Dauy*, runne: O the Villaine! *Exit.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter the King, with a Page.*

*King.* Go call the Earles of *Surrey*, and of *Warwicke*:
But ere they come, bring me a Cup of Sacke.
And well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit.*

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects
Are at this houre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Nature's soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more will weigh my eyelids downe,
And steepe my Senses in forgetfulnesse?
Why rather, Sleepe, liest thou in smoakie Cribs,
Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing Night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the great,
Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
O thou dull God, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-bell?
Wilt thou vpon the high and giddy Mast,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes eyes, and rock his braines,
In cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Winds,
Who take the ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning clamors in the slippery Clouds,
That with the hurly, Death it selfe awakes?
Canst thou, O partiall Sleepe, giue thy repose
To the wet Sea-boy in an houre so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest Night,
With all appliances and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Low lie downe,
Vneasie lies the Head that weares a Crowne.

*Enter Warwicke and Surrey.*

*War.* Many good morrowes to your Maiestie.

*King.* Is it good morrow Lords?

*War.* 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

*King.* Why then good morrow to you all (my Lords).
Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

*War.* We haue (my Liege.)

*King.* Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

*War.* It is but as a Body yet distempred,
Which to his former strength may be restored,
With good aduice, and little Medicine.
My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd.

*King.* O Heauen! that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the reuolution of the Times
Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent
(Wearied of solid firme) may wearily
Iump in the Sea: and other Times, to see
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for Neptunes hippes: how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cup of Alteration
With diuers Liquors? 'Tis not ten yeeres gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two yeeres after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,
This *Percie* was the man, neerest my Soule,
Who like a Brother toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foote:
Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of *Richard*
Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Cousin *Neuil*, as I may remember)
When *Richard*, with his Eye brim full of Teares,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie?)
*Northumberland*, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cou[sin] *Westmerland*, as [illegible] my Throne
Thorough the Hearts [illegible] had no [illegible] steele,
[illegible] proceed [illegible] the State,
[illegible] Tame Crowne, [illegible] stole
[illegible] with [illegible]
[illegible] new Conquest, as [illegible] garments, [illegible],
[illegible] make [illegible] of [illegible] to wend on,
[illegible] [illegible] Tames Condition,
And [illegible] of our Amitie
[illegible] These are [illegible] Tames Lines,
Figures [illegible] of the Times deceased:
[illegible] [illegible], a man [illegible] prophecie
[illegible] [illegible] me, of the [illegible] of things,
As yet not come to Life, which [illegible] Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreasured.
[illegible] [illegible] come the hate and bloud of Time;
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of Land,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] perfect prosse,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], then [illegible] to him,
[illegible] [illegible] that Seed [illegible] to a greater [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] not [illegible] a grobs to [illegible] upon,
[illegible] on us.

*King.* Are these things then Necessities?
Then let us meet them [illegible] Necessities,
And [illegible] the word, [illegible] [illegible] us:
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and *Northumberland*
Are [illegible] [illegible].

*Prince.* It cannot be [illegible] Lord,
Rumors do [illegible], [illegible] Voice and Eccho,
[illegible] [illegible] the feared. Please it your Grace
[illegible] [illegible] upon [illegible],
The Powers that you already have [illegible],
Should [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
To come [illegible] more, I [illegible] read
Advantage [illegible] that *Commons* dead.
Your Majesties [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
And [illegible] [illegible] how [illegible] the mallice
Vnto your Sovereignty.

*King.* I will take your counsell:
And [illegible] these [illegible] Wars [illegible] and,
Which [illegible] (deare Lords) [illegible] to the [illegible]
[illegible].

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Shallow and Silence with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble and others.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on, give me your Hand Sir, give me your Hand Sir, an early Stirrer, by the rood. And how does my good Cousin *Silence*?

*Sil.* Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

*Shal.* And how does my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your fair Daughter, and mine my God-Daughter *Ellen*?

*Sil.* Alas, a black Ouzel, Cousin *Shallow*.

*Shal.* By yea and nay Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William* is become a good Scholler: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeede Sir to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of *Clements* Inne, where I think they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

*Sil.* You were called *lusty Shallow* then, Cousin.

*Shal.* I was called any thing, and I would have done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Barne*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a Cotsolman, you had not foure such Swinge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was *Iacke Falstaffe* now Sir *Iohn* a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke.

*Sil.* This Sir *Iohn*, Cousin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

*Shal.* The same Sir *Iohn*, the very same: I saw him breake *Scoggans* Head at the Court-gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one *Sampson Stockfish*, a Fruiterer, behinde Gray's-Inne. O the mad dayes that I have spent! and to see how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

*Sil.* We shall all follow, Cousin.

*Shal.* Certaine: 'tis certaine, very sure, very sure: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

*Sil.* Truly Cousin I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, Sir.

*Shal.* Dead! See, see he drew a good Bow: and dead! he shot a fine shoote. *Iohn a Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead! he would have clapt i'th' Clout at Twelve-score, and carryed you a forehand Shaft at fourteene, and fourteene and a halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old *Double* dead?

*Enter Bardolfe, and the Boy.*

*Sil.* Here come two of Sir *Iohn Falstaffes* Men (as I think).

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest Gentlemen.

*Boy.* I beseech you which is Iustice *Shallow*?

*Shal.* I am Robert *Shallow*, Sir, a poore Esquire of this County, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My Captaine Sir commends him to you: my Captaine Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

*Shal.* He greetes me well (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske how my Lady his Wife doth?

*Boy.* Sir, pardon: a Soldier is better accommodated than with a Wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, Sir, and it is well said, indeede, too. Better accommodated: it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo*: very good, a good phrase.

*Pard.* Pardon, Sir: I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword to be a Soldiers Sword: and a Soldier in the Word Accommodated: good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is being whereby

…wherby he thought to be accommodated, …was an excellent thing

*Enter Falstaffe &c.*

*Shal.* It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir *Iohn*. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good hand: I trust me you looke well, and beare your yeares very well. Welcome good Sir *Iohn*.

*Fal.* I am glad to see your Worship, good Master *Robert Shallow*, Master *Surecard* as I thinke?

*Shal.* Nay Sir *Iohn*, it is my Cosin *Silence* in Commission with mee.

*Fal.* Good Master *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good Worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fye, this is hot weather. Gentlemen, haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry haue we sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, yea marry Sir: *Raphe Mouldie*. Let them appeare as I call: let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, Where is *Mouldie*?

*Mould.* Heere, if it please you.

*Shal.* What think you Sir *Iohn*? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name *Mouldie*?

*Mould.* Yea, if it please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert vsed.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie lacke vse: very singular good. Well said Sir *Iohn*, very well said.

*Fal.* Prick him.

*Mould.* I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vncle ouer me now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall go. *Mouldie*, it is time you were spent.

*Mould.* Spent?

*Shallow.* Peace, fellow, peace, stand aside. Know you where you are? For the other, Sir *Iohn*. Let me see: *Simon Shadow*.

*Fal.* I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's *Shadow*?

*Shad.* Heere sir.

*Fal.* *Shadow* whose sonne art thou?

*Shad.* My Mothers sonne, Sir.

*Fal.* Thy Mother's sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeed, but not of the Fathers substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir *Iohn*?

*Fal.* *Shadow* will serue for Summer: prick him: for we haue a number of shadowes to fill vp the Muster-Booke.

*Shal.* *Thomas Wart*.

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Heere Sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name *Wart*?

*Wart.* Yea Sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged Wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him down, Sir *Iohn*?

*Fal.* It were superfluous: for his apparrell is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pinnes: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, you can do it Sir, you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble*.

*Feeble.* Heere sir.

*Shal.* What Trade art thou, *Feeble*?

*Feeble.* A Woman's Tailor sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, Sir?

*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a man's Tailor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou hast done a Woman's petticoat?

*Feeble.* I will do my good will Sir, you can haue no more.

*Fal.* Well said good Woman's Tailor. Well said Courageous *Feeble*. Thou wilt proue as valiant as the wrathfull Dame of Brentford, as the Moone. Prick the woman's Tailor well Master *Shallow*, deepe Master *Shallow*.

*Feeble.* I would Wish me able to my profession.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's Tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a priuate Souldiers place, though he has the Liuer of a Woman: For what says the Lord of Harmony, the Prouerbe? Let him be *Feeble*.

*Feeble.* I desire you more acquaintance, Sir.

*Fal.* I am glad to see thee, reuerend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

*Shal.* Peter *Bullcalfe* of the Greene.

*Fal.* Yea marry, let vs see *Bullcalfe* come.

*Bull.* Heere sir.

*Fal.* Trust me a likely Fellow. Come prick me *Bullcalfe* till he roare againe.

*Bull.* Oh Lord good my Lord Captaine.

*Fal.* What dost thou roare before thou art prickt?

*Bull.* Oh Lord sir, I am a sore man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affayres, vpon his Coronation day sir.

*Fal.* Come thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will trouble you no more. Boyes, and we will haue an order, that shall apprehend all Ruffians alike, which is well said.

*Shal.* Let me see, two more are wanting to their number: you must haue but foure heere sir: and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will accept the motion: this dinner-time I cannot tarry. Come, I haue a small consumption: good truth, Master *Shallow*.

*Shal.* Master *Falstaffe*, you are to take your number vp: we lay all vpon you. Where's Saint *George*'s day?

*Fal.* No more of that good Master *Shallow*. No more of that.

*Shal.* Ha? 'Twas a merry night. And is *Iane Nightwork* aliue?

*Fal.* She lies at Master *Shores*.

*Shal.* She neuer could away with me.

*Fal.* Never, never: she would alwayes say she could not abide Master *Shallow*.

*Shal.* By the Mass I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *Bona Roba*. Doth she hold her owne well?

*Fal.* Old, old, Master *Shallow*.

*Shal.* Nay she must be old, she cannot choose but be

old certaine shee's o[ld] and [a] Action, *Night-worke*, by old *Nightworke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

*Sil.* That's fiue hundred yeeres ago.

*Sence.* Ha, Cousin *Silence*, that thou had'st seene that day that the Lords and Ladies were a Maying, how I was?

*Fang.* We haue heard the Chimes at midnight, Master *Shallow*.

*Shal.* That we haue, that we haue, in faith, Sir *John*, we haue our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner, come let's to Dinner. Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come.

*Bar.* Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne shillings in French Crownes for you. In very truth, Sir, I had as liefe be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, I do not care, but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

*Bard.* Go-too: stand aside.

*Mould.* And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: she has no body to doe any thing about her when I am gone, and is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue forty, sir.

*Bar.* Go-too: stand aside.

*Feeble.* I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base mind: if it be my destiny, so: if it be not so, no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

*Lord.* Well said, thou'rt a good fellow.

*Feeble.* Nay, I will bee no base mindes.

*Fang.* Come, wher's the Rogues that I haue?

*Bard.* I am at your sword, sir.

*Fang.* Where are you, sir?

*Shal.* Marry there, *Mouldy*, *Bullcalfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

*Lord.* Masters, you are welcome: for you *Mouldy*, stay at home still, you are past seruice: and for your part, *Bullcalfe* grow till you come vnto it: I will see you.

*Sence.* Sir, I pray you let your kindred, they are your Tenants, I beseech you intreat them the best.

*Fang.* Will you tell me, Master *Silence*, how to value a mans Cattell for the Loane, I pray, I beseech you, briefe, and briefe: for my wit is dull, Master (name) what say you, *Wart*? you see what a ragged appearance it is: I shall charge you and discharge you with the moity of a Pewterers Hammer come off and on, (worke you now) one halfe penny worth of sope will serue the turne: and for a replication, withall, with this *Feeble* the Woman's Tailor, sir, you shall not be charged: for men, sir, for men you are rated, and shall be vsed accordingly, so glory be to God and the Prince: and my friends, I pray you.

*Sil.* Hee is not his Craft-master, hee doth not doe right. I remember at Mile-end Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was fellow with Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* show, there was not such a Squire to be seene, and I was then reputed for a proper man about, and about, and I could shew in a corner, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, bounce would hee say, and away again I would go, and againe would he come, I shall neuer see such a fellow.

*Fals.* These fellowes will doe well. Master *Shallow*, farewell. Master *Silence*, I will not vse many words with you. Fare you well Gentlemen both: I thanke you. I must a dozen mile to my Lord *Chiefe Iustice*. Good Master Corporate, and my very good friends,

*Hast.* We haue sent forth already.
*Arch.* 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren (in these great Affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*,
Their cold intent, tenure and substance thus.
Here doth he wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold sortance with his Quality,
The which he could not leuie; whereupon
He is retyr'd, to ripen his growing fortunes,
To Scot-land, and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.
*Mow.* Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And dash themselues to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now? what newes?
*Mess.* West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie.
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.
*Mow.* The iust proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*Bish.* What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
*Mow.* I think it is my Lord of Westmerland.
*West.* Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *Iohn*, and Duke of Lancaster.
*Arch.* Say on my Lord of Westmerland, in peace:
What doth concerne your coming?
*West.* Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace do I commend my soule,
The purport of your late Commission,
Gaue me full power to take the present view
Of all the griefes, and hearing their Complaints,
Enforc'd to this vniust, vnlawfull Rage,
And counter-sign'd by Boyes and Beardlesse.
I by that Warrant, cast my selfe along
Into the Forrest, and (my Noble Lord)
Haue met the eare, to stretch it strongly forth
Our Bases and our Hopes, our Iudges,
Were not our Honors. You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose seate is by a Canon, Peace maintained,
Whose Learning and good Letters Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,
The Doue and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore do you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boyst'rous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue, a Trumpe
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
*Bish.* Wherefore do I this? so the Question stands.
Briefe (to this end) We are all diseas'd,
And with our surfetting, and wanton hours,
Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
And we must bleede for it: of which Disease,
Our late King, *Richard* (being infected) died.
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor do I, as an Enemie to Peace,
Troope in the Throngs of Military men:
But rather show awhile like fearefull Warre,
To diet rancke Mindes, sicke of happinesse
And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life. Hear me more plainely.
I haue in equall balance iustly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
We see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And haue the summary of all our Griefes
(When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;
Which long ere this, we offer'd to the King,
And might by no Suit, gaine our Audience.
When we are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
We are denied Access vnto his Person,
Euen by those men that most haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whose memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of euery Minutes instance (present now)
Haue put vs (these interessed) in fearefull Armes.
Not to break Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.
*West.* When euer yet was your Appeale denyed?
Wherein haue you been gall'd by the King?
What Peere hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rehearsall, and so scandalous
*Arch.* My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.
*West.* There is no need of any such redresse:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
*Mow.* Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruzes of the dayes before,
And suffer the condition of these Times
To lay a heauy and vnequall hand vpon our Honors?
*West.* O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say indeede, it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you Injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares here,
How that the King hath done the present Time,
Did you finde cause (so farre as to your selfe)
Vnto the Duke of Norfolkes Summons.
Your Noble and right well remembred Father's?
*Mow.* What thing (in Honor) had my Father lost,
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, when *Harry Bullingbrooke* and he
Being mounted, and both roused in their Seates,
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
Their eyes of fire sparking through sights of Steele,
And the loud Trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue staid
My Father from the Breast of *Bullingbrooke*,
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe he threw)
Then threw he downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by Dint of Sword,
Haue since mis-carried vnder *Bullingbrooke*

*West.* You speak Lord *Mowbray*, now you know not what
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd?
But now, in banishment, it is growne worse,
Heere re-ha's borne out of Country,
For all the Country, in a generall voyce,
Cry on hate vpon him; and all their prayers, and loue,
Were set on *Herford* whom they doted on,
And blest, and grac'd, and did more than the King.
But this is meere digression from my purpose.
Heere come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes, to tell you from his Grace,
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein
It shall appeare, that your demands are iuft,
You shall enioy them, euery thing set off,
That might so much as thinke you Enemies.
*Mow.* But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Policy, not Loue.
*West.* *Mowbray*, you ouer-weene to take it so
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For lo, within a ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare
Our Battailes more in heart, not Numbers then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes,
Our Armour all as strong, our Cause the best,
Then Expectation wils our hearts this not as good.
Say you not so then, our Offer is compell'd.
*Mow.* Well, by my will, we shall admit no Parley
*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence.
A rotten Case abides no handling.
*Hast.* Hath the Prince John a full Commission,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and absolute, and determine
Of what Conditions we shall stand vpon?
*West.* That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muse you make so slight a Question.
*Bard.* Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,
For this contains our generall Grieuances:
Each seuerall Article herein redrest,
All members, of our Cause both here, and hence,
That are insinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our Wills,
To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our awfull banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Armes of Peace.
*West.* This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In sight of both our Battailes, we may meete
And either end in peace (which Heauen so frame)
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.
*Bard.* My Lord, wee will doe so.
*Mow.* There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.
*Hast.* Feare you not that: for if we can make our Peace
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall consist vpon,
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.
*Mow.* I, but our valuation shall be such,
That euery slight and falsely-borne Cause,
Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taxe foule Infraction,
That were our royall faiths Martyrs in Loue,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,
That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no part nor name.
*Bard.* No, no, my Lord. Note this: the King is weary
Of dainty and such picking Grieuances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of life.
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Telltale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and History his losse,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,
As his mis-doubts present occasion:
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,
Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensiue wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant vp,
And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Armes,
That was vp-reard to execution.
*Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very instruments of Chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fang-lesse Lion
May offer, but not hold.
*Bard.* 'Tis very true.
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)
If we do now make our Atonement well,
Our Peace will (like a broken Limbe vnited)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.
*Mow.* Be it so.
Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*West.* The Prince is heere at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
To meete his Grace, iust distance 'twixt our Armies.
*Mow.* Your Grace of Yorke, in Heauen's name then forward.
*Bard.* Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

*Enter Prince Iohn.*

*John.* You are well encountred heere (my cosin *Mowbray*)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you heere an Iron man
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword, and Life to death:
That man that sits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunshine of his fauour,
Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroach,
In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th' imagin'd Voyce of Heauen it selfe.
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen,
And our dull Workes. O who shall beleeue,
But you misuse the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a false Fauourite doth his Princes Name,
In deedes dishonourable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,
The Scrutcels of Heauens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Haue here vp-warmed them.
*Bish.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
With grant of our most iust and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie.
*Mow.* If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the last man.
*Hast.* And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
And so successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.
*Iohn.* You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
Much too shallow,
To sound the bottome of the after-Times.
*West.* Pleaseth your Grace, to answere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.
*Iohn.* I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,
And some, about him, haue too lauishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest
Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie.
*Bish.* I take your Princely word, for these redresses.
*Iohn.* I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.
*Hast.* Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them.
Hie thee Captaine. *Exit.*
*Bish.* To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland.
*West.* I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,
To breede this present Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.
*Bish.* I doe not doubt you.
*West.* I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.
*Mow.* You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.
*Bish.* Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.
*West.* Therefore be merry (Coose) since sodaine sorrow
Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.
*Bish.* Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit.
*Mow.* So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.
*Iohn.* The word of Peace is rendred: hearke how they showre.
*Mow.* This had been deere to me, after Victorie.
*Iohn.* A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.
*Iohn.* Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too.
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men *Exit.*
Wee should haue coap'd withall.
*Bish.* Goe, good Lord *Hastings*:
And ere they be dismis'd, let them march by. *Exit.*
*Iohn.* I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.
*Enter Westmerland*
Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?
*West.* The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.
*Iohn.* They know the duties. *Enter Hastings.*
*Hast.* Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyok'd, they tooke their course
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place.
*West.* Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.
*Mow.* Is this proceeding just, and honorable?
*West.* Is your Assembly so?
*Bish.* Will you thus breake your faith?
*Iohn.* I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grieuances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray.
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt*
*Enter Falstaffe and Collenile.*
*Falst.* What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?
*Col.* I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Collenile* of the Dale.
*Falst.* Well then, *Collenile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Collenile* shall still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be still *Collenile* of the Dale.
*Col.* Are not you Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*?
*Falst.* As good a man as he sir, whoe're I am: doe yee yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and doe obeysance to my mercy.
*Col.* I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, & in that thought yeeld me.
*Fal.* I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes any other word but my name. And I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. My wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes me. Heere comes our Generall.

*Enter Prince Iohn, Westmerland.*

*Iohn.* The heate a peu'ish tedious iourney now
Concludes it selfe. Speake good Cousin *Westmerland.*
Now Master Sir, where have you beene all this while?
You leaue your businesse (ere done) to come.
The taske-full Thewes of yours weare (in my sight)
Confusion, or other, breaker of the Ouer-back.

*Falst.* I would it were (my Lord, not I) should bee so, I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you take me a Swaggerer (an Arrow, or a Bullet?) I haue, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibilitie. I haue rode a hundred mile hereabout on my Feete (trauell-tainted as I am) haue in my pure and immaculate Valour taken Sir *Iohn Colleuile* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? Hee saw mee, and yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

*Iohn.* It was more of his Courtesie, than your deseruing.

*Falst.* I know not: Heere he is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beseech your Grace, I may be booth, with the rest of this day's deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballet, set downe by mine owne Pen, on the top of it (*Colleuile* kissing my foote) To which course if I be enforced, if you doe not all shew like Gilt-two-pences to me, and I in the clere Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element, which shew like Pinnes-heads to her; beleeue not your Worth of the Noone: Therefore let mee haue right, and let desert mount.

*Iohn.* Thine's too heauie to mount.

*Falst.* Let desert mount.

*Iohn.* Thine's too vnctuous to mount.

*Falst.* Let the Court of Requests come, (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call him what you will.

*Iohn.* Is your Name *Colleuile?*

*Col.* It is (my Lord.)

*Iohn.* A famous Rebell art thou, *Colleuile.*

*Falst.* And a famous true Subiect I tooke him.

*Col.* I am (my Lord) but as my betters are,
That seldome or neuer boast of what they doe,
You shou'd haue won much honour at their hands.

*Falst.* I know not how they value themselues, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy fellow away, and I thanke thee, for thee.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*Iohn.* Haue you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made and Execution stay'd.

*Iohn.* Send *Colleuile*, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to present Execution.
Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.
*Exit with Colleuile.*
And now dispatch we toward the Court, my Lords:
I heare the King my Father is sore sicke.
Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,
Which Cousin, you shall beare to comfort him:
And we with sober speede will follow you.

*Falst.* My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe through Glocestershire: and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, 'pray in your good report.

*Iohn.* Fare you well, *Falstaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, than you deserue. *Exit.*

*Falst.* I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no maruell, he drinkes no Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come to any proofe: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole their blood, and making many fish-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally Fooles, and Cowards, which some of vs should be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudde Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and setled) left the Liuer white, and pale, which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the Inwards, to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and inland petite Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart, who great, and puffed vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack, for that sets it a-worke: and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sacke commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of my Father, he hath, like lean, barren, sterile Land, manured, husbanded, and tylled, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good store of fertile Sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle I would teach them should be, to forsweare thinne Potations, and to addict themselues to Sack. *Enter Bardolph.*
How now, Bardolph?

*Bard.* The Armie is discharged all and gone.

*Falst.* Let them goe. Ile through Glocestershire, and there will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.*

*King.* Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successefull end
To this Debate that bleedes at our doores,
We will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Nauie is addrest, our Power collected,
Our Plates, in absence, well supplied,
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wish,
Only we want a little personall Strength:
And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.

*War.* Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie
Shall soone enioy.

*King Hum-*

*King Humphrey* (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

*Glo.* I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor.

*King.* And how accompanied?

*Glo.* I doe not know (my Lord)

*King.* Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

*Glo.* No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

*Clar.* What would my Lord, and Father?

*King.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence. How chance thou are not with the Prince, thy Brother? Hee loues thee, and thou do'st neglect him (*Thomas.*) Thou hast a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou may'st effect Of Mediation (after I am dead) Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren. Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue, Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace, By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will. For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd: Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand Open (as Day) for melting Charitie: Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as sudden, As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day. His temper therefore must be well obseru'd: Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently, When you perceiue his blood inclin'd to mirth: But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope, Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground) Confound themselues with working. Learne this *Thomas*, And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends, A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in That the vnited Vessell of their Blood (Mingled with Venome of Suggestion, As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in) Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong As *Aconitum*, or rash Gun-powder

*Clar.* I shall obserue him with all care, and loue

*King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him (*Thomas?*)

*Clar.* Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

*King.* And how accompanyed? Canst thou tell that?

*Clar.* With *Poines*, and other his continuall followers.

*King.* Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth) Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griefe Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death. The blood weepes from my heart when I doe shape (In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes, And rotten Times that you shall looke vpon, When I am sleeping with my Ancestors For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe, When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors, When Meanes and lawlesse Manners meete toge ther, O, with what Wings shall his Affections flye Towards fronting Perill, and opposed Decay?

*War.* My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite: The Prince but studies his Companions, Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language, 'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd, Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no further vse, But to be known, and hated. So like grosse termes, The Prince will, in the perfect'st eare of time, Cast off his followers: and their memorie Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue, By which his Grace must mete the liues of others, Turning past-euils to aduantages.

*King.* 'Tis seldome when the Bee doth leaue her Combe In the dead Carrion.

*Enter Westmerland.*

Who's heere? *Westmerland?*

*West.* Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse Added to that, that I am to deliuer. Prince *Iohn*, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand: *Mowbray*, the Bishop, *Scroope*, *Hastings*, and all, Are brought to the Correction of your Law. There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd, But Peace puts forth her Olive euery where The manner how this Action hath been borne, Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade, With euery course, in his particular.

*King.* O *Westmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird, Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings The lining of the day.

*Enter Harcourt.*

Looke, heere's more newes.

*Harc.* From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie: And when they stand against you, may they fall, As those that I am come to tell you of. The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*, With a great Power of English, and of Scots, Are by the Sherife of Yorkeshire ouerthrowne: The manner, and true order of the fight, This Packet (please it you) contaynes at large.

*King.* And wherefore should these good newes Make me sicke? Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full, But write her faire words still in foulest Letters? She either giues a Stomack, and no Food, (Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast, And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich, That haue abundance, and enioy it not.) I should reioyce now, at this happy newes, And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie. O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

*Glo.* Comfort your Maiestie.

*Cla.* Oh, my Royall Father.

*West.* My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke vp.

*War.* Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie. Stand from him, giue him ayre: Hee'l straight be well.

*Clar.* No, no, hee cannot long hold out these pangs, Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde, Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in, So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

*Glo.* The people feare me, for they doe obserue Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature. The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

*Clar.* The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene: And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles) Say it did so, a little time before That our great Grand-sire *Edward* sick'd, and dy'de.

[illegible] Speake lower (Princes) for the King recouers
[illegible]
Cha. This Apoplexie will certaine, be his end.
King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into some other Chamber softly pray.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand
Will whisper Musicke to my weary Spirit
War. Call for the Musicke heere within.
King. Set me the Crowne vpon my pillow here,
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noyse, lesse noyse.

*Enter Prince Henry.*

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence
Cla. I am heere brother full of heauinesse
P. Hen. How now? Rain within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King
Cla. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good newes yet?
Tell it him.
Cla. He altered much vpon hearing it.
P. Hen. If he be sicke with ioy,
He'le recouer without Physicke.
War. Not so much noyse my Lords,
Sweet Prince speake low,
The King your Father is disposed to sleepe.
Cla. Let vs withdraw into the next Roome.
War. Speake softly, till the King be layd asleepe:
Yet not so much as whisper, for I heare
(As I receiued it from the best Aduise)
Sleepe is the surest Medicine to him,
In this his Extremity: Were it not so,
That Dreames (by reason of vnbodied Fluxe
Of blood and Vapours which the Melancholy
Doth send vp to the Head) doe often adde
Some other Passion to the Fantasie,
Then doubtlesse, by this Time, his Head were broke.
And therefore, gentle Princes, make no Noyse,
Nor stir from hence, till he awake himselfe.
Shall Dreames of Sleepe (my Father) haue more
Power with him, then those weake Rites of Life?
Mine, I am sure, haue not: O yet sleepe gently,
Whose waking could haue call'd vp Greefe from Death,
Rather then this Sleepe, from his Watch. Good Angels,
Which Heauen hath left
And pour'd vpon him, vanish Armes,
Let all, not Force, to Enuy driue him hence,
Thus from thee, will it to mine Eares,
As soft as Sleepe. *Exit*

*Enter King, Warwicke, Lords, &c.*

King. Warwicke? Gloucester? Clarence?
Cla. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Maiesty? how fares your Grace?
King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)
Cla. We left the Prince my Brother, here (my Liege)
Who vndertooke to sit and watch by you.
King. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me see him.
War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.
Cla. He came not through the Chamber where we stay'd.
King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?
War. When we withdrew (my Liege) we left it heere.
King. The Prince hath taken it hence:
Go seeke him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleepe, my death?
Find him (my Lord of Warwick) chide him hither:
This part of his conioynes
With my disease, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,
When Gold becomes her obiect?
For this, the foolish ouer-careful Fathers
Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.
For this, they haue engrossed and pil'd vp
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold.
For this, they haue been thoughtful to inuest
Their Sonnes with Arts and Martiall Exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, we bring it to the Hiue,
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines
This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,
To the ending Father.

*Enter Warwicke.*

Now, where is he, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quaft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away the Crowne?

*Enter Prince Henry.*

Loe where he comes. Come hither to me Harry.
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs here alone. *Exit*
P. Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.
King. Thy wish was Father Harry to that thought.
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty Chayre,
That hast no patience till my breath be spent,
To haue it possessed with so vile a Guest?
As the full-fed Hart-sicke Swine
Stay but a little, for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with so weake a Winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou hast (I feare) ouer-watcht your Father to his graue,
Before his Time. What Businesse hath brought you
To seeke so soone, my Honour, with my Death?
P. Hen. Supposing that you are dead indeed,
Will you afflict me with a double Griefe?
Where shall I lament,
Before my Father? Or dare I stirre
(Without Offence to your Imperiall Greefe)
Where I may haue some Weeping Company?
King. Harry, I do not only marke, but feele
Thy part in his Vntimely Ouerthrow.
I haue bedew'd his Reuerend Graue with Teares,
And miz'd my Sorrowes with his Obsequies,
Till Sorrow's Selfe, and Teares, and Mone, and Griefe,
Haue left me Hollow Bankes to any Woe.
I haue set Watches round about his House,
For feare of Murther, and resolue my Selfe
To see the Funerall Day well Furnished.
And for the Rest of my Estate hereafter,
No more but this: Be gracious, and my Father,
That euer was a Husband, was a Father.
Let me intreat you (for it is a Time
Most apt to doubt your Truth) amongst the Number,
Not to be slacke in Office (gentle Harry)
Lest that your Truth in my Time, come to Wrong you
In mine Age. Harry, I do not write it Needfully.
But that the Earth, which now holds Kings his Slaues,
Scarce feeles the Monarke that it carries now.
Crownes are no more worne when Heads are gone.
Their Vse and Duty makes my Danger such,
That I no more can see what should secure me,
Then those that haue not Fortune worth my Keeping.
Which Heauen (to guard a Head so full of Vertue)
Doth euer watch with Miracle and Prodigie.
A dispossessed and displaced Man,
Is left to all the Hate, and Enuy of Time.
Thus from thee, will it to mine Eares,
As soft as Sleepe. *Exit*

*Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.*

War. Doth the King call?
Cla. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Maiesty? how fares your Grace?
King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)
Cla. We left the Prince my Brother, here (my Liege)
Who vndertooke to sit and watch by you.
King. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me see him.
War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.
Cla. He came not through the Chamber where we stay'd.
King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?
War. When we withdrew (my Liege) we left it heere.
King. The Prince hath taken it hence:
Go seeke him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleepe, my death?
Find him (my Lord of Warwick) chide him hither:
This part of his conioynes
With my disease, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,
When Gold becomes her obiect?
For this, the foolish ouer-careful Fathers
Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.
For this, they haue engrossed and pil'd vp
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold.
For this, they haue been thoughtful to inuest
Their Sonnes with Arts and Martiall Exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, we bring it to the Hiue,
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines
This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,
To the ending Father.

*Enter Warwicke.*

Now, where he is, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quaft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away the Crowne?

*Enter Prince Henry.*

Loe where he comes. Come hither to me Harry.
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs here alone. *Exit*
P. Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.
King. Thy wish was Father Harry to that thought.
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty Chayre,
That hast no patience till my breath be spent,
To haue it possessed with so vile a Guest?
As the full-fed Hart-sicke Swine
Stay but a little, for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with so weake a Winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou hast (I feare) ouer-watcht your Father to his graue,
Before his Time. What Businesse hath brought you
To seeke so soone, my Honour, with my Death?
Were it not, what I feare, much after some new howres
Were it me, without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.
Thy life did manifest thou lou'dst me not,
And thou hast wish'd vpon my Crowne and me.
Thou (Impatient) and Rage-full in thy thoughts,
Vnbecoming thy Noble heart,
Lo'dst at me to an howre of my Fate
What can'st thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bels ring to mine eare
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Teares, that thou shalt drop to day,
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes.
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees,
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fifth is Crowned: Vp Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsellors, hence
And to the Englishe Court, assemble now
From euery Region, Apes of Idlenesse.
Now neighbour-Confines purge you of your Scum.
Haue you a Ruffian that will sweare: drinke? dance?
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?
Be happy he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gyrd, his sorrie shore
Shall flesh his tooth in euery innocent.
O my poore Kingdome sicke, with ciuill blowes:
When that my Care could not withhold thy Riots,
What will become of thee, when Rule is thy Care?
O thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
Peopled with Wolues, thy old Inhabitants.

*Prince.* O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The moist impediments vnto my Speech,
I had forestall'd this deere and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with Griefe) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and deepe kneeling thing.
Heauen witnesse with how wet an eye I speake,
And how accordant in the very Pith,
But now not common breath, with your Maiestie,
How euer it seeke my ends: If I be false,
Or that my Nature, by the vicious Mould
And Tempure of some second Ouerdrowne Ill,
Become disdainefull, lewd, vniust, and stirre
Against the State: Nurse all Impietie,
Wrong, Spoile, and Murther, and in the last,
To make the Sacrament of this my Sinne,
Euen marry my Sister, by the Rites of Mother,
Inforce the Law, from my behauiour banish
Mercie, and pittie, both of Heauen, and Earth,
And all the gentle Vertues: Do this deed,
Adde to the Heape of all that you haue done,
And I, in stabbing my selfe, haue done enough.
Waste it no more on me, for those that could
Speake low and kneele faire, to winne a Throne.

*King.* God send the Land peace, and it may be said,
Henry the fifth got Conquests, France and Spaine,
Henry the fourth left Peace, and Blessings, home.
Let me take Counsell of my troubled Braine,
That am not troubled through my Bodies Toyle,
Perplexed with Tumults, Feares, and Broiles,
Commotion'd by my Hands: How I came by it,
And (to say truth) how much by my Bolde
And ready Counsell (Time, that shames all things,
Shames my Deuices, and my Plots brooke lawfer
Euen to my selfe) and how I euer know well
How these Crownes came vpon my Head:
Yet (Couering all with lesser Quiet,
Better Conueniencie, better Circumstance)
For all the Rage, the Act, the Heate of Greatnesse
With Blood, and Expedition will be answered,
And thereto bold Peace,
Thou (since I cannot get it) shalt answered
For all my Reigne, hast been but as a Scene
Acting that Argument. And now my death
Changes the Mood: For what in me, was purchased,
Falles vpon thee, in a more fayrer sort.
So thou, the Garland wearest successively.
Yet, though thou standst more sure, than I could do
Thou art not firme enough, since Greeces are growne
And all my Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
Haue but their stings, and teeth newly taken out,
By whole fed Kindnesse, I was first assured,
And by whole power, I well might dare a Feare
To cope malicious Warwicke, and him raised,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land
Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my Harry)
Be it thy course to busie giddy Minds
With forraine Warres: That Action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That Strength of Speech is vtterly denied me.
How came my Crowne, O heauen for, meet
A little rest to me, my true peace true.

*Prince.* My gracious Liege:
You won me worne it, kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a Common paine,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

*Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster,*
*and Warwicke*

*King.* Looke, looke
Here comes my *Iohn* of Lancaster.

*Iohn.* Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father.

*King.* Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace (Sonne *Iohn*,
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight
My worldly houre doth make a period.

*Where*

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?
*Prin.* My Lord of Warwicke.
*King.* Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging where I first did swoone?
*War.* 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my Noble Lord.
*King.* Laud be to heaven.
Even there my life must end.
It hath been propheſied to me many yeares,
I ſhould not dye, but in *Jeruſalem*
Which (vaine ſ) I ſuppoſd the Holy Land
But bear me to that Chamber, there lle lye:
In that *Jeruſalem*, ſhall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Davie.*

*Shal.* By the Maſſe, you ſhall not away to night. What *Davie*, I ſay.
*Fal.* You muſt excuſe me, M. *Robert Shallow*.
*Shal.* I will not excuſe you, you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerue: you ſhall not be excuſd.
Why *Davie*.
*Davie.* Heere ſir.
*Shal.* Davie, *Davie*, let me ſee *Davie*, let me ſee. William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you ſhall not be excuſd.
*Davie.* Marry ſir, thoſe Precepts cannot be ſerued: and againe ſir, ſhall we ſowe the head-land with Wheate?
*Shal.* With Wheate *Davie*. But for William Cooke: are there any Pigeons?
*Davie.* Yes Sir.
Heere is now the ſmith's note for ſhoeing,
And Plough-iron.
*Shal.* Let it be caſt, and paide. Sir *Iohn*, you ſhall not be excuſd.
*Davie.* Sir a new linke to the Bucket muſt needes be had. And Sir, do you meane to ſtoppe any of William's Wages about the Sacke he loſt the other day, at *Hinckley* Fayre?
*Shal.* He ſhall anſwer it.
Some pigeons *Davie*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hennes, a ioint of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickſhawes, tell William Cooke.
*Davie.* Doth the man of Warre ſtay all night ſir?
*Shal.* Yes *Davie*.
I warrant Yea, and a Breakfaſt too. Vnleſſe Cold Cut, is better then a penny purſe. Well ſaid my wel. *Davie*, for they are arrant knaues, and will backe-bite.
*Davie.* No worſe than they are bitten, ſir. For they have marvellous foule linnen.
*Shallow.* Well conceited *Davie* about thy Buſineſſe, *Davie*.
*Davie.* I beſeech you ſir,
To countenance *William Visor* of Woncot, againſt *Clement Perkes* of the Hill.
*Shal.* There are many Complaints *Davie*, againſt that *Viſor*, that *Viſor* is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.
*Davie.* I graunt your Worſhip, that he is a knaue Sir: But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue ſhould haue ſome Countenance at his friends requeſt. An honeſt man Sir, is able to ſpeake for himſelfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue ſeru'd your Worſhip truely Sir, theſe eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, againſt an honeſt man, I haue but a very little credite with your Worſhip. The knaue is mine honeſt friend Sir, therefore beſeech your Worſhip, let him be Countenanced.
*Shal.* Go too.
I ſay he ſhall haue no wrong. Looke about *Davie*.
Where are you Sir *Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.
Giue me your hand M. *Bardolfe*.
*Bard.* I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.
*Shal.* I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Maſter *Bardolfe*. and welcome my tall Fellow.
Come Sir *Iohn*.
*Fal.* I'le follow you, good Maſter *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolfe*, looke to our Horſes. If I were ſawed into Quantities, I ſhould make foure dozen of ſuch bearded Hermites ſtaues, as Maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable Coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his: They, by obſeruing of him, do beare themſelues like fooliſh Iuſtices: He, by conuerſing with them, is turn'd into a Iuſtice-like Serving-man. Their ſpirits are ſo marryed in Conioynement, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in conſent, like to many Wilde-Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to Maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Maſter: if to his men, I would curry with Maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore, let men take heede of their Company. I will deuiſe matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of ſixe Faſhions (which is foure Termes) or two Actions, and he ſhall laugh without Intermiſſion. Or a night, ſhall I lye (as I may ſo ſpeake it) with a Iade of Lanceſter, who ſhall be now a Starre-chamber matter of Conſequence, and ſhall ſay to himſelfe, I am the Shadow of Lanceſter. But I come not to ſpeake it thus, for feare I ſhould loſe the matter by thinking on it. Honeſt Plaine words beſt pierce the Eare of Grauity, and heedfull reſolution. I will counterfeit the ſimple of Comprehenſion, that ſhall preſently diſcloſe the vaſt paſſage of his Wit, build vp his Anſwer, and then tell him the Summe. Body of me, I ſhall haue Sir *Iohn* and Maſter *Shallow*, like two Gallies and a Flye-boate, lye at my backe, to waft me to my Lodging.
*Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.*

*Warwicke.* How now, my Lord Chiefe Iuſtice, whether away?
*Ch. Iuſt.* How doth the King?
*Warw.* Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.
*Ch. Iuſt.* I hope not dead.
*Warw.* He's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purpoſes, he lies no more.
*Ch. Iuſt.* I would his Maieſty had call'd me with him,
The ſeruice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

*War*

[illegible] indeed I thinke the young King loues you not.
*Ch Iust.* I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.*

*War.* Heere come the heauy Issue of dead *Harry:*
O, that the liuing *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike sayle, to Spirits of vilde sort?
*Ch. Iust.* Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.
*Iohn.* Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.
*Glou. Cla.* Good morrow, Cosin.
*Iohn.* We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.
*War.* We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.
*Iohn.* Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy
*Ch Iust.* Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.
*Glou.* O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed.
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne
*Iohn.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.
*Cla.* Well, you must now speake Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality
*Ch. Iust.* Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.
If Truth, and vprighte Innocency fayle me,
I'le to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.
*War.* Heere comes the Prince.

*Enter Prince Henrie.*

*Ch Iust* Good morrow, and heauen saue your Maiesty
*Prince.* This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court;
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* succeeds,
But *Harry, Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a coyne burthen, laid vpon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)
Ile be your Father and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that *Harrie*'s dead, and so will I.
But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares
By number, into houres of Happinesse
*Iohn &c.* We hope no other from your Maiesty.
*Prin.* You all looke strangely on me: and you most,
You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.
*Ch Iust.* I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee
*Prin.* No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
May this be washd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
*Ch Iust* I then did vse the Person of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The Maiesty and power of Law, and Iustice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement;
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gaue bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained.
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Lieges Soueraignetie.
*Prin.* You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well.
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;
And no lesse happy, having such a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you vse the same
With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will stoope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.
And Princes all, beleeue me, I beseech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, sadly I survive,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

Then

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall rancke, with the best gouerned Nation,
That Warre or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue foremost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
As I before remembred all our State,
And (heauen consigning to my good intents)
No Prince nor Peere shall haue iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Davie.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a dish of Caraways, and so forth (Come Cousin *Silence*) and then to bed.

*Fal.* You haue here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir *John*. Marry, good ayre. Spread *Davy*, spread *Davie*: well said *Davie*.

*Dav.* This *Davie* serues you for good vses. he is your Seruingman, and your Husband.

*Shal.* A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet Sir *John*. I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe. Come Cousin.

*Sil.* Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and pray to heauen for the merrie yeere; when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie Lads roome heere, and there so merrie, and euer among so merrie.

*Dav.* There's a merry heart, good M. *Silence*, Ile giue you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Giue M. *Bardolfe* some wine, *Davie*.

*Dav.* Sweet heart, me be with you anon: most welcome Sir. Master Page, good M. Page, proface. What you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke. but you be heare, the heart is all.

*Shal.* Be merry M. *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour there, be merry.

*Sil.* Be merry, be merry, my wife has all.
For women are Shrewes, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when beards wagge all,
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

*Fal.* I did not thinke M. *Silence* had been a man of this Mettle.

*Sil.* Who I? I haue been merry twice and once, ere now.

*Dav.* There is a dish of Leather-coats for you.

*Shal.* *Davie*

*Dav.* Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup of Wine sir?

*Sil.* A Cup of Wine, that's braue indeed. Hee drinke vnto the Leman mine, and a merry heart liues long-a.

*Fal.* Well said, M. *Silence*.

*Sil.* Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't not so?

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.

*Dav.* If it please your Worshippe, there's one *Pistoll* come from the Court with newes.

*Fal.* From the Court? Let him come in.

*Enter Pistoll.*

How now Pistoll?

*Pist.* Sir *Iohn*, saue you sir.

*Fal.* What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

*Pist.* Not the ill winde which blowes none to good. sweet Knight. Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realme.

*Sil.* Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barson.

*Pist.* Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend, and helter skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and lucky Ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

*Fal.* I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this World.

*Pist.* A foutra for the World, and Worldlings base, I speake of Affrica, and Golden Ioyes.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes? Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

*Pist.* Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Helicons*?
And shall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

*Shal.* Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then Lament therefore.

*Shal.* Giue me pardon, Sir.
If sir, you come with news from the Court I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

*Pist.* Vnder which King?
*Besonian*, speake, or die.

*Shal.* Vnder King *Harry*.

*Pist.* *Harry* the Fourth: or Fift.

*Shal.* *Harry* the Fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine Office.
Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lambe-kinne, now is King,
*Harry* the Fift's the man, I speake the truth,
When Pistoll lies, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* What, is the old King dead?
*Pist.* As nayle in doore.
The things I speake, are iust.
*Fal.* Away *Bardolfe*, Saddle my Horse,
Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double-charge thee
With Dignities.
*Bard.* O ioyfull day.
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
*Pist.* What? I do bring good newes.
*Fal.* Carrie Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my
Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boots, wee ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll: Away *Bardolfe*. Come Pistoll, utter more to mee: and
with all expedient speed to doe thy selfe good. Boote,
boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for
mee. Let vs take any mans Horses: The Lawes of Eng-
land are at my commandement. Happie are they, which
haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe
Iustice.
*Pist.* Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:
Where's the life that late I led, (say they)?
Why here it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete, and Beadles.*

*Host-esse.* No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I may haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my shoulder out of ioynt.
*Off.* The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee: and shee shall haue Whipping-cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.
*Dol.* Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.
*Host.* O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miscarry.
*Officer.* If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pistoll beate amongs you.
*Dol.* Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd, Ile forsweare halfe Kirtles.
*Off.* Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.
*Host.* O, that right should thus ouercome might. Well of Sufferance, comes ease.
*Dol.* Come you Rogue, come
Bring me to a Iustice.
*Host.* Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.
*Dol.* Goodman death, goodman Bones.
*Host.* Thou Atomy, thou.
*Dol.* Come you thinne Thing
Come you Rascall.
*Off.* Very well. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter two Groomes.*

1. *Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.
2. *Groo.* The Trumpets haue sounded twice.
1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.*

*Falstaffe.* Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me.
*Pistoll.* Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.
*Falst.* Come heere *Pistoll*, stand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.
*Shal.* It doth so.
*Falst.* It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.
*Pist.* It doth so.
*Fal.* My deuotion.
*Pist.* It doth, it doth, it doth.
*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to shift me.
*Shal.* It is most certaine.
*Fal.* But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affaires else in obliuion, as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.
*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *obsque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in euery part.
*Shal.* 'Tis so indeed.
*Pist.* My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage. Thy *Doll*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thither by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Doll* is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth.
*Fal.* I will deliuer her.
*Pistol.* There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iustice.*

*Falst.* Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.
*Pist.* The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall Impe of Fame.
*Fal.* 'Saue thee my sweet Boy
*King.* My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine man.
*Ch. Iust.* Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you speake?
*Falst.* My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart.
*King.* I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers.
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Iester?

I haue

[illegible]
[illegible] and peace,
[illegible]
Make [illegible] by [illegible] Grace,
[illegible] Know Grauel't gape
[illegible]
[illegible]
Preuented, hatcht and [illegible] out,
For cause (I do know, of [illegible] would perceiue)
That haue turn'd away my former Spirit,
Sham'd through poore heart to beare Companie.
Which hope yet doth acquaint me, and shall not
Vntill some heauy body of reuolt
The Tutors and the Feeders of my Riots
Inuite (beside this taste of death)
As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Person by ten mile
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke not meanes for your liues,
And as we heare you doe reforme your selues,
We will according to your strengths and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see performed the tenure of our word. Set on.

*Exit King*

*Fal.* Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be M. *Shallow*. Do not you grieue at that. It is accessary, or an appertinent to my selfe. Looke you, I must come neere to the world. I feare not your aduancement. I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot see perceiue how, vnlesse you giue me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I beseech you, good Sir *Iohn*, let me haue fiue hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heare, was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour I feare, that you will dye, In Sir *Iohn*.

*Fal.* Feare no colours, go with me to dinner.
Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I shall be sent for soone at night.

*Ch. Iust.* Go carry Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* to the Fleete,
Take all his Company along with him.

*Fal.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Ch. Iust.* I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone.
Take them away.

*Pist.* *Si fortuna me tormento, sperame contento.*

*Exit Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice.*

*Iohn.* I like this fire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath not drawne his wonted Followers
Shall be very well prouided for.
But all are banisht, till their conuersations
Appeare more wise, and modest to the world.

*Ch. Iust.* And so they are.

*Iohn.* The King hath call'd his Parliament, my Lord.

*Ch. Iust.* He hath.

*Iohn.* I will lay odds, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciuil Swords and Native fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,
Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence?

*Exeunt*

FINIS.

# EPILOGVE.

*FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtſie: laſt, my Speech. My Feare, is your Diſpleaſure: My Curtſie, my Dutie And my Speech, to Beggeyour Pardons. If you looke for a good Speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to ſay, is of mine owne making; and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe. Heere I promiſe you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bite me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors do) promiſe you infinitely.*

*If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: Will you command me to vſe my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience, will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, I hope forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer ſeene before, in ſuch an Aſſembly.*

*One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with* Sir Iohn *in it) and make you merry, with faire* Katherine *of* France: *where (for any thing I know)* Falſtaffe *ſhall dye of a ſweat, vnleſſe already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For* Old-Caſtle *dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will end you a good night; and ſo kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene*

# THE ACTORS NAMES.

KING VNKNOWN the Presentor
[illegible] King *Henry* the Fourth.
[illegible] Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
[illegible] Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.
[illegible] of Clarence.

Northumberland.
[illegible] Bishop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Hastings.
Travers.
Douglas.
Blunt.
Coleuile.
} Opposites against King *Henrie* the Fourth.

Warwicke.
Westmerland
Sherry.
Gowre
Harcourt.
Lord Chiefe Iustice
} Of the Kings Parte.

Poynz.
Falstaffe
Bardolphe.
Pistoll.
Peto.
Page.
} Irregular Humorists.

Shallow.
Silence.
} Both Country Iustices

Dame, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Seriants
Mouldie
Shadow
Wart
Feeble
Bullcalfe
} Country Soldiers

Drawers
Beadles
Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hostesse Quickly.
Doll Teare sheete.
Epilogue

# The Life of Henry the Fift.

## Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
Leash'd in like Hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cockpit hold
The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this wooden O the very Casques
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon, since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,

On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Deere my Liege, gently peruse my Play,
Eake out our imperfections with your thought:
Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th receiuing Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there, iumping o're Times,
Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an houre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie,
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. Exit.

## Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

*Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.*

*Bish. Cant.* My Lord, I'le tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in the eleuenth yeere of the last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
*Bish. Ely.* But how my Lord shall we resist it now?
*Bish. Cant.* It must be thought on. If it passe against vs,
We lose the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they strip from vs, being valued thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to relieue of Lazars and weake age
Of indigent, faint Soules past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
*Bish. Ely.* This would drinke deepe.
*Bish. Cant.* 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.
*Bish. Ely.* But what prevention?

*Bish. Cant.* The King is full of grace, and fayre regard.
*Bish. Ely.* And a true louer of the holy Church.
*Bish. Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortified in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt the offending Adam out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradise,
T'inuelop and contayne Celestiall Spirits.
Never was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currance, scowring faults:
Nor never Hydra headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this King.
*Bish. Ely.* We are blessed in the Change.
*Bish. Cant.* Hear him but reason in Diuinitie,
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of Warre, and you shall heare
A fearefull Battle rendred you in Musique.

Turne

*Enter two Bishops.*

GOd save your Majesty, and blis Angels guard your sacred Throne
And make you long deserve it.
Amen. Sweet Bishop, you read it right,
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salique*, that they have in France,
Or should or should not bar us in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my dearest gracious Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Suites not in native colours with the truth,
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of War,
We charge you in the name of God take heed
For never two such Kingdomes did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are every one a Woe, a sore complaint
Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortality.
Under this conjuration speake my Lord,
For we will heare, note and believe in heart,
That what you speake is in your conscience washt
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.
Then heare me gracious Soveraign, and you Peers,
That owe your selves, your lives and services
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in Salique Land,
Which Salique Land the people somewhile hold
Beyond the Flood of Sala in Germany,
Between the flood of Sala and the Elbe,
Where Charles the Great having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behinde and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Established then this Law, to wit no Female
Should be inheritrix in Salique Land,
Which Salique as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appeare the Salique Law
Was not devised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the Salique Land
Until foure hundred one and twenty yeeres
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our redemption,
Foure hundred twenty six: and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seate the French
Beyond the Flood of Sala in the yeere
Eight hundred five. Besides their Writers say,
King Pepin which deposed Childerike
Did as Heire generall, being descended
On Blithild which was Daughter to King Clothair,
Make claime and title to the Crowne of France.
*Hugh Capet* also, who usurped the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Iaquet*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re vnited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors.
*King.* May I with right and conscience make this claim?
*Bish. Cant.* The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mighty Ancestors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe,
From whom you clayme, inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mighty Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.
*Bish.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterprises.
*Exe.* Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you should rowze your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood.
*West.* They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and might;
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.
*Bish Can.* O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.
*King.* We must not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.
*Bish. Can.* They of those Marches, gracious Soueraigne,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.
*King.* We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being empty of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.
*Exe.* She hath in the more fear'd and harm'd, my Liege
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And she a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom she did send to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
As the Ouze and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.
*Bish. Ely.* But there's a saying very old and true.
*If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.*
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.
*Exet.* It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home:
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like Musicke.
*Cant.* Therefore doth heauen diuide
The state of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royall of their Emperor:
Who busied in his Maiesties surueyes
The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony:
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The sad-ey'd Iustice with his surly hamme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one consent, may worke contrariously,
As many Arrowes loos'd several wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea,
As many lines close in the Dials center.
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defect. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gaul a stake.
If we with these that powre heere at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardinesse and policie.

*King.* Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resolv'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there we'l sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Empire)
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tombelesse, with no remembrance ouer them.
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our grave
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongue in vaine,
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our feare sixth Dolphin, for we heare your greeting is from him, not from the King.

*Amb.* May't please your Maiestie to give vs leave
Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we pant, and shew you are not fit
For the Dolphins mocking, and our Embassie.

*King.* We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
Therefore with frank and with vnstained plainnesse,
Tell vs the Dolphins mind.

*Amb.* Thus then in briefe:
Your highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayes, that you tax him too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot revell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tunne of Treasure, and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of: you are too shallow (*Harry*)
For such a Treasure. Thus saith the *Dolphin*, speakes

*King.* What Treasure Vncle?

*Exe.* Tennis balles my Liege.

*Amb.* We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with vs,
His present, and your pains we thanke you for:
When we have match'd our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his Father's Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what vse we made of them.
We never valew'd this poore Iland of England,
And therefore going hence, did give our selfe
To barbarous license: As 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France,
For that I have layd by my Maiestie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule
Shall stand sore charged, for the wasteful vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widowes
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands;
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe;
And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That shall have cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tell you the *Dolphin*, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin*,
His Iest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

*Exe.* This was a merry Message.

*King.* We hope to make the Sender blush at it.
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may give furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Save those to God, that runne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fayre Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt*

*Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thrive the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes solely in the breast of every man
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeles, as English *Mercuries*.
For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
The French advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Policy
Seeke to divert the English purposes
O England: Model to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mighty Heart:

What

What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall
But ſee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the ſecond
*Henry* Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Grey* knight of Northumberland,
Have for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed!)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt dye.
If Hell and Treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for France, and in Southampton
Lincoln your Highneſſe on, and weele digeſt
The feare of his abſence; for he may
Fleet-ſtreet in ſtyde, for France are agreed,
Her Kings ſer from London, and the Scene
Is now tranſported (Gracious) to Southampton:
There is the Play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to France ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you backe: Charge them with reſolution
To vſe your gentle Pallat for a while,
Wee'le not offend one ſtomach with our Play
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we ſhift our Scene. Exit

*Enter Corporall Nym and Lieutenant Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Well met Corporall *Nym*.

*Nym.* Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

*Bar.* What, are Ancient *Piſtoll* and you friends yet?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I ſay little: but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may: I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine iron: it is a ſimple one, but what though? it will toaſt Cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another mans ſword will: and there's an end.

*Bar.* I will bidde you a breakfaſt to make you friendes, and wee'le be all three ſworne brothers to France: Let it be ſo good Corporall *Nym*.

*Nym.* Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that is the certaine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my reſt, that is the reſolution of it.

*Bar.* Well, it is certaine Corporall, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell. Things muſt be as they may: men may ſleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, knives have edges. It muſt be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet ſhee will plodde, there muſt be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

*Enter Piſtoll, & Quickly*

*Bar.* Heere comes Ancient *Piſtoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoſte *Piſtoll*?

*Piſt.* Baſe Tyke, call'ſt thou me Hoſte, now by this hand I ſweare I ſcorne the terme: nor ſhall my *Nell* keep Lodgers.

*Hoſt.* No by my troth, not long. For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that live honeſtly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will be thought we keepe a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O well-a-day Lady, if he be not drawne now, we ſhall ſee wilfull adultery and murther committed.

*Bar.* Good Lieutenant good Corporall offer nothing heere. *Nym.* Puſh

*Piſt.* Puſh for thee, Iſland dogge: thou prickeard cur of Iſland.

*Hoſt.* Good Corporall *Nym* ſhew thy valor, and put vp your ſword.

*Nym.* Will you ſhogge off? I would have you ſolus.

*Piſt.* Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The ſolus in thy moſt mervailous face, the ſolus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe, within thy naſtie mouth. I do retort the ſolus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Piſtols* cocke is vp, and flaſhing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure mee: I have an humor to knocke you indifferently well. If you grow fowle with me *Piſtoll*, I will ſcoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre termes. If you would walke off, I would prick your guts a little in good termes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

*Piſt.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The grave doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

*Bar.* Heare me, heare me what I ſay: He that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'le run him up to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier.

*Piſt.* An earle of iron-metall, and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy hand, thy fore-hand to me give: Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

*Nym.* I will cutte thy throate one time or other in fayre termes, that is the humor of it.

*Piſtoll.* Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee again. O hound of Creet, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get? No, to the ſpittle goe, and from the Powdring-tub of infamy, fetch forth the lazar Kite of Creſſida's kinde, *Doll Tearſheete* ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe I have, and I
[illegible] who, I the *Quantum Quare* for the onely ſhee: and *Pauca*, there's enough to goe to.

*Enter the Boy*

*Bar.* Mine Hoſt *Piſtoll*, you muſt come to my Maſter, and your Hoſteſſe: he is very ſicke, & would to bed. Good Bardolfe, put thy face betweene his ſheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: faith he's very ill.

*Boy.* Away you rogue.

*Hoſt.* By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes: the King has kill'd his heart. Good Huſband come home preſently. *Exit*

*Bar.* Come, ſhall I make you two friends. Wee muſt to France together: why the devil ſhould we keepe knives to cut one another throats?

*Piſt.* Let floods o're-ſwell, and fiends for food howle on.

*Nym.* You'l pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at Betting?

*Piſt.* Base is the Slave that payes.

*Nym.* That now I will have: that's the humor of it.

*Piſt.* As manhood ſhall compound: puſh home. *Draw.*

*Bard.* By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'le kill him. By this ſword, I will.

*Piſt.* Sword is an Oath, & Oathes muſt have their courſe.

*Bar.* Corporall *Nym* & thou wilt be friends be friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too: prethee put vp.

*Piſt.* A Noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I give to thee, and friendſhippe ſhall combine, and brotherhood. Ile live by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* ſhall live by me, is not this juſt? For I ſhall Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my Noble?
*Pist.* In cash, most justly payd
*Nym* Well, then that the humor of it
*Enter Hostesse.*
*Host.* As ever you come of a woman, come in quickly to Sir *Iohn*. A poore heart, she is sicke of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold Sweet men, come to him
*Nym* The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the even of it.
*Pist.* *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.
*Nym.* The King is a good King: but it must be as it may he passes some humors and careers
*Pist.* Let us condole the knight, for lambkins we will liue.
*Enter Exeter, Duke of Yorke, and Westmerland*
*Bed.* Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors
*Exe.* They shall haue no sway to the contrary
*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselues,
As if allegeance in their bosomes sate
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty
*Bed.* The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of
*Exe.* Nay, but his dainty sleepe was in the mercy,
Whom he at Dover shipt for Scotland,
Trust the soule of a treason
His Soueraigne's life to
*Enter the Lord Scroope, Cambridge, Gray*
*King.* Now sits the winde fayre, and we will aboord
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts
Thinke you not that the powres we march will draw
Well on their pallyes and their power
Doing the execution, and the
For which we haue
*Scro.* No doubt my Liege, if each man
*King.* I doubt not that, since we
We carry
That growes not
Nor
Successe and Conquest
*Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better
Then is your Maiesty: there's not
That feares
Vnder
And
Haue left
With
*King.* We
And
Some
According
*Scro.* So
And
Your
*King.* We
I doubt
It was
And
*Scro.* Touching
Let
*King.* O
*Cam.* So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.
*Grey* Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taste of much correction
*King* Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heauy Orions 'gainst this poore wretch
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be winkt at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appeare before vs? We'll yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preseruation of our person
Would haue him punish'd And now to our French causes,
Who are the late Commissioners?
*Cam* I one my Lord,
Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day
*Scro.* So did you me my Liege.
*Grey* And I my Royall Soueraigne.
*King.* Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours
There yours Lord Scroope of *Masham*, and Sir knight
*Gray* of *Northumberland*, this same is yours
Read them, and know I know your worthinesse.
My Lord of *Westmerland* and Vncle *Exeter*,
We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what read you there,
That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of appearance
*Cam.* I do confesse my fault,
And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.
*Grey, Scro.* To which we all appeale.
*King.* The mercy that was quick in vs but late,
By your own counsailes is suppressed and kill'd:
You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
For your own reasons turne into your bosomes,
As dogges vpon their maisters, worrying you
See you my Princes and my Noble Peeres,
These English monsters? My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging his Honour, and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
And sworne vnto the practises of France
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This knight no lesse for bountie bound to Vs
Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne. But O,
What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soule,
That almost might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,
Would'st haue vsed my prediction 'gainst my selfe?
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murther ever kept together,
As two yoake diuels sworne to either's purpose,
Working so grossely in a naturall cause,
That admiration did not hoope at them
But thou 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought vpon thee so prepostorously,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence.

And

And other diuels that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From glift'ring ſemblances of piety.
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand vp,
Gaue thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Vnleſſe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon gate walke the whole world,
Hemg ſtretcht to and fro in Tartar bounds,
And ſeeke how many he might make his prey,
Yet euill ne'er could finde agent to his purpoſe,
Vnleſſe he wrought vpon ſome crooked nature.
Why did not Treaſon feede vpon weake wils?
Why all not Treaſon? Come, ſtay at Noble taſkes?
Why ſoare it? Seeke out Rebels in Rebels?
Why ſo dull thou? Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from grofſe paſſions, and of mirth ſo full,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwai'd with euery light wind,
Garniſh'd and deck't in modeſt complement,
Not working with the eye, without the knee,
And but in purged iudgement trebly gracious,
Sure thou would'ſt haue found all this in mee:
A fellow of no hope in thy graue obſeruer,
Finding no ſtrength, if fraught with man, and beſt indeed
Without man, I with weene for thee.
For behold, how finely me thinkes ſhe
Attires old Mars, His tables are ope,
And all to draw in Gueſts that come preparde,
Nay rather plotting how the can entice
Such gueſts into her lodging: there's the queſtion,
And happily the ſome of her beſt traines
Are now in motion to the Prince of Wales,
For that the Court of all the World is there,
And he the King of Good Companions.
Therefore moſt likely it is with ſuch a Vice
Shee will moſt buſie be: but how may'ſt auoyd,
Which cannot be, vnleſſe thou make reſort
To the moſt vicious, and moſt wicked ſtand,
Which for the firſt vnleſſe thou call'd on firſt,
Through heapes of Leaſings, Periuries, and Lyes,
Through dangers, toyles, and ſtormes, and ſtarting holes,
Thou neuer could'ſt approach me. Therefore firſt
As yeelding cauſe, be my ſelected gueſt.
Come, for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deepe
Into the purſe of Rich Reward, as that
Alps-high Ambition cannot meaſure profit
Deepe enough for her followers: and with her
Marſhall vs to the vnexperienc'd Warres
Of new-borne Warre. Thou ſhalt haue charge giuen thee,
To ſome ſtrong Piſtoll Cocke-a-hoope ſhall ſoone
Bring downe the pride of dreadleſſe Fortune quite,
And ſo ſhall ſit in Fortunes Sphere and mocke
At thoſe that were enraged againſt his ſmile.
Shall we not meet, Yoke-fellow to our Knaueries,
Before his Maieſty has done with his?

*Piſtoll.* Conſtant as Mars, I will abide by thee.

*Hoſteſſe.* Do I not know you, Sir? Will you behaue like a Cuckold? Go home with me, and repoſe your ſelfe.

*Piſtoll.* Let Vultures vile ſeize on my lungs and liuer,
If this wrong paſſe vnpuniſht. Pay for all:
One with all, as we ride all hands and hearts
To Hampton, there ſhall we be merry all.
Why, Boy, will thou go with me?

*Hoſteſſe.* Nay, you ſhall go with me now.

*Piſtoll.* Go to a Stewes, and hang your ſelfe all three.

*Exit.*

*Hoſteſſe.* Well, I cannot chuſe but weepe, to thinke of him good ſoule.

*Bard.* And I muſt after him, to ſee the performance of his Will.

*Hoſteſſe.* Well, that's better then to ſee him hang'd. Alas, poore Gentleman, well, God haue mercy on him, if he haue a graine of Grace, hee's ſure of forgiuenes.

*Bard.* I hope he is in Hell already, for if there be any hell here in this world, he liues in it, and then he muſt needs be there.

*Boy.* Would I were with him, wherſoeuer he is, either in Heauen or Hell.

*Hoſteſſe.* Nay ſure he's not in Hell: he's in *Arthurs* boſome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* boſome. A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any Chriſtome Child; a parted euen iuſt betweene twelue and one, euen at the turning o'th Tyde: for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile vpon his fingers ends, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *Iohn*, quoth I, what man be good cheare: ſo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himſelfe with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Cloathes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo vp-peard, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

*Nim.* They ſay he cryed out of Sack.

*Hoſteſſe.* So a did indeed.

*Bard.* And of Women.

*Hoſteſſe.* Nay that a did not.

*Boy.* Yes that a did, and ſaid they were Deuils incarnate.

*Hoſteſſe.* A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd.

*Boy.* And a cride, the Deuile would haue him about Women.

*Hoſteſſe.* A did in ſome ſort (indeed) handle Women: but then he was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

*Boy.* Do you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſticke vpon *Bardolphs* Noſe, and a ſaid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

*Bard.* Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his ſeruice.

*Nim.* Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

*Piſt.* Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truſt none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* be thy Counſailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryſtalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horſe-leeches

…eeches my Boyes to fucke, to fucke the very blood to …ucke.

*Exe.* And that's but vnwholesome food they say.

*Pist.* Touch her not with noble …and march.

*Bard.* For see Ho…e.

*Nym.* I cannot bide, …at's the humor of it: but …ad ea

*Pist.* Let Hu…aferne appeare …keepe cole, I thee command.

*Hostesse.* For…el … *Exeunt*

*Fo…ls*

*Enter the French … Dolphin … Dukes …*

*… …*

*King.* Thus come the …ish power vpon vs,
And …et downe before …
To answer Roy…
Therefore you, …
Or Bloud and …
As your Moe Doth …
For …
With …
For …
…
It irks the…
As …
Lett by…
Vpon our …

*Defen.* …
…
For …
…) …
…
…
Are …
Therefore …
…
And …
Were …
Of …
Lett …
…
Some …
…
Dor… …
And …

*… …* Take we …re *Harry* strong
And …, …ke vp our …, arme to meet him.
The …ed of him hath …ce first exponvs.
And he is bred out of that bloud e straine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes.
Witnesse our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy Battell fatally was …tucke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire on Mountaine standing
Vpon the Ayre crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twenty yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
The Nature and the issue of the …n.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Embassadors from *Harry* king of England,
Do craue admittance to your Maiestie.

*King.* Weele giue them present audience.
Go, and bring them.
You see this Chace is hotly followed, friends.

*Dolph.* Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
Take vp the English short, and let vs order it
According to the fashion, and condition
Of what, Mo…ache you see, we stand
Sole Lords of all the Lands we tread vpon,
And Lords of …
As he…

*Enter Exeter*

*King.* From our Brother of England?

*Exe.* From him; and more kinde in his …eeres your Maiestie
How …is you see Name of God Almighty,
That …ouchsafe …ete and lay apart
The …e Gyues, that lye …ght of Heauen,
By Law of Nature, …o Nation, …gs
To …and …s Hi…, namely the Crowne,
And …ll the …ded Honors, that …erraine
By …ncestrie, …d Inheritance, hath …es,
Were …ence of France, …ou may know
…, …, …ayne
Pick …ome …ome-sicke …o long-vanished …es,
…
He …ds, …
…ely, …
…
…
And …
From …
…
…
Or …
Fu…
…
…

*King.* For vs, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.
*Dolph.* For the Dolphin,
I ſtand here for him: what to him from England?
*Exe.* Scorne and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſayes my King: and if your Fathers Highneſſe
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you ſent his Maieſtie;
Hee'le call you to ſo hot an Anſwer of it,
That Cannes and Womble Vaulcages of France
Shall chide your Treſpas, and returne your Mock
In ſecond Accent of his Ordinance.
*Dolph.* Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did preſent him with the Paris-Balls.
*Exe.* Hee'le make your Paris Louer ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſſe Court of mightie Europe
And be aſſur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promiſe of his greener dayes,
And theſe he maſters now: now he weighes Time
Euen to the vtmoſt Graine: that you ſhall reade
In your owne Loſſes, if he ſtay in France.
*King* To morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.
*Flourish.*
*Exe.* Diſpatch vs with all ſpeed, leaſt that our King
Come here himſelfe to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.
*King.* You ſhalbe ſoone diſpatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but ſmall breathe, and little pawſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Secundus.*

*Flourish. Enter Chorus.*
Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift Scene flies,
In motion of no leſſe celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppoſe, that you haue ſeene
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royalties: and his braue Fleet,
With ſilken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold.
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the ſhrill Whiſtle, which doth order giue
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inuiſible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breſting the lofties Surge. O, doe but thinke
You ſtand vpon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconſtant Billowes dauncing.
For ſo appeares this Fleet Maieſticall,
Holding due courſe to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this Name,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, ſtill,
Guarded with Grandſires, Babyes, and old Women,
Either paſt, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiſſance.
For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choyſe-drawne Caualiers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppoſe th'Embaſſador from the French comes back:
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
*Katherine* his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The Action likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lyntſtock now the diuelliſh Cannon touches,
*Alarum, and Chambers goe off.*
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Glouceſter.*
*Alarum Scaling Ladders at Harflew.*
*King.* Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or cloſe the Wall vp with our Engliſh dead
In Peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſſe and humilitie:
But when the blaſt of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the ſinewes, commune vp the blood,
Diſguiſe faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aſpect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braſſe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſtfull Ocean.
Now ſet the Teeth, and ſtretch the Noſthrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
To his full height. On, on you Noble Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Haue in theſe parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And ſheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your Mothers: now attеſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Copy now to me of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whoſe Lyms were made in England; ſhew vs here
The mettell of your Paſture: let vs ſweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo meane and baſe,
That hath not Noble luſter in your eyes
I ſee you ſtand like Grey-hounds in the ſlips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.
*Alarum, and Chambers goe off.*

*Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtoll, and Boy.*
*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach
*Nim.* 'Pray thee Corporall ſtay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Caſe of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.
*Piſt.* The plaine-Song is moſt iuſt: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaſſals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.
*Boy.* Would I were in an Ale-houſe in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and ſafetie.
*Piſt.* And

*Pist.* And I: If wishes would prevaile with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I hie.

*Boy.* As any, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter Flueller.*

*Flu.* Vp to the breach, you Dogges; avaunt you Cullions.

*Pist.* Be merciful great Duke to men of Mould. Abate thy Rage, abate thy Rage, abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage. Vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

*Nim.* These be good humors, your Honor wins bad humors. *Exit.*

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three Swashers. I am Boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me, for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white-liuer'd and red-fac'd: what his meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not. For *Pistoll*, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof a breakes words, and keepes whole Weapons. For *Nym*, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scornes to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a Coward: but his few bad words are matcht with as few good Deeds, for a never broke any mans head but his owne, and that was against a post when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelue leagues, and sold it for three-farthings. *Nym* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching, and in Calais they will steale any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a fire-shouel. I knew by that peece of Seruice, a would haue made Nouices buy Shouels. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their gloues or their handkerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from another's Pocket, to put into mine, for it is plaine pocketing vp of Wrongs. I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their Villany goes against my weake Conscience, and to ebolster me withall, I will not say, pertly and somewhat confidently, but to my selfe. *Exit.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Gower.* Captaine *Macmorrice* doth come presently to the Mynes: the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

*Irish.* To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre: the concauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'aduantage and the hold-fast of your Enemy: and the Sinister and the Direct lyes of the Warres, looke you, is directly to the Duke, looke you, as the fingers and the Thumbe, I looke you, vpon the Palme of the hand, looke you. Now I will be bold to say to the Duke, looke you, that the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre, the Concauities of it is not sufficient,

Therefore to our best mercy [illegible]
Or like to men proud of destruction,
Defy vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts best becomes me best,
If [illegible]
[illegible]
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

To bry a floobry and a quartie Forme
I feare cooke-shotten Ile of Albion.
*Conte* *Dawphin*, were haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggie? raw and dull
On whom, as in despight the Sunne looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with frowning Cruddaken Water,
A Drench for sur-reyned Iades, their Barly broth,
Decott to cold blood to such a valiant heate
And shall our quick blood spirited with Wine,
Seeme frosted? O for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Icicles
Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frosty People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields
Poore we call them in their Natiue Lords.
*Dolphin* by Iesu and Heire,
Our Madame mocks vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettle is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodies to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.
*Fra.* They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and swift Corantoes,
Saying, our Grace is only in our Heeles,
And that we are most lofty Runne-awayes.
*Kath.* Where is *Mountioy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honour edged,
More sharper then your Swords hie to the field:
*Charles Delabreth* High Constable of France,
You Dukes of Orleance, Burbon, and Berry,
*Alanson, Bar* and *Brabant*,
*Bonne, Estrotte* and *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
*Beaumont*, Grand Pre, Roussi, and *Fauconbridge*,
Loys, Lestrake, Bouciqualt, and Charaloys,
High Dukes of great Princes, Barons Lords, and Knights;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great Shames.
Barre *Harry* England that sweepes through our Land
With Pennons painted in the blood of Harflew
Rushes his lasty iawes, bids the ranke corne Sow
Vpon the Valley, ouer-swell low Hills with Sea
The Apes of idle flight, shall dare to come vpon
Goe downe, expect no other Entertainment,
And tell the Constable of France,
Bring forth more Horses.
*Con.* Dolphins regardes the Great
Sorry our Embassie was so,
His Souldiers tall, strong, and full of their March
Lowe in stature, yet shall all see our Army,
Hee bad vs tell our Master to shake off care,
And send his Ransome.
*Kath.* The great Lord Constable, hast on *Mountioy*,
And tell the King, that we send,
Ere long we will visit him in person he will giue
Their bodies to the Lust of English Wolues in Roan.
*Exe.* Now, as you meet a gracious Maiestie,
Fit for your selues, and fit for your new wayes,
Now Lord Constable, and Princes all,
Each your mighty warlike Bands shall call *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gower, Captaine Fluellen* and *Soldiers*

*Gow.* How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?
*Flu.* I assure you there is very excellent Seruices committed at the Bridge.
*Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my liuing, and my vttermost power. He is not (God be praysed and plessed) any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as *Marke Antony*, and he is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see him do as gallant seruice.
*Gower.* What do you call him?
*Flu.* He is call'd Auncient *Pistoll*.
*Gower.* I know him not.
*Enter Pistoll.*
*Flu.* Here is the man.
*Pist.* Captaine, I thee beseech to do me fauours: the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.
*Flu.* I, I praise God, and I haue merited some loue at his hands.
*Pist.* *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and sound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell fate, and giddie fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse blinde, that stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone,
*Flu.* By your patience, auncient *Pistoll*. Fortune is painted blinde, with a muffler before her eyes, to signifie to you that Fortune is blinde; and she is painted also with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, speake you, is fixed vpon a Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.
*Pist.* Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frowns vpon him; for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must for it, and furthermore he hath giuen me this same day to be drawne and quartered at Harflew, and I would desire the Pax might be restored, and hanging then subscribed for an Eagle to me. Speake, captaine, for his life, and I will thee requite.
*Flu.* Auncient *Pistoll*, I do partly vnderstand your meaning.
*Pist.* Why then rescue him now or neuer.
*Flu.* Auncient *Pistoll*, you scuruie lowsie knaue, I do loue you well, and I would be glad to do you any seruice, for your brother, I would desire the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be vs'd.
*Pist.* Die and be damn'd, and *figo* for thy friendship.
*Flu.* It is well.
*Pist.* The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*
*Flu.* Very good.
*Gower.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I remember him now a Bawd, a Cut-purse.
*Flu.* Ile assure you, a vttered as praue words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well what he has spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is seruice.
*Gower.* Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier. And such fellowes are perfect in the great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Conuoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what termes the Enemy stood on; and this they conne perfectly in the phrase of Warre, which they ioyne

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Suite of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderful to be thought on: but you must learne to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistooke.

*Flu.* I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceive hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my mind: harke you the King is coming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

*Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.*

*Flu.* God pleese your Maiestie.

*King.* How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

*Flu.* I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th'athversary was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Maister of the Pridge. I assure your Maiestie, the Duke is a prave man.

*King.* What men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

*Flu.* The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames of fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes blew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fires out.

*King.* Wee would haue all such offendors so cut off: and we give expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but paid for: none of the French vpbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; for when Lenity and Cruelty play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket. Enter Mountioy.*

*Mountioy.* You know me by my habit.

*King.* Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

*Mountioy.* My Masters mind.

*King.* Vnfold it.

*Mountioy.* Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Advantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an injurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q, and our voyce is imperiall. England shall repent his folly, see his weaknesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we haue offered, which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our blood, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number, and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet but a weake and worthlesse satisfaction. To this addde Defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't. So farre my King and Master; so much my Office.

*King.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mount.* *Mountioy.*

*King.* Thou dost thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now, But could be willing to march on to Calice, Without impeachment: for to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd: and those few I have, Almost no better then so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges Did march three Frenchmen. Yet (God be thanked God) That I doe brag thus; this your ayre of France Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent. Goe therefore tell thy Master here I am; My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke; My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountioy*. Goe bid thy Master well advise himselfe: If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour: and so *Montioy* fare you well. The summ of all our Answer is but this. We would not seeke a Battaile as we are, Nor as we are, we say we will not shunne it. So tell your Master.

*Mount.* I shall deliver so: Thankes to your Highnesse.

*Glou.* I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

*King.* We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs. March to th'Bridge, it now drawes toward night, Beyond the River wee'll encamp our selves, And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.*

*Const.* Tut, I have the best Armour of the World, would it were day.

*Orleance.* You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horse have his due.

*Const.* It is the best Horse of Europe.

*Orleance.* Will it never be Morning?

*Dolph.* My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

*Orleance.* You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

*Dolph.* What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treades but on foure pasternes: Ca ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *Le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

*Orleance.* Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

*Dolph.* And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire, and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.

*Con.* Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

*Dolph.* It is the Prince of Palfreyes, his Neighing is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

*Orleance.* No more Cousin.

*Dolph.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the ranging of the Horse to the lodging of the Lambe, vary deserued praise on my Palfrey: It is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his praise, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

*Orleance.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

*Dolph.* Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.

*Orleance.* Your Mistresse bestes well.

*Dolph.* Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

*Const.* Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your backe.

*Dolph.* So perhaps did yours.

*Const.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dolph.* O then belike she was old and gentle and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in your strait Strossers.

*Const.* You haue good iudgement in Horsemanship.

*Dolph.* Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horse to my Mistresse.

*Const.* I had as liefe haue my Mistresse a Iade.

*Dolph.* I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

*Const.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

*Dolph.* *Le chien est retourné a son propre vomissement est la Truie lauée au bourbier:* thou makest vse of anything.

*Const.* Yet do I not vse my Horse for my Mistresse, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

*Ramb.* My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

*Const.* Starres my Lord.

*Dolph.* Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

*Const.* And yet my Sky shall not want.

*Dolph.* That may'st thou, else thou beare a many superfluous Carkasses peece them out: Would me were away.

*Const.* Then is there one beares your prayses, who would trot as soone, if you and your braggers dismounted.

*Dolph.* Would I were able to loade him with his desert: Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paued with English Faces.

*Const.* I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be eares of the English.

*Ramb.* Who will go to hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

*Const.* You must first go your selfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

*Dolph.* 'Tis midnight, Ile go arme my selfe. *Exit.*

*Orleance.* The Dolphin longs for morning.

*Ramb.* He longs to eate the English.

*Const.* I thinke he will eate all he kills.

*Orleance.* By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

*Const.* Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

*Orleance.* He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of France.

*Const.* Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.

*Orleance.* He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

*Const.* Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

*Orleance.* I know him to be valiant.

*Const.* I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

*Orleance.* What's hee?

*Const.* Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.

*Orleance.* Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

*Const.* By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

*Orleance.* Ill will never sayd well.

*Const.* I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flattery in friendship.

*Orleance.* And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

*Const.* Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Fox o' the Deuill.

*Orleance.* You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

*Const.* You haue shot ouer.

*Orleance.* 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

*Const.* Who hath measur'd the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord *Grandpree.*

*Const.* A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England! he longs not for the Dawning as we doe.

*Orleance.* What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

*Const.* If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

*Orleance.* That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare such beaute Head-pieces.

*Ramb.* That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

*Orleance.* Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crusht like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

*Const.* Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough coming on, leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

*Orleance.* I,

*Orleance.* I, but these English are shrowdly out of Beefe.

*Conft* Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

*Orleance* It is now two a Clocke: but let me see: by ten We shall haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

## *Actus Tertius.*

*Chorus*

Now entertake conception of our scene,
With rendring Confines of Warre and Peace,
Admits the view of Warlike Mars to come,
From Camp to Camp through the foule Wombe of Night,
The Hum of either Armies stilly sounds,
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile sees the other's vmbered face:
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Pierces the Night's dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Country Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle
And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the cripple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Morning's danger: and their gesture sad,
Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coates,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the weary and all-watched Night:
But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With cheerefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie:
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye:
Where O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or fiue most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in braule ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mockeries bee.
*Exit.*

*Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.*

*King Glofter*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obserue it, but a due consideration,
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early Risers,
Which is both healthfull, and good Husbandry,
Besides they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all, admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Deuill himselfe.

*Enter Exploram*

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better than a churlish turfe of France.
*Exping.* Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.
*King.* 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example so the Spirit is eased,
And when the Mind is quickened, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowsie Graues and newly moue
With casted slough and fresh Legerity.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas*. Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe,
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pauilion.
*Glofter.* We shall, my Liege.
*Exping.* Shall I attend your Grace?
*King.* No, my good Knight,
Go with my Brothers to my Lords of England.
I and my Bosome must debate awhile,
And then I would no other Company.
*Exping.* The Lord in Heauen bleſſe thee, Noble *Harry*. *Exeunt*
*King.* God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'ſt cheerefully. *Enter Piſtoll*
*Piſt* Qui vous la?
*King.* A friend.
*Piſt* Discouer thee, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?
*King.* I am a Gentleman of a Company.
*Piſt.* Trayl'ſt thou the puiſſant Pyke?
*King.* Euen so: what are you?
*Piſt* As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.
*King.* Then you are a better than the King.
*Piſt* The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fiſt most valiant: I kiſſe his dirtie shooe, and from heart-ſtring I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?
*King.* *Harry le Roy.*
*Piſt.* *Le Roy*? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?
*King.* No, I am a Welchman.
*Piſt.* Know'ſt thou *Fluellen*?
*King* Yes.
*Piſt.* Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. *Dauies* day.
*King* Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leaſt he knocke that about yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?
*Nym.* And his Kinsman too.
*Pist.* The Fiend giue them ioy.
*King.* I thanke you God be with you.
*Pist.* My name is *Pistoll* cald. *Exit*
*King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

*Manet King*

*Enter Captaine Fluellen and Gower*

*Gower.* Captaine *Fluellen*.
*Flu.* So, Captaine? What lack you? Stand off, I charge you in the Name of Iustice.
*Gower.* Why this is the Ancient, and my friend, and my Countryman.
*Flu.* Ancient? What Ancient? I haue not seene him know the Raskall.
*Gower.* Will you speake to him, and not strike him, vpon my friendship? Ancient *Pistoll*, I say you cannot vse these light words here.
*Flu.* If I finde him but three minutes, I will proue those words vpon his Pate, before they be foure, downe his throat, by this Leeke, I will: I pray you follow.

*Exit King*

*Gower.* Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mines, the Duke of *Gloster* would speake with you.
*Flu.* To the Mines? Tell you the Duke, it is not conuenient I come to the Mines: I tell you the Worke ith' day is lost, and there is an end. But I would fain know the Raskall againe, for to beate him soundly, according to the Lawes of Warres.
*Gower.* Will you follow?
*Flu.* Follow? I, I will follow him first, tell him so: and I will peradoe my Dignitie vpon his Coxcombe.

*Will.* I'st certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

*Bates.* I doe not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*King.* I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

*Will.* I, 'tis true, therefore he shall stand for himselfe: and for mine owne part, I do not desire he should be ransom'd.

*King.* By Iue to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*Will.* You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an olde Dores, a poore and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather. You'le never trust his word after, come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*King.* Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a Quarrell betweene us, if you liue.

*King.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thy good will?

*King.* Give me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

*Will.* Heere's my Gloue: Give me another of thine.

*King.* There.

*Will.* This will I weare in my Cap: If ever thou come to me and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a boxe on the eare.

*King.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

*King.* Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings company.

*Will.* Keepe thy word: farewell.

*Bates.* I would faine see thee once more, my friends, wee shall be few Quarters slaine, if we thinke how to escape.

*Exit Souldiers.*

*King.* Let me see the Provisions may breake the French Campes to morrow, for they say bad beatens will beare Souldiers: but it is no matter, if I eate no Oates to eat Lords Cowes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Upon the King: let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our careful Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We must beare all.
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subiect to the breath of every fooles whose tongue
No more can feele, then voice the wrong.
What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
That private men enioy?
And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
Save Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?
What are you not, that you doe not feare more
Then falling Creatures, wretched weary slaues,
With scarce-holdfast what are they Commings in?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.
What is thy Soule of Odouration?
Art thou aught else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being feard,
Then they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poysond flatterie? O be sick great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie, give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,
That play'st so subtilly with a Kings repose:
I am a King that find thee, and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farre-heard Title on a Monarches Name,
Doth feast it selfe with this distressed Fooles feare:
Not all these ioyntly to the brow of Rest
Can beare the sweet and lowly sleepe
That the poore labourer doth with ease,
Nor can thou purchase with thy Gorgeous Ceremonies;
Not all these, wrapt in thy dull Mothy Pall,
Can creepe so soundly, as the carelesse Slaue
Who with a hungry fill'd, and vacant mind,
Great Labour and long day, in his Graue hath bound,
Neglectes to morrow. Neglectes all his Debts,
Forgets his Labours, Sorrowes, Sicknesse, Age,
Doth not indeed know all things are but Dreames,
Vntill his Eyes are open'd with his Feares.
Sleepe, gentle Sleepe, how hast thou left the Earth,
And all the Regions neere it, seeke the North
Whose populous Confines, and the dawne
Doth steepe in Lethe? Hast thou left the Sea,
And Billowes, whose rough Beds are rockt with Feare
With prouidable Boreas, and the Clouds
And left the Tempest, and the Waues,
Wrapping up Dayes worke in their Nurses wash sleepe,
Hast left to make a Watch-man of a King.
To Sleepe a Monarch, whose Eyes neuer peace,
Euen, but with gentle breathes of Warre,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whose Armes, the Peace, and Aduantages.

*Enter Exp.*

*Exp.* My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

*King.* Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: I'le be there ere long.

*Exp.* I'll doe it my Lord. *Exit.*

*King.* O God of Battailes, steele my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now
The sense of reckoning of th'opposed numbers:
Plucke their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
Not to day, think not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
*Richard* I slew him not, but to my kinsmans death
Something did pleade for him: Though I requested new,
And vrg'd it twice by gaping Prayer,
Euen with my Teares, and sighes, and loud deepe groanes,
Nothing but Heauen, and satisfaction would serue it.
Therefore I powre these Teares, these Obsequies of Eyes,
And these inward-fetcht Groanes, Sighes, and Teares,
Vnto the Throne of Heauen, calling remission
For my Fathers Faults, and mine.
Two Chantries,
Where dayly Masse, and dayly Dirges shall be sung,
For Richards Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glouc.* My Liege.

*King.* My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Rambures, and Beaumont*

*Orleance.* The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

*Dolph.* *Monte Cheual.* My Horſe, *Verlot Lacquay* Ha,

*Orleance* Oh braue Spirit.

*Dolph* *Vaux-es-rien* [illegible]

*Orleance* *Rien puis-ce-arme-rien*

*Dolph* *Ces*, *Ces* *Orleance* *Enter Conſtable.*

Now my Lord C[illegible]

*Conſt* Hearke Lowe out Steeds, for preſent Seruice neighs.

*Dolph.* Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,

That their hot blood may ſpin in English eyes,

And doubt them with your excrementall outrage.

*Ram* What, will you haue them weep our Horſes blood?

How ſhall we then behold the natiue mirth of their Steeds?

*Enter Meſſenger.*

*Meſſeng* The Englishmen are enbattailed, you French Peeres.

*Conſt.* To Horſe you gallant Princes, ſtraight to Horſe.

Do but behold yon poore and ſtarued Band,

And your faire ſhewe ſhall ſuck away their Soules,

Leauing but the ſhells and huskes of men.

There is not worke enough for all our hands,

Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veines,

To giue each naked Curtleaxe a ſtayne

That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out,

And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let vs but blow on them,

The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them.

'Tis poſitiue againſt all exceptions Lords,

That our ſuperfluous Lackeys and our Peaſants,

Who in vnconuenient ſeruice for their Country

Haue but ſmall skill to handle their poore Peeces,

Which will the ſooner ſquat the naked Englishmen,

Inſtead of our braue Horſe-men, be our Foot.

Our Mercers Sonnes, and Clarkes not knowne by Name,

Shall ioyne themſelues in firſt Conflict together.

To ſmother vp the Englishmen with our Troopes,

And in vnpriſoning them, do driue vs home

With Rouſomes more than euer Warre did know.

Now for our Honours lay we by our Helmets,

And put the fatting Horſe-men to the Sword.

Then will we ſeat vs quietly in our Saddles,

And make our Steeds to tread ſtrong meaſures,

Path as a meaſure full of State and Pride,

Vpon the Dead and Dying bodies of the English.

*Rambures.* Now is it time to arme: Come, ſhall we about it?

*Dolph.* It is now full three of the Clocke already,

And Chineſe night comes faſt vpon the day.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Host: Salisbury, and Westmerland.*

*Glouc.* Where is the King?

*Bedf* The King himſelfe is rode to view their Battaile.

*West.* Of fighting men they haue full threeſcore thouſand.

*Exe.* There's fiue to one, beſides they all are freſh.

*Salisb* Gods Arme ſtrike with vs, 'tis a fearefull odds.

God b'y you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen,

Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kinde Kinſman, Warriors all adieu.

*Bedf* Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

*Exe.* Farwell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day.

*Bedf* He is as full of Valour as of Kindneſſe,

Princely in both.

*Enter the King.*

*West* O that we now had here

But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,

That do no worke to day.

*King.* What's he that wiſhes ſo?

My Couſin *Westmerland*? No, my faire Couſin:

If we are markt to dye, we are enow

To do our Country loſſe: and if to liue,

The fewer men, the greater ſhare of Honour.

Gods will, I pray thee wiſh not one man more.

By Ioue, I am not couetous for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed vpon my coſt:

It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare,

Such outward things dwell not in my deſires.

But if it be a ſinne to couet Honor,

I am the moſt offending Soule aliue.

No faith, my Couze, wiſh not a man from England

Gods peace, I would not looſe ſo great an Honor,

As one man more me thinkes would ſhare from me,

For the beſt hope I haue. O do not wiſh one more:

Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoaſt,

That he which hath no ſtomack to this fight,

Let him depart, his Paſport ſhall be made,

And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purſe:

We would not dye in that mans company,

That feares his fellowſhip, to dye with vs

This day is call'd the Feaſt of *Criſpian*:

He that outliues this day, and comes ſafe home,

Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rouſe him at the Name of *Criſpian*.

He that ſhall ſee this day, and liue old age,

Will yeerely on the Vigill feaſt his neighbours,

And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian*.

Then will he ſtrip his ſleeue, and ſhew his skarres:

Old men forget, yet all ſhall be forgot:

But hee'le remember, with aduantages,

What feats he did that day. Then ſhall our Names,

Familiar in his mouth as houſehold words,

*Harry*

*Harry* the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
*Warwick* and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Gloucester*,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here:
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day.

*Enter Salisbury.*

*Sal.* My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are bravely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.
*King.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.
*West.* Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.
*King.* Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England, Couze?
*West.* God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.
*King.* Why now thou hast vnwisht fiue thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

*Tucket. Enter Montioy.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Must lye and fester.
*King.* Who hath sent thee now?
*Mont.* The Constable of France.
*King.* I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen.
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English.
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gayneſſe and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.
But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will plack
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be leuyed.
Herauld, saue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall haue none, I sweare, but those my Ioynes:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue 'em them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.
*Mont.* I shall, King *Harry*. And so fare thee well:
Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*
*King.* I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.

*Enter Yorke.*

*Yorke.* My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.
*King.* Take it, braue *Yorke*.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt*

*Alarum. Excursions.*
*Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.*

*Pist.* Yeeld Curre.
*French.* *Le pense que vous estes le Gentilhome de bon qualitee.*
*Pist.* Qualitie calmie custure me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.
*French.* *O Seigneur Dieu.*
*Pist.* O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.
*French.* *O prennes misericordie aye pitee de moy.*
*Pist.* Moy shall not serue, I will haue forte Moyes for I will fetch thy rym [illegible] thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.
*French.* *Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.*
*Pist.* Brasse Curre thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'st me Brasse?
*French.* *O perdonne moy.*
*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a Toone of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his Name.
*Boy.* *Escoute comment estes vous appelle?*
*French.* *Monsieur le Fer.*
*Boy.* He sayes his Name is *M. Fer.*
*Pist.* *M. Fer:* Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.
*Boy.* I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.
*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
*French.* *Que dis il Monsieur?*
*Boy.* *Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppes vostre gorge.*
*Pist.* Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, vnlesse thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.
*French.* *O Ie vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: me pardonner, Ie suis le Gentilhome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & Ie vous donneray deux cent escus.*
*Pist.* What are his words?

*Boy.* He

*Exe.* He prayes you to send to the Campe, to know the Leamar
[illegible] and for his Ransome, proffers you two
[illegible] Crownes.

[illegible] my God I doare, and I the Crowne es
[illegible]

[illegible] Monsieur the Herald?

*Exe.* I come from the French Herald, he prayes you to
[illegible] to take some remorse upon them,
[illegible] to take some pitie upon their Nobles,
[illegible] to take some compassion upon their
[illegible] against
[illegible]

*Fift.* I know his meaning.

[illegible] Ransomes, and tell him so. Heare him
[illegible] take mine Ease, that I may take
[illegible] Ransome, and free my Souldiers.

*Exe.* So shall I tell him, my Liege.

*Fift.* I know it well enough. Tell him so then.

*Exe.* Shall I set downe your Answer so?

*Fift.* I pray thee good Herald doe so. Now are we
[illegible] Lord, how the French is fallen downe before us,
[illegible] Nay, in which Army there is but one good man, that
[illegible] may not be knocked downe by one man. My
[illegible] with fasting, if the Lord doe not helpe them
[illegible] Lord, how I have beene
[illegible] Exit

*Enter Constable, Orleance, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Rambures.*

*Con.* O Diable

*Orl.* O [illegible]

*Dol.* [illegible] Mort de ma vie, all is
Repeated, and [illegible] is come
[illegible] *Alarum*
*Orleance* [illegible]

*Con.* [illegible]

*Dol.* [illegible] Shames
[illegible]
[illegible] Shame, nothing but Shame,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Shame,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Orl.* We are [illegible] field,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] to the throng,
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit*

*Alarum. Enter the King and his Traine, with Prisoners.*

[illegible] the day is yours, valiant Countrymen,
[illegible] the bloody House with hearts of Steele
[illegible] Yorke commends him to your Majesty.

*King.* Lives he good Yorke, then was the House
I saw him downe, thrice up againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spur, all blood he was
*Exe.* In which array (brave Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all haggled over
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawne upon his face.
He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,
My soule shall thine keepe company to heaven:
Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a brest:
As in this glorious and well foughten field
We kept together in our Chivalrie.
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up,
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, sayes Dear my Lord,
Commend my service to my Soveraigne,
So did he turne, and over Suffolkes neck
He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd,
But I had not so much of Man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to teares.

*King.* I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mixt-eyes, as we do [illegible] *Alarum*
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] *Exit*

## *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Gower and Fluellen.*

*Flu.* Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely against the Law of Armes, 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery (mark you now) as can be offered, in your Conscience now is it not?

*Gow.* 'Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rascals that ranne from the battaile ha' done this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

*Flu.* I was prosent at the *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*. What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

*Gow.* *Alexander* the Great.

*Flu.* Why I pray you is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porne.

porne. I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you ſhall finde in the compariſons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the ſituations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon* & there is alſo moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth* but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* (God knowes, and you know) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moodes, and his cholers, and in his displeaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prauer, and kild his friend *Clytus*.

*Gow.* Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kild any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeake but in the figures and comparations of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes, ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of ieſts, and gipes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

*Gow.* Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

*Flu.* That is he: I'le tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

*Gow.* Here comes his Maieſty.

*Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. Flourish.*

*King.* I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Vntill this inſtant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou vnto the Horſemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our ſight.
If they do this, then will we come to them,
And make them ſkirre away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Beſides, wee'l cut the throats of thoſe we haue,
And not a man of them that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go and tell them ſo.

*Enter Montioy.*

*Exe.* Here comes the Herald of the French my Liege.
*Glou.* His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.
*King.* How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowſt thou not,
That I haue fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſome?
Com'ſt thou againe for ranſome?
*Her.* No great King:
I come to thee for charitable Licenſe,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded ſteeds
Fret fetlock deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead maſters,
Killing their maſters twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

*King.* I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horſemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.
*Her.* The day is yours.
*King.* Prais'd be God, and not our ſtrength for it:
What is this Caſtle call'd that ſtands hard by.
*Her.* They call it *Agincourt*.
*King.* Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.
*Flu.* Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maieſty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a most prane battle here in France.
*King.* They did *Fluellen*.
*Flu.* Your Maieſty ſayes very true. If your Maieſties is remembred of it, the Welſh-men did good ſeruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Maieſty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the ſeruice: And I do beleeue your Maieſty takes no ſcorne to weare the Leeke vpon S. Tayes day.
*King.* I weare it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welſh you know good Countryman.
*Flu.* All the water in Wye, cannot waſh your Maieſties Welſh bloud out of you, God keepe it, and preſerue it, as long as it pleaſes his Grace, and his Maieſty too.
*King.* Thankes good my Countryman.
*Flu.* By Ieſu, I am your Maieſties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confeſſe it to all the Orld, I need not to be aſham'd of your Maieſty, praiſed be God ſo long as your Maieſty is an honeſt man.
*King.* Good keepe me ſo.

*Enter Williams.*

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iuſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yond fellow hither.
*Exe.* Souldier, you muſt come to the King.
*King.* Souldier, why wear'ſt thou this of Gloſter by
Cappe?
*Will.* And please your Maieſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight with, if he be aliue.
*King.* An Engliſhman?
*Will.* An't please your Maieſty, a Raſcall that ſwag-ger'd with me laſt night: who if aliue, and euer dare to challenge this Glouc, I haue ſworne to take him a boxe a'th'eare: or if I can ſee my Glouc in his cappe which he ſwore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.
*King.* What think'ſt thou Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſouldier keepe his oath?
*Flu.* He is a Crauen and a Vilaine elſe, and't please your Maieſty in my conſcience.
*King.* It may be that his enemy is a Gentleman of great ſort quite from the anſwer of his degree.
*Flu.* Though he be as good a Gentleman as the Deuill is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himſelfe, it is neceſſary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If he be periur'd (ſee you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Iacke ſawce, as euer his blacke ſhoo trod vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conſcience law.
*King.* Then keepe thy vow ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.
*Will.* So, I will my Liege, as I liue.
*King.* Who ſeru'ſt thou vnder?

*Will.*

*Will.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

*Flu.* *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literature in the Warres.

*King.* Call him hither to me Souldier.

*Will.* I will my Liege. *Exit*

*King.* Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy Cappe: when *Alanson* and my selfe were downe together, I pluck'd this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanson*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou dost me Loue.

*Flu.* Your Grandfather of famous memorie, an't please your Majestie, and your great Vncle *Edward* the Plack Prince of Wales, as well as I can remember, hath in the battels of Warres, and in your Countrey of France, done a great deale of Honourable seruice, in point of Warre, and of Hardinesse as well.

*King.* Know'st thou *Gower*?

*Flu.* He is my deare friend, and please you.

*King.* Pray thee go seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. *Exit*

*King.* My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.
The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,
May haply purchase him a box o'th' eare,
It is the Soldiers Deuice that he weares
Vpon his Helme: Therefore I charge you,
That my Gloue coming for my sake, he may
Be well beaten. After the Battell bring him to our Tent,
And bring vpon the instant Captaine *Fluellen*
Where I am gone, and there residing tell him
I do desire to see him.

*Warw.* And shall doe it with a willing heart.

*King.* I doe obserue these Welchmen deepely,
And wisely will I make my people vse them,
For they haue got the voyce in Heauen, and here
Some to vnpeople their owne Countrey.
I loue and doe reuerence them for this,
Their humorous boldnesse, their resolute spirits,
Their eager hearts, their Country zeale, their Vertues
Shall be enrolled in my Chronicles,
And I will fasten Honour on their Names
In euery Warre wherein they shall be seene
Together with the Day and Feast of Crispine Crispian:
Come you with me, Vncle of Exeter. *Exeunt*

*Enter Captaine Gower.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, Captaine.

*Enter Fluellen.*

*Flu.* God's vilikins, where is the Duke, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dreame of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this Gloue?

*Flu.* Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

*Will.* I know this, and thus I challenge it.

*Strikes him.*

*Flu.* 'Sblud an arrant Traytor as any is in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

*Gower.* How now Sir? you Villaine.

*Will.* Do you think Ile be forsworne?

*Flu.* Stand away, Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no Traytor.

*Flu.* That's a lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alansons*.

*Enter Warwick and Gloucester.*

*Warw.* How now, how now, what's the matter?

*Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, heere is, praised be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiesty.

*Enter King and Exeter.*

*King.* How now, what's the matter?

*Flu.* My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that (looke your Grace) has strooke the Gloue which your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanson*.

*Will.* My Liege, this was my Gloue, heere is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue beene as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanson*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conference now.

*King.* Giue me thy Gloue Souldier:
Looke heere is the fellow of it.
'Twas I indeed thou promis'dst to strike,
And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

*Flu.* And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

*King.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

*King.* It was our selfe thou did'st abuse.

*Will.* Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffered vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence, therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

*King.* Here Vncle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And wear it for an Honour in thy Cappe
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him Crownes:
And Captaine you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of prawles, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissentions, and I warrant it is the better for you.

*Will.* I will none of your Money.

*Flu.* It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shoes: come wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter Herauld.*

*King.* Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

*Herauld.* Heere is the number of the slaughtred French.

*King.* What Prisoners of good sort are taken Vncle?

*Exe.* *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King
*Iohn* Duke of Bourbon, and Lord *Bouchiqualt*:
Of other Lords and Barons Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

*King.* This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,
Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubbed Knights.
So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
*Charles Delabreth*, High Constable of France,
*Iaques* of Chatillon, Admirall of France,
The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Master of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
*John* Duke of Alanson *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And *Edward* Duke of Barr: of lustie Earles,
*Grandpree* and *Roussie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
*Beaumont* and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrale*
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
*Edward* the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But fiue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was here:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,
But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaile,
Was euer known so great and little loste?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
*Exet.* 'Tis wonderfull.
*King.* Come, goe we in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,
To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,
Which is his only.
*Flu.* Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell how many is kill'd?
*King.* Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.
*King.* Doe we all holy Rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Chorus*

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there seene,
Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beech
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
Being free from vainenesse, and selfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophee, Signall and Ostent,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conquering *Cæsar* in.
As by a lower, but by loue-kindnesse,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,
As in good time he may, from Ire and comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him,
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuites the King of England's stay at home
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, whatsoeuer chanc'd,
Till *Harries* backe-returne againe to France:
There must we bring him, and our selues must pul'd
The *interim*, by remembring you 'tha part
Time-beaten abridgement: and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, straight backe-againe to France.
*Exit.*

*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

*Gower.* Nay, that's right: but why weare you your Leeke to day? S. *Dauies* day is past.
*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine *Gower*: the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowsie, pragging Knaue *Pistoll*, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Enter Pistoll*

*Gower.* Why heere he comes, swelling like a Turky-cock.
*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleese you auncient *Pistoll*: you scurule lowsie knaue, God pleese you.
*Pist.* Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.
*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurule lowsie Knaue, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you [illegible]
*Pist.* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats
*Flu.* There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.* Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?
*Pist.* Base Troian, thou shalt dye.
*Flu.* You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make

our roadie ware of low degree. I pray you tall roo, if
you can mocke a Leeke you can eate a Leeke

*Gow.* Enough Captaine, you have admonished him.

*Flu.* I say I will make him eate some part of my Leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: pray you, it is good for your greene wounds, and your ploodie Coxe-comoe.

*Pist.* Must I?

*Flu.* Yes certainly, and out of question too, and ambodden too.

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt dye.

*Flu.* Then I pray you eate a Leeke: for it is also good for a greene wound: and your ploodie Coxe-comoe.

*Pist.* Must I eate all three?

*Flu.* Yes certainly, and sauce them with fidelity.

*Pist.* Base Phrygian, I shall not eate but dye by thy hand.

*Flu.* Eate I pray you, will you have some more sauce to your Leeke? there is not enough Leeke to weare you

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

*Flu.* Much good may it doe you, I desire you to eate. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxe-comoe; when you take occasions to see Leekes hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat?

*Flu.* Yes verily, and more: for if I have another Leeke in my pocket, which you have strooke, I will make you eate it.

*Pist.* I eate not Gifts by Villaines.

*Flu.* Well I have left you verie honestly: I was of Pistols and Nims worst Corporall by my Gods will, I was bid by them to take you, but I will bee so bold as to tell you I know the disposition of that Lecherous Theefe, and therefore looke you keepe his counsell: if you heare him once more call me Welchman, or Leeke, I will assure you a broken pate to buy you a Salve: doe you meddle or make, make you your selfe, bid you farewell. *Exit*

*Pist.* Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I that my Nell is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax, and from my weary limbes honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd will I turne, and use my sword and pistoll no more. And good will I beare, and use my skill in Cut-purse: and I am determined to forsake the warres. Never more will I own Mars for my Captaine, but tread the path of a quiet life, and interchange my profits with each honest Trader in the world. *Exit*

*Enter Alanson, Bedford, Exeter, Warwicke, Westmerland, Gower, Fluellen, Burgoyne, and other Lords.*

*King.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met,
Unto our Brother France, and to our Sister
Health and faire time of day: Joy and good wishes
To our most faire and Princely Cousin *Katherine*
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you Duke of *Burgoyne*,
And Princes French and Peeres, health to you all.

*Fra.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes English, every one.

*Qu.* So happy be the issue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto have borne
In them against the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall balls of murthering Basiliskes:
The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into love.

*Eng.* To every Amen to that, thus we appeare.

*Qu.* You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

*Burg.* My duetie to you both, on equall love,
Great Kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeavors,
To bring your most Imperiall Majesties
Unto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
Your Majesties now children too, my Liege,
Since then my Office hath so farre prevayl'd,
That face to face, and Royall eye to eye,
You have congreeted: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this Royall view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nurse of Arts, Plentyes and joyfull Births,
Should not in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely Visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned, dyes: her Hedges even-pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly overgrowne with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and rancke Fumitary,
Doth root upon, while that the Coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such Savagery:
The even Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover,
Wanting the Scythe, all uncorrected, rancke
Conceives by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
But hateful Docks, rough Thistles, Kexes, Burres,
Losing both beauty and utilitie.
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildnesse.
Even so our Houses, and our selves, and Children,
Have lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that should become our Country,
But grow like Savages, as Soone as wild,
That nothing doe, but meditate on blood,
To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, diffus'd Attyre,
And every thing that seemes unnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell these inconveniences,
And blesse us with her former qualities.

*Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whose want gives growth to th'imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our ofte demands,
Whose Tenures and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefely in your hands.

*Burg.* The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Answer made.

*Eng.* Well then the Peace which you before so urg'd,
Lyes in his Answer.

*France.* I haue but with a curſelarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Councell preſently
To ſit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſſe our accept and peremptorie Anſwer

*England.* Brother we ſhall. Goe Vncle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence* and you Brother *Gloucester*,
*Warwick* and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power to ratifie,
Augment, or alter as your Wiſdomes beſt
Shall ſee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'le conſigne thereto. Will you faire Siſter,
Goe with the Princes or ſtay here with vs?

*Qu.* Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them
Haply a Womans Voyce may do ſome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be ſtood on.

*England.* Yet leaue our Couſin *Katherine* here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand compriſ'd
Within the fore-rank of our Articles

*Qu.* She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes*

*Manet King and Katherine*

*King.* Faire *Katherine*, and moſt faire,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And plead his Loue-ſuit to her gentle heart.

*Kath.* Your Maieſtie ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeake your Engliſh.

*King.* O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confeſſe it brokenly with your Engliſh Tongue. Do you like me, *Kate*?

*Kath.* *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell vat is like me.

*King.* An Angel is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angel.

*Kath.* *Que dit il que Ie ſuis ſemblable a les Anges?*

*Lady.* *Ouy vrayment, ſauf voſtre Grace, ainſi dit il.*

*King.* I ſaid ſo, deare *Katherine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirme it.

*Kath.* *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont pleins de tromperies.*

*King.* What ſayes ſhe, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

*Lady.* *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits, dat is de Princeſſe.

*King.* The Princeſſe is the better Engliſh-woman. Yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderſtanding: I am glad thou canſt ſpeake no better Engliſh, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt finde me ſuch a plaine King, that thou would'ſt thinke, I had ſold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to ſay, I loue you, then if you vrge me further, then to ſay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my ſuit. Giue me your anſwer, y'faith doe, and ſo clap hands and a bargaine; how ſay you, Lady?

*Kath.* *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me vnderſtand well.

*King.* Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I haue no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe, vnder the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leape into a Wife. Or if I might buffet for my Loue, or bound my Horſe for her fauours, I could lay on like a Bateman and ſit like a iack an Apes, neuer off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaſpe out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteſtation; only downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vſe till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canſt loue a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-burning, that neuer looks in his Glaſſe, for loue of any thing he ſees there? Let thine eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake to thee plaine Soldier. If thou canſt loue me for this, take me if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true, but for thy loue, by the Lord, No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Conſtancie, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellowes of infinite tongue, that can rime themſelues into Ladies fauours, they do alwayes reaſon themſelues out againe. What? a Speaker is but a Prater; a Rime is but a Ballad, a good Leg will fall, a ſtraight Backe will ſtoope, a Blacke beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will waxe hollow, but a good Heart *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it ſhines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courſe truly. If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me: and take me, take a Soldier: take a Soldier; take a King. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

*Kate.* Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de enemie of France?

*King.* No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Enemie of France, *Kate*, but in louing me you ſhould loue the Friend of France: for I loue France ſo well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: and *Kate* when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat dat.

*King.* No *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am ſure will hang vpon my tongue like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Neck, hardly to be ſhooke off. *Ie quand ſur le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous eſtes poſſeſſion de moy.* Let me ſee what then? Saint *Denis* be my ſpeed! *Donc ſera enfin ma France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie as lying: hauing but the grace, *Kate*, to conſider, that lying is but a baſe vice, and that a Souldier is better accommodated than with a French vice. But *Kate* doſt thou vnderſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou loue me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*King.* Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile aſke them. Come, I know thou loueſt me: and at night, when you come into your Cloſet, you'le queſtion this Gentlewoman vpon me, and I know *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe, thoſe parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeſſe, becauſe I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, as I haue a ſaucy Fellow, with me, this me thinkes is the matter. I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Denis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French, halfe Engliſh,

that, hauing a cleere Conſcience, ſayling vpon a faire Tide by the Leaue of Starres, my faire louely Lord, my Lord.

*Kate* [illegible]

*King.* [illegible] Courtesy, and ſweeting me a Kiſſe (therefore partly Policie, and partly Loue) you haue Witch-craft in your Lippes *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Counſell: and they ſhould onerpower the *Harry* of England, were a Generall Petition of Monſters. Heere comes your Father.

*Enter the French Power, and the Engliſh Lords*

*Burg.* God ſaue your Maieſtie, my Royall Couſin, teach you our Princeſſe Engliſh?

*King.* I would haue her learne my faire Couſin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good Engliſh.

*Burg.* Is ſhe not apt?

*King.* Our Tongue is rough, Coze: and my Condition is not ſmooth: ſo that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flattery about me, I cannot ſo conieure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that he will appeare in his true forme.

*Burg.* Pardon the frankneſſe of my Mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conſider, or rather (which I had ſaid) perchance that I am growne to points with Loue: that the very Naked-neſſe, and Vnadorned Maieſtie of it, is the moſt pertinent to it: that Perſpectiues (which you well know) are painted vnperfect Shapes, which no ſooner looke right, but with the Full and Natural Obiect they are diſtorted, euen ſo or much more the Glaſſe of Mans Face, vpon the firſt view, and at the firſt ſight, with Ladies, falſifies for the Time, by the falſe Receiuing of it.

*King.* Yet they do wincke, and vnder-ſee, and looke vpon one another.

*Burg.* Your Highneſſe ſhould exchange Oathes with her, my Lord: When maids know the Voyces.

*King.* Do not call them Lords, faire Lady, your Countrey-men.

*Burg.* Then my Dearest, your Countrey-men.

*King.* Perchance they haue corrupted you.

*Burg.* I am ſworne my Loue, and his Pure Soule doth know how I loue him: and maugre all the Deuils that ſtand in the way of my Faith, with my Heart to the Skies, I will ſuddenly ſweare my Loue to my Deere.

*King.* Nay, my Deere, your Highneſſe is come from thence, and he needs not ſweare, that he doth not truſt you vpon your Oath. Your Certificate muſt be the Teares and Eyes of the Ladies: in truth I am glad they can flow: good Lord, how ſweet a thing it is to wiue: if my Rhetoricke could do any thing, I would perſuade them to it preſently.

*Burg.* Doe your Maieſtie, and we will coy it no longer.

*King.* Doe it Princeſſe, by your Leaue.

*Burg.* Hard-hearted Men, that can perſuade their Eyes againſt their Hearts, their Hearts againſt their Tongues (bloody Warre) their Tongues againſt their Vowes: I ſee your Reaſons, but they are not ſeene: for I will not ſay, I will not ſee the Reaſons you haue to perſuade me, becauſe I will not ſee you haue any. Nor will I ſay, any thing I affect, ſhall reaſonably be denyed me: but ſpeake Kate, ſpeake my Lord, for England: do any thing, figure any thing, promiſe any thing, ſo it be preſented to my Tongue, as the Beſt Gift of a Good Angell.

*King.* Now by this white Hand, by this Rose, by this Kiſſe, by my Crowne, by my Ioy, by my Hope, and by my Heart, and by that that I feare, and by that that I loue, and by any thing that I will, and by no thing that I will not, I will neuer haue you vnleſſe you loue me: for the firſt houre that I did ſee you, faire Kate, I had a Miſtie Apprehenſion in my Eye, my Head, my Heart: but the firſt houre that I did ſee you faire, and vnderſtand you braue and Vertuous, I can not ſee, vnderſtand, loue, or feele any thing: I am glad that you haue Voyces, for now the Wonder is, leſt Beauty that muſt loſe it ſelfe, and Intellect that muſt looſe his Merit, ſhould be beleeued, where both determine confidences. Is not this well ſaid, my Deere? Will you haue me? Anſwer me directly.

*Burg.* For mine owne part, it breakes downe all the Fences in my Power, but the Conſent of your Father.

*King.* Doe you anſwer me?

*Burg.* Let your Father anſwer you, and a little Aſſiſtance.

*King.* Then I will ſweare I am yours, and you are mine, and I am glad of it, and I will eate no more Cakes and Carowayes, but goe to Dinner with you, Kate, and faſt for an Appetite.

*Burg.* Now fye vpon my falſe Englyſh, that euer it ſhould proue ſo much to my Loue, as to ſuſpect me in my Proteſtation: Let me intreat you to ſpeake the Truth of it.

*King.* It ſhall pleaſe me Kate to ſay, I loue you: with my Soule.

*Burg.* Nay, good my Lord, ſpeake ſo mine Eare is full of you already: I cannot anſwer that Logically, that is, with Scholler-like Reaſons. Doe you loue me, Kate?

*Burg.* Nay, my Lord, that I muſt not ſay, where I will not that my Fact ſhall falſifie my Word: for I loue thee by Proportion, and by Proportion I loue thee, till there remaine a Portion in me beyond Proportion: and in reaſon take beſt Order, and beſt Meaſure, I can only anſwer my Deere, your good Will, and Princeſſe Kate, if Gentlemen can compaſſe you, I know your Wiſedome, in forme and order will informe you to the beſt.

*King.* Is it not to your Diſgrace, and tell you, you Dye in the Aire, this Leſſon Kate, ſitting on a Princeſſes Lappe: yet they muſt do't, leſt they be Fooles.

*Burg.* Giue your Anſwer, 'tis for me to do, and for you to let good, it ſhall be to you, as it appeares to our Fortune, and to the Iudgement of your Father.

*King.* Come, your Anſwer in Broken Muſicke: for thy Voyce is Muſicke, and thy Englyſh broken: therefore Queene of all, *Kate*, breake Meaſure with vs, and accord no Meaſure in the Meaſure of Meaſure.

*Burg.* Is not this your Clowne, Kate?

*King.* Now fye vpon your ſtayed Dainty Nice, your Dancing Independent, (as if we gaue you Meaſure to meaſure our Meaſure) do not call vs Clownes, for you make vs Rude, euen as Apes, with your Sweet Obſeruation: Anſwer Clowniſhly.

*Burg.* In Loue I hope the Sinne is not ſo great, but that I may compendiouſly dance in it. Will you haue me, or no?

*King.* One word, Kate: Sweet Kate, one word more: I haue ſeene a Lady wrong'd.

*Burg.* Then well, one more Dance first: The firſt Article, that I will make my Lord, is, that you ſhall learne no more to loue Mathematically: after you haue poſſeſſed me with your Perſon, make me Priuy to your Thoughts: I charge you, that you ſhall loue me (vpon your Loue) moſt groſſely: for your Reaſon, by my troth, will not be worth a Sutter, when it comes to the Ounce: Then, if you can woe me in three Houres, I will be your Wife, if not, not: for the Beſt Aſſurance that I ſhall giue you of a Maid, is the firſt Proofe of a Wife.

*King.* Yeelde, yeelde, the Caſtle, or we will win it by Aſſault.

*Burg.* Doe not vrge your Aſſault: for my Breſt, like a Cittie, would receiue you, but with Reſiſtance: and that ſhall make you think, you haue but gotten a Breſt of Honour.

*King.* Come, your Reaſons, Kate.

*Burg.* Are you ſo Vnreaſonable, as in the Middeſt of Loue, to require Reaſons of Loue?

*King.* Much more, to be ſo Vnreaſonable, as to woe in other Language then your owne.

*Burg.* Your Reaſons at dinner, my Lord.

*King.* Your Anſwer in the Morning, my Lord: Kate, it ſhall goe hard, but I will better the Inſtruction: Now Kate, I am a Father to many Children, but neuer woo'd Wife: Now all the Princes and Kings of Chriſtendome, looke on this Hand, and ſweare that I am King of Graſſe: Behold what a ſilken Skin, what a Hand of Butter? Is not a Lip of Lady ſuger'd? Is not a Cheeke of Beauty, and a Hand of Snow, Colour, and Temperance, in Eſtate to call it Daughter? Do but obſerue the Tenderneſſe of my Limbes, the Reuenue whereof ſhall be your Dower, till you are Indow'd with your Deſerts: for euery Halfe part of a Quarter, till the Reſidue of the Whole be Adorned with my Seuerall Kingdomes. Your Compliment is to haue a Husband: No Kate, I will not Gage my Kingdome againſt your Cockle, till I haue aſſured of your Courage: for your Faire Endowments, my Heart is ſworne too, and nothing can ſeparate it from you, but the Will of God: Will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Bluſhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empreſſe, take me by the Hand, and ſay, Harry of England, I am thine: which Word thou ſhalt not part ſo ſlightly, but the Harry of England ſhall replye againe, Kate of France, I am thine: it is as eaſie for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as to ſpeake ſo much more French: I ſhall neuer proue ſo braue to a Fayre Lady, that I grow not more Gentle to her: Firſt, for your ſake, in Marrying your Yongeſt Siſter, Violenta: for my Friends, they ſhall be my Friends, and for my Foes, they ſhall be drawne with your Teeth into my Seruice: Shall not you and I, when Heauen haue made vs Out of the Fayreſt, and the Beſt compounded Clay that was yet Mingled, get a Boy for France, and a Girle for England? How anſwer you, la plus belle Katherine du Monde, mon tres chere & diuine Deeſſe?

*Burg.* Your Maieſtie ha's fayre Learning in Loue, Mounſeur English: If I could anſwer you how I would, I would anſwer you in the Tongue which I neuer learn'd, and therefore let me not diſcouer the Way how I would, for feare I ſhould be taxed with the Vice of my Country.

*King.* Doe you like me, Kate?

*Burg.* Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

*King.* An if you cannot, ſpeake to your Cozen, and tell her: for I haue neyther Words nor Meaſure, and for Speech, for Proſe, I cannot: but directly to ſay, I loue you: then if you vrge me further than to ſay, Do you in Faith? I wear out my Suit: Giue me your Anſwer, i'faith do: and ſo Clappe hands and a Bargaine: How ſay you, Lady?

*Burg.* Sauf voſtre Honneur, me vnderſtand well.

*King.* Marry if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one, I haue neyther Words nor Meaſure: and for the other, I am not a Iot more Light, then a Plaine Bargaine Man is: Therefore, if I be not more Light for your Loue, I ſhall become it more Heauy: Vow that I am not a Iacke, if I would not haue you, and I will eate no Cake and Carraway for it.

*Burg.* I cannot anſwer you, but in the Language that I am Vowed to: Your Maieſtie ha's my Lord, gaine, and ſhall not be my Maſter: for Maſters feele their Paſſage: but I am glad, though you do not woe me, yet you woe my Maiſter: for now you fall into the Fire: Yet to the Purpoſe of Woing me: They that ſtand high, haue many Blaſts to ſhake them: and if they fall, they daſh themſelues to Pieces.

*French Lord.* Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectiuely the Cities turned into a Maid: for they are all girded with Maiden Walls, that War hath neuer ruin'd.

*England.* Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

*France.* So please you.

*England.* I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: ſo the Maid that ſtood in the way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhow me the way to my Will.

*France.* We haue conſented to all termes of reaſon.

*England.* Is't ſo, my Lords of England?

*Weſt.* The King hath graunted euery Article:
His Daughter firſt, and then ſucceſſiue all,
Accordingly to their ſeuerall preheminences.

*Exet.* Only

*Exet.* Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occasion to write for matter of Grauntt, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addi-
on, in French *Nostre tres cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre
Heretere de France*: and thus in Latine, *Præclarissimus
filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Hæres Franciæ.*

*France.* Nor this I haue not Brother so denyed,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

*King.* I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article rancke with the rest,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

*France.* Take her faire Sonne and vex not me and my poore
Realme, nor the wretched Maid her selfe.
Yet take her and English, with all thy faults I loue,
And say to her she is a faire and louely French.

*Exet.* As faire and as good a Kneele as euer Eue did sit downe to,
take her faire Prince.

*King.* Now welcome *Kate*: and bear me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Souereigne Queene.

*Queene.* God the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two are one in loue:
So be there twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,
That neuer may Ire, nor Fell sealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Paction of these Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.

*All.* Amen.

*King.* Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundie we'le take your Oath,
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosperous be.

*Exeunt.* *Flourish.*

*Enter Chorus.*

Thus farre with rough and all vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursued the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by Starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liued
This Starre of England: Fortune made his Sword,
By which the World's best Garden he achieued,
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt in infant Bands crown'd King
Of both the Realmes, both too, shall quake and quake,
As did the Wretched Sire their Parent before,
Now these his Prayses are his Subiects Feare,
And on his Face Warre, Famine, and Effusion lye,
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath shewn; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

# The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

## Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Dead March.*

*Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford Regent of France, the Duke of Gloucester Protector, the Duke of Exeter, the Earle of Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.*

*Bed.*

Hung be the Heavens with black, yield day to Night,
Comets importing change of Times and States
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars
That have consented vnto Henries death!
King Henry the Fift, too famous to liue long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.
*Glost.* England ne're had a King vntill his time.
Vertue he had, deseruing to command,
His brandish'd Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider than a Dragons Wings,
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazzled and drove backe his Enemies,
Than mid-day Sunne fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? His deeds exceed all Speech
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.
*Exe.* We mourne in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall reuiue.
Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend,
And Death's dishonourable Victory,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verses haue contriu'd his end.
*Winch.* He was a King blest of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought
The Church's Prayers made him so prosperous.
*Glost.* The Church! where is it?
Had not Churchmen prayd,
His thread of life had not so soone decayd.
None doe you like but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoolboy you may ouer-awe.
*Winch.* Gloster, whatere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or Religious Churchmen may.
*Glost.* Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
*Bed.* Cease, cease these iarres & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs,
Instead of Gold, we'll offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead,
Posterity await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moyst eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ile made a Nurse of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with adverse Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Than Iulius Cæsar, or bright—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Honourable Lords, ready am I to your will:
Sad tydings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyenne, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers are all quite lost.
*Bed.* What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Corse?
Speake softly, or the loud'st of these great Townes
Will hearing it, shrill out Iesu mercy,
Is Henry dead, and Paris lost, his Royall Crowne yeelded vp?
If Henry were recalled to life againe,
These newes would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.
*Exe.* How were they lost? what treachery was vs'd?
*Mess.* No treachery, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine seuerall Factions,
And whilst a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would haue ling'ring Warres, with little cost;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings.
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobility,
Let not sloth dim your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of England's Coat, one halfe is cut away.
*Exe.* Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth their flowing Tides.
*Bed.* Me they concerne, Regent am I of France.
Giue me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I giue the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.

*Enter*

*Enter to them another Messenger*

*Mess.* Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes of no import.
The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes;
The Bastard of Orleance with him is joyn'd
*Reignold*, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. *Exit.*

*Exe.* The Dolphin crowned King! all fly to him!
O whether are we falne from this reproach?

*Glost.* We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
*Bedford*, if thou be slack, I'le fight it out.

*Exe.* Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army have I mustred in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious Lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearse,
I must inforce the sad-tongu'd Crier,
Pale Death to speak of that which I relate.

*Reg.* What say'st thou man, before dread Pendants spread?

*Mes.* Then thus it doth import.
The Regent Lord *Talbot* was reposed,
The sturdy Earle of Arundell advanc'd,
Even to the Center of the French Dominions,
When scarce 6000 valiant Souldiers,
By drad and two more thousand of the French
Were round incompassed, and set upon.
No succour had the noble Duke Alanson,
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers,
Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes pitcht in the ground
They pitcht in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three houres the fight continued
Where valiant *Talbot*, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him
Here, there and every where enraged he slew
The French exclaym'd, the Devill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot* cry'd out amaine,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir *John Fastolfe* had not play'd the Coward
He being in the Vaward, plac'd behinde,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre.
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

*Bed.* Is *Talbot* slain then I will slay my selfe,
For living idly here in pompe and ease,
Whilst such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Unto his dastard foemen is betrayd.

3. *Mess.* O no, he lives, but's tooke Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*.
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

*Bed.* His Ransome there is none but I shall pay,
I'le hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
Farewell my Master, to my Task will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *George* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
The English Army is grown weake and faint,
The Earle of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they so few watch such multitude.

*Exe.* Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne
Either to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

*Bed.* I doe remember it, and there take my leave,
To make abroad my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

*Glost.* Lord Exeter, I know your minde to the bald Cardinall,
You and I will not be enemies, but friends:
And labour jointly to procure the yong *Henry* King.

*Exit Gloster.*

*Exe.* To Eltam will I where the young King is,
Being ordained his special Governour,
And for his safetie there I'le best devise. *Exit.*

*Enter Governour, and Master Gunner, whose Sonne is with the Countesse.*

*Gunner.* Master, if now the Master Gunner of Orleance, and my Sonne had but plaid the Gunner for them as well, as when they both were within Burdeaux, the Peece could not have been charged with more dexterity.

*Gov.* But what remedie? we were inforced, as the best Souldiers that ever fought.

*Gunner.* Certaine Sir, to my Master, and his Heire.

*Gov.* Nay, to him that overcame him by Fortune.

*Gunner.* Marry Sir, so I meant, his Valour in the field.

*Gov.* Well, I will go salute his Lordship with a friendly visit.

*Gunner.* Sir, I thank God I have his Ransome now, and am able to dispend the worth of forty Crownes.

*Gov.* Not a penny under a hundred pounds.

*Gunner.* I thank your Honour, he is as tall a Gentleman as any is in England, and hath as likely Friends to make his Ransome.

*Gov.* Come, Sir, leave your talke, and attend your Office.

*Gunner.* I am your Honours to command.

*Gov.* Sirrah, see the Ordnance be well look'd unto, and when the Marriage is solemnized, we will have a Peale for the Dolphin.

*Gunner.* I warrant your Honour, I'le fit them.

*Gov.* Well, Sir, about your businesse.

*Gunner.* I will Sir, I will.

*Gov.* Now Sirrah, call the Rest of the Souldiers, and let them stand in Battalia, for I hear the Earle of Salisbury is hard at hand.

*Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Souldiers.*

*Charles.* Mars his true moving, even as in the Heavens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not known,
Late did he shine upon the English side:
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Towne of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lye, except some few,
That for the Earle of Salisbury's sake, pale Cowards,
Durst not abide our sweet embracements.

*Alan.* They want their Porredge, and their fat Bucke-Pease.
Either they must be dieted like Mules,
And have their Provender tide to their mouthes,
Or piteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

*Reig.* Let me have the Siege of Rouen, how we may give't?

*Alan.* Such a piece, whom we wont to feare
Is now no more of manly valorous Spirit,
And he may well in fearfull sort expect
Not men but Monsters sent to make Warre
Charles. Saint *Denis*, fought for Araram, new transformed.
Now for the rest of the forlorne French.
Him I regard my dearest, that's to come,
Were he here me the back one foot, or five. *Exeunt*

*Here Araram they are beaten back, by the English with great noise.*

*Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier.*

*Charles.* Where ever are we that we want the chase?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards! I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

*Reignier.* Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush upon us as their hungry prey.

*Alanson.* Fran'ced, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all Olliuers and Kentish creed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified,
For none but *Samsons* and *Gobbets*
If we should stand to parley any more?
Least all our bonefires should be made e're suppose,
They have such courage and audacitie.
*Charles.* Let's stay no more vpon,
For they are hauy, vnbrauen Slaues,
And every we'll encreet can to be in greater
Of our Knowledge, rather we should flee
The Warres they teare downe, then take the Seege.
*Reignier.* I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to fight on,
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe
By my consent, we'le euen let them alone.
*Alanson.* Be it so

*Enter the Bastard of Orleance.*

*Bastard.* Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes for him
*Dolph.* Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.
*Bast.* Me thinkes your lookes are sad, your cheere appall'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismayd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid I hither haue procured,
Warn'd by a Vision and her Heauenly Dreame,
Ordained is to raise this tedious Siege,
And driue the English forth the bounds of France.
The Spirit of deepe Prophesie she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibils of old Rome
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake shall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.
*Dolph.* Goe call her in: but first to try her skill,
*Reignier* stand thou as Dolphin in his place.
Question her proudly let thy Lookes be stearne,
By this meanes shall we found what skill she hath.

*Enter Ioane Pucel.*

*Reignier.* Faire Maid is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?
*Pucel.* *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkst to begull me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while
*Reignier.* She takes vpon her bravely at first dash.
*Pucel.* Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntrain'd in any kind of Art.
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Loe, whilst I waited on my tender Lambes,
And to Gods pleasing, sweat dropt from my browes,
God's Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maiestie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her aide she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In complete Glory she reueal'd herselfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those sweet Rayes she did infuse on me,
That beauteous am I blest with, which you may see.
Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpremeditated:
My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.
*Dolph.* Thou hast astonished me with thy high termes.
Only this proofe I'le of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
*Pucel.* I am prepar'd: here is my keene edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fiue Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.
*Dolph.* Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
*Pucel.* And while I liue, I'le ne're flye for man.
*Here they fight, and Ioane de Pucel ouercomes.*
*Dolph.* Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Deborah*
*Pucel.* Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too weake.
*Dolph.* Whoe're helps thee, 'tis thou that must helpe me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire
My heart and hand thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent *Pucel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy Seruant and not Soueraigne be:
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.
*Puc.* I must not yeeld to any rites of Loue,
For my Profession's sacred from aboue:
When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.
*Dolph.* Meane time, looke gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.
*Reignier.* My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.
*Alan.* Doubtlesse he shriues this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.
*Reignier.* Shall we disturbe him, since he keepes no meane?
*Alan.* He may meane more then we poore men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
*Reignier.* My Lord where are your wits become of?
Shall we giue ore our Seige, and no?
*Pucel.* Why no, I say distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: I'le be your Guard.
*Dolph.* What she says, I'le confirme: we are resolu'd to fight it out.
*Pucel.* Assigned am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly I'le raise
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.
*Dolph.* Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
*Helen*, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus* fall'n downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?
*Alanson.* Leaue off delayes, and let vs raise the Siege.

*Reignier.* Wo-

*Reignier.* Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.
*Dolph.* Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if shee proue false. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gloster, with his Seruingmen.*

*Glost.* I am come to Sutley the Tower, and the days
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conueyance.
Where be these Warders that they waite not here?
Open the Gates, I say: *Gloster* wils in.
1 *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?
*Glost.* 1 *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.
2 *Warder.* Whosoere he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Man.* Villaines answer you so the Lord Protector?
1 *Warder.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
*Glost.* Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme but I.
Break vp the Gates, I'le be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill Grooms?
*Gloster* makes shew to vp the Gates, and enters the Tower.
*The Lieutenant speaks within.*
*Lieutenant.* What noise is this? what Traitors haue an entrance?
*Glost.* Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.
*Lieutenant.* Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids
From him I haue expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.
*Glost.* Faint-hearted *Woodville* prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King:
Open the Gates, or I'le shut thee out shortly.
*Seruingmen.* Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester and his men in Tawney Coates.*

*Winchest.* How now ambitious *Humphry*, what means this?
*Glost.* Piel'd Priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?
*Winch.* I do, thou most vsurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.
*Glost.* Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contriued'st to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
I'le canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
*Winch.* Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou curst *Cain*,
To slay thy Brother *Abel* if thou wilt.
*Glost.* I will not slay thee, but I'le driue thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
I'le vse, to carry thee out of this place.
*Winch.* Do what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy face.
*Glost.* What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tug it, and to cuffe you soundly.
Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinals Hat.
In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes I'le drag thee vp and downe.
*Winch.* *Gloster*, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.
*Glost.* Winchester Goose, I cry a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
Thee I'le throw hence, your Blew Coates to their Priest.
Out Tawny Coates, out scarlet Hypocrite.

*Here they fall to blowes, and the Cardinall men, and driue in the Maior of London, and his Officers.*

*Maior.* Fie Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.
*Glost.* Peace Mayor, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beauford that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.
*Winch.* Here's *Gloster*, a foe to Citizens,
One that still moues Warre and neuer Peace,
Ordering his warres with bills of Parliament.
I tell thee Catiue, now I haue got holde,
Back shall thou neuer come into the Tower,
And now I'le attorney thee and his Grace,
For standing in the Prince his noble name.
*Glost.* Come on thou Scarlet Hypocrite, do your worst.
*Here they fall to blowes again.*
*Maior.* Nay, stay, and I command the Kings Peace,
All vp in armes, and with the Kings name I charge you,
Depart the place, and not to assemble in seditious troupes.
*All manner of men depart the place in diuers sides, against their wills, and the Maior and Officers stay them.*
*Glost.* Cardinall, I'le be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
*Winch.* Gloster, we'll meet to your cost I feare.
Thy sister hath had conference for murder with the Duke.
*Maior.* I beseech your Graces both to pacifie you,
I my selfe will hie me to the Crowne,
And tell the King, and his Councell of your discord.
*Glost.* Maior, farewell: thou do'st but what thou may'st.
*Winch.* Abominable *Gloster*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long.
*Maior.* See the Coast clear, and then we will depart.
Good God, that Nobles should such hatred beare,
I my selfe fight not once in forty yeere. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.*

*M. Gunner.* Sirha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieged,
And how that we haue planted our Culuerin
On the Church Steeple, and from thence doe play
Into the French Court, and cause much hauocke.
*Boy.* Yes father, I know, and oftentimes haue shot at them,
How fortunate I am I know not, I thanke my Fortune.
*M. Gunner.* But now thou shalt not, be thou rul'd by me,
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must do to procure me grace:
The Princes espials haue informed me,
How the Englishmen in the Suburbs close entrenched,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence discouer how with most aduantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconuenience,
A Piece of Ordnance 'gainst it haue plac'd,

And

And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If any passe thou hast any mone and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors *Exit.*
*Bor.* Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them. *Exit*

*Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others*

*Salisb.* Talbot, my life, my ioy, again return'd?
How were you hous'd within this hollow Vault?
Or how crept from the Graue of those fierce Lyons
Downe from the Window were I sitting downe?
*Talbot.* Vpon the grate I sate, as now I doe,
Calling the drowsie Lord [illegible],
For now was I exceeding pensiue grown,
Whether a Watermans Art or else my care,
[illegible] they would be better borne:
Which I was musing, comes a winged death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd redeem'd
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But O, the treacherous *Fastolfe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would haue supplide,
If I now had him brought into my power.
*Salisb.* Yet tell'st thou not, how thou were entertain'd.
*Tal.* With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market place produc'd they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, say they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None dar'st come neere, for feare of present death
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure,
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*Enter the Bastard of Orleance with a Ladder.*

*Salisb.* I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reuenged sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargrane*, and Sir *William Glansdale*,
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?
*Gargrane.* I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands Lords.
*Glansdale.* And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.
*Talb.* For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they shoot, and Salisbury falls downe.*
*Salisb.* O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners!
*Gargrane.* O Lord haue mercy on me, woefull man.
*Talb.* What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speake:
How farst thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriu'd this woefull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recome:
*Henry* the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did neere leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none alyue,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrane*, hast thou any life?
Speake vnto *Talbot*, nay, looke vp to him.
*Salisbury* cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles----
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.
*Plantagenet* I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.
*Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.*
What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?
*Enter a Messenger*
*Mess.* My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Pucell* ioyn'd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to raysе the Siege.
*Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and groanes.*
*Talb.* Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reuenged.
Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
*Pucelle* or *Iuysel*, Dolphin or Dogfish,
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Conuey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
*Alarum. Exeunt.*

*Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel, driuing Englishmen before her.*
*Then enter Talbot.*
*Talb.* Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our Englishe Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.
*Enter Puzel.*
Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.
*Puzel.* Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee. *Here they fight.*
*Talb.* Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?
My breast Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.
*They fight againe.*
*Puzel.* *Talbot* farwell, my houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith.
*A short Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers.*

O're-

O re-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,
Helpe *Salsbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*
*Tal.* My nought es are wnir ed like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troupes and conquers as she lists:
So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyues and Houses driven away.
They call'd vs, for our fierce ne sse Enemies Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.
*A short Alarum.*
Hearke Countrymen, either renew the fight,
Or tearne the Lyons out of England Coast;
Renounce your Soyle, gyue sheepe in Lyons stead:
Sheepe run not hotter to the Wolues in sight, then
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaues.
*Alarum. Here another Skirmish.*
It will not be, retire into your Trenches:
You all consented vnto *Salsbury*, death,
For none now will strike a stroake in his reuenge.
*Pucell* is entred into Orleance,
In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with *Salsbury*,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.
*Exit Talbot*
*Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.*

*Enter on the Walls, Pucell, Dolphin, a Generall, Alanson, and Souldiers.*

*Pucel.* Aduance our waning Colours on the Walls,
Rescu'd is Orleance from the English,
Thus *Ioane de Pucell* hath perform'd her word.
*Dolph.* Diuinest Creature, *Astrea's* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like *Adonis* Gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More blessed hap did neu'r befall our State.
*Reignier.* Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.
*Alan.* All France will be replete with mirth and ioy,
When they shall heare how we haue play'd the men.
*Dolph.* 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne.
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.
A stately Pyramis to her I'le reare,
Than *Rhodophe's* or *Memphis* euer was.
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Vrne more pretious
Then the rich-iewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Transported, shall be at high Festiuals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Denis* will we cry,
But *Ioane de Pucell* shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.
*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## *Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.*

*Serg.* Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Soudier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.
*Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others Eyes are closed in quiet beds)
Constrained to watch in Armes, harme, and cold.

*Enter Duke Bedford, and Burgundy, marching. Lauatory. Then Drummer brings in a Dead Marche.*

*Tal.* Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artois*
*Walloone* and *Picardy* are friends to vs,
This happy night the Frenchmen are carowsing.
Impatient of our sad exploits of late,
And glutted all, carowsing deed banquetted,
Imbrace we this aduantage while we may,
As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
Contriued by Art and baleful Sorcerie.
*Bed.* Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne arme's fortitude
To ioyne with Witches and the helpe of Hell.
*Bur.* Traitors haue euer ioyn'd in like coniunction.
But what's he that *Burgundy* can tearme so pure?
*Tal.* A Maid they say.
*Bed.* A Maid? And be so martial?
*Bur.* Pray God she proue not masculine ere long,
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.
*Tal.* Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.
God is our fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let vs resolue to scale their flinty bulwarkes.
*Bed.* Ascend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
*Tal.* Not all together: better farre I geasse,
That we do make our entrance seuerall wayes.
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.
*Bed.* Agreed: Ile to yond corner.
*Bur.* And I to this.
*Tal.* And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue
Now *Salsbury*, for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
*Sent.* Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.
*Cry, S. George, A Talbot.*

*The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter seuerall wayes, Bastard Alanson Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe vnready.*

*Alan.* How now my Lords? what all vnready so?
*Bast.* Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well.
*Reig.* 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
*Alan.* Of all exploits since first I followed Armes,
Ne're heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous or desperate than this.
*Bast.* I think this Salisbury is a Guest of Hell.
*Reg.* If so, our Friends shall meet him there.
*Alanson* Here comes the Countess: may it please your Highness to retire.

*Enter Countess.*

*Tal.* Tut, this is Countess, be not affrighted.
Countess. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see report is fabulous and false.
Make us partakers of a little gain,
I know our safety is to follow you,
Some Witch hath conjured thy overthrow.
Are you so wise, you dare not stir a foot?
Sleeps or wakes the Fiend of Hell?
Or will you not, for fear of Nightly Guile?
Countess. Base Dukes of Armes, whose resolution,
Bast. Make us slow pace in this concerning Action.
Countess. Are you so resolute?
Countess. Are you so resolute?
Countess. Are you so resolute?

I thought I should haue seene some *Heroes*,
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a very Dwarfe
It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe
Should stand in feare for such a Warriour.
*Tal.* Mars, we were bad to trouble you.
But since you liue, we will not trouble you.
Onely to see if that report be true,
I came to see if it be true with you.
*Count.* Where is the Messenger that came to you?
Goe aske him if these be the men.
*Mes.* Yes my Lord, *These* are the Englishmen,
To whom I carried your Commission.
*Tal.* Must for a stranger, without ceremony,
I greet thee first? That I will not.
*Exeunt Part of the English.*
Sirrah, Thou speak'st to me,
*Tal.* Pardon me Sir,
*Count.* Long time haue I desired to see the man
Whose onely name hath strooke a terror to my foes,
Within the limits of the Realme of *France*,
And with his puissant Armes haue ploughed it round,
Beating downe Gardens, Villages, Townes, and Towers,
Whole Armies haue I seene flie from his Sword,
And at the noyse of his victorious Name,
Whole Troopes of men haue throwne away their Armes,
*Tal.* I
*Count.* I cannot blame them for it
I my selfe would, Lord *Talbot*, haue done so too
*Tal.* No, I thank thee for it,
You are deceiued, your Sonne is not my foe;
Or if he were, I would not wish him hence,
And on purpose I brought him
To see, (or Master, we were now of Comparison,
Rather a Captaine than a Plaything,
Your foote were set on mine, to coniure
*Count.* I see a Merchant ouer-boldned with successe,
He whom we scorn'd, yet is not here
How can these contrary Actions agree?
*Tal.* I tell you plainly,
*Enter a Messenger, and whispers Talbot in the ear.*
of Orleance Enterprise
How say you Madam? are you now perswaded,
That *Talbot* is but a shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes and strength,
With which he yoakes your rebellious Necks,
Razeth your Cities, and subuerts your Powers,
And in a moment makes them desolate
*Count.* Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no other than the Fame
And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry that with reuerence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.
*Tal.* Be not dismayed faire Lady, nor misconster
The mood of *Talbot*, as you did mine
The outward composition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me
Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,
But onely with your patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers Stomacks alwayes serue them well.
*Count.* With all my heart, and think me honoured,
To feast so great a Warriour in my House. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others.*

*Plan.* Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of Truth?
*Suf.* Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more conuenient.
*Plan.* Then say at once, if I maintaine the Truth,
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in the error?
*Suf.* Faith I haue been a truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.
*Som.* Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick*, then between vs.
*War.* Between two Hawkes, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogges, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,
I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:
But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser than a Daw.
*Plan.* Tut, tut, here is no milde intreating here,
By this I know their hearts will claime it long.
And that I will haue, or I will loose my head,
Apt wits, or dull, and that the obscurest Brother,
Plucke a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.
*Som.* I scorne to plucke a Flower for feare,
Who scarce himselfe dares pull a Sword about.
*Plan.* Faint-hearted *Somerset*, what say'st thou then?
*Som.* I say as I haue said before,
My heart is as great as yours,
Be assured to the death, I haue the right.
*Ver.* And keepe it, Sir, as long as I haue power to weild it.
*Som.* Saucy Lawyer, I will not stoope for all your Law,
Till you resolue me this one Question,
Tell me if you will, whose Rose you will weare
Scorne to be awed with your Authority,
If you will not, hereafter say no more
*Som.* Good Master *Vernon*, it is well objected.
If I haue fewest, I shall soonest be sped.
*Plan.* And I.
*Ver.* Then for the truth and plainnesse of the Case
I pluck this pale and maiden Blossome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the White Rose side.
*Som.* Prick not your finger as you plucke it off,
Least bleeding, you do paint the White Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
*Ver.* If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall surueye to my Graue.
And keepe me on the side where still I am.
*Som.* Well, well, come on, who next?
*Lawyer.* Vn-

*Lawyer.* Vnclean waiter Strahe and my Bookes be falne,
The [illegible] was Wrong in you;
[illegible] Plucke a white Rose too.
*Yorke.* Now *Somerset*, where is your argument?
*Som.* Here in my Scabberd meditating that
[illegible] red.
*Yorke.* Meane time, in signe of my loue to thee,
Against proud *Somerset*, and *William Poole*,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I prophesie: this brawle to day,
Grow to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
*Yorke.* Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would plucke a Flower.
*Ver.* In your behalfe still will I weare the same.
*Lawyer.* And to mine.
*Yorke.* I thankes gentle.
Come, come, vnto this Quarter will drinke Blood another day.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Iaylors*

*Mort.* Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment
And these grey Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,
*Nestor*-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These eyes like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pithlesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That [illegible] Steeres or Grape,
Are [illegible] and [illegible]
But [illegible] come, will my Nephew come?
*Iaylor.* *Richard Plantagenet* my Lord, will come.
We sent vnto the Temple vnto his Chamber,
And answere was return'd that he will come.
*Mort.* Enough, my Soule shall then be satisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reigne,
Before whose glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration haue I had;
And euen since then hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now the Arbitrator of Despaires,
Iust Death kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That he might recouer what was lost.

*Enter Richard*

*Keeper.* My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.
*Mort.* *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?
*Rich.* I Noble Vncle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew late despised *Richard*, comes.
*Mort.* Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.
O tell me when my lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kisse.
And now declare sweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou were despis'd?
*Rich.* First

*Rich.* First, cane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, I'le tell thee my Disease.
This day in argument vpon a Case,
Some words there grew twixt *Somerset* and me:
Among which termes, he vs'd his skoffing tongue,
And did vpbraid me with my Fathers death,
Which obloquie set barbes before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vncle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance take, defend me (coz)
My Head, Embattail'd Complaints, and Heavy Heart.
*Mort.* That cause (faire Nephew) that imprisoned me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon there to pine,
Was cursed Instrument of his decease.
*Rich.* Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and do desire it.
*Mort.* I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not ere my Tale be done.
*Henry* the Fourth, (sirnam'd *Bolingbroke*,
Deposed Nephew to *Richard*, *Edward's* Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the third of that Decree
During whose Reign, the Percies of the North,
Finding his Vsurpation most vniust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne.
The reasons they alledged, the quarrel was,
Wrong for that (viz.) (as they did terme the same)
Lean'd good Edward's Sonne (the first begot
In Wedlock) is the next by Birthright Heire.
But George, the Marshall, Edward's youngest Son
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third, whereas he,
From *John* of Gaunt, doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroick Line.
But mark, as in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Liberty, and they their Lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
Succeeding his Father *Bolingbroke*, did reigne,
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, was derived
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distresse,
Levied an Army, weening to redeeme
And have installed me in the Diadem:
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the Title rested, were suppressed.
*Rich.* Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.
*Mort.* True, and thou seest that I no Issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my Heire, the rest, I wish thee gather.
But yet be wary in thy studious care.
*Rich.* Thy grave admonishments prevayle with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Father's execution
Was nothing lesse, then bloody Tyranny.
*Mort.* With silence (Nephew) be thou politicke,
Strong-fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Vncle is removing hence,
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a setled place.
*Rich.* O Vncle, would some part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

*Mort.* Thou do'st then wrong me, as a Slaughterer doth,
Which giues a many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Only giue order for my Funerall.
And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be all thy Passages
In warre. *Dies.*
*Rich.* And peace, no warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-pass'd thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Counsell in my Breast,
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers conuey him hence, and I myselfe
Will see his Burial better than his Life. *Exit*
Here dyes the dusky Torch of Mortimer,
Choakt vp and smothered with Sepulchers dust.
And this the Regall Sea-tree of Sea-mores,
Whose Braunches reach'd vnto the Crowne of Rome,
Is dimm'd with Age, and this the Noble Stocke
Of Lionell Duke of Clarence is extinct.
Thus (Edmund) lye, in expectation that *Exit.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter, [illegible] Somerset, Suffolke, Cardinall Beaufort, Plantagenet, Warwicke, and Gardiner.*

*Henry* Comes Somerset, with new Promotion coasting hot vpon his Lips?
*Henry* Commends his Grace to my Soueraigne,
Or tells me he enioyes the Peoples hearts,
Or that the Pettie Rebels in the North,
Do offer Combat to his Princely Person?
*Somer.* Neither (my Lord) but tells me, and him too,
Hath vnaduisedly attempted and effected
Both the one and the other, to the Deed of Insolent Mutiny,
In Private Braules, damag'd and disturb'd the Publique Peace,
And in Contempt of Vs, our Crowne, and Dignity,
Proceeds in this Licentious Course.
*Warw.* And if your Grace incline not to my Censure,
Or make not present Head against these Rebels,
I do foresee and fear a greater Storme,
Then that which late blew ouer Yorke and Me.
*Glost.* Ambitious Warwicke, let thy Betters speake:
The Duke hath lost Normandy.
*Warw.* But not the Dukes of Somerset and Suffolke.
*Cardi.* Tis not his Grace that Normandy is lost,
Nor Somerset, nor Suffolke, nor my Selfe,
But Glosters Peace-full Gouernment at home,
Where Dukes haue Wiues to keepe, and Children may be got.
*Glost.* Why Cardinall, is it you that bids me Peace?
Warwicke and Yorke, I do applaud your Spleenes:
Had not your Plots come timely to my Eares,
And Henry Master of the Commons Harts,
Your Pollicies had practis'd long ere this.
But now my Sword shall plead in open Field.
*Cardi.* Ambitious Protector, dar'st thou bend thy Browes
Against the Duke of Somerset, but heere?
*Glost.* And Cardinall of Winchester, forget
Thy late Ambition, and Malicious Loue,
Not all thy Polish Drugges, nor Romish Art,
Can smooth thy Hatred from my Gouernment.
*Somer.* Ambition, Loue, or Hatred, neither sits
In him, that scornes a Kingdome for his Birth.
*Suffolke.* Somerset hath forgot my Princely Vow,
And I forget not what I ought to Suffolke.
*Warw.* Well hath Somerset deseru'd his Prince,
Suffolke his Queene, and Beauforts Malice
Gratifies his Brother, whereat I laugh,
And smile to see these Puny Enemies
Brauing a Warre, which they will neuer fight.
*Glost.* Ambitious Warwicke, dost thou prouoke me?
Now by the Lord that purchas'd Heauen with Blood,
No Prelate, such is my Religious Loue,
Thy Pietie shall neuer keepe thee safe,
Till vnder me thou stoope, and bend thy Knee,
As vnto him that beares a greater Sway.
Thou art no Father for a Gouernour,
Thy Sword is for a Peacefull Empire fit,
And thy Profession blemish'd with Reuenge,
Impatient as the Hungry Lyon's Rage,
Against the Life of him, whose Harmelesse Death
Prophanes the Name of Protector, and the Dignity.
And for a Crowne, how can it sit your Head,
Vnlesse you first vsurp the Royall Throne?
Imagine you, that I will yeeld my Life,
And leaue the Helme vnto a Haughtie Prelate?
Or that the Commons, whose Affections are
Bent on the Loue of Gloster, will change
Their Liking, for the Pride of Cardinall Beaufort?
Or Somerset, whose Veines do pant the Blood
Which he hath lost by Lingring Sicknesse,
And would as willingly bestow the same
In Honor of his King, whose false Aspect
Doth threaten Warre with Guyenne and the Dukedome?
And Suffolke, as he smiles, and weares his Blood
In Hope to captiuate my Soueraigne,
Marry his Grace vnto a Wife, and Peace,
Shall all but fauour and aduance his Run.
I, I, these weake Armes are rebellious when they rise,
Which else are powerfull to embrace this Neck,
And force these Treacherous Suitors to their Graues.
Now, my good Lords of Yorke and Warwicke,
For I see our Cankred Peace conuerts to Warre,
Your Souldiers Valour, and not Words,
Whose Worth shall be rewarded with the Spoyle
Of these Reuolting Lords.
*Warw.* Ile canuase thee, and thy Complices,
Amidst your Troupes, presumptuous Protector,
Despight of all that shall withstand you.
*Glost.* Why then Sirs, forward.
*Cardi.* Lords, take your Places:
And Master Maior, see the Gates be kept,
Lest Gloster's Partakers enter in the City.

*Enter Vaux.*

*Glost.* Now Vaux, what Newes?
*Vaux.* Such as my Heart is sorry to vnfold.
The Duke of Yorke is entred in the Realme,
And hath vp-reared his Banner in Wales.
*Warw.* Ha, Vaux, thou speak'st it well, by my Salvation,
That Traytor knew, how deare I bare his Blood,
And therefore sent me Word, to stay his Fury.
*Vaux.* True, Noble Earle, but when my Lord beheld
How Glosters Wrongs were smother'd in his Wrongs,
Scorning Delayes, and smiling at Aduice,
The Vulgar sort, like Children in the Snow,
Pestring before the Faces of their Guides,
Muffled in Ignorance, and mad with Rage,
Clapt vp Proclamations in Euery Market-Towne,
Till they had throng'd a mighty Host together,
Which now they leade, as Tydes do multiply,
Vnto the Ocean, that deuours them all.
*Glost.* Villaine, thou know'st the Law of Armes is such,
That whosoeuer drawes a Sword 'gainst Right,
And hath not Warrant from his Soueraigne,
Nor Proclaimed Traytor for his Treason,
Himselfe and all his Followers to the Field,
Accurst in Power, and Excommunicate,
Shall for the Fact be sure to lose his Head,
And that with Speed more than with Desire
A wretched Banckrout hastens to his Graue.
And you braue Peeres, this Cursie vnto you,
Before the Wicked Enemy of your Peace,
Command his Conduct to the Sacred Throne:
Neglect no Power to intercept the Duke.
*Warw.* Your Grace shall vnderstand that Warwicke is
No Babe, nor can be dandled from his Purpose:
Nor stay I longer Parley with your Words,
Then serues to giue my Souldiers Hearts
Time to encounter with their Enemies.
Haue at thee, Yorke.
*Cardi.* Thus striues the Lyon, whilst the Foxe lookes on.
*Vaux.* Whom shall I certifie vnto the Duke,
Is coming with Full Power to claime the Crowne?
*Glost.* Villaine, his Grace shall think that Gloster stands
Vpon the Aduantage of the Field,
And not a Thought of him, that fights for Right,
Can harbour Feare, or Cowardize.
*Vaux.* Then Fame, with Speed, intelligence of Warre,
And euery Minute make it Actuall.
*Glost.* Good Vaux, thou speak'st it well in Termes of Warre.
Sirs, take your Places, and be vigilant:
If any Rebels or Malignants stir,
Straight giue Alarum, and vnto Armes,
Though it be Night, or Winter Frosts or Snowes,
Or the Eye of Heauen burne.
*Cardi.* Lords, to the Field: Saint George and Victorie.
*Exeunt.*

*Alarum, and Warwicke is vanquished.*

*Warw.* How now my Lord of Salisbury?
*Sal.* Ah Warwicke, Salisbury hath breathed his last,
That neuer Sword did hurt, but in Defence,
That neuer Word did Wrong, but Truth to right,
Had not the Traytor Duke inuiron'd me
With Millions of his Hatefull Enemies.
What are the Fortunes waiting on the Day?
Tell me, that I may dye with Data on my Lips.
*Warw.* Ah Salisbury, the Day frowns on our Plaints,
Edward is Victor, Yorke is Conqueror,
And all is lost, except our Honors Heauen.
*Sal.* Shall Warwicke say himselfe not ouermatch'd,
But by the Force of Edward and his Friends?
*Warw.* Edward hath Friends, that power as they list,
And so hath Warwicke: I am powerfull found,
More than my Wish can make me but to see.
Ah Montague, if I had fed as long
On Honors Sweet-meate, as on Earths Dish,
This Hand had temper'd other Things than Death,
Ere thus Vnreuerently it had bereft
Thee of Life, before the Life of Warwicke.
Now Summon vp the Remnant of my Spirits,
Since first I call'd my Brother's Glory vp,
And that great Minde, which hath no Thought but Life,
Did I commend my Blessed Mother's Prayers,
And with his Latest Breath bad me Reuenge
His Death, which neuer hopes more Heauen than Warre.
*Sal.* Then let vs dye with Honor, if not Liue,
Expecting Death, but not inuiting it.
Our Mindes (Dame Fortune) thou shalt not command:
Proud Scorner, Do not Vaunt how quickly thou
Canst ouerturne the Mightie, for the Weake:
Thy Fickle Gifts thou shalt not count vpon,
So dearely will we sell our Liues to Thee.
*Warw.* Come Montague, we'le fall with Fame, and Earth
Stoopes not to Heauen more proudly than we will.

*Alarum, Excursions, Warwicke and Salisbury are beaten out.*

*Enter Yorke, Edward, Richard, and Soldiers.*

*Yorke.* Of Warwicke, and of Montague,
Past all Recouery, and as I could wish,
Neere to the King in Blessed Majesty.
*Edward.* Thus farre our Fortune keepes an Vpward Course,
And we are Grac'd with Wreathes of Victory.
But in the Midst of this braue Flush of Mirth,
His Duke of Somerset, whose Sullen Pride
Met thy Approach, as Gloster's Fatall Hand
Met his, by Vertue of thy Noble Father,
Now is the Time to proue our Fathers Loue,
If euer he will threaten Enemies,
Then let him neither Speake, nor Looke, nor Thinke,
But Arme to Answer Iniuries and Wrongs.
*Richard.* And that he will, and shall, if Edward Liue.
*Yorke.* Thanks gentle Sonne: so shalt thou reape the Fruite
Of thy first Fathers Toyle, and his Renowne,
Whose Name in Pulpits you haue often prais'd,
When bleeding Warre, and Dire Confusion
Was in his Mouth, the Scourge of Wicked Men,
And Antichrist, that Plotted Seas and Lands,
And this the Day wherein we needs must prooue
Either a Fatall or a Victorious Father.
My Mind presageth Happy Gaine and Conquest,
My Soule suggests, but I shall stretch my Power.

*Enter Somerset.*

Say Somerset, what Tydings with our Cousin Prize?
*Somer.* The Tydings as I hope to giue Reuiuing,
Doth leade me with more Warlike Followers
Than I brought forth, to meet with Yorke and Warwicke.
*Richard.* Why Somerset, the Power we haue in Field,
Will serue against the Quantity you name,
Incorporate with Warwicke and the Rest.
*Somer.* Ah Richard, with the Eyes of Heauy Mind,
I say Farewell vnto that Gallant Troupe.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of Greyhounds
Hauing the Fearefull Flying Hare in Sight,
With fiery Eyes, sparkling for Hope of Prey,
Do bend their Speed to Horsham, where their Foes
Are Resting after Warwicke's Ouerthrow.
*Edward.* Then Nothing lets but that we follow them.
*Somer.* Noble my Lord, I dare not for my Head,
Lest Edward's Death make Warwicke's Friends more Fell,
And Reconcile the Bloody Wrongs of Yorke
Vnto the Golden Fauour of the King.
*Yorke

And make him noted these Accusations forth
But he shall know I am as good.
*Glost.* As good?
Thou bastard of my Grandfather.
*Winch.* Ill Lord Sir to whom are you, I pray,
But one imperious in his Lordes Diocesse?
*Glost.* Am not Protector, saucie Priest?
*Winch.* And am not I Prelate of the Church?
*Glost.* Yes as an Outlaw in a Castle keepes,
And useth it to patronage his Theft.
*Winch.* Vnreuerent Gloster.
*Glost.* Thou art reuerent
Touching thy Spirituall function, pettie Life.
*Winch.* Presumptuous Dissembler.
*Glost.* Presumptuous Priest.
My Lord, ere I will indure to be forborne.
*Sum.* I to the Bishop be not ouer-borne.
Member, my Lord, you are but Lord of Hunsdon,
And know your Place and calling better farre.
*Warw.* My Lords, what meanes this, shame be humbler,
It freeth not Treason are you all.
*Sum.* Yes when base Peasants to their betters threate.
*Warw.* Shall Subiects grow to be so insolent?
In presence of their Prince and Soueraigne?
*Richa.* Prince and Soueraigne, I am glad you are one
Least you should take Occasion to be so.
Mort. Warwick, you are too malapert my Lords?
I wonder that you are not ashamed.
*King.* Vncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special Watchmen of our Royall Peace,
I would pray ye, Peers of my Realme,
To ouer-see their Actions and their Words.
O, what Scandals and Dishonors come,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should Iarre?
Be ruled me Lords, or else I weep mine eyes,
Can lose me Crowne and Realme with Woe.
Our Vnion is the happie Tree of Peace,
That giues encrease to Plenty, Wealth.
*All.* Amen, Downe with the
Tawny Coates.
*King.* What meanes this?
*Warw.* Alas, my Liege, mine eyes are wrapt,
Began to droppe Teares at the sight of Blood.
*All.* Amen, Downe with Stones Stones

*Enter Maior.*

*Maior.* O my good Lord, and vertuous Henry,
Pray to the Queene to calme downe her Wrath.
For Lord Protector and his Dukes Townesmen,
Enter the Streets with Weapon,
Hurle all downe Pikes Stones and Clubbes,
And beat downe all before them in their parts,
Doe pell mell as if Enemies to the Citie.
Their Maces beaten Officers knockt out:
Our Wiues and Children flye from Street to Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

*Enter in a Skirmish with bloody Pates.*

*King.* We charge you, on Allegeance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray Vncle Gloster mitigate this strife.
1. *Seruing.* Nay if we be forbidden Stones, we le fall to it with our Teeth.
2. *Seruing.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
*Skirmish again*
*Glost.* You of my Houshold, leaue this peeuish broyle,
And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.
3. *Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none but to his Maiestie.
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be disgraced by an Inkehorne Mate,
We and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.
1 *Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
*Begin againe.*
*Glost.* Stay, stay, I say:
And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbeare awhile.
*King.* O, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Churchmen take delight in broyles?
*Warw.* Yes, my Lord Protector, yet will not Winchester,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath been enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace except ye thirst for blood.
*Winch.* He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.
*Glost.* Compassion on the King commands mine hoope
Or I would see his heart out ere the Priest
Should euer get that priuiledge of me.
*Warw.* Behold my Lord of Winchester the Duke
Hath banded his followers all and all,
As by his weapons may appeare:
Were looke you all of one Livery, as it were?
*Glost.* Here Winchester, I beare no hand,
*King.* For Vncle *Humfrey*, I see nothing you preach,
That Malice was a great and grieuous sinne:
And what not, but the greater workes you teach?
But pride which is the worst of all the rest
*Humf.* Sweet brother, I do hope they may ashamed be
For shaming me in matter of Deuotion.
Were this a Time to answer wrong with wrong?
*Winch.* Well Duke of Gloster I will yeeld to thee
Loue for thy Loue and Hand for Hand, etc.
*Glost.* I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,
This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selues and all our followers
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.
*Winch.* So helpe me God as I intend it not.
*King.* O louing Vncle, kinde Duke of Gloster,
How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.
Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,
But ioyne in friendship as your Lords haue done.
1 *Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeon.
2 *Seru.* And so will I.
3. *Seru.* And I will see what Physick the Tauerne affords. *Exeunt.*
*Warw.* Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.
*Glo.* Well vrg'd my Lord of Warwick for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,
You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told your Maiestie.
*King.* And

*King.* And those occasions, Vncle, were of force.
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.
*Warw.* Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his fathers wrongs be recompenst.
*Winch.* As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*
*King.* If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give,
That doth belong vnto the House of *Yorke*
From whence you spring, by lineall Descent.
*Rich.* Thy humble new-made vowes obedience,
And humble seruice, till the point of death.
*King.* Stoop then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that duteous deed,
I giue thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke*
Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And at the creation Prince y Duke of *Yorke*
*Rich.* And to the noble *Richard*, as my loues may fall,
And as my duteous spirits, so perfit may,
That grudge one thought against your Maiesty
*All.* Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*
*Som.* Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke*
*Clif.* Now will it best auaile your Maiestie,
To cosset the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France
The presence of a King engenders loue
Amongst his Subiects and his loyall Friends,
As it disanimates his Enemies.
*King.* When Conquer'd I am crown'd, King *Henry* goes,
For then my countenance with my stay, Foes
Exit from Oration to Peace, and Peace to Warre.
*Sonet. Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Manet Exeter.*

*Exet.* I, wee may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes vnder-hand the Ashes of forepast Warre,
And will at last breake out into a flame,
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and enuious discord breed
And now I feare me (sage Exeter) Prophesie,
When first this Crowne on *Henry* was set,
Whose wombe enclosed the worthies of his Name,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth, should win all,
And *Henry* borne at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is but heard, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His dayes may finish, ere that hapless time. *Exit*

## *Scæna Secunda.*

*Enter Pucell disguised with foure Souldiers with Sacks vpon their backs.*

*Pucell.* These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
I doubt not but with our nimble iaunts
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

*Souldier.* Our Sacks shall be a meane to sacke the City
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
Therefore we'le knock.
*Knock.*
*Watch* (*within*) *Qui la*
*Pucell. Paisans, pauures gens de France,*
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.
*Watch* (*within*) Enter, goe in, the Market bell is rung.
*Pucell.* Now Roan, we shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.*

*Charles.* Saint *Denis* bless this happy Stratagem,
And once againe we'le sleepe secure in Roan.
*Bastard.* Here entred *Pucell* and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie
Here is the best and safest passage in?
*Alan.* By thrusting out Torches from yonder Tower,
Which once discerned, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakenesse which she entred.
*Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.*
*Pucell.* Behold this is the happy wedding Torch,
That ioynes Roan vnto her Countrymen,
But burning after to the Tallbot.
*Tallbot.* See where the Nymph of Hell sits crowned,
The Tallbot lies within her curssed hands
*Charles.* Now Dame, how doth the Prisoner?
A Prayer to the Fiends your Friends.
*Bast.* Defend that prayer should haue dangerous ends,
I feare the Enchantresse, the Diuell speed her.
And now the Watch is entred. *Alarum.*

*An Alarum. Excursions. Enter Fastolfe brought in a Coarse.*

*Enter Tallbot and his Company without, within Pucell, Charles, Bastard and Reignier on the Walls.*

*Pucell.* Come sorrow Cowards, wanting Corne for Bread:
I trust the Duke of Bedford will not come,
Before these be bestowed to their Turne.
'Twas not for Damsels thus to keepe the Walls?
*Bast.* Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtezan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Harue-hot that Corne.
*Charles.* Your Grace may starue perhaps before that time.
*Bast.* Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason.
*Pucell.* What will you do good grey-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre
*Talb.* Foule Fiend of France and Hag of all despight,
Incompast with thy lasciuious Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardize a man halfe dead?
Damsel, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
Or else let *Tallbot* perish with this shame.
*Pucell.* Are ye so hot, Sir? yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Tallbot* doe but Thunder Rayne will follow.
*They whisper together in counsell.*
God speed the Parliament, who shall be the Speaker?

*Tal.* Dare vee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
*Pucel.* Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.
*Tal.* I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
But vnto thee *Alanson*, and thee.
Will ye like Souldiors, come and fight it out?
*Alan.* Seigneur no.
*Tal.* Seigneur hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Peasant foote-Boyes do they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.
*Pucell.* Away Captaines, scorne to answer them from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no good, like one of vs.
Good Master Lord, we came but to tell you
That we are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*
*Tal.* And there we will be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbots* greatest fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of his Name,
That Lucifer with all his Wizards, late raisd on France,
Cannot get out of these monstrous Guirdes,
And (as for you that hold Dishonorable minds)
Assure your selves to worke Confusion;
As I am Christian, every foot I leave this Towne,
Comes home again, and drops that stayes behind,
Some two, some three, some foure, but not aboue,
(Brave Warriors, by the worke assigned vnto thee)
Vowes.
*Tal.* But ere we part, intreat the gallant Pucell,
The valiant Duke of Yorke, and my good Lord,
How best we may vnite to helpe each other,
Either for safety of your single state,
*Bed.* Lord Talbot, I do know you for a man:
Herewith I take the part of Guyen Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.
*Burg.* Courageous Bedford, let vs now perswade you.
*Bedf.* Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon* in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Me thinkes I should renew the former resolutes,
Because I ever found them as my friends.
*Tal.* Victorious Prince, and valiant gentle Duke,
Then do not so: Heauens keepe our enterprise,
And now no more adoe, braue Commanders,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set vpon our boasting Enemie. *Exit.*

*An Alarum. Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn Fastolfe and a Captaine.*

*Capt.* Whither away, Sir *Iohn Fastolfe* in such haste?
*Fast.* Whither away? to saue my life by flight,
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.
*Capt.* What? will you fly, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?
*Fast.* I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to saue my life. *Exit.*
*Capt.* Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. *Exit.*

*Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and Charles flie.*

*Tal.* Now quiet Soule depart when Heauen please,
For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.
*Shoote off, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.*

*An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.*

*Tal.* Lost, and recouered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*
Yet Heauens haue glory for all Victorie.
*Burg.* Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
*Tal.* Thanks gentle Duke. but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.
Now where's the Bastards braues, and *Charles* his gleekes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
*Burg.* What wills Lord *Talbot* pleaseth *Burgonie*
*Tal.* But ere we go, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A braver Souldier neuer couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane misery. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Charles, Baitard, Alanson, Pucell.*
*Pucell.* Dismay not Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered:
Care is a cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
We'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but ruled.
*Charles.* We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence.
One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed mistrust.
*Baitard.* Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
*Alanson.* We'll set thy Statue in some holy place,
And haue thee reuerenc'd like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.
*Pucell.* Then thus it must be, this doth *Ioane* deuise:
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leaue the *Talbot*, and to follow vs.
*Charles.* I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,
But be extirped from our Prouinces.
*Alanson.* For euer should they be expulsed from France,
And not haue Title of an Earledome here.
*Pucell.* Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
*Drumme sounds a farre off.*
Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.
*Here sounds an English March.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

*French*

*French March.*

Now in the Reteward comes the Duke and his
Fortune in favor makes him prouder yet.
Summons a Parley, we will talke with him.

*Trumpets, and a Parley*

*Charles.* A Parley with the Duke of Bedford?

*Burg.* Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?

*Pucell.* The Prince, *Charles* of France, thou Countrey-man

*Burg.* What's that *Pucell*? for his marching hence.

*Charles.* Speake *Pucell*, and enchant him with thy words.

*Pucell.* Braue *Burgonian*, bold Duke of Bedford, peace,
Stay, let thy humble Handmaid speake to thee.

*Burg.* Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.

*Pucell.* Looke on thy Country, looke on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac'd,
By wasteful Warres of cruell Enemies,
As lookes the Mother on her louely Babe,
When Death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining Malady of France,
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnatural wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her woefull breast.
O turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe,
One drop of Bloud drawne from thy Countries bosome,
Should grieue thee more than streames of foraine gore.
Recure those griefes with these that caus'd them first,
Virtuously bent to vertuous obsequies.
Within the Limits of thy Lawfull Warres,
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracelesse Vice,
Which like a Canker in the fragrant Rose,
Doth spoile the beauty of the goodly Land,
With Famine, Plague, and intestine broyles.
*Charles.* Beauteous and learned Virgin, to expostulate
Do not thy Glory, and thy Time exceed reason,
Whose Vertues more than Heroicall Nature,
Do well approue thee, worthy Prophetesse,
Were we assured of those happie dayes,
As by thy wordes thou seem'st to vs full bent,
Would by the Dukes of Orleance thy Deere
And we the Princes of the Bloud of France,
Make our hearts Adamant against all feare,
Resigne our Interest in the Realme of France,
Vnto the Crowne of Henry our Soueraigne,
Confirme the Articles of Peace,
And with eternall League, both Nations,
Liue in Amity, as Members of one Head,
Come, come resume, resolue on some faire end,
*Charles*, and these two Princes heere on Knees.
*Burg.* I am vanquished
These heauenly words of hers
Haue darted me like roaring Cannon shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees
To giue my Country, and sweet Countreymen.
All Lords accord to heare what she doth say.
My Forces and my Power at Mens commands.
So farewell *Talbot* I no longer trust thee,

*Pucell.* Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne again.

*Charles.* Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes vs fresh.

*Bastard.* And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

*Alanf. Pucell* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.

*Charles.* Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may prejudice the Foe. *Exeunt*

## *Scæna Quarta.*

*Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, with the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.*

*Tal.* Mars his true Moode, braue Princes, and Honorable Peeres,
Hee ioyn'd with starres, like Enuious Rebell,
Iupiter in Iuno's Angry Wrathes,
Leades my Soule to Battaile.
Now we are Orleance, this Auncient reclaimed
Two Bulwarkes, and their Towres,
Two Forts, and new built Townes of strength,
Sixe Fortresses, and Pallizadoes;
Leaue Sconces, Courts, and Rampiers vnassaulted.
As yet there's nothing got,
All rests in doubt of this Conquest,
Let vs then Captaines, Valiant Warlike Peeres,
Assault the Towne, plant Ordnance, Loose no time,
Least Fortune, and the Countries Fauour,
Now Wee conducted, Caesar and his Lord
(Now I haue yours, and leaue mine owne.)
Loose remembrance of our Fauours,
And greet Charles, and his Princes,
Like Fearefull Enemies, and flye the Towne.
Now Wee command, Charles and his Princes Lord

## *Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter King, Gouernor Warwicke Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset prisoners, Talbot and others of Orleyance.*

*Gou.* Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.
*Wa.* God saue King *Henry* of that name the sixt.
*Gou.* Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him,
Esteeme none Friends but such as shall pretend
Malicious practises against his State:
This shall ye do, or else you neuer see God.
*Enter Exeter.*
*Fal.* My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To hasten vnto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliuer'd me by hands,
Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy.
*Tal.* Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee.
I vow'd base Knight when I did meet thee next,
To teare the Garter from thy Cowards knee,
Who I thought was ere this (for all thy blood)
Too true a Subiect and too braue a Peere.
Pardon me Princely *Henry* and the rest:
This Dastard at the battell of *Patay*,
When but in all I was sixe thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,
Like to a trustie Squire, did run away
In which assault we lost twelue hundred men.
My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then iudge great Lords if I haue done amisse:
Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?
*Glo.* To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.
*Tal.* When first this Order was ordained my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth:
Valiant and Vertuous, full of high Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
But alwayes resolute, in most extremes.
He then that is not furnished in this sort,
Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Profaning this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.
*K. Hen.* Stain to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doome:
Be packing therefore thou that wast a Knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
And now my Lord of Exeter, view the Letter
Sent from our Vncle Duke of Burgundy.
*Glo.* What means his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Style?
No more but plaine and blunt? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?
Or doth this churlish Superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? *I haue entred into Armes,*
*Moou'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,*
*Together with the pitifull complaints*
*Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,*
*Forsaken your pernicious Faction,*
*And ioyned with Charles, the rightfull King of France.*
O monstrous Treachery! Can this be so?
That in a Nation, where there is no bands,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
*King.* What doth my Vncle Burgundy reuolt?
*Glo.* He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.
*King.* Is that the worst this Letter doth contain?
*Glo.* It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.
*King.* Why then Lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And giue him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you (my Lord) are you not content?
*Tal.* Content, my Liege? Yes: But I am preuented,
I thought I had begg'd my knighthood before this day.
*King.* Then gather strength, and march vnto him straight:
Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.
*Tal.* I go my Lord, in haste, excuse me that I
You may behold confusion of your foes.
*Enter Vernon and Basse.*
*Ver.* Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.
*Bas.* And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too
*Yorke.* This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.
*Som.* And this is mine (sweet *Henry*) fauour him.
*King.* Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
And wherefore craue you Combate? Of with whom?
*Ver.* With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
*Bas.* And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
*King.* What is that wrong, whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.
*Bas.* Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow here with enuious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,
Saying, that the ground of the colour of the Leaues
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes.
When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine question in the Law
Argued betwixt the Duke of Yorke and him.
With other vile and ignominious termes:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.
*Ver.* And that is my petition Noble Lord:
For though he seeme with forged quaint conceite
To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,
Yet know my Lord, I was prouok'd by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this Flower,
Bewrayed the faintnesse of my Masters heart.
*Yorke.* Will not this malice Somerset be left?
*Som.* Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.
*King.* Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-sicke men,
When for so slight and friuolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise?
Good Cousins both of Yorke and Somerset,
Quiet your selues I pray, and be at peace.
*Yorke.* Let this dissension first be tride by fight,
And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.
*Som.* The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,
Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then.
*Yorke.* There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.
*Ver.* Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

*Bas.*

*Buff.* Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.
*Glo.* Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their perverse Objections
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves.
Let me perswade you take a better course.
*Exet.* It greeues his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be Friends.
*King.* Come hither you that would be Combatants
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our fauour,
Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation,
If they perceiue dissention in our Lookes,
And that within our selues we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be prouoked
To wilful disobedience, and Rebellion?
Beside, what infamy will there arise
When Foreign Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and chiefe Nobility,
Destroy'd the Conquest of the Orleance?
Ob think vpon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a fact, so iust and holy wrought,
Let me be Vnpartiall in this your doubt.
Then reason will our hearts should be as good
That any one should lose the good he hath,
Into the hands of Somerset than Yorke:
Both are my Kinsmen, and I loue them both
As well they may vpon their sides of my Crowne,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crowned.
But your discretions better can perswade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we found it best before,
So let vs still continue peace, and loue.
Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite
Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together and digest
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector and the rest,
After some respite will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented by your Victories,
With *Charles Alanson*, and that Traiterous rout.
*Exeunt* {*Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon*
*War.* My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.
*Yorke.* And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.
*War.* Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.
*Yorke.* And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affayres must now be managed. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish.* *Manet Exeter.*

*Exet.* Well didst thou *Richard* to suppresse thy voice
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we should haue seene deciphered there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoere, no simple man that sees
This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth presage some ill euent.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands.
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkind deuision,
There comes ruine, there begins confusion. *Exit.*

*Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Bourdeaux.*

*Tal.* Go to the Gates of Bordeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounds.*

*Enter Generall &c.*

English *Iohn Talbot* (for that's thy name) I call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would: Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Souereigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And I'le withdraw me and my bloudy power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffered Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment euen with the earth,
Shall lay your stately and air-braving Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their loue.
*Cap.* Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloudy scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canst not enter but by death.
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strongly incampt to dare you to the fight.
Do what you can, the Dolphin we are appointed,
Sent with our Orders hence to worke thee downe,
Once more I warne thee, there are Gates and Walles
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way can'st thou turne thee for redresse,
But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French haue ta'ne the Sacrament,
To rent and race thy ling'ring Anatomie.
Bethink thee (Monster) ere thou hedlong dare
The iudgement of reuengefull Warre,
Resolue thee Talbot, once more bid thee yield,
For see the Coward hath a breathing valiant man
Of an inuincible vnconquered spirit.
This is the latest Glory of thy praise,
That I thy enemy due thee withall:
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
Finish the processe of his sandy hower,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd bloody, pale and dead.
*Drum a farre off.*
Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit.*
*Tal.* He fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Herd of Englands timorous Deere,
Mazed with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the [illegible] Heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as dearely as mine,
And they shall finde Dearer then my Friends.
God, and Saint George, Talbot and right,
Prosper our Colours in this dismall day.

*Enter a [illegible] hastily, and after Talbot and [illegible].*

*Yorke.* Are Talbots colours all are fled so soone,
True to their word he made vs of the Dolphin
*Mes.* True Lords, they are, and Talbot is taken prisoner,
Talbot my Lord is taken prisoner,
Lord Talbot with [illegible] is taken,
Fly graue Lords, or else you are surprized,
Hasting after [illegible] Dolphin,
[illegible]

*Yorke.* A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delayes my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were leuied to this end,
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aide,
And I am lingring here with cowards:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Warre in France.

*[illegible]*

*Mes.* Thy [illegible] strong,
Neuer [illegible]
[illegible] Talbot,
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
*Yorke.* [illegible]
Dishonorable [illegible] Talbot,
Sir [illegible]
By [illegible]
Mounts, and [illegible]
That [illegible]
*Mes.* [illegible]
*Yorke.* Hee [illegible] weake supply?
We marcht [illegible] Ascoote, [illegible],
And long of you we left Lord Somerset.
*Mes.* This [illegible] two houres since,
I met the [illegible]
This [illegible]
And [illegible]
*Yorke.* Ah [illegible] Talbot dies,
That [illegible]
Away, [illegible]
I [illegible]
I [illegible]
[illegible] are woone away,
[illegible] *Exit*
*Mes.* [illegible]
Fearing [illegible] great Commanders,
[illegible]
The Conquering [illegible] Conqueror,
That [illegible] Mamore,
*Fremish* [illegible]
Lakes, [illegible], [illegible], and all, nurse to losse.

*Enter Somerset with his Armie.*

*Som.* It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might [illegible] for every Towne
Be [illegible] with the ouer-daring *Talbot*
[illegible] glosse of former Honor
[illegible] desperate wilde aduenture:
[illegible] to light, and ouer-shame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.
*Cap.* Heere is Sir *William Lucie* who with me
Set from our o're-matcht forces forth for aide.
*Som.* How now Sir *William*, whether were you sent?
*Lu.* Whether my Lord from bought and sold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold aduersitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To [illegible] beaten from his weake Legions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody sweat from his warre-wearied limbes,
And [illegible] rage and force to force,
You [illegible] thus [illegible] honor,
[illegible]
Let his [illegible] sleepe away
[illegible] course to the lowe-thatcht mayne,
[illegible]
You [illegible] to a vow'd reproches
[illegible]
*Som.* [illegible] you, Yorke should have fetcht him
ouer
*Lu.* Ay, my Lord Somerset, what you should
Are not [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] have sent, and make Hotte
[illegible] Dispatch, this doe I [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible] Clarke,
[illegible] the Nemean [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] to offend by your [illegible].
[illegible] Come on, I warrant ye the Gentlemen that
[illegible] they will beat us ayde
*Lu.* Then [illegible] extraordinary flame,
[illegible] world, the world quite
And [illegible] Talbot praises can be [illegible].
*Som.* [illegible] braue *Talbot* [illegible]
*Lu.* His Fame lives in the world, His Shame in you.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Talbot and his Sonne.*

*Tal.* O young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
To [illegible] thee first to Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When sapleste Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should [illegible] my Father to his drooping Graue.
But (O malignant and ill-boading Starres)
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnauoided danger.
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And [illegible] thou shalt escape
By [illegible] flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
*Iohn.* Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?

Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard and a Slaue of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.
*Talb.* Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.
*Iohn.* He that flyes so, will neuer returne againe.
*Talb.* If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.
*Iohn.* Then let me stay, and, Father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no losse is known in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue won,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.
You fled for Vantage, euery one will swear;
But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will stay,
If the first houre I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg Mortality
Rather than life, preserued with infamy.
*Talb.* Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
*Iohn.* Inclose not them, but shame alone my wombe.
*Talb.* Vpon my blessing I command thee goe.
*Iohn.* To fight I will, but not to flye thee foe.
*Talb.* Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.
*Iohn.* No part of him, but will be sham'd in mee.
*Talb.* Thou neuer had'st renowne, nor canst not lose.
*Iohn.* Yes your renowned Name: Shall flight abuse it?
*Talb.* Thy Father charge thee do not flye.
*Iohn.* Your Sonne will pardon me, if I flye.
If Death be so apparant, then both flye.
*Talb.* And leaue my Valiant Harry to affright the foe?
My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.
*Iohn.* And shall my Youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be seuered from your side,
Than can your selfe, your selfe in twaine deuide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For liue I will not, if my Father die.
*Talb.* Then heere I take my leaue of thee faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse, and die with after-one.
Come, side by side together liue and dye,
And soule with soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

*Alarum: Excursions wherein Talbot Sonne is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.*

*Talb.* Saint *George* and Victory: fight Soldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *Iohn Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life and rescu'd thee from Death.
*Iohn.* O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date.
*Talb.* When from the Dolphins Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthful Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanson*, *Orleance*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The vgly Bastard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soone encountered,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou hast force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy:
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care,
Art thou not weary *Iohn*? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou not vse the Bastard, boy, and me,
Now thou art calld the Sonne of Conquest?
Liue to reuenge thy Father's wrongful Death,
Preserue the Honor of thy Noble Kin.
Ah, too much, by much thou art the Boy,
To stay with me, renowned Slaue and Boy.
To-morrow I shall expect newes of thee.
But now is not the time to thinke of that:
For Nobly thou hast gotten leaue to go.
Resume that Spirit, when you were so chid,
Remember what my Corpulent Name,
My Noble Father *Talbot* is, and what my Fame:
Attempt some high exploit, and take it ere to-day.
But go not headlong on thy Enemies,
Aduance and be not forward, but away.
*Iohn.* I go to Sword and Fire Reuenge on Death,
That hath depriu'd me of your Company,
Cries *Talbot*, *Talbot*, through the whole Campe shall ring,
Talbot the Feare, the Followers Spoyle and King.
And this the Regions where I meete with Fame,
To tame a Prince, I leape into the Flame,
Renowned Talbot doth expect my speed,
And with a Puissant and Victorious Deed.
Inferiour to no future Danger see,
And to Eternize me, or flye or die. *Exit.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot and*

*Tal.* Where is my other Life, mine owne is gone.
O where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *Iohn*?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
Young *Talbot's* Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiu'd me first, he call'd my name,
And with a speechless Action, comming
Rouz'd with the sight of me, his Eye-balls glar'd,
And bending forward strooke his armed Heele
Vpon the subiect Ground, and learn'd Reuenge
Of me, effecting more than humane Powre.
Then I my angry Genius flattering,
Threw in more compasse, and like a Sooth-sayer,
Dazzled with Eyes, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:
And in the vastie Field my Sword did drench
His Fauchion in the flood of their Bloods,
My Sword, that lucky Fortune in his pride.

*Enter with Iohn Talbot borne.*

*Seru.* O my deare Lord, lo where your Sonne is borne.
*Tal.* Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorne,
Anon, from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O thou whose wounds become hard-fauoured death,
Speake to thy Father ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whether he will or no.
Imagine him a French-man, and thy foe.
Poore boy, he weepes, and takes, as who should say,
Had Death been French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Soldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong *Iohn Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

*Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.*

*Char.* Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should haue found a bloody day of this.
*Bast.* How the young whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in French-mens blood.
*Puc.* Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
But with a proud Maiestical high scorne
He answer'd me: Young *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench.
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
*Bur.* Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhearsed in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.
*Puc.* Hew them to peeces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
*Char.* O no forbeare: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

*Enter Lucie.*

*Lu.* Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
*Char.* On what submissive message art thou sent?
*Lucy.* Submission Dolphin? 'tis a meere French word.
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast taken,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
*Char.* For prisoners aske'st thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
*Lucy.* But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successes,
Great Earle of *Washford, Waterford* and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vrchinfield*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere* Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnivall* of *Sumerled*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of *Saint George*,
Worthies of *Michael* and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
*Puc.* Heere's a silly stately stile indeede.
The Turke that two and fifty Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lies here at our feete.
*Lucy.* Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and their direfull Nemesis?
Then where is mine eye-balles to roule withall,
Lest beames of wrath shoot it not out from hence.
Old Salisbury shake his graue head to day,
Ere I haue ayde to bury the Realme of France
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.
*Puc.* I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit.
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
Lest they would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.
*Char.* Go take their bodyes hence.
*Lucy.* Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shall
be reard
A Phœnix that shall make all France affeard.
*Char.* So we be rid of them, do with em what ye will.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit*

## *Scena secunda.*

*SENNET*

*Enter King, Glocester, and Exeter.*

*King.* Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Armenack?
*Glo.* I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They come in person vnto your Excellence,
And craue a generall peace, or cessation,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
*King.* How doth your Grace affect their motion?
*Glo.* Well my good Lord, and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on every side.
*King.* I marry Vncle, for I alwayes thought
It vnaduisable, and vnnaturall,
To nourish any discord or diuision,
Specially betweene Christians.
But marry Vncle, what ambassadors
Are those, that craue a personall conference?
*Glo.* They are my Lord, Ambassadors from *Charles*,
Great Duke of Aniou, and the Countie Maine,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and plentifull Dowrie.
*King.* Marriage Vncle? Alas my yeares are young
And fitter is my studie, and my bookes,
Than warlike dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Ambassadors, and as you please,
So shall they haue the motion: euery one,
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

*Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.*

*Exet.* What, is my Lord of *Winchester* installed,
And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
*Henry* the fifth did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'le make his cappe coequall with the Crowne.
*King.* My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
Haue been consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.
*Glo.* And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have informed his Highnesse at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the value of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
*King.* In argument and proofe of which contract,
Beare her this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, where inshipt
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*
*Win.* Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For clothing me in these grave Ornaments.
*Legat.* I will attend upon your Lordships leysure.
*Win.* Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
*Humfrey* of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authority,
The Bishop will be overborne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt*

## *Scæna Tertia.*

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Lone.*

*Char.* These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turne again unto the warlike French.
*Alan.* Then goe in hast to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
*Pucel.* Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combate with their Palaces.
*Enter Scout.*
*Scout.* Successe unto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.
*Char.* What tydings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.
*Scout.* The English Army that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell presently.
*Char.* Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.
*Bur.* I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there?
Now he is gone my Lord, you need not feare.
*Pucel.* Of all base passions, feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine.
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
*Char.* Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
*Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.*

*Enter Ione de Pucell.*

*Puc.* The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spells and Periapts,
And ye choice Spirits that admonish me,
And give me signes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.
*Enter Fiends.*
This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
*They walke, and speake not.*
O hold me not with silence over long
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'le lop a member off and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit
So you do condescend to helpe me now.
*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suite.
*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule, my body, soule, and all,
Before that England give the French the foyle.
*They depart.*
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vaile her lofty-plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into England's lappe.
My ancient incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit*

*Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. Pucelle yeelds.*

*York.* Damsell of France, I think I have you fast,
Unchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devils grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Circe she would change my shape.
*Puc.* Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
*York.* Out, devilish Maid, how dar'st thou so contemne
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
*Puc.* A plaguing mischeife light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.
*York.* Fell banning Hagge, inchantresse hold thy tongue.
*Puc.* I prethee give me leave to curse awhile.
*York.* Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake.
*Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in a hand.*

*Suff.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
*Gazes on her.*
O fairest Beauty, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou say? that I may honor thee.
*Mar.* *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, whosoere thou art.
*Suff.* An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offended Nature miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'ne by me.
So doth the Swan her downie Signets save,

Oh stay

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this seruice vsage once offend,
Go, and be free againe as Suffolke's friend. *She is going*
O stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As plaies the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,
Twinkling another counterfeited beame,
So seemes this Merchant-like asking skill.
Fayne would I woo her, yet I dare not speake:
Ile call her Picture: Oh faire on me vnkinde:
Fye *De la Pole*, disable not thy sence,
Hath not a Table many names set downe
Of Barbarous Peeres as thou hast heere?
And canst thou be deceiu'd in a Womans sight?
Beautie hath Angels Maiesty about,
Conditions sheeter, and when shee list to frowne,
*Car.* Suffolke, what remedy,
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
For perswading, my power.
*Suf.* How canst thou woe her?
Beseech thee what's the matter my Lord?
*Reig.* Why faire Lord Suffolke, Henry woos Margaret.
*Suf.* Many faire Ladies haue I sworne to loue,
*Car.* What, haue you met her?
*Suf.* Euen by Proxie, am I not so?
The Earle of *Armenacke* knowes my meaning.
*Mar.* Your Highnesse sent me to discouer his drift.
*Suf.* And euen with like faith my Letter did.
*Mar.* But when you saw my beauty, I suppose
*Suf.* Yes Madam, I was then to blame to like.
Would Queene Margaret were called Queene of England.
*Mar.* Why should you wish for her before the rest?
*Suf.* Because no doubt a Queene would loue her Lord.
And peace established betweene these Realmes
But soft, here comes the King.
*Mar.* Forsooth, and Yorke, and Somerset, and Buckingham,
Dumaine, and the Lord Scales, and all the Nobles.
*Suf.* Will you not stay to be confirmed?
*Mar.* Henry, Duke of Yorke, I first salute you.
Humbly vpon my knee I beg your Graces
Madam, I am glad to see your Highnesse.
*Mar.* Why, Reignier, doth my Cousin deale with me?
And welcome faire Queene of England.
*Suf.* Let me embrace thee by the name of Queene.
*Mar.* Duke of Alanson, this is the King of France,
Alanson and Reignier compassing for you,
Buckler him from perill of the English.
*Suf.* Inough of this: the Duke of Orleance,
*Mar.* Yes, my good Lord, and thereby am I claim'd
Vnto my Father-in-law, Charles the Dolphin,
And may not any vnto that Title passe.
*Suf.* Then Reignier doth well to claime her Dowry,
Because the King of France is not able to pay it.
*Reig.* Yes, there is one, and I will see it paid,
*Suf.* Where is it man?
*Reig.* In Anjou and Maine.
*Suf.* Your Highnesse, memorable for gift,
Gaue bond of late vnto the King of France.
*Car.* What, haue you met her?
*Suf.* Before the King? Deliuer vp your Crowne.
Resigne to me, for I haue made them know it.
*Reig.* Is this the Fee, must I go keepe my France,
Am I become a Iester for a King?
*Suf.* Yea, leaue your braines, and keepe your selfe in minde,
Or else my Sword shall shorten them for you.
*Reig.* Lords, giue me leaue to speake but for my selfe,
*Suf.* Your Lordship doth obiect vnto vs all,
*Reig.* Why, then delay not my request, and so farewell,
*Suf.* Farewell my Lord, and Lord, I wish you well.
*Reig.* Vncle of Somerset, I will commend
*Car.* Vncle of Suffolke, I do not like their sudden loue.
*Reig.* Vncle of Buckingham, I take my leaue.
*Mar.* Vncle of Yorke, I thank you for your Oxen.
*Suf.* Now Margaret, see I haue graced thee,
*Mar.* Suffolke, I thank thee for the Regions gotten,
*Suf.* Then let the Earles be angry for my pains.
*Mar.* And grieue not I may say with the rest,
*Suf.* Why not with me, faire Lady?
*Mar.* Why not with me, faire Lord?
*Suf.* Then for my selfe, I say I am not sorry.
*Mar.* Why not for all the Land?
*Suf.* Yes, for that I am sorry.
*Mar.* Yet heauen forbid.
*Suf.* Yet heauen forbid.
*Mar.* Why then I will not say.
*Suf.* Yet I will say.
*Mar.* Why then I will not say.
*Suf.* Yet I will say.
*Mar.* Why then I will not say.
*Suf.* Haue done.
*Mar.* I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
*Suf.* No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content?
*Mar.* And if my Father please, I am content.
*Suf.* Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
We'll craue a parley, to conferre with him.
*Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walles.*
See Reignier see, thy daughter prisoner.
*Reig.* To whom?
*Suf.* To me
*Reig.* Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.
*Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honour giue consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with payne haue wooed and won thereto:
And this her easie-held imprisonment,
Hath gayned thy daughter Princely liberty.
*Reig.* Speake Suffolke, dost thou like this?
*Suf.* Fayre *Margaret* knowes
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face or faine
*Reig.* Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To giue my answer, and thy will enuoy
*Suf.* And this is answer worthy thy confessing.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.*

*Reig.* Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in Anjou what your Honour pleases.
*Suf.* Thankes Reignier happy for so sweet a Child,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
*Reig.* Since you are dutifull to your louing Father,
Yet haue no more but can befit your fortune,
Vnderstand, braue Earle of Suffolke,
In Anjou and my Earldome Maine and Anion,
Poore is the Reuenue, barren is the Soyle,
More full of Theeues, disorder, but of people,
Not able to maintaine the port we beare:
And so am come to leaue that Countrey and that People,
Vnto a mightier Soueraigne than my selfe,
Our Princely Lord King Henry.
*Suf.* Reignier, is this thy resolution?
Then Madam, look for no lesse Entertainment
Than doth befit the Bride of such a Lord:
Next vnder God, we sit high in his Grace,
Whose Hand is large and spacious in Desires,
And his Affection towards you so great,
That we doubt not of the full obtaining
Of your request, in Marriage vnto his Grace.
Therefore in all our Lord the King his Name,
Accept of these Demaunds which we propound.
*Reig.* I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King Henry were he heere.
*Mar.* Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise & prayers,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of Margaret. *She is going*
*Suf.* Farewell sweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?
*Mar.* Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant say to him.
*Suf.* Words sweetly placed, and modestie directed,

But

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maiestie?
*Mar.* Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King.
*Suf.* And this withall *Kisseher.*
*Mar.* That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peeuish tokens to a King.
*Suf.* Oh wert thou for my selfe! but *Suffolke* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and ugly Treasons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad natural Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayest bereaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

*Enter Yorke, with Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.*
*Yor.* Bring forth that Sorceresse condemned to burne.
*Shep.* Ah *Ione*, this kills thy Fathers heart outright,
Haue I sought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death
Ah *Ione* sweet daughter *Ione*, I could haue ruth
*Pucel.* Decrepit Miser! base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood,
Thou art no Father, nor no friend of mine.
*Shep.* Out, out. My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the world can witnesse:
Her Mother liues yet, can testifie
She was the first that ere I was a Batchelor.
*War.* Graceless, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
*Yorke.* This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and to deface report
*Shep.* Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be so obstacle
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare
Deny me not, prymer, gentle *Ione*
*Pucell.* Peasant auant! You haue suborn'd this man
Of purpose to obscure my Noble birth.
*Shep.* 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her Mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Girle.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I feare the Miseries
That mother gaue thee when thou hast'ring wombe,
Hath brought forth to disgrace thy Parentage.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a field,
I wish some ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
*Yorke.* Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
*Pucell.* First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To worke exceeding miracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltie bloud of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
No misconceiued, *Ione of Arc* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
*Yorke.* Ay, away with her to execution.
*War.* And harke ye sirs; because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow
Place barrells of pitch vpon the fatall stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.
*Pucell.* Will nothing came your vnrelenting hearts?
Then *Ione* discouer thine infamy,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with child ye bloody Homicides
Murther not then the fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
*Yor.* Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
*War.* The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought,
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
*Yorke.* She and the Dolphin are a bringing vp,
I doubt me: see what woman-kind can do.
*War.* Will go to worke in this case no Bastards liue,
For feare of after *Charles* will attempt
*Pucell.* You are deceiued, my child is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that enioy'd my loue
*Yorke.* *Alanson* that notorious Machiuile?
It dies, and if it had a thousand liues.
*Pucell.* Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther Charles nor yet the Duke I named,
But Reignier King of *Naples* that preuayl'd
*War.* A married man, that's most intolerable.
*Yor.* Why here's a Girle: I think she knowes not well
(There were so many whom she may accuse)
*War.* It's sign she hath been liberall and free
*Yor.* Ay, and yet is not she a Harlot too.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vse no more treason, for thy selfe nor thine
*Pu.* Then this for me, I here pronounce my curse
Vpon the Progeny of this faire Troope.
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Country where you make abode:
But darkenesse and the gloomy Shade of death
Inuiron you, till Mischiefe and Dispaire,
Driue you to breake your necks, or hang your selues *Exit*
*Enter Cardinall.*
*Yorke.* Breake thy neck,
I wish thy soule were mounted with the rest.
*Car.* Lord Regent, I coniecture your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mou'd with remorse of these outrageous broyles,
Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aspiring French;
And here at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.
*Yorke.* Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,
And sold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foretell with greefe
The vtter losse of all the Realme of France.
*War.* Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It shal be with such strict and seuere Couenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby

*Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.*

*Char.* Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be
*Yorke.* Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poysoned voyce,
By sudden qualms of bateful enuie:
*Winch.* Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus.
That in regard King *Henry* giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and lenity,
To ease your Country of distressful Warre,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enioy thy Regall dignity.
*Alan.* Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance, and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This, proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.
*Char.* 'Tis known already that I am possest
With more than halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, I'le rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be cast from possibility of all
*Yorke.* Insulting Charles, hast thou by secret meanes
Vsed intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison
Either accept the Title thou vsurpest,
Or else this strife will grow to bloody warres,
And not a graine of any share we yeeld,
Or we will plant the Title with a sword.
*Reig.* My Lord, you do not well obserue this cause,
To call vniust and partiall Controuersie
Vnto the sword, seemes to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.
*Alan.* To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are daily seene
By our proceeding in hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it when your pleasure serues.
*War.* How sayst thou Charles?
Shall our Condition stand?
*Char.* It shall
Only reserued you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.
*Yor.* Then sweare Allegeance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Gloucester, and Exeter.*

*King.* Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigor of tempestuous gustes
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue
*Suf.* Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chiefe perfections of that louely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit
And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full repleate with choice of all delights,
But with as humble semblance of mind,
She is content to beare your Command,
Command I meane, of Virtuous chaste intents,
To Loue and honour *Henry* as her Lord.
*King.* And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector giue consent,
That *Margaret* may be England's Royall Queene
*Glo.* So should I giue consent to flatter sinne.
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroathed
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?
*Suf.* As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at Incounter hath recanted
To saue his life, or else to slay his foe
By treason, or hospitable murthers:
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
*Glo.* Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more than that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.
*Suf.* Yes my Lord, her Father is a King.
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authority in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.
*Glo.* And so the Earle of Armenacke may doe,
Because he is neere kinsman vnto *Charles*
*Exet.* Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberall dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receyue, than giue.
*Suf.* A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
*Henry* is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich?
So worthlesse Peazants bargaine for their Wiues,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

Muſt be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
Moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth vs,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forced but a Hell,
An Age of diſcord and continuall ſtrife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliſſe,
And is a patterne of Celeſtiall peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King
Her peereleſſe feature, joyned with her birth,
Approues her fit for none, but for a King
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted ſpirit,
(More then in women commonly is ſeene)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King.
For *Henry*, ſonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolue,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queene, and none but ſhee.

*King.* Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feele ſuch ſharpe diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am ſicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping, poſte my Lord to France,
Agree to any couenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſſe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I ſay, for till you do returne,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Vncle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſodaine execution of my will
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and runminate my greefe. *Exit.*

*Glo.* Ascends I feare me, both at firſt and laſt.
*Exit Glocester.*

*Suf.* Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But prosper better than the Troian did:
*Margaret* ſhall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.

# The second Part of Henry the Sixt,
## with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

### *Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*

*Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.*

*Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke and Beaufort on the one side.*
*The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.*

*Suffolke.*
As by your high imperiall Maiesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Tovres*,
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicill*
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, and *Alanson*,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent.
The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,
The fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd.
*King.* Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene *Margaret*,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue
Then this kinde kisse. O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankefulnesse
For thou hast giuen me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Sympathizing Loue vnite our thoughts.
*Queene.* Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine *Alderliest* Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affoords,
And ouer-ioy'd with couetous desire
*King.* Heere ends my second, neither gracious Speech,
But greedily doe stay the answere to it,
Make me (com Wooing Lord) to Weeping Ioyes,
Sith I am sure my griefe can haue no end.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.
*All.* Long liue Queene *Margaret*, Englands happines.
*Queene.* We thanke you all. *Florish*

*Suf.* My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles*,
For fourteene moneths concluded by consent.
*Gloc.* Reads. *Imprimis*, *It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Ambassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret daughter vnto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*
*Item*, *That the Duchy of Anion, and the County of Maine, shall be released and deliuered to the King her Father.*
*King.* Vncle, how now?
*Glo.* Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.
*King.* Vncle of Winchester, I pray read on.
*Win.* Item, *It is further agreed betweene them That the Dutchies of Anion and Maine shall be resigned ouer to the King her Father, and she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any Dowry.*
*King.* They please vs well. Lord Marquesse kneele downe.
We heere create thee first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cousin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expir'd. Thankes Vncle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisburie and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.
*Exeunt King, Queene, and Suffolke.*

*Manet the rest.*
*Glo.* Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* must I vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coyne, and people in the warres?
Did he so often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
Haue you your selues, *Somerset Buckingham*,
Braue *Yorke*, *Salsbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
Receiued deepe scarres in France and Normandie?
Or hath mine Vncle *Beauford*, and my selfe,
With all the learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, sate in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in seuen yeares space
Crowned his Royall stile with glorious gift of foes,
And shall these labours, and these honours die?
Shall *Henries* Conquest, Bedfords vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell die?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory
Razing the Characters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer been.
*Car.* Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse
This prophesie against the Duke of Suffolke,
This imputation of his late intent
For *France*, to worke with Warwicke from the place
*Glo.* Vncle, we will keepe it well.
*Car.* Who knowes it?
But now it stands him well to keepe it so.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giuen the Duke of *Anion* Maine,
Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whose large stile
Agrees not with the leanenesse of his purse.
*Sal.* Now by the death of Him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the keyes of *Normandie*.
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne?
*War.* For greefe that they are past recouerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sworne should shew how well I can fight,
And not the Cowards that lye whining here.
*Anion* and *Maine*? My selfe haue writ them embers
Vnto the Prouinces, gaue Armes to some and conquer,
And to the Coasts that lye with Seas enuirond,
Deliuer'd vp againe with peaceful words?
*Mort Dieu.*
*Yorke.* For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlicke Isle:
France should haue torne and rent my very heart,
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
I neuer read but Princes Kings haue had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King *Henry* gaues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
*Hum.* A proper iest, and neuer heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should haue staid in France, and starued in France
Before——
*Car.* My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.
*Hum.* My Lord of Winchester, I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*
*Car.* So, there goes our Protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King.
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne.
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
Clapping their chaps, and crying with one voyce,
Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence
With God preserue the good Duke *Humfrey*.
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloze,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.
*Buc.* Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.
Cousin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
We'll quickly hoise Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.
*Car.* This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.*
*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
And greatnesse of his place be greeue vs,
Yet retire we the rather for the present.
Me thinkes the power of his Gallantry
Is little, specially the Cardinall,
If Gloster be displac't, he'll be Protector.
*Buc.* Or Somerset, or I, or he will be,
You know his minde, and therefore looke to it.
*Som.* Or he, or I, or Somerset will be Protector,
Despite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall. *Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*
*Sal.* Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labour for the Realme.
I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall,
More like a Souldier, then a man o'th Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainedealing, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee feared and honour'd of the people.
Ioyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppresse
The pride of Suffolke and the Cardinall,
With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.
*War.* So God helpe Warwicke as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Country.
*Yor.* And so saies Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause.
*Salsbury.* Then let's make hast away,
And looke vnto the maine.
*Warwicke.* Vnto the maine?
O Father, *Maine* is lost,
That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, so long as breath did last.

Ma[illegible]ne'r ce fatner vou meant, but I meane *Maine*,
A[illegible]n I was from thence, or ere be ſtaine.
*Exeter. Orleance and Southfolke. Marq. Yorke*
*true. Anou*[illegible]
*Par*[illegible]*t, the ſtate of Normandie*
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

That shall make answere to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.
*Queene.* It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Questions
When from Saint *Albones* we do make returne,
We'le see these things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward; make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weighty cause.
*Exit Eleanor.*
*Hume.* *Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shall. But how now, Sir *Iohn Hume*
Sale vp your Lady, we must post to Saint Alls,
The business asketh silent secrecie.
Dame *Eleanor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill.
Yet have I Gold flies from another Coast,
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new made Duke of Suffolke,
Yet I do finde it so: for to be plaine,
(To them that feare it) Crookebacke Dukes *Humfrey*,
I know their eye doth homage other-where,
Or else my Sheeld was falsely painted on,
Let them aspire, they loose their high disdaine,
For sitting high, do'st wisely long to stand,
*Humes* Knowledge is but faire, if not aduanc'd,
And her Ascanter may be worne as well,
Sort well my Fortune, Dame Gold for me. *Exit.*

*Enter three or foure Petitioners, Peter the Armorers Man being one.*

1 *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Iesu bless him.

*Enter Suffolke and Queene.*

*Peter.* Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back fool, this is the Duke of Suffolke and not my Lord Protector.

*Suff.* How now fellow, would any speak with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

*Queene.* To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is and please your Grace, against *Iohn Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House, and Lands and Wife and all, from me.

*Suff.* Thy Wife too? that is some Wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here? Against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melford. How now, Sir knaue?

2 *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneship.

*Peter.* Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

*Queene.* What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, he was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

*Peter.* That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Vsurper.

*Suff.* Who is there?

*Enter Seruant.*

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purseuant presently: we'll heare more of your matter before the King.

*Exit.*

*Queene.* And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.
*Teares the Supplication.*
Away base Cullions: Suffolke let them goe.

1 *Pet.* Come, let's are vndone. *Exit.*

*Queene.* My Lord of Suffolke, say is this the guise?
Is this the fashions of the Court of England?
Is this the Gouernment of Britaine Ile
And you (my Lord) Protector of the same?
Have I not been the pleasant *Albone* Queene,
When as the King *Henry* the Prudent,
Vouchsafed to come to me whether I would,
And I a Queene, and liued as a Queene?
Then all my Seruants were aspiring Lords,
Then all the Court obey'd my Lookes,
And all the World did shake at my Frowne.
Then was I serued like a Queene indeed,
Not like a Dutchesse: O 'tis hard to speake,
Remembring my sweet Honour's ouerthrow,
When I was Feared as the Dreadfull Warre,
Am scarce beleeued to be a Woman now,
As one vnworthy all the former State,
I freeze for Feare, and hope for all but Woe,
Ah cruell Death! how thou lou'st to play,
That dost prolong the Sorrowes of Mankinde?
You Duke of Suffolke, and my Lord Protector,
Know I do come in Person to you both,
Vouchsafe to giue me gentle audience,
And plead my Passions in the milde aspect
Of your Propitious Eyes, while I complaine
Of those iniurious Wrongs I haue receiued.
And first, my Lord Protector, welcome you
Are like to be the Foster-Nurse of Griefe:
For I am bolted with Complaints euen here,
Complaints that touch your Honour neerely.
You know your Office in the Regiment,
You know the Vertues of the Woman too,
Whose Life is slander, and whose Honour Ruine,
Are set before the Commons of the Land.
Your Wife, Sir Law, from her Graces Pitch,
Is mounted to the Cope of Princely State:
And in the Morning early shall my Lord
Walke on the Staires of Alablaster Hall,
Your Lady next vnto the Princely Queene:
Anon Ile giue this Cloake vnto the Queene,
And Madame, by and by, this Troope to me:
Sometime my Lord will fortune his Foote to slip,
Mine Enemies forsooth, and my Sworne Friends,
Make Holy-day to see our Ouerthrow.
Why do I speake of that which I do feare?
Better I were depriued of Speech and Sight,
Than haue cause to vse the one or the other:
In your Dominions Princely Regiment,
Happy this Land, if not vnder your Gouernment.
First, for my Person, though I be the Queene,
And Consort to the King anointed Lord,
This Land admits not one Prerogatiue
More than the Subiect of the poorest Name.
Last Morning early came the Duke of Yorke,
And with a troupe of Lords and Ladies,
More like a Seruant than a Prince of Blood,
Sues to the Groomes of the Chamber to be first
Admitted to the Presence of the King.
But I, base Dame, preuail not, I am not Queene,
Not halfe so much as any Subiect Maid
That hath the Grace of Fauour with the King.
Now, Duke of Suffolke, and Lord Protector,
Vouchsafe to teach the Duke of Yorke his Duty,
And Sawcie Seruants their Attendance to,
Or know, my Lord Protector, how to serue me,
Lest, if you passe me not the Reuerence
Due to my Place and Person, I proceed
To put the Statutes in Execution
Against the Transgressors in each Degree
Of Grace and Duty, now I do command.
You Madame Lawyer, thus then I begin,
Vncouer, Dogges, and lay your Duties downe.
*Suff.* Madame, my Queene, your louing Vnckle beares
Sealed in his Heart, Obedience to your Grace:
I know the Office that I haue to beare,
I am not ignorant of Supreme Command,
Nor how to claime Subiection to the Crowne:
And therefore am I bold and resolute.
*Queene.* Why now is Seale'd the Statute of the Queene,
And Dutchesse of Glocester in this Land:
Ah Pitty-pleasing Shadow of Duke *Humfrey*!
Now shall I see my Hawking in the Parke,
When as the Walke is full with Troopes of Horse?
Or pace along with Iades a thousand Mile?
Or passe from thence to Fetter Lane in Barges,
And heare the Seruile Cockneys bow and cringe,
With Early Tenants to the Shrieue of Middlesex?
Now thus it shall become high-minded Dames,
That beare the Port of Princes in their Lookes.
For my part, it were better to be eyed
Of Babions, than of such Groomes as they.
*Suff.* Madame, your Highnesse may depart when you please.
Your Hawking Humour I dare neuer crosse.
For I am bold to counsell you in more,
Although we like not much of your Company.

As

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So one by one we'le weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

*Sound a Sonnet*

*Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall Buckingham, Yorke Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Duchesse.*

*King.* For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerset*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
*Yorke.* If *Yorke* have ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ship.
*Som.* If *Somerset* be vnworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
*Warw.* Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that *Yorke* is the worthier.
*Card.* Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters speake.
*Warw.* The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
*Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters *Warwicke*.
*Warw.* *Warwicke* may liue to be the best of all.
*Salisb.* Peace Sonne, and show some reason Buckingham
Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this?
*Queene.* Because the King, forsooth, will haue it so.
*Humf.* Madame, the King is old enough himself
To giue his Censure. These are no Women matters.
*Queene.* If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
*Humf.* Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.
*Suff.* Resigne it then, and leane vnto his Highnesse.
Sith thou wert King, as who is King but thou?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bondmen to the Sword of France.
*Card.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted them,
Art lame and leane with thine Exactions.
*Som.* Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre
Haue cost a masse of publique Treasure.
*Buck.* Thy cruell Iniury vpon
Vpon the Inhabitors hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
*Queene.* Thou ledst the Citizes and Towres in France,
If they were known as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
*Exit Humfrey.*
Giue me my Fanne: what, Minion, can ye not?
*She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.*
I cry you mercy, Madame was it you?
*Duch.* Was't I? yea, I it was proud French-woman
Could I come neere your Beauties with my Nayles,
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.
*King.* Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.
*Duch.* Against her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'le hamper thee and dandle thee like a Baby
Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Eleanor* vnreueng'd.
*Exit Eleanor.*
*Buck.* Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Eleanor*,
And watch *Humfrey*, how he proceedes.
She's tickle, 'ere she ouer-thow her Fome needs no spurres,
She'le gallop fast enough to her destruction
*Exit Buckingham.*

*Enter Humfrey.*

*Humf.* Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your spitefull false Obiections,
Proue them, and I liue open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in duty loue my King and Country.
But to the matter that we haue in hand.
I say, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
*Suff.* Before we make election, giue me leaue
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is most vnmeet of any man.
*Yorke.* Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride.
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, and Furniture,
Till France be won into the Dolphins hands.
Last time I dane't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.
*Warw.* That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.
*Suff.* Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.
*Warw.* Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

*Enter Armorer and his Man.*

*Suff.* Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.
*Yorke.* Doth any one accuse *Yorke* for a Traytor?
*King.* What mean'st thou *Suffolke*? tell me, what are these?
*Suff.* Please it your Maiestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason,
His words were these: That Richard Duke of Yorke,
Was rightful Heire vnto the English Crowne,
And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.
*King.* Say man, were these thy words?
*Armorer.* And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said nor thought any such matter. God is my witnesse, I am falsely accused by the Villaine.
*Peter.* By these ten bones, my Lords, he did speake them to me in the Garret one Night, as we were scowring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
*Yorke.* Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:
I do beseech your Royall Maiestie,
Let him haue all the extremest of the Law.
*Armorer.* Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the words. my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witnesse of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.
*King.* Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?
*Humf.* This doome, my Lord if I may iudge:
Let *Somerset* be Regent o're the French,
Because in *Yorke* this breedes suspition;
And let these haue a day appointed them
For single Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

*Som.* I

*Som.* I humbly thanke your Royall Maieſtie.
*Armorer.* And I accept the Combat willingly.
*Peter.* Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods ſake pitty my caſe: the ſpight of man prevayleth againſt me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I ſhall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.
*Hume.* Sirtha, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.
*King.* Away with them to Priſon: and the day of Combat, ſhall be the laſt of the next moneth. Come *Somerſet*, wee'le ſee thee ſafe away.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.*

*Hume.* Come maſters, the Dutcheſſe I tell you expects performance of your promiſes.
*Bulling.* Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore prouided: will her Ladyſhip behold and heare our Exorciſmes?
*Hume.* I, what elſe? feare you not her courage.
*Bulling.* I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an inuincible ſpirit: but it ſhall be conſented, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her a-lofte, while wee coniure below, and after, I pray you goe in Gods Name and leaue vs.
*Exit Hume.*
Mother *Iordan*, be you proſtrate, and grouell on the earth; *Iohn Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.

*Enter Eleanor aboue.*

*Elean.* Well ſaid my Maſters, and welcome all. To this geere the ſooner the better.
*Iordan.* Patience good Lady, Wizards know their times. Deepe Night, darke Night, the ſilent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was ſet on fire, The time wherein Sheeche-owles crye, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghoſts breake vp their Graues; That time beſt fits the worke we haue in hand. Madame, are you, no more to ſay, but ſo, Accept we thanke you: when we haue done, Wee will maske all within a hallow'd Verge.

*Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or the Southwell reader, Coniuring, &c. It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit ariſeth.*

*Spirit.* *Adeſum.*
*Witch.* *Aſmath*, by the eternall God,
Whoſe name and power thou trembleſt at,
Anſwere that I ſhall aske: for till thou ſpeake,
Thou ſhalt not paſſe from hence.
*Spirit.* Aske what thou wilt; that I had ſayd, and done.
*Bulling.* First of the King: What ſhall of him become?
*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe
But him ſelfe liue and dye a violent death.
*Bulling.* What tides awaite the Duke of Suffolke?
*Spirit.* By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.
*Bulling.* What ſhall befall the Duke of Somerſet?
*Spirit.* Let him ſhun Caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.
*Bulling.* Deſcend to Darkneſſe, and the burning Lake:
False Fiend auoide.
*Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.*

*Yorke.* Lay hands vpon theſe Traytors, and their traſh.
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an inch.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale
Are deepely indebted for this peece of paines,
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.
*Eleanor.* Not halfe ſo bad as thine to Englands King,
Iniurious Duke, that threateſt where's no cauſe.
*Buck.* True Madame none at all: what can you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt vp cloſe,
And kept aſunder: you Madame ſhall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.
Wee'le ſee your Trinkets here all forth-coming.
All away. *Exit.*
*Yorke.* Lord *Buckingham* me thinks you watcht her well:
A pretty Plot, well choſen to build vpon.
Now pray my Lord, let's ſee the Deuils Writ.
What haue we here? *Reades*
*The Duke yet liues that Henry ſhall depoſe*
*But him ſelfe liue and dye a violent death.*
Why this is euen *Aio te Æacida Romanos vincere poſſe.*
Well to the reſt.
Tell me what ſaid the Duke of Suffolke?
*By Water ſhall he dye and take his end.*
What ſhall betide the Duke of Somerſet?
*Let him ſhunne Caſtles,*
*Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines,*
*Then where Caſtle mounted ſtand.*
Come, come, my Lords,
Theſe Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly vnderſtood.
The King is now in progreſſe towards Saint *Albons*,
With him, the Husband of this lowſie Lady.
Thither goes theſe Newes,
As faſt as Horſe can carry them:
A ſorry Breakfaſt for my Lord Protector.
*Buck.* Your Grace ſhall giue me leaue, my Lord of York,
To be the Poſte, in hope of his reward.
*Yorke.* At your pleaſure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, hoe?
*Enter a Seruingman.*
Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To ſup with me to morrow Night. Away.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Falconers hallowing.*

*Queene.* Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeuen yeeres day.
Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,
And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.
*King.* But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pytch ſhe flew aboue the reſt:
To ſee how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.
*Suff.* No marueile, and it like your Maieſtie.
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre ſo well,
They know their Maſter loues to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch.
*Glost.* My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can ſoare.

*Card.*

*Card.* I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Clouds.

*Glost.* I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

*King.* The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy.

*Card.* Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That smooth'st it so with King and Common weale.

*Glost.* What, Cardinall?
Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?
*Tantæne animis Cœlestibus iræ*, Churchmen so hot?
Good Vncle hide such malice:
With such Holinesse can you doe it?

*Suff.* No man thinkes him any more than well becomes
So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

*Glost.* As who my Lord?

*Suff.* Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship?

*Glost.* Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.

*Queene.* And thy Ambition, *Glofter*.

*King.* I prythee peace, good Queene,
And whet not on these furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

*Card.* Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my Sword.

*Glost.* Faith holy Vncle, would't were come to that.

*Card.* Marry, when thou dar'st.

*Glost.* Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine owne person answere thy abuse.

*Card.* I, where thou dar'st not peepe:
And if thou dar'st, this Euening,
On the East side of the Groue.

*King.* How now, my Lords?

*Card.* Beleeue me, Cousin *Gloster*,
Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport.
Come with thy two-hand Sword.

*Glost.* True Vncle, are ye aduis'd?
The East side of the Groue.
Cardinall, I am with you.

*King.* Why how now, Vncle *Gloster*?

*Glost.* Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.
Now by Gods Mother, I rieft,
Ile shaue your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence shall fayle.

*Card.* *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect your selfe.

*King.* The Winds grow high,
So doe your Stomacks, Lords.
How irksome is this Musick to my heart?
When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?
I pray my Lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter one crying a Miracle.*

*Glost.* What meanes this noyse?
Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

*One.* A Miracle, a Miracle.

*Suffolke.* Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

*One.* Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,
A man that ne're saw in his life before.

*King.* Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules
Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.*

*Card.* Here comes the Townesmen, on Procession,
To present your Highnesse with the man.

*King.* Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.

*Glost.* Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,
His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

*King.* Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?

*Simp.* Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

*Wife.* Indeede was he.

*Suff.* What Woman is this?

*Wife.* His Wife, and't like your Worship.

*Glost.* Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st haue better told.

*King.* Where wert thou borne?

*Simp.* At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

*King.* Poore Soule,
Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:
Let neuer Day nor Night vnhallowed passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Queene.* Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,
To this holy Shrine?

*Simp.* God knowes of pure Deuotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon*.
Who said; *Simon*, come, come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.

*Wife.* Most true, forsooth:
And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,
To call him so.

*Card.* What, art thou lame?

*Simp.* I, God Almighty helpe me.

*Suff.* How cam'st thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a Tree.

*Wife.* A Plum-tree, Master.

*Glost.* How long hast thou beene blinde?

*Simp.* O borne so, Master.

*Glost.* What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

*Simp.* But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

*Wife.* Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

*Glost.* 'Masse, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st venture so.

*Simp.* Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.

*Glost.* A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:
Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

*Simp.* Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albones*.

*Glost.* Say'st thou me so? what Colour is this Cloake of?

*Simp.* Red Master, Red as Blood.

*Glost.* Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gowne of?

*Simp.* Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

*King.* Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is of?

*Suff.* And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

*Glost.* But

*Glost.* But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

*Wife.* Neuer before this day, in all his life.

*Glost.* Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

*Simpc.* Alas Master, I know not.

*Glost.* What's his Name?

*Simpc.* I know not.

*Glost.* Nor his?

*Simpc* No indeede, Master.

*Glost.* What's thine owne Name?

*Simpc. Saunder Simpcox*, and if it please you, Master.

*Glost.* Then *Saunder*, sit there,
The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may distinguish of Colours:
But how did'st thou nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords, Saint *Albons* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

*Simpc.* O Master, that you could?

*Glost.* My Masters of Saint *Albones*,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippes?

*Maior.* Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

*Glost.* Then send for one presently.

*Maior.* Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.
*Exit.*

*Glost.* Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whipping leape me ouer this Stoole and runne away.

*Simpc* Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

*Enter a Beadle with a Whippe.*

*Glost.* Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same Stoole.

*Beadle.* I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet quickly.

*Simpc.* Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

*After the Beadle hath hit him once ouer, he leapes ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.*

*King.* O God, seest thou this, and beare so long?

*Queene.* It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

*Glost* Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

*Wife.* Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

*Glost.* Let them be whipt through euery Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
*Exit.*

*Card* Duke *Humfrey* has done a Miracle to day.

*Suff.* True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

*Glost* But you haue done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

*Enter Buckingham.*

*King.* What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham?*

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold.
A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie
Of Lady *Eleanor*, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue practis'd dangerously against your State.
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
Raysing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Priuie Councell,
As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.

*Card.* And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

*Glost* Ambitious Churchman leaue to afflict my heart
Sorrow and griefe haue vanquisht all my powers;
And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.

*King.* O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

*Queene. Glester*, see here the Infancie of my Neece,
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.

*Glost* Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I do appeale,
How I haue lou'd my King, and Commonweale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard
Noble shee is: but if shee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Glosters* honest Name.

*King.* Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse thoroughly,
And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;
And poyse the Cause in Iustice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sure, whose right-hand Cause preuailes.
*Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

*Yorke.* Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,
In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
In crauing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

*Sals.* My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

*War.* Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy Clayme be good,
The Neuils are thy Subiects to command.

*Yorke.* Then thus:
*Edward* the third, my Lords, had seuen Sonnes:
The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, *William* of Hatfield, and the third,
*Lionel* Duke of Clarence: next to whom,
Was *Iohn* of Gaunt the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift was *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke;
The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstock, Duke of Glester,
*William* of Windsor was the seuenth and last.
*Edward* the Black-Prince died before his Father,
And left behinde him *Richard*, his only Sonne,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke* Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,

And

And hem to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmelesse *Richard* was murthered traiterously.
*Warw.* Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crowne.
*Yorke.* Which now they hold by force, and not by right.
For *Richard*, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.
*Salisb.* But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.
*Yorke.* The third Sonne Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I claime the Crowne
Had Issue *Phillippe*, a Daughter,
Who married *Edmund Mortimer*, Earle of March.
*Edmund* had Issue *Roger*, Earle of March;
*Roger* had Issue, *Edmund*, *Anne* and *Eleanor*.
*Salisb.* Tut! *Edmund* the first Borne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I have read, layd claime vnto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But to the rest.
*Yorke.* His eldest Sister, *Anne*
My Mother, being heire vnto the Crowne,
Married *Richard* Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmund Langley*,
*Edward* the third his fifth Sonne.
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmund Mortimer*,
Who married (*Phillip*, sole Daughter)
Vnto *Edmund* Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
*Warw.* What plaine proceedings is more plaine than this?
*Henry* doth claime the Crowne from *John* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claimes it from the third.
Till *Lionels* Issue fayles, his should not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire Slippes of the same Stock.
Therefore (Valiant Lords) see you to day,
And in this priuate Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his birth-right to the Crowne.
*Both.* Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Englands King.
*Yorke.* We thank you Lords.
But I am not your King, till I be Crowned,
And that my Sword be stayned
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be performed,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.
Do you as I do in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At *Beauforts* Pride, at *Somerset* Ambition,
At *Buckingham* and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they seeke, and they in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophesie.
*Salisb.* My Lord, breake we off, we know your minde
at full.
*Warw.* My heart assures me, but the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.
*Yorke.* And *Neuils*, this I doe assure my selfe,
*Richard* shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.
*Exeunt*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.*

*King.* Stand forth Dame *Eleanor Cobham*,
*Gloster's* Wife.
In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You four from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution.
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Depriued of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Country here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanley*, in the Ile of Man.
*Elean.* Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.
*Glost.* Eleanor, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie, giue me leaue to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine Age would ease.
*King.* Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster,
Ere thou go, giue vp thy Staffe,
*Henry* will to himselfe protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete.
And go in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse beloued,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.
*Queene.* I see no reason why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child.
God and King *Henry* gouerne England's Peace:
Giue vp your Staffe Sir, and the King his Realme.
*Glost.* My Staffe? here, Noble *Henry*, is my staffe:
As willingly, do I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine,
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable Peace attend thy Throne.
*Exit Gloster.*
*Queene.* Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a maime: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banish'd, and a limbe lopt off.
This staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand.
*Suff.* Thus droopes this lofty Pine, & hangs his sprayes,
Thus *Eleanors* Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.
*Yorke.* Lords, at this gap. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.
*Queene.* I good my Lord, for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell tryde.
*King.* A Gods Name see the Lyets and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
*Yorke.* I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

*Enter*

*Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.*

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe well enough.

2 *Neighb.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. *Neighbor* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor, drinke, and feare not your Man.

*Armorer.* Let it come yfaith, and I'le pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*

1. *Prent.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Prent.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices

*Peter.* I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I giue thee my Apron; and *Will*, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee hath learnt so much fence already.

*Salub.* Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

*Peter.* *Peter* forsooth.

*Salub.* *Peter*! what more?

*Peter.* *Thumpe.*

*Salub.* *Thumpe*! Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.

*Armorer.* Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a downe-right blow.

*Yorke.* Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

*They fight and Peter strikes him downe.*

*Armorer.* Hold *Peter*, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.

*Yorke.* Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

*Peter.* O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this presence? O *Peter*, thou hast preuayl'd in right.

*King.* Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt, And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

*Sound a flourish.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.*

*Glost.* Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud: And after Summer, euermore succeedes Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet. Sirs, what's a Clock?

*Serv.* Tenne, my Lord.

*Glost.* Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse: Vneath may shee endure the flintie Streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Mind abrooke The abiect People, gazing on thy face, With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles, When thou didst ride in triumph through the Streets. But soft, I thinke she comes, and I'le prepare My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries

*Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriffe and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your Grace, we'le take her from the Sheriffe.

*Gloster.* No, sirre not for your liues, let her passe by.

*Eleanor.* Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah *Gloster*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes, And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame, And ban thine Enemies, both thine and mine

*Glost.* Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this griefe.

*Eleanor.* Ah *Glosster*, teach me to forget my selfe: For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince Protector of this Land, Me thinkes I should not thus be led along, Mayl'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back, And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce To see my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes. The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I start the enuious people laugh, And bid me be aduised how I treade Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this shamefull yoake? Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World, Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne? No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell Sometime Ile say, I am Duke *Humfreyes* Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was, As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse, Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock To euery idle Rascall follower. But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame, Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will. For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all, And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest, Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings, And fly thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee. But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd, Nor neuer seeke preuention of thy foes.

*Glost.* Ah *Nell* forbeare: thou aymest all awry. I must offend, before I be attainted: And had I twentie times so many foes, And each of them had twentie times their power, All these could not procure me any scathe, So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse. Would'st haue me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell*.
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I Summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next Moneth.
*Glost.* And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is to dealing. Well, I will be there.
My Noble Lord Cardinall, and Master Secretary,
Know the Office and Commission
*Sf.* And please your Grace here my Commission stayes
And Sir *Iohn Stanley* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
*Glost.* Must you, Sir *Iohn* protect my Lady here?
*Stanly.* So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.
*Glost.* Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You vse her well. The World may laugh againe,
And I may live to doe you kindnesse, if you deserve it.
And so Sir *Iohn* farewell.
*Eleanor.* What, goes my Lord, and bid me not farewell?
*Glost.* Witnesse my teares. I cannot stay to speake.

*Exit Glocester.*

*Eleanor.* Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my Joy is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue been affeard,
Because I wish'd this World were eternall.
*Stanley*, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whether, for I beg no fauour;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.
*Stanley.* Why, Madame, that is to the Isle of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.
*Eleanor.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?
*Stanley.* Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humfreys* Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd.
*Eleanor.* Sheriffe farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast been Conduct of my shame.
*Sheriffe.* It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.
*Eleanor.* I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?
*Stanley.* Madame your Penance doone,
Throw off this Sheet
And goe we to attire you for our Iourney.
*Eleanor.* My shame will not be shadowed with my Sheet:
No it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attire me how I can
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt*

*Sound a Sennet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.*

*King.* I muse my Lord of Glocester is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What ere occasion keepes him from vs now.
*Queene.* Can you not see, or will ye not obserue
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maiesty he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and vnlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When every one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe vnbowed Knee,
Disdaining duetie that to vs belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is neere you in discent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Policie,
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare.
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reprooue my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectuall.
*Suf.* Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:
And had I first been put to speake my minde,
I think I should haue told your Graces Tale.
The Duchesse, by his subornation,
Vpon my Life began her deuilish practises:
Or if he were not priuie to those faults,
Yet by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King, he was successiue Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraigne fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
No, noble Soueraigne, *Glocester* is a man
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.
*Card.* Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?
*Yorke.* And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.
*Buck.* Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey*.
*King.* My Lords at once, the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,
Our Kinsman *Glocester* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmelesse Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.
*Qu.* Ah what's more dangerous, than this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hatefull Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

For

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

*Enter Somerset*

*Som.* All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.
*King.* Welcome Lord *Somerset*. What Newes from France?
*Som.* That all your interest in those Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is lost.
*King.* Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be done.
*Yorke.* Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmely as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this gere ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Glost.* All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon my Liege, that I haue staid so long.
*Suff.* Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou were more loyall than thou art:
I do arrest thee of High Treason here.
*Glost.* Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for thy Arrest.
A Heart vnspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde
As I am clear from Treason to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?
*Yorke.* 'Tis thought my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.
*Glost.* Is it but thought so?
What are they that think it?
I neuer robb'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watch'd the Night,
I, Night by Night, but in no matters of Treason.
Thrice haue I dis-parkt the Deere out of Season,
Once vp in Anger, as I well remember,
Did beat the Bishop of Chichester,
But I shall neuer draw my Sword in vaine,
Nor euer say that I haue beene corrupted.
Haue I not in your wightiest affayres,
Aduis'd my Liege for his Honour?
And for his Glorie, euer labour'd?
Haue I not mooued mine Enemies,
That enuie my great Deseruings,
And bought Reproofe, to Requite this Loue?
*Yorke.* Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:
And had I first been put to speake my Mind,
I think I should haue told your Grace's Tale.
The Duchesse by his subornation,
Vpon my life, began her diuellish Practises:
Or if he were not priuie to those faults,
Yet by reputing all his Kindred,
They made their way vnto the Crowne of England,
Murdering Humfrey, and the Cardinall.
*Suff.* Humfrey is dead, and I am one of them:
His Fathers Blood hath bought me to the Block.
Vntimely Violence did expulse his Life,
And vntimely Violence shall expell mine.
Which in the time of Death he gaue our Father.
*Card.* If Treason be not haled out of hence,
Long will it be ere England see it Calme.
My Lord of Gloster, in those busie dayes
Which here you vrge to proue vs Traitors all,
Within the Bowels of these Diuisions,
Let him be chosen by Exchequer day,
Or Christmas day, or with the next Terme,
And if he fight not with Infamie,
God strike me dead, and neuer hope to thriue.
*Yorke.* Why 'tis well said, that he and the Cardinall,
Whose Priuie Counsell gouern'd our whole Land,
According to his Death and Sharpe Reuenge,
Should by the Commons of the Realme be spoyl'd,
And on the Ladder of Imperiall Loue,
With their Light Skirts their Ouer-weening Heads,
Tumble downe headlong, and the Crowne of England
Rest in the Lap of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
Whose Father bore the Diadem in France,
And was both Lou'd and Fear'd of all the French.
*Suff.* Base Dunghill Yorke,
Thou dar'st not for thy Heart speake out the Treason,
Which euery Looke of thine bewrayes thee in.
I do arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe vntill your further time of Tryall.
*King.* My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.
*Glost.* Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand,
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
I know their Complot is to haue my Life,
And if my death might make this Land happy,
And prouue the Period of their Tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beaufords red Hat, my Lord of Winchesters late,
Anger at once cleane from my heart,
I here throw downe, and scorne vnjustly to take
All deadly wounds to doe me happie.
Had I but said an hower before this chance,
I could haue made my head make Paris hoope,
And kept the Anjou Mariage to my mind:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolke, the new-made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath bought the Conquest of her Marriage,
Nor all your Liberties, nor priuiledges,
Can hinder him but he will haue his will,
For he is gracious if perswaded to it,
Vnfortunate in making his Attempts,
And for his Wisedome, as in resolute
As Winters Tempests, shaken by the Winde.
Nay more, of late, hearing their Assistance threatned,
He hath by Proclamation gathered head,
Who but a Fortnight since would scorne to stoope,
Or bend the Knee to any in the Land,
Now they doe feare, and cringe, and crouch to him.
But to conclude with Silence, with Care,
Leaning vpon the Staffe of Griefe and Blame,
Graue me by Death, and hearing nothing sung
But Dolor.
The Owle shriekt at my Birth, I am sworne Brother
To sullen Sorrow, and my Children are
Nothing but Discords: I am sworne to make
Their Mothers mourne, and haue no more to say,
But when my Teares haue wept me almost dead,
And my Life-blood diuinish'd with the fast
Of keeping wretched Watch, then Graue me straight.
For liuing idly here, in Pompe and Ease,
Whilst my poore Countrie feeles a world of Woe,
Is like blind Samson, poasting on the Pillars,
Or a shrewd Ruine, readie to fall downe,
Only for company of Misery.
Falles Gloster, as the direfull Pine and Taxe
Falles on the Aspine and the Mirtle tree,
And as the Moore, visiting all the Hilles
Breathes out a Plague for Heauen to rot withall,
So I, against the Height of this Mishap,
Breathe out Dishonor, Death, and Malice still,
Against my Lord the King, and all his Friends.
Ah Beauford, thou and I new Vowes haue tane,
And with our Oathes and Woes confirm'd the same:
And now my Death must make thy Partie mourne,
For Suffolke, he can helpe me to no turne.
*Suff.* Were it not best we tooke sir Humfrey hence,
And laid him safe vpon his Couch in bed?
*Card.* My Liege, your Vncle is to vehement.
If he be found to practise Gloster's death,
It will not quench the Fire of Enuie
In the Peoples Hearts, which he hath kindled
Against the Duke of Suffolke and himselfe:
For greater hate cannot reside in Man,
Than betwixt Gloster and the Cardinall.
I therefore counsell, that with speed we send
To Bury, where the Parliament is met,
And that we all goe softly after him,
That may preuent the Mischiefe Enuie meanes.
*King.* My Lords, what to your wisedomes seemeth best,
Do or vndo, as if our selfe were here.
*Queene.* What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parliament?
*King.* Margaret my Queene, my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miserie.

For what's more miserable then Discontent?
Ah Vncle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth and Loyaltie
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the hower to come,
That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.
Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house,
Euen to remorselesse head-strong harmelessenesse
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
And can doe nought but wayle her Darlings losse;
Euen to my selfe-like selfe-will'd harmelessenesse
With fad-vnhelpefull teares, and with dim'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good
So mightst thou wish'd, vow'd, and sworne my ruine.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor; *Gloster* he is none. *Exit*
*Queene.* Free Lords
Cold snow-mets with the Sunnes hot Beames
*Henry*, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of foolish pitty: and *Gloster's* show
Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, rol'd in a flowring Banke,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a Child,
That for the beauty thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.
*Card.* That he should dye, is worthie policie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death.
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.
*Suff.* But in my minde, that were no policie.
The King will labour still to saue his Life,
The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;
And yet we haue but trifling Prooffe enough,
More then may serue that shewes him worthy death.
*Yorke.* So that by this you would not haue him dye.
*Suff.* Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, so faine as I
*Yorke.* I, *Yorke*, then hast more reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules
Were't not all one, an empty Eagle were set,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?
*Queene.* So the poore Chicken should be sure of death
*Suff.* Madame 'tis true: and were't not madnesse then,
To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?
Who being accused a crafty Murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him dye, in hope thus many fall
More of his doings worthy of effect,
Then can his yet imperfect deeds winne head.
Thus like the formall Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
*Yorke.* That *Humfrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.
And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
Be it by Gyns, or Subtilty, or Sleight,
Sworne or Vnsworne, what is't to my Rough Wit,
So the deed, for that is good deceit,
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

*Queene.* Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke
*Suff.* Not resolute, except so much were done.
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.
*Card.* But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest.
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'le prouide his Executioner,
I tender to the safetie of my Liege.
*Suff.* Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.
*Queene.* And so say I
*Yorke.* And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
It skils not greatly who impugnes our doome.

*Enter a Poste.*

*Poste.* Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.
*Card.* A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.
What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?
*Yorke.* That *Somerset* be sent as Regent thither
'Tis meet that lucklesse Ruler be employ'd,
Whose fortune he hath had in France
*Som.* If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet policie,
Had been the Regent there, in stead of me,
He neuer would haue staid in France so long.
*Yorke.* No, not to loose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one skarre, charactred on thy skinne,
Mens flesh preserued so whole, doe seldome winne
*Cla.* Nay then, this spark will proue a raging fire,
If Wood and Base I be brought, to feed it with.
No more good *Yorke*; sweet *Somerset* be still.
Thy fortune *Yorke*, hadst thou been Regent there,
Might happily haue proud farre worse then his.
*Yorke.* What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame take all.
*Somerset.* And in the number, thee, that wishest shame.
*Card.* My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ire and will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely from each Countie some,
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?
*Yorke.* I will my Lord, so please his Maiestie.
*Suff.* Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
And what we doe establish, he confirmes
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.
*Yorke.* I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.
*Suff.* A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.
But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.
*Card.* No more of him; for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that euent.

*Yorke.* My

*Yorke.* My Lord of Suffolke, within fourteene dayes
At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.
*Suff.* Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt*
*Manet Yorke.*
*Yorke.* Now Yorke, or neuer steele thy fearefull thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution,
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
Resigne to death, it is not worth thy enioy
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
Faster then Spring-time showres comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
My Brayne, more busie then the labouring Spider,
Weanes tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well 'tis politikely done,
To feed mine packing with an Host of men:
I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,
Who cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
I take it kindly, yet be well assur'd,
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty Band,
I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,
Shall blow ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
Do calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe
And for a minister of my intent,
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
*Iohn Cade* of Ashford,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of *Iohn Mortimer*
In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne *Cade*
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being rescued, I haue seene
Him caper vp the like a wilde Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darts as he his bells.
Full often like a shag-haird craftie Kerne,
Hath he conuersed with the Enemie,
And vndiscouered come to me againe,
And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
This Deuill here shall be my Substitute,
For that *Iohn Mortimer* which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde
How they affect the House and Clayme of *Yorke*
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.
Say that he thriue as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reape the Harueit which that Rascall sow'd.
For *Humfrey*; being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

*Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey*

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
We haue dispatcht the Duke as he commanded.
2. O that it were to doe: what haue we done?
Didst euer heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*
1. Here comes my Lord.
*Suff.* Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, he's dead.
*Suff.* Why that's well said. Goe get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Haue you laid fayre the Bed? Are all things well,
According as I gaue directions?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
*Suff.* Away, be gone. *Exeunt*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with Attendants.*

*King.* Goe call our Vncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.
*Suff.* I'le call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit*
*King.* Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vncle *Gloster*,
Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,
He be approu'd in an honest measure and lawfull.
*Queene.* God forbid any Malice should preuaile,
That faultlesse may condemne a Nobleman.
Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.
*King.* I thanke thee Meg, these words content me much.

*Enter Suffolke.*

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Vncle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*?
*Suff.* Dead in his Bed, my Lord, Gloster is dead.
*Queene.* Marry God forfend.
*Car.* God's secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.
*King swounds*
*Qu.* How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.
*Som.* Rere vp his Head, vnrobe him by the Nose.
*Qu.* Run, call, crie, helpe. O *Henry* open thine eyes.
*Suff.* He doth reuiue againe. Madame be patient.
*King.* O Heauenly God.
*Qu.* How fares my gracious Lord?
*Suff.* Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* comfort.
*King.* What doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,
Whose Dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres,
And thinkes he that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceiued sound?
Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me, forbeare I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
Thou baleful Messenger, out of my sight.
Vpon thy eye-balls murderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away: come Basiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight.
For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy:
In life, but double death, now *Gloster* dead.
*Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me
Might liquid teares or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life,

I would be bande with weeping, ſicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-role with blood-ſuckning nights,
And all to haue the Noble Duke alyue.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends,
It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
So ſhall my name with Slanders tongues be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fild with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ay me vnhappie,
To be a Queene, and Crowned with ſhame.

*King.* Ah woe is me for Grief, wretched man

*Queen.* Be woe for me, more wretched then them both,
What, Doſt thou turne away, and hide thy face
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poyſonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in Glouſters Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elianor* was neere thy ioy.
Erect his Statue, and worſhip it,
And make my Image but an Alehouſe ſigne.
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
And twice by awkward winde from England barke
Driue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime?
What boded this? but well forewarning winde
Did ſeeme to ſay, ſeeke not a Scorpion's Neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this vnkinde ſhore.
What did I then? But curſe the gentle gales,
And he that lou'd them forthis their harſh Leaue,
And bid them blow towards England's bleſſed ſhore,
Or turne our Stemme vpon a dreadfull Rocke.
Yet Aeolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refuſed to drowne me,
Knowing that thou would'ſt haue me drown'd on ſhore
With teares as ſalt as Sea, through thy vnkindneſſe.
The ſplitting Rockes cowr'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard than they,
Might in thy Palace periſh Elianor.
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from the Shore the Tempeſt beate vs backe,
I ſtood vpon the Hatches in the ſtorme,
And when the duſky ſky, began to rob
My earnest gaping ſight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a ceaſeleſſe Leaue of my hard hand,
A Heart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land. The Sea receiu'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my Heart.
And euen with this, loſt faire England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blind and dull to all Spectacles,
For loſing ken of Albion's wiſhed Coaſt.
How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foes, and mine alſo)
To call a Watchmen as Ariſe mad,
When to the madding Peeple would vntold
A Stratagem of Troy burnes in their Streets.
Am I not worſe than Prodigious Monſtrous like him?
Ay mee, I can no more. Die Elianor,
For Henry weepes, that thou doſt liue ſo long.

*Noiſe within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.*

*War.* It is reported mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterouſly is murdred
By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beauſords* meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, ſcatter vp and downe,
And care not who they ſting in his reuenge.
My ſelfe haue calm'd their ſpleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

*King.* That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*
Enter his Chamber, view his breatheleſſe Corpes,
And comment then vpon his ſodaine death.

*War.* That ſhall I do my Liege: Stay Salsburie
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

*King.* O thou that iudgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to perſwade my ſoule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgiue me God,
For iudgement only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paliſh lips,
And twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of ſalt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand vnfeeling.
But all in vaine are theſe meane Obſequies,
*Shee puts forth.*
And to ſurueye his dead and earthy Image,
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?

*Warw.* Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body.

*King.* That is to ſee how deepe my graue is made,
For with his ſoule fled all my worldly ſolace
For ſeeing him I ſee my life in death.

*War.* As ſurely as my ſoule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our ſtate vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curſe,
I do beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

*Suf.* A dreadfull Oath, ſworne with a ſolemne tongue
What inſtance gues Lord Warwicke for his vow.

*War.* See how the blood is ſettled in his face
Oft haue I ſeene a timely-parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhie ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſſe,
Being all deſcended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aydance gainſt the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To bluſh and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But ſee, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gaſtly, like a ſtrangled man:
His hayre vpreard, his noſtrils ſtretcht with ſtruggling:
His hands abroad diſplayd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for life, and was by ſtrength ſubdude.
Looke on the ſheets his haire (you ſee) is ſticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made rude and rugged,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeſt lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred heere,
The leaſt of all theſe ſigns were probable.

*Suf.* Why Warwicke, who ſhould do the Duke death?
My ſelfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we I hope ſir, are no murtherers.

*War.* But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes,
And you (forſooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
'Tis like you would not feaſt him like a friend,
And 'tis well ſeene, he found an enemy.

*Queen.* Then you belike ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* vnthelefſe death.

*War.*

*Warw.* Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Neſt,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte ſoare with vnbloudied Beake?
Even ſo ſuſpicious is this Tragedie.

*Qu.* Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beaufords* tearm'd Protector, where are his Talons?

*Suff.* I weare no Knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcowred in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with Murthers Crimſon Badge:
Say, if thou dar'ſt proud Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humfreyes* death.

*Warw.* What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?

*Qu.* He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant Controuler,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty thouſand times.

*Warw.* Madame be ſtill: with reuerence may I ſay,
For euery word you ſpeake in his behalfe,
Is ſlander to your Royall Dignitie.

*Suff.* Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy Mother tooke into her Blameleſſ Bed
Some ſterne vntutur'd Churle, and Noble Stock
Was grafted with Crab-tree ſlippe, whoſe Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.

*Warw.* But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the Deaths-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ſhame and ſtanding ſhames,
For that my Soueraignes preſence makes me mild,
I would ſtraight make thee packe, thou falſe reuiler,
And buy a ſtaffe of Horſe-baſe in Smithfield:
Come thee to Heaven, and chide high-minded Sinners,
Packe, packe, I ſay, hence with thy Scale to Hell,
Perfidious bloud-ſucker of ſleeping men.

*Suff.* Thou ſhalt be waking while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt goe with me.

*Warw.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And do it, ere the Clocke ſtrike two for Duke *Humfreyes* Ghoſt.

*Exeunt.*

*King.* What ſtronger Breſt-plate than a heart vntainted?
Three times is he arm'd that hath his Quarrell iuſt,
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whoſe Conſcience with Iniuſtice is corrupted.

*A noiſe within.*

*Queene.* What noyſe is this?

*Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.*

*King.* Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our preſence? Dare you be ſo bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

*Suff.* The trayterous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mighty Soueraigne.

*Enter Salisbury.*

*Sarish.* Sirs ſtand apart, the King ſhall know your minde.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Vnleſſe Lord *Suffolke* ſtraight be done to death,
Or banniſhed faire England's Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de
They ſay, in him they feare your Highneſſe death;
And meere inſtinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a ſtubborne oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt Royall Perſon,
That if your Highneſſe ſhould intend to ſleepe,
And charge, that no man ſhould diſturbe your reſt,
In paine of your diſpleaſure or of death;
Yet notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,
Were there a Serpent ſeene, with forked Tongue,
That ſlily glided towards your Maieſtie,
It were but neceſſarie you were waked,
Leaſt being ouer-laid in that hatefull ſlumber,
The mortall Worme might make the ſleepe eternall.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will, or no,
From ſuch fell Serpents as falſe *Suffolke* is;
With whoſe enuenomed and fatall ſting,
Your louing Vncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay is ſhamefully bereft of life.

*Commons within.* An anſwer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

*Suff.* 'Tis like the Commons rude vnpolliſht Hindes,
Could ſend ſuch Meſſage to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imployd,
To ſhew how quaint an Orator you are:
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.

*Within.* An anſwer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

*King.* Go *Salisbury* and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender-louing care;
And had I not beene cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they doe entreat:
For ſure my thoughts doe hourely prophecie,
Miſchance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
And therefore by his Maieſtie I ſweare,
Whom'ſt'are-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this aire,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

*Qu.* Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolke*.

*King.* Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.
No more I ſay: if thou do'ſt plead for him,
Thou wilt but adde increaſe vnto my Wrath.
Had I but ſayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I ſweare, it is irreuocable.
If after three dayes ſpace thou here be'ſt found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World ſhall not be Ranſome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with me,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exeunt.*

*Qu.* Miſchance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Heart's Diſcontent, and ſowre Affliction,
Be playfellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deu'll make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your ſteps.

*Suff.* Ceaſe gentle Queene, theſe Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

*Queene.* Fye

*Queen.* Eye Coward woman, and soft hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.
*Suf.* A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse them?
Would I curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliuer'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome cane.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine hayre be fixt an end, as one distract:
Ay, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:
Their cheerefull Prospect, murthring Basiliskes:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lyzards stings:
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell——
*Qu.* Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy soule,
And these dire Curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.
*Suf.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
*Qu.* Oh, let me entreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my woefull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That euery kisse might print my heart vpon there by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
'Tis but surmis'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfets, thinking on a want.
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Adiudge me to be banished my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Imbrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye:
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.
*Suf.* Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, were't thou thence,
A Wilderneſſe is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery seuerall pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I cannot more: Haue thou to stay thy life,
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

*Enter Vaux.*

*Queene.* Whether goes *Vaux* so fast? What newes I prethee?

*Vaux.* To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death
For sodainly a greeuous sickneſſe tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maieſtie,
That euen now he cries alowd for him.
*Qu.* Go tell this heauy Message to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore loſſe,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why only Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy sight to do it: what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou either turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death.
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.
*Queen.* Away! Though parting be a fretfull corasiue,
It is applyed to a deathfull woorke.
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee.
For wheresoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
I'le haue an Iris that shall finde thee out.
*Suf.* I go.
*Qu.* And take my heart with thee.
*Suf.* A iewell lockt into the woefull'st Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
*Qu.* This way for me, *Exeunt*

*Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.*

*King.* How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soueraigne.
*Ca.* If thou beest death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Iland,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.
*King.* Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.
*War.* *Beauford*, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee.
*Beau.* Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Di'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
Can I make men liue, whether they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.
Alriue againe? Then shew me where he is,
Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb

Combe downe his haire; looke looke, it ſtands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoule:
Giue me ſome drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the ſtrong poyſon that I bought of him.
*King.* O thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
O beate away the buſie meddling Fiend,
That layes ſtrong ſiege vnto this wretches ſoule,
And from his boſome purge this blacke diſpaire.
*War.* See how the pangs of death do make him grim.
*Sal.* Diſhonor him not, for now is pale beſeeming
*King.* Peace to his ſoule, if God's good pleaſure be
Lord Cardinall if thou think'ſt on Heauens bleſſe,
Hold vp thy hand, make ſignall of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no ſigne: O God forgiue him.
*War.* So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
*King.* Forbeare to iudge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine cloſe,
And let vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.*

*Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, &c.*

*Lieu.* The gallies bankt with Barbarian Mariners,
Is crept into the boſome of the Sea
And now are boording Weſtons ſea-faring Barkes
They drag the Lag, the reſt apply the ſpight
Who with their arrowes, hookes, and ſtarting ſpeares
Creape and climbe their ſides, and driue the owners hence.
Breathleſſe for mere conſuming deſire of the ayre
Here are they come, and ſtand to ſeaſe vs as their prize.
Vnleſſe our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes
Heere ſhall they make the tranſom of the land,
Or with their blood ſtaine this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maiſter, this Priſoner freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Maſter, yeeld him vp.
Thou ſtalke of *Fortunes* Mate, vnſafe I pray.
*Suf.* Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*
*Whit.* The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?
*Suf.* I, but theſe raggs are no part of the Duke.
*Lieu.* But Ioue was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be,
Obſcure and lowſie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.
*Suf.* The honourable blood of Lancaſter
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a peaſant Groome.
Haſt thou not kiſt my hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my footcloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head.
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret*
Remember it, and let it make thee Creſt-fallne,
Ile, and abaſe thy aboritiue Pride.
How in our voyding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore ſhall it charme thy riotous tongue.
*Whit.* Speak Captaine, ſhall I ſtab the forlorne Swaine.
*Lieu.* First let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
*Suf.* Baſe Iaue, thou reſt my words ſtab not, nor tell not,
Stroke thee but with a looke, and do our loue boates ſide,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* I thou dar'ſt not for thy owne.
*Lieu.* Poole? Sir Poole? Lord
Ile call this Poole to make a Subiect bow,
Kneele ſeruile Suffolke, giue my Poole thy hand,
Vnleſſe thou be a Popinjay, and ſeeme the ground
And ſtay dumbe at my gracious Duke *Humfries* death.
Againſt the emptie windes do I diſcharge my words,
Vaſt tracts of Land and Seas deuide thee and me,
Both Coaſts, and Seas ſhall ring at thee againe
And we do be mocke the Hagges of Fate,
For this great ſcorne, to our Lord
Vnto the mercie of our iuſt offended King.
Hauing the Subiect of our wrath the King.
Baſe Dunghill Villaine, and mercileſſe Tyrant,
Before I draw this gallant head of mine,
Whoſe duteous thoughts did neuer ſtaine my Pen,
But euer ſtood vnſpotted to the King,
Ere this ſword, hot with blood of thine,
Diſdaine to call thee Lord, and *Pirate*
Haue ſtuck three of your Countreymen to our Ports,
And two and twenty Sailors wounded home.
Their ſhooting Warre like and the *Nemus* all,
Were dreadfull Swords were neuer drawne in vaine,
And now the Horſe of Yorke thou ſtrip'ſt from the Crowne,
By ſhame adiudged a gaſtly fearfull King,
And Hotſpur proud in mocking vanity,
Burſes wanton ſeeming gate, whoſe hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-faded Roſe, his thought is Iune,
Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus*
The Commons here in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Palace of our King,
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.
*Suf.* O that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Vpon the paltry, ſeruile, abiect Drudges
Small things make baſe men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the ſtrong Illyrian Pirate.
Drones ſucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues.
It is impoſſible that I ſhould dye

By

E[n]ch a lowly Vassal as thy selfe
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me
I go of Message from the Queene to France
I charge thee waft me safely crosse the Channell.
*Lieu.* Walter Whitmore, Come Suffolke, I must waft thee to thy death
*Suf.* Paine of death more weighty, then my life, is thee I feare.
*Hen.* I am that haue committed nought, but that I haue done before I heare thee.
What, are ye daunted now? Now will ye stoope.
1 *Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair
*Suf.* Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough
Vs'd to command, vntaught to plead for fauour.
Farre be it, we should honor such as these
With humble suite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the Block, then these knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen and to my King
And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare
More can I beare, then you dare execute.
*Lieu.* Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can
*Suf.* That this my death may neuer be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vile Bezonians.
A Romane Sworder, and Banditto slaue
Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* bastard hand
Stabb'd *Iulius Cæsar*. Sauage Islanders
*Pompey* the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.
*Exit Walter, and the rest.*
*Lieu.* And as for these whose ransome we haue set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.
*Exeunt Lieutenant, and the rest.*
*Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body*
*Wal.* There let his head, and liberally bestow
Vpon the Queene: is Master ready? *Exit Walter.*
1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle,
His body will I beare vnto the King:
If he reuenge not, yet will his friends,
So will the Queene, that living, held him deere.

*Enter Iack Cade, and the rest.*

*Iack.* Come and get these weapons, and weare them, for from hence they haue been vp these two dayes.
*Hol.* They haue the more need to sleepe now then.
*Iack.* I tell thee *Iacke Cade* the Clothier, it cannes to drene the Common-wealth and turne it, and let a new nap vpon it.
*Hol.* So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.
*Iack.* O miserable Age! Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts-men.
*Hol.* The Nobility thinke scorne to go in Leather Aprons.
*Iack.* Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good workmen.
*Hol.* True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation: which is the reason why some of vs loue not to be a-dooing. For (as the olde Saying is) the Labourer can neuer be a Gentleman.
*Iack.* Thou hast spoken for us, gentle Mate, for we will haue but three Pence a day. Is not this a braue thing, Smith?
*Hol.* Excellent, I like them. There's *Bees* Sonne, the Taylor of Wingham.
*Iack.* He shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to make Dogges-Leather of.
*Hol.* And Dicke the Butcher.
*Iack.* Then is sin stricken downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.
*Hol.* And Smith the Weauer.
*Iack.* Argo, their thred of life is spun.
*Hol.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

*Cade.* We *John Cade*, so tearm'd of our supposed Father.
*Dick.* Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.
*Cade.* For our enemies shall fall before vs, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command silence.
*Dick.* Silence.
*Cade.* My father was a *Mortimer*.
*Dick.* He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.
*Cade.* My mother a *Plantagenet*.
*Butch.* I knew her well, she was a Midwife.
*Cade.* My wife descended of the *Lacies*.
*Dick.* She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many Laces.
*Weauer.* But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.
*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honorable house.
*Dick.* I by my faith, the field is honorable: and there was he borne, vnder a hedge. for his father had neuer a house but the Cage.
*Cade.* Valiant I am.
*Weauer.* A must needs, for beggery is valiant.
*Cade.* I am able to endure much.
*Dick.* No question of that, for I haue seene him whipt three Market dayes together.
*Cade.* I feare neither sword, nor fire.
*Weau.* He needs not feare the sword, for his Coate is of proofe.
*Dick.* But me thinkes he should stand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.
*Cade.* Be brane then, for your liuery is verie Base, and Venues Reuenewes. Therefore be a Lord: and Lone-mate pony Loades sold for a penny: the three hoop'd pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and I will make it Felony to drinke small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am King, as King I will be.
*All.* God saue your Maiesty.
*Cade.* I thanke you good people. There shall be no money, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will apparell them all in one Liuery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.
*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.
*Cade.* Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment? that Parchment being scribbled ore, should vndoe a man? Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Bees wax: for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's there?

*Enter a Clarke.*

*Weauer.* The Clarke of Chartam: he can write and reade and cast accompt.
*Cade.* O monstrous.
*Wea.* We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

*Cade.*

*Cade.* Here's a Villaine.

*Wea.* Has a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

*Cade.* Nay then he is a Conjurer.

*But.* Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

*Cade.* I am sorry for't. The man is a proper man of mine Honour: unlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

*Clarke.* *Emanuell.*

*Dut.* They use to write it on the top of Letters. 'Twill go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? Or hast thou a marke to thy name, like an honest plaine dealing man?

*Clarke.* Sir, I thanke God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confest: away with him, he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his neck.

*Exit one with the Clarke.*

*Enter Michael.*

*Mich.* Where's our Generall?

*Cade.* Heere I am thou particular fellow.

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

*Cade.* Stand my companions: I charge you in the Kings name, and thereby charge you, as you love me, and the rising of our enterprise, that you stirre not a foote from me: yonder I say is Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother. The gallant is valiant, I dare assure you, and therefore if he come, let him welcome: I warrant you he shall not come so neere you, as to offend you. Fight for your lives.

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equall me in honour, I make my selfe a knight presently, Rise up Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Staf.* Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Marked for the Gallowes: lay your weapons downe,
Home to your Cottages forsake this Groome.
The King, mou'd with pitty of your revolt,
*Bro.* But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

*Cade.* As for these silken-coated Slaves, I passe not.
It is to you good people, that I speake,
Over whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne.
For I am rightly, holden by the Crowne.

*Staf.* Villaine, thy Father was a Plaisterer,
And thou thy selfe a Shearman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

*Bro.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry, this: *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

*Staf.* I sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*Bro.* That's false.

*Cade.* I, there's the question, But I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar woman stolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age,
His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

*But.* Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

*Wea.* Sir he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the bricks are alive at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

*Staf.* And will you credit this base Drudges Words,
that speakes he knowes not what.

*All.* I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

*Bro.* *Jacke Cade*, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

*Cade.* He lyes, for I invented it my selfe. Go to Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers take *Henry* the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes, I am content he shall raigne, but I'le be Protector over him.

*Butcher.* And furthermore, wee'l have the Lord Say's head for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

*Cade.* And good reason: for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow Kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more than that, he can speake French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

*Cade.* Nay answer if you can. The French-men are our enemies: go to then, I aske but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Counsellour, or no?

*All.* No: no: and therefore we pronounce him dead.

*Bro.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevayle,
Assemble them with all the Army of the King.

*Staf.* Herald away: and throughout every Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are up with *Cade*,
That those which flye before the battell ends,
May even in their Wives and Children sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings friends, follow me.

*Exit.*

*Cade.* And you that love the Commons, follow me.
Now shew your selves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they cannot) take our parts.

*But.* They are all confederate against us.

*Cade.* But Cade will be too hard for them, when we are most out of danger. Come, march forward.

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine. Enter Cade and the rest.*

*Cade.* Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

*Dut.* Heere sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behavedst thy selfe, as if thou hadst been in thine owne Slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

*Dut.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And to speake truth, thou deservest no lesse.
This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to London, where we will have the Maiors sword borne before us.

*Dut.* If we mean to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

*Cade.* Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.*

*Queene.* Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Think therefore on reuenge, and ceaſe to weepe.
But who can ceaſe to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing breſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould imbrace?

*Buc.* What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication?

*King.* Ile ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſoules
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelfe,
Rather then bloody Warre ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But ſtay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

*Qu.* Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
Ruld like a wanton, ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the ſame.

*King.* Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath ſworne to haue thy head.

*Say.* I but I hope your Highneſſe ſhall haue his.

*King.* How now Madame
Still Lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'ſt not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

*Qu.* No my Loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*King.* How now? What newes? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

*Meſ.* The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
*Iacke Cade* proclaimes himſelfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence* houſe,
And calles your Grace Vſurper, openly.
And vowes to Crowne himſelfe in Weſtminſter.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Peazants, rude and mercileſſe:
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call falſe Caterpillers, and intend their death.

*King.* Oh graceleſſe men: they know not what they do.

*Buck.* My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be raiſ'd to put them downe.

*Qu.* Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,
Theſe Kentiſh Rebels wou'd be ſoone appeaſ'd.

*King.* Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

*Say.* So might your Graces perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I ſtay,
And liue alone as ſecret as I may.

*Enter another Meſſenger.*

*Meſ.* *Iacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forſake their houſes:
The Rafcall people, thirſting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioynily ſweare
To ſpoyle the Citty, and your Royall Court.

*Buc.* Then linger not my Lord, away, take horſe.

*King.* Come *Margaret*. God our hope will ſuccor vs.

*Qu.* My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceaſt.

*King.* Farewell my Lord, truſt not the Kentiſh Rebels

*Buc.* Truſt no body for feare you betrayd.

*Say.* The truſt I haue, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. *Exeunt*

*Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.*

*Scales.* How now? Is *Iacke Cade* ſlaine?

*1. Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine.
For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them
The L. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels

*Scales.* Such ayd as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you *Matthew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Liues,
And ſo farwell, for I muſt hence againe. *Exeunt*

*Enter Iacke Cade and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaffe on London ſtone*

*Cade.* Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere ſitting vpon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
This firſt yeare of our raigne
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

*Enter a Soldier running*

*Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.*

*Cade.* Knocke him downe there. *They kill him*

*But* If this Fellow be wiſe, he'l neuer call ye *Iacke Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

*Dicke.* My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.

*Cade* Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarums. Matthew Goffe is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.*

*Cade.* So ſirs: now go ſome and pull downe the Sauoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

*But.* I haue a ſuite vnto your Lordſhip.

*Cade.* Bee it a Lordſhippe, thou ſhalt haue it for that word.

*But.* Only that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth

*John.* Maſſe 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

*Smith.* Nay *John*, it will be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinkes with eating toaſted cheeſe.

*Cade.* I haue thought vpon it, It ſhall bee ſo. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth ſhall be the Parliament of England.

*John.* Then we are like to haue biting Statutes
Vnleſſe his teeth be pull'd out.

*Cade.* And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common *Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſ.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt Subſidie.

*Enter*

*Enter George, with the Lord Say.*

*Cade.* Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Serge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Mounsieur *Basimecu*, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It's true I haue prouided for thy better, that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreouer, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) only for that cause they haue beene most worthy to liue. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

*Say.* What of that?

*Cade.* Marry thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honester men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

*Dicke.* And worke in their shirt too, as my selfe for example, that am a Butcher.

*Say.* You men of Kent

*Kent.* What say you of Kent.

*Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

*Cade.* Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

*Say.* Heare me but speake and beare mee where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the ciuell'st place of all this Isle:
Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.
I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would loose my life:
Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine me, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,
Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnlesse you be possest with deuilish spirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe.

*Cade.* Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

*Say.* Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

*Geo.* O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

*Say.* These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

*Cade.* Giue him a box o'th'eare, and that will make 'em red againe

*Say.* Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall haue a hempen Caudle then, & the help of hatchet.

*Dicke.* Why dost thou quiuer man?

*Say.* The Palsie, and not feare prouokes me.

*Cade.* Nay, he nodds at vs, as we stood by a Gallowes, and we'll helpe him to a halter. Come, haue at you with a downe right blow.

*Dicke.* Hold me the sword: and do you edge it well enough.

*Cade.* Dispatch: Away with him, away with him, he speakes Latine.

*Say.* Ah Countrymen: If when you make your pray'rs,
God should be so obdurate as yours are:
How would it fare with your departed soules,
And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.

*Cade.* Away with him, away with him: he speakes Latine. The Queene hath best'd me Captaine of London: Where I am Lodged, there shall you be visited dayly: who (I hope) shall be of no litle account: Some of you shall be Prisoners, some Fellons, some Knights: but I'le haue you all ransomed, and quickly too. Where they haue it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can aske.

*Dicke.* My Lord,
When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodities vpon our bils?

*Cade.* Marry presently.

*All.* O braue.

*Enter one with the heads.*

*Cade.* But is not this braue?
Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well
When they were aliue. Now part them againe,
Least they consult about the giuing vp
Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Defer the spoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with these borne before vs, in stead of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, & at euery Corner
Haue them kisse. Away. *Exit*

*Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.*

*Cade.* Vp Fish-street, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames.

*Sound a parley.*

What noise is this I heare?
Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

*Enter*

*Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.*

*Buc.* Iheere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.
*Clif.* What say ye Countrymen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offred you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who goes the King, and 'gainst the Crowne rebels,
For France is come and at the doores of Yorke.
Will not the Coward abide a Conquerour?
Who flyes not are no hinderers, but prickes
Their Fellowes courage that should fight with him:
Alarum, retreat, which power augments and kills.
*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford, we follow the King, and Clifford.
*Cade.* Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred mens hearts, and makes them leaue me desolate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie middest of you: and heauens and honor be witnesse, that no want of resolution in mee, but only my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles. *Exit*
*Buck.* What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.
*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me souldiers, wee'l deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarrace.*

*King.* Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

*Enter Buckingham and Clifford.*

*Buc.* Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.
*King.* Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.*

*Clif.* He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.
*King.* Then heauen set ope thy euerlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Country:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:
And to your thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your seuerall Countries.
*All.* God saue the King, God saue the King.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are only to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.
*King.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke distrest,
Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driuen backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.
*Somerset.* My Lord,
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Country good.
*King.* In any case, be not too rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.
*Buc.* I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.
*King.* Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.
*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*
*Enter*

*Enter Cade*

*Cade.* Fye on Ambition: fie on my selfe, that haue a sword, and yet am readie to famish. These fiue dayes haue I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might haue a lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Brickewall haue I climb'd into this Garden: to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not a little straunge to a man of my qualitie: and I thinke I shall neuer proue a Iacke Sallet againe. But soft, who's this? Blew Coate? Blew Coate, I say: and many at the least that shall be dead, & wounded, before I stirre, it hath entred into the Quarrell of the Duke of Yorke, and we will haue Sallets all of one sute.

*Enter Iden*

*Iden.* Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
And may enioy such quiet walkes as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contents me, and worth a Monarchy.
I seeke not to wax great by others waning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state,
And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

*Cade.* Here's the Lord of the soyle come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leaue. Ah Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pinne, ere thou and I part.

*Iden.* Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds
Climbing my walles in spight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with these saucie taunts?

*Cade.* Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee too. Looke on mee well: I haue eate no meate these fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy fiue men, and if I do not leaue you all as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne're be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke odds to combate a poore famish'd man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou can'st out-face me with thy looke:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy legge a stocke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Aire,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatnesse answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*Cade.* By my Valour: the most complete Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly boned Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

*Here they fight.*

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten thousand diuels come against me, and giue me but ten meates I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of Cade is fled.

*Iden.* Is't Cade that I haue slaine, that monstrous Traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt weare it as a heroicke Armes,
Emblazed with the Honours of my Master:
Strike Alarum Drum: let the Traytor see
The Reason why his fall made vs so glorious.
Now will I hence to Eltham, to the King,
And claime the thankes due vnto such a deede:
With which I doubt not but to get a knighthood.
But who comes here? the Lord Scales all in Armes?
Now Humfrey Duke of Buckingham is dead,
And Somerset is gone to Callice,
Vpon his face I will bestow my foote.

*Enter Scales vpon the Tarras, with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Scales.* From Ireland thus comes Yorke to claime his right,
And pluckes the Crowne from feeble Henries head.
Ring bell aloud, burne bonefires clear and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah Sancta Maiestas, who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey that knowes not how to rule:
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter balance it.
A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,
On which Ile toste the Flowre de Luce of France.

*Enter Buckingham*

Whom haue we here? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The King hath sent him, sure I must dissemble.
*Buck.* Yorke, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
*Yor.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure?
*Buck.* A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these Armes in peace.
Or why thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne,
Should raise so great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?
*Yor.* Scarse can I speake, my Choler is so great.
Oh I could hew vp Rocks, and fight with Flint,
I am so angry at the abiect state of things.
As I thus am: but what thy Brother is
Aske Lord Say. Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue giuen no answere all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
*Buc.* That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower
*Yorke.* Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner.
*Buck.* Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.
*Yorke.* Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Feild,
You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldest sonne nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
Ile send them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horse Armor, anything I haue
Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.
*Buc.* Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

*Enter King and Attendants.*

*King.* Buckingham doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
*Yorke.* In all submission and humility
Yorke doth present himself vnto your Highnesse.
*K.* Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?
*Yor.* To heare the Traitor speake, and purge him selfe,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter Iden with Cades head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King
Lo, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of Cade whom I in combat slew.
*King.* The head of *Cade*? Great God, how iust art thou?
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That hath with-held my wronged sense such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?
*Iden.* I was, an't like your Maiesty.
*King.* How art thou called? And what is thy degree?
*Iden.* *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.
*Buc.* So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good seruice.
*King.* *Iden*, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight.
We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.
*Iden.* May Iden liue to merit such a bountie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

*Enter Queene and Somerset.*

*K.* See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th'Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
*Qu.* For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.
*York.* How now is Somerset at liberty?
Then Yorke, vnbridle all thy poysoned thoughts,
And with the same consider him thy heart.
What I am not good enough to speake?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne
Thy Hand is made to grasp a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Sceptre
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.
*Som.* O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
*York.* Would'st haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'l pawne their Swords on my enfranchisement.
*Qu.* Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
*Yorke.* O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,
Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

*Enter Edward and Richard.*

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

*Enter Clifford.*

*Qu.* And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile
*Cl.* Health and happinesse to my Lord the King.
*Yor.* I thanke thee *Clifford*. Say, what newes with thee?
Nay do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are his Soueraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For our mistaking: so we pardon thee.
*Cli.* This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.
*King.* I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his king.
*Clif.* He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his
*Qu.* He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sonnes (he saies) shall giue their words for him.
*Yor.* Will you not Sonnes?
*Edw.* I Noble Father, if our words will serue.
*Rich.* And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.
*Clif.* Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?
*Yorke.* Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these fell-lacking Curres,
Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.

*Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salsbury.*

*Clif.* Are these thy Beares? We'l bate thy Beare to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.
*Rich.* Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Cur,
Run backe and bite, because he was withheld,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And such a peece of seruice will you do,

If

If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke
*Clif.* Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape
*Yor.* Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.
*Clif.* Take heede least by your heate you burne your selues.
*King.* Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salsbury, shame to thy siluer haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banisht from the frostie head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame in duetie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age
*Sal.* My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royal seate
*King.* Hast thou not sworne Allegeance vnto me?
*Sal.* I haue.
*King.* Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?
*Sal.* It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne
But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
To do a murderous deede, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reaue the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
And haue no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?
*Qu.* A subtile Traitor needs no Sophister.
*King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.
*Yorke.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolu'd for death and dominion.
*Old Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
*War.* You were best to go to bed and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field
*Old Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house Badge.
*War.* Now by my Fathers badge, old *Neuils* Crest,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof
*Old Clif.* And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard that protects the Beare
*Yo. Clif.* And so to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
*Rich.* Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night
*Yo. Clif.* Foule Stygmaticke that's more then thou canst tell.
*Ric.* If not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*

*Enter Warwicke.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty aire,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

*Enter Yorke.*

*War.* How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.
*Yor.* The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.

*Enter Clifford.*

*War.* Of one or both of vs the time is come
*Yor.* Hold Warwick seek thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.
*War.* Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightest
As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,
It greeues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild. *Exit War.*
*Clif.* What seest thou in me Yorke?
Why dost thou pause?
*Yorke.* With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,
But that thou art so fast mine enemie
*Clif.* Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.
*Yorke.* So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.
*Clif.* My soule and bodie on the action both.
*Yor.* A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.
*Clif.* *La fin Corronne les ennemies*
*Yor.* Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for thou art still,
Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.

*Enter young Clifford*

*Clif.* Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no self-loue, nor feele no humane mercie,
That hath not wholly, and in solemne sort
Deuoted Warre. Ostentation of the world,
And the prem[illegible] paines of the Day,
Kind earth, and heauen to meet.
Now on Legions Horror on your swifter hast,
Part Curtesie, and part Reuenge.
To Sea. Wast thou ordain'd deare Father
To loose thy youth in peace, and to atchieue
The Siluer Liuery of aduised Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginals,
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* young *Absirtus* did.
In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Priams house
As did *Æneas* old *Anchyses* beare,
So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders.
But then, *Æneas* bare a liuing loade;

Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.

*Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight*

*Rich.* So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Alehouse paltry signe,
The Castle in S. *Albons* Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
*Fight. Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Queene and others.*

*Qu.* Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.
*King.* Can we outrun the Heauens? Good *Margaret* stay
*Qu.* What are you made of? You'l not fight nor fly
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.
*Alarum a farre off.*
If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply escape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

*Enter Clifford.*

*Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vncureable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.
*Exeunt*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours*

*Yorke.* Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it so, that we have wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be lost.
*Rich.* My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.
*Enter Salsbury.*
*Sal.* Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day.
By th' Masse so did we all. I thanke you *Richard*
God knowes how long it is I have to liue
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from immanent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repayring Nature
*Yorke.* I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament.
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
*War.* After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand Lords, 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternized in all Age to come.
Sound Drum and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.
*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

# The third Part of Henry the Sixt,
## with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

### Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Alarum*
*Enter Plantagenet Edward Richard, Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.*

*Warwicke.*

Wonder how the King escaped our hands?

*Plant.* While we pursued the Horsemen by North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Warlike eares could never brooke retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping Army and himselfe,
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all abreast
Charg'd our maine Battalion front and breast,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.
*Edw.* Lord *Stafford* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beaver with a downe-right blow:
That this is true, Father, behold his blood.
*Mount.* And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires
Whom I encountred as the Battels joyn'd. (blood.
*Rich.* Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
*Plant.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my Sonnes.
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt*.
*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake King *Henries* head.
*Warw.* And so do I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the Palace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.
*Plant.* Assist me then, sweet *Warwicke*, and I will,
For hither we have broken in by force.
*Norf.* We'le all assist you: he that flyes shall die.
*Plant.* Thankes gentle Norfolke, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.
*They goe vp.*
*Warw.* And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.
*Plant.* The Queene is valiant, and full of Courage,
But shortly we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.
*Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.
*Warw.* The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, be King,
And bashful *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
*Plant.* Then leave me not, my Lords, be resolute,
I meane to take possession of my Right.
*Warw.* Neither the King, or he that loves him best,
The proudest hearted he that stands up gainst him,
Dares stirre a wing, if Warwicke shake his Bells.
I le plant *Plantagenet*, root him out who dares,
Resolve thee noble Richard, shall'st be King.
*Henry.* Exeter, Northumberland, and the rest.

*Henry.* My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebells sits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that false Peere,
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have vow'd Reuenge
On him, his Sonnes, his Fauorites, and his Friends.
*Northumb.* If I be not, Heauens be reuenged on me.
*Clifford.* The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele.
*Exeter.* What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him downe,
My heart for anger burnes: I cannot brooke it.
*Henry.* Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.
*Clifford.* Patience is for Poltroones, such as he.
He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, here is the Parliament
Let vs assaile the family of *Yorke*.
*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
*Henry.* Ah, know you not the City fauours them,
And they have troopes of Souldiers at their beck?
*Exeter.* But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly flye.
*Henry.* Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to vse.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soueraigne.
*Yorke.* I am thine.
*Exet.* For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
*Yorke.* It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.
*Exet.* Thy

*Exet.* Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne
*Warw.* *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this vsurping *Henry*.
*Clifford.* Whom should hee follow, but his naturall King?
*Warw.* True *Clifford*, that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
*Henry.* And shall I stand, and loose it in my Throne?
*Yorke.* It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.
*Warw.* Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King
*Westm.* He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.
*Warw.* And *Warwick* shall disproue it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
Marcht through the Citie to the Palace Gates.
*Northumb.* Yes *Warwicke* I remember it to my griefe
And by his Soule, thou and thy Horse shall rue it.
*Westm.* *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinsmen and thy Friends, I'le haue more liues
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
*Clif.* Vrge it no more, lest that in stead of words,
I send thee *Warwicke*, such a Messenger,
As shall reuenge his death before I stirre
*Warw.* Poore Clifford, how I scorne his worthlesse Threats
*Plant.* Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not our Swords shall plead it in the field.
*Henry.* What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,
And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.
*Warw.* Talke not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
*Henry.* The Lord Protector lost it, and not I
When I was crown'd I was but nine moneths old.
*Rich.* You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you lose
Father tearing the Crowne from the Vsurpers Head.
*Edward.* Sweet Father do so, set it on your Head.
*Mont.* Good Brother,
As you loue and honour Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauelling thus.
*Richard.* Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will fly.
*Plant.* Sonnes peace.
*Henry.* Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to speake.
*Warw.* *Plantagenet* shall speake first Heare him Lords,
And be you silent and attentiue too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.
*Hen.* Think'st thou that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandsire and my Father sat?
No first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme:
I am [illegible]
[illegible] sorrow,
Shall [illegible] you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.
*Warw.* Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.
*Hen.* *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.
*Plant.* 'Twas by Rebellion against his King
*Henry.* I know not what to say, my Title's weake
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
*Plant.* What then?
*Henry.* And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.
*Plant.* He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.
*Warw.* Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere prejudiciall to his Crowne?
*Exet.* No, for he could not so resigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne,
*Henry* Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?
*Exet* His is the right, and therefore pardon me
*Plant* Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?
*Exet* My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.
*Henry.* All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
*Northumb.* *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,
Thinke not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd
*Warw.* Depos'd he shall be, in despight of all.
*Northumb.* Thou art deceiu'd
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Essex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
*Clifford.* King *Henry* be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father
*Henry* O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my heart.
*Plant.* *Henry* of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne.
What matter you, or what do feare you Lords?
*Warw* Doe get you to this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the House with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,
Write vp his Title with vsurping blood
*He stampes with his foot, and the Souldiers shew themselues.*
*Henry* My Lord of Warwick, sate but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King
*Plant.* Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.
*Henry* I am content: Richard Plantagenet
Enioy the Kingdome after my decease.
*Clifford* What wrong is this vnto the Prince your Sonne?
*Warw* What good is this to England and himselfe
*Westm.* Base, fearefull, and despayring *Henry*
*Clifford.* How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs
*Westm.* I cannot stay to speake to him. Adieu
*Northumb.* Nor I.
*Clifford.* Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene this Newes.
*Westm.* Farewell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.
*Northumb* Be thou a prey vnto the House of *Yorke*,
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.
*Clif.* In dreadful Warre may'st thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.
*Warw.* Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.
*Exeter.* They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld
*Henry.* Ah *Exeter*
*Warw.* Why should you sigh, my Lord?
*Henry.* Not for my selfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally shall dis-inherite.
But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that here thou take an Oath,
To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whil'st I liue,

To

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,
To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.
*Plant.* This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
*Warw.* Long liue King *Henry*. *Plantagenet* embrace him.
*Henry.* And long liue thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.
*Plant.* Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.
*Exet.* Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.
*Sonet. Here they come downe.*
*Plant.* Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.
*Warw.* And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.
*Norf.* And I to Norfolke with my followers.
*Mount.* And I vnto the Sea from whence I came.
*Henry.* And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

*Enter the Queene.*

*Exeter.* Heere comes the Queene,
Whose Lookes bewray her anger
Ile steale away.
*Henry Exeter* so will I.
*Queene* Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
*Henry.* Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.
*Queene.* Who can be patient in such extreames?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?
And neuer seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnaturall a Father.
Hath he deserued to loose his Birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood,
Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather then haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire,
And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.
*Prince* Father, you cannot dis-inherite me.
If you be King, why should not I succeede?
*Henry.* Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc'd me.
*Queene.* Enforc'd thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giu'n vnto the House of *Yorke* such head,
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
*Warwick* is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes
The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.
Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,
The Souldiers should haue tos'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Act.
But thou prefer'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,
Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And vtter ruine of the House of *Yorke*.
Thus do I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, we'le after them.
*Henry.* Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.
*Queene.* Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.
*Henry.* Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt stay me.
*Queene* I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
*Prince.* When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
*Queene.* Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
*Henry.* Poore Queene
How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reuenged may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, wingd with desire,
Will cost my Crowne, and like an empty Eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
The loss of those three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.
*Exet.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.*

*Richard.* Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee leaue.
*Edward.* No, I can better play the Orator.
*Mount.* But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke.*

*Yorke.* Why how now Sonnes and Brother, at a strife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?
*Edward.* No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.
*Yorke.* About what?
*Rich.* About that which concernes your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
*Yorke.* Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.
*Richard.* Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
*Edward.* Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now.
By giuing the House of *Lancaster* leaue to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.
*Yorke.* I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly reigne.
*Edward.* But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
*Richard.* No. God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.
*Yorke.* I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.
*Richard.* Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee speake.
*Yorke.* Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.
*Richard.* An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.
*Henry* had none, but did vsurpe the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,
And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de
Euen in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.
*Yorke.* *Richard* enough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprise.

Thou

Thou *Richard* shalt to the Duke of Norfolke, [illegible]
And tell him privily of our intent.
You *Edward* shall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust, for they are Soldiors,
Witty, courteous, liberall, all of spirit.
While you are thus imployd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not privie to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

*Enter Gabriel.*

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such poste?

*Gabriel.* The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle:
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men.
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

*York.* I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
*Edward* and *Richard*, you shall stay with me.
My brother *Montague* shall post to London.
Let Noble *Warwick*, *Cobham* and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerfull Policie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

*Mount.* Brother, we will go raise an host of men,
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

*Exit Montague.*

*Enter Sir John Mortimer, and his Brother.*

*York.* Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happy houre.
The Armie of the Queene meanes to besiege vs.

*John.* She shall not need, we'll meete her in the field.

*York.* What, with five thousand men?

*Richard.* I with five hundred, father, for a needle.
A Woman's generall; what should we feare?

*A March afarre off.*

*Edward.* I heare their Drummes:
Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.

*York.* Five men to twenty: though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Vnckles, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaile have I won in France,
When as the Enemie hath been tenne to one:
Why should I not now have the like successe?

*Alarum. Exit.*

*Enter Rutland and his Tutor.*

*Rutland.* Ah, whither shall I flye to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

*Enter Clifford.*

*Clifford.* Chaplaine, away: thy Priesthood saues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

*Tutor.* And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

*Clifford.* Soldiers, away with him.

*Tutor.* Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*

*Clifford.* How now is he dead already?
Or is it fear, that makes him close his eyes?
Ile open them.

*Rutland.* So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatning Looke.
Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye.
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reuenged on men, and let me liue.

*Clifford.* In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage
Where thy words should enter.

*Rutland.* Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

*Clifford.* Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of *Yorke*,
Is as a fury to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.
Therefore—

*Rutland.* O let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet *Clifford* pitty me.

*Clifford.* Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.

*Rutland.* I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay me?

*Clifford.* Thy Father hath.

*Rutland.* But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pitty me,
Least in reuenge thereof (sith God is iust)
He be as desperately slaine as I.
Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes:
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clifford.* No cause? thy Father slew my Father: therefore dye.

*Rutland.* *Dij faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ.*

*Clifford.* *Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. *Exit*

*Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.*

*Yorke.* The Army of the Queene hath got the Field:
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turne backe, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes pursued by hunger-starued Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselues
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With Purple Faulchion painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountred him:
And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,
*Richard* cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.
*A short Alarum within.*
Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their fury.
And were I strong, I would not shunne their fury.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldiers.*

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchlesse fury to more rage
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
*Northumb.* Yeelds to our mercy proud *Plantagenet*.
*Clifford.* I, to such mercy as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment shew'd vnto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.
*Yorke.* My Ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
*Clif.* So Cowards fight when they can flye no further:
So Doues doe peck the Falcons piercing Talons,
So desperate Theeues all hopelesse of their Liues,
Breathe out inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.
*Yorke.* Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.
*Clifford.* I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.
*Queene.* Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou *Northumberland*.
*Northumb.* Hold *Clifford*, doe not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach of Valour.
*Clifford.* I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the Gynne.
*Northumb.* So doth the Conney struggle in the Net.
*Yorke.* So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht.
*Northumb.* What would your Grace haue done vnto him now?
*Queene.* Braue Warriors *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with outstretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now,
The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
*Dickie*, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,
Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prythee grieue, to make me merry *Yorke*.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad.
And I to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stamp, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport.
*Yorke* cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke*, and Lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is't, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be King
Till our King *Henry* had shooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
O 'tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whilest we breathe take time to doe him dead.
*Clifford.* That is my Office, for my Father's sake.
*Queene.* Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons he makes.
*Yorke.* Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse than Wolues of France,
Whose Tongue more poysons than the Adders Tooth.
How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiues?
But that thy Face is Visard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vse of euill deedes,
I would assay, proud Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou camst, of whom deriu'd,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Were thou not shamelesse.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Ierusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verified,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death.
'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women proud,
But God he knowes thy share thereof is small.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Gouernment that makes them seeme Diuine,
The want thereof, makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seene to beare a Woman's face?
Women are soft-mylde pittifull, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate flynt, rough, remorselesse.
Bid'st thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
Wouldst have me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Rayne begins.
These Teares are my sweet Rutland's Obsequies,
And every drop cryes vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman.
*Northumb.* Beshrew me, but his passions moues me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.
*Yorke.* That Face of his,
The hungry Cannibals would not haue touch'd,
Would not haue staine with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthfull Queene, a pleasing fable hath
This Cloth beene wet with the blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and go boast of this,
And if thou tell'st the heauie story right,
Vpon my Soule the hearers will shed Teares.
Yea, cursse my Eyes when they shall fall to weepe Teares,
And say Alas it was a pitteous deed.
There take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
And in my need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford* take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.
*Northumb.* Had he been Butcher to the Desires in my Kinne,
It shall not for my Life but weepe with him,
To see how my Sorrow gripes his Soule.
*Queen.* What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland?*
Think but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting Teares.
*Clifford.* Here's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death.
*Queene.* And heere's to right our gentle hearted King.
*Yorke.* Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through these wounds to seeke out thee.
*Queene.* Off with the Traytors Head and send it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.
*Flourish. Exit*

*A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.*

*Edward.* I wonder how our Princely Father scap'd,
Or whether he be scap'd away or no,
From *Clifford* and *Northumberlands* pursuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we should haue heard the newes,
Had he been slaine, we should haue heard the newes,
Or had we cast me thinkes we should haue heard
The happy tydings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
*Richard.* I cannot joy, vntill I be resolued
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battaile range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:
Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sunne.
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?
*Ed.* Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?
*Rich.* Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not separated with the racking Clouds,
But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inuiolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne.
In this, the Heauen figures some event.
*Edward.* 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet neuer heard of.
I think it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That we, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,
And ouer-shine the Earth as this the World.
Whate're it bodes, henceforward will I beare
Vpon my Target three fare-shining Suns.
*Richard.* Nay beare three Daughters.
By your leaue, I speake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

*Enter one blowing.*

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?
*Mess.* Ah one that was a woful looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.
*Edward.* O speake no more, for I haue heard too much.
*Richard.* Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.
*Mess.* Enuironed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the Hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to odds:
And many strokes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-timber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But only slaughtered by the ireful Arme
Of vnrelenting *Clifford*, and the Queene.
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthfull Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slaine:
And after many scornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest sight that euer I beheld.
*Edward.* Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone we haue no Staffe nor Stay.
O *Clifford*, boyst'rous *Clifford* thou hast slaine
The flowre of Europe for his Chiualrie,
And treacherously hast thou vanquisht him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquisht thee.
Now my Soules Palace is become a Prison:
Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body

*Enter a Messenger.*

*King.* How now? what newes?

*Mes.* The Duke of Norfolke sent vs word by me,
The Queene is coming with a puissant Host,
And craues your company, for speedy counsell.

*War.* Why then it sorts, braue Warriors let's away.

*Exeunt Omnes*

*Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince, with Drumme and Trumpetes*

*King.* Welcome my Lord, to this braue towne of Yorke,
Yonder's the head of that Arch-enemy,
That sought to be incompast with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect cheere your heart my Lord?

*Queene.* I, as the rocke cheeres them that feare their wracke,
To see this sight, this day in Iustice done
Vpon the wicked deedes of your Foes:
No more can I be seuered from your side,
Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine deuide:
Stay, go, depart, I am still attendant on you.
Lords, force the Duke to some darke place hard by,
Deepe scarre his head in honour of his birth.

*Rich.* I will, my Lord, so please his Maiesty.

*Queene.* Why ought he lesse then that my Husband was?
I, and the proudest of you all shall finde.
Full dearely shall you pay for your displeasure:
You shall haue time enough to waile your wrongs,
The Wheele is turn'd, and you shall proue the Mutes,
Whose words may sinke deepe downe into your hearts.
Away with him, and make his Boast full soone.

*Exeunt some with Richard.*

Come Sirrah, now let me see thy Mothers blood,
Thy Father lost some drops, thou hast more,
Deriu'd from her: this Boy perhaps anon
Will grace his Sire, and tickle vs with his Sword,
Vnlesse we preuent him, and doe cut him short.

*Rich.* How like a Dragon armed and not hatcht,
Should'st thou begin to rage and take thy flight?
And like a Dragon, full of fire and rage,
Thou doo'st deuour up all that comes in place.
First Henry with sad wrongs doth make his graue,
Then him I iustled, and tumbled with the ground,
Now thee I meet, the third shall make thee foure,
And so detaine you, till we come our selues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Braue Lords, Commanders be prepar'd betimes,
For with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwicke, backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Towres, as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

*Clif.* I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

*Qu.* I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortune.

*King.* Why that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.

*North.* Be it with resolution then to fight.

*Prince.* My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Vnsheath your Sword good Father: Cry S. George.

*March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence, Norfolke, Montague, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem vpon my head?
Or bide the mortall fortune of the field.

*Qu.* Go rate thy Minions proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

*Edw.* I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his consent.

*Clif.* Since when his oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue caused him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

*Clif.* And reason too,
Who should succeed the Father but the Sonne.

*Rich.* Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.

*Clif.* I Crookeback, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

*Rich.* 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland* was it not?

*Clif.* I, and old *Yorke*, and yet not satisfied.

*Rich.* For God-sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

*War.* What say'st thou *Henry*,
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speake

*Edw.* Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare
You speake of warre as Seasoning for your tongue?

*War.* I thought ere this thine eyes would haue taught them manners.

*Edw.* Now by my Father, and my Mothers name,
I'le plucke thee downe ere I come to thee.

*Rich.* Nay, hearken Brother, you shall goe with me.

*Edw.* Not I:
My foot shall rest, till stronger hand then mine
Doe helpe to roote me from my dearest Soyle.

*Rich.* Then this for me,
And helpe to deale the like to you both.

*Edw.* Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem vpon my head?
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*Rich.* Then this for me,
And helpe to deale the like to you both.

*Exit.*

*Rich.* I like a Dastard and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed.
*King.* Have done with words (my Lords) and heare me speake.
*Qu.* Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
*King.* I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake.
*Clif.* My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.
*Rich.* Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword.
By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,
That Cæsar and Mannood, was vpon a tongue.
*Ed.* Say *Henry*, shalt I haue my right, or no.
A thousand men haue broke their Fasts to day,
That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.
*War.* If thou denie their blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in iustice puts his Armour on.
*Prin.* If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but euery thing is right.
*War.* Whoeuer got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mother tongue.
*Qu.* But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule mishapen Stygmatick,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be auoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.
*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,
Whom Enuer beares the Title of a King,
As a Colmen-flower (by sufferance of the Sea)
Shamst thy Step-Dame, for lyes so apparant,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart.
*Ed.* A wisp of straw were worth a thousand Crowns
To make this shamelesse Callet know herselfe.
Hen. of Greece was lyer as are thou, and no more,
Altho in thy Hose thou may'st be Menelaus;
And ne're was Agamemnon Brother wronged
By that false Woman, as we men are wee.
Vnsheath your Swords, good Fathers, Cousins, Lords,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That this is Iuno's Torch to fire her Bed;
And thou in this shalt follow in her hast.
But valiant Lords, take heed how you begin,
Note you but how you meet a Bloody day,
For I can cope the Mirth of the first Man,
That sounds the Alarum to the Battell.
*Cla.* And I the next, and this my hand I seale,
That neuer shall say Die, vntill I lie with it.
*Oxf.* In dreadfull Armes I hide my valiant Heart,
And neuer shall retire, while it can beat.
*Rich.* Then sit we down, poore Warwick, when so many
Haue ventur'd their Liues for Edwards right,
Before they fall, learne how to Iest in Armes.
*Norf.* Now by my Faith, a braue Resolute Troope,
And proper Stripling, Noble Gentleman.
*Qu.* Ah that my Feare were false, my Hope were true!
For ere this day is spent, Incertaine Warre
Shall haue depopulate the Neighbor Plaines,
And in the Conquest, threaten both the Conquerors.
For I haue seene the Lambe of Warwick kill
Their Fathers, Sonnes, and Brothers in the Fight,
And I haue seene the Sonne of Warwick kill
Their Sonnes, their Fathers, Brothers in the Fight.
And both haue vow'd this day shall end the Warre,
Or Lives or Deaths shall be the Period.
*Prin.* Then Lords, your Fortune yet vouchsafe a Prayer.
*Qu.* Yet Gentle Warwick, let the Tyrant build
Vpon the Sandie Foundation of Deceit.
*Prin.* This day shall determine whether Loue or Feare
Will worke most in these double-hearted Men.
*Oxf.* Inferiors to your Noble Thoughts in Valour,
Though not in Birth, yet Princes to be scar'd.
*Warw.* A Warning Woman, we esteem not much,
Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwicke.
*War.* Forespent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For strokes receiued, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my strong-knit Sinewes of their strength,
And force perforce, needs must I rest a while.
*Enter Edward running.*
*Ed.* Smile gentle Heauen, or strike ungentle death,
For this world frownes, and Edwards Sunne is clowded.
*War.* How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?
*Enter Clarence.*
*Cla.* Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine followes vs.
What counsaile giue you? whether shall we flye?
*Ed.* Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.
*Enter Richard.*
*Rich.* Ah Warwicke, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy Brothers blood the Purple sweat hath drunk,
And in the very pangs of death he cryes,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke reuenge my death, reuenge our deaths,
So vnderneath the false and hollow Enemy,
I lay'd on case a stocke of Norway blood,
To whom my Heart-blood deadly hate hath sworne,
Short'ning my Days one Moment to preuent
His Nephews reaping of my Age-graine.
*War.* Trust not in Time, the Graues conspire with our blood
Expect your Hower, and many houres repaire,
Who drop their blood in Reuenge on your foes,
Whose Hearts are Gentle, milde, and full of ruth,
At our extreames in these extremities.
Weepe Warwicke, weepe for Clarence, Richard, Warwicke,
Heere on my knees, I vow to God aboue,
I neuer more will cease to pursue,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge.
*Ed.* O Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine.
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my Hands, mine Eyes, my Heart to thee,
Thou setter vp and plucker downe of Kings,
Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that by bloody Hands their Liues may ope,
And haue no more of thee, but what they haue,
Now Lords take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in Heauen, or in Earth.
*Rich.* Brother,
Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary Armes.
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with woe,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.
*War.* Away, away
Once more, sweet Lords farewell.
*Cla.* Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue the King cause to fight, this very day.
*Oxf.* Accursed be the Hand that forces vs
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had slipt our Claime, vntill another Age.
*Cla.* But when we saw, our Sunne-shine made thy Spring
And that thy Summer bred vs no increase,
We set the Axe to thy vsurping Roote:
And though the edge hath something hit our selues,
Yet know thou, since we haue begun to strike,
We'll neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
*Edw.* And in this resolution, I defie you,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thus you will appeare to haue me fight.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,
And either Victory, or else a Graue.
*War.* Stay Edward.
*Ed.* No wrangling Woman, we'll no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand Lives this day.
*Exeunt omnes.*

Forc[illegible] ...

*Exeunt. Enter Richard and C[illegible]*

*Rich.* Now [illegible] laugh'd a reason,
[illegible] for the Duke of Yorke,
[illegible] bath bound to revenge
[illegible]
[illegible] Now [illegible] three Sonnes of Edward,
[illegible] Father Yorke,
[illegible] that thou hast shewn thy brother Rutland,
[illegible] heart, to aime at me in the dearke,
And [illegible] hands that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy selfe,
[illegible]
[illegible] comes, Clifford and
[illegible] Now Warwicke take one out to some other Chace,
[illegible] Exeunt

*Alarum. Enter King Henry alone*

*Hen.* This battell fares like to the morning Warre,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Now [illegible] way, now Mine by Sea,
[illegible] Tide, to combat with the Waves:
[illegible] way, keepe even hand on the Sea,
[illegible] Wrecke
Some one, or [illegible] on the Wave
[illegible] Victors, or to breft
[illegible] opposite for foot encountred.
[illegible] Warre
Here [illegible] Mine by this the Warre,
[illegible] there be no Victor,
[illegible] too
[illegible] Sea, so
They [illegible] be, and I am here.
[illegible]
For [illegible] to Weepe.
[illegible]
[illegible] Mine,
[illegible] Swarme,
To [illegible]
To [illegible] by point,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke,
So many Houres, must I view my Teame,
So many Houres, must I take my Rest,
So many Houres, must I contemplate,
So many Houres, must I sport my selfe,
So many Dayes, my Ewes have been with Lambe,
So many weeks ere the poore Fooles will Eane,
So many yeares ere I shall sheare the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Moneths and Yeares,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires unto a Quiet grave.
Ah what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely?
Gives not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
To Shepherds looking on their silly Sheepe,
Than doth a rich Imbroidered Canopie
To kings that feare their Subjects treacherie?
O yes, it doth a thousand times: first doth
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thin Drinke out of his leather Bottle,
His wonted sleepe, under a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweeter then the Rose,
Is farre beyond the pleasures Delicates
[illegible]
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
[illegible]
Were Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father at one doore, and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.*

*Son.* Ill blowen be every winde that profits nobody,
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,
And I that haply take them from him now,
May yet (ere God will have it so) possesse them
[illegible]
Who's this? O God! it is my Father's face,
[illegible]
Confounded be the fortune of the Warres,
[illegible]
Me thinkes, the gentle Victor Warwicke man,
Cannot [illegible] but pretty his Master:
Ah, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Me thinkes [illegible]
[illegible]
Were [illegible] Dinner,
[illegible]
Weepe [illegible] Teare for Teare,
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.*

*Fa.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
Whose [illegible]
Thy [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

Murther like the King, and not be tatshed?
*Son.* Was euer sonne, so rewd a Fathers death?
*Fath.* Was euer Father to bemoan his Sonne?
*Hen.* Was euer King so greeu'd for Subiects woe?
Much is your sorrow; Mine ten times so much.
*Son.* Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill
*Fath.* These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image neuer shall go.
My sighing breast, shall be thy Funerall bell;
And so obsequious will thy Father be,
Men for the losse of thee, hauing no more,
As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murthered where I should not kill. *Exit*
*Hen.* Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care,
Heere sits a King, more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.*

*Prin.* Fly Father, flye, for all your Friends are fled,
And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull.
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite.
*Qu.* Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post amaine:
*Edward* and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fearefull flying Hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steele grasp'd in their yrefull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
*Exet.* Away, for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
Or else come after, Ile away before.
*Hen.* Nay take me with thee good sweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to stay, but loue to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

*A loud alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.*

*Clif.* Heere burnes my Candle out; I heere it dies,
Which while it lasted, gaue King *Henry* light.
O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow,
More than my Body parting with my Soule
My Loue and Feare, glew'd many friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thorough Corruptures wounds,
Impaire *Henry*, strengthning misproud Yorke,
And whether flyes the Gnats but to the Sunne?
And who shines now, but *Henries* enemies?
O Phœbus! had'st thou neuer giuen consent,
That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre neuer had scorch'd the earth.
And *Henry*, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,
They neuer then had sprung like Summer Flyes:
I, and ten thousand in this luckelesse realme,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, hadst kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherish Weeds but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootlesse are Plaints, and Cureless are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is merciless, and will not pity
For at their hands I haue deserued no pity.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come *Yorke*, and *Richard*, Warwicke and the rest,
I stabb'd your Fathers bosomes, Split my breast.

*Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward Warwicke Richard and Soldiers, Montague & Crosse.*

*Ed.* Now breathe we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause
And smooth the frowns of War, with peaceful lookes.
Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme *Henry* though he were a King,
As doth a Sayle, fill'd with a fretting Gust
Command an Argosie to stem the Waues.
But think you Lords, that Clifford fled with them?
*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother, *Richard*, markt him for the Graue.
And where an Eagle was wont to lye,
*Richard* alone hath reft the Regall Eagle
A deale vp close, like Death and deaths departing.
See who it is.
*Ed.* And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vsed.
*Rich.* Reuoke that doome of mercy for this *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing *Rutland*, when his leaues put forth,
But left not till the Truncke, the Root, the Budde,
Concealed not the Fruite, and Blossome both,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.
*War.* From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down the head,
Your Father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let this supply the roome,
Measure for measure, must be answered.
*Ed.* Bring forth that fatall Screech-owle to our house,
That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismall threatning sound,
And his ill-boading tongue no more shall speake.
*War.* I think his vnderstanding is bereft:
Speake Clifford, dost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ouershades his beames of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears vs what we say.
*Rich.* O would he did! and so perhaps he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would auoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.
*Clif.* If so thou think'st
Vex him with eager words.
*Rich.* Clifford, aske mercy and obtaine no grace.
*Ed.* Clifford repent in bootlesse penitence.
*War.* Clifford deuise excuses for thy faults.
*Clif.* While we deuised strife, we had not time
*Rich.* I would do it now: I like and loue to Yorke.
*Ed.* Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
*Clif.* Where's Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?
*War.* They mocke thee Clifford,
Sweare as thou was't wont.
*Rich.* What not an Oath? Nay then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he's dead: and by my Soule
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whose vnstanched thirst
Yorke, and young Rutland could not satisfie.
*War.* I, but he's dead. Off with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers stands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

I meet the crowned King and Royall King
From France (from Warwicke out the Sea to France,
And sue the Lady crowne forth, Queene
Shall fret the now both these Lands together,
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred foe that hopes to rise againe.
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to have them buz to offend thine eares.
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny I crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord
Sun. Even as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee
For on thy shoulder do I build my Seate,
And never will I undertake the thing
Without thy counsell and consent is wanting
Edward I will create thee Duke of Glocester,
And George of Clarence; Warwicke as our Selfe,
Shall do, and undo as him pleases best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Glocester,
For Glocester Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tut that's a foolish observation
Richard be Duke of Glocester. Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession. Exeunt

*Enter Sinkler and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes in their hands.*

Sink. Under this thicke grownebrake, we'll shrowd
(our selves.
The Deere will come, and soon the Deere will come,
And in this covert will we take our Stand,
Couching close the path of all the Deere.
Hum. But this is about a Stone-cast shot by this.
Sink. That cannot be, the noise of my Crosse-bow
Will cause the Heard, and quite spoile the sport.
Here stand we both, and aym we at the best
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
I'le tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this selfe place where now we mean to stand.
Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past.
*Enter King with a Prayer-booke.*
Hen. From Scotland am I stolne even of pure love,
To see some owne Land with my wishing eyes.
No Harry Harry, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balme washt off, wherewith thou was Anointed
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suters prease to speake for right,
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee
For how can I helpe them and not my selfe?
Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skinne is a Keepers Fee
This is the quondam King; Let's seize upon him.
Hen. Let me embrace these sowre Adversities,
For Wise men say, it is the wisest course.
Hum. Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbeare awhile, we'll heare a little more.
Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aide,
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
Is thither gone, to crave the French Kings Sister
To wife for Edward. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne your labour is but lost
For Warwicke is a subtle Orator
And Lewis a Prince soone won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much.
Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his breast,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart.
The Tyger will be milde whiles he doth mourne;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, but she's come to beg, Warwicke to give
She on her side will draw the heart of France
By vertue of her Beauty, and deepe oathes:
He on his side, for love of Edward
Shee weepes, and layes, her Henry is deposd
He smiles, and sayes, his Edward is installd,
That she, poore Wretch, for griefe can speake no more
Whiles Warwicke tells his Title, smoothes the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edwards place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne
Hum. Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was borne to
A man at least, for lesse I should not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I but thou talk'st, as if thou were a King.
King. Why so I am (in Mind) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deckt with Diamonds, and Indian Stones, &c.
Nor to be seene: my Crowne is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that hath donne Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us. For (as we thinke)
You are the King King Edward hath deposd:
And we his Subjects sworne in our Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.
King. But did you never sweare, and breake an Oath.
Hum. No never such an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?
Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was anointed King at nine moneths old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworne true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Sink. No, for we were Subjects, but while you were King.
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare.
Looke, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded always by the greater gust:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,
My meane intreaties shall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and crosse me shall.
Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,
King Edward.
King. So would you be againe to Henrie,
If he were seated as King Edward is.
Sink. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with us unto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe.
And what he will, I humbly yeeld unto Exeunt

*Enter K. Edward, Glocester, Clarence, Lady Grey*
King. Brother of Glocester, at S. Albons field

This

This Lady's Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was slaine,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repossesse those Lands,
Which we in Iustice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of *Yorke*,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

*Rich.* Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:
It were dishonor to deny it her.

*King.* It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.

*Rich.* Yea, sit to:
I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble suit.

*Clarence.* Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?

*Rich.* Silence.

*King.* Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our minde.

*Wid.* Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highnesse to resolue me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.

*Rich.* I Widow, then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
I feare me you shall goe more gladder,
Then you are glad for any thing you le get.

*Clarence.* I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall.

*Rich.* God forbid that, for hee le take aduantages.

And how many Children hast thou, Widow? tell me.

*Clarence.* I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

*Rich.* Nay then whip me, hee'le rather giue her two.

*Wid.* Three, my most gracious Lord.

*Rich.* You shall haue foure, if you'le be ruled by him.

*King.* 'Twere pitie they should lose their Fathers Lands.

*Wid.* Be pitifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

*King.* Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes wit.

*Rich.* I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.

*King.* Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your Children?

*Wid.* I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.

*King.* And would you not doe much to doe them good?

*Wid.* To doe them good, I would sustayne some harme.

*King.* Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

*Wid.* Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.

*King.* Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

*Wid.* So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice.

*King.* What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?

*Wid.* What you command that rests in me to doe.

*King.* But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

*Wid.* No gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

*King.* I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.

*Wid.* Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

*Rich.* Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.

*Clar.* As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt.

*Wid.* Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my Taske?

*King.* An easie Taske 'tis but to loue a King.

*Wid.* That's soone performd, because I am a Subiect.

*King.* Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.

*Wid.* I take my leaue with many thousand thankes.

*Rich.* The Match is made, she seales it with a Curtsie.

*King.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.

*Wid.* The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

*King.* I, but I feare me in another sence.
What Loue, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

*Wid.* My loue till death, my humble thankes, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Virtue graunts.

*King.* No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.

*Wid.* Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

*King.* But now you partly may perceiue my minde.

*Wid.* My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue
Your Highnesse aymes at, if I aime aright.

*King.* To tell thee plaine, I would haue thee to liue with thee.

*Wid.* To tell you plaine, I had rather liue in Prison.

*King.* Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands Lands.

*Wid.* Why then my Honestie shall be my Dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.

*King.* Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

*Wid.* Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me.
But mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit.
Please you dismisse me, either with I, or no.

*King.* I, if thou wilt say I to my request:
No if thou dost say No to my demand.

*Wid.* Then No, my Lord, my suit is at an end.

*Rich.* The Widow likes him not, she knits her Browes.

*Clarence.* Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christendome.

*King.* Her lookes doth argue her replete with Modestie,
Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraignetie,
One way, or other shee is for a King,
And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?

*Wid.* 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord.
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

*King.* Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,
I speake no more than what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.

*Wid.* And that is more than I will yeeld vnto.
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

*King.* You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

*Wid.* 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call you Father.

*King.* No more, than when my Daughters call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and hast some Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other some. Why 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes.
Answere no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

*Rich.* The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

*Clarence.* When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for shift.

*King.* Brothers, you muse what Chat we two haue had.

*Rich.* The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very sad.

*King.* You'l thinke it strange, if I should marrie her.

*Clarence.* To whom, my Lord?

*King.* Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.

*Rich.* That

*Edw.* That you deceiue me, for I cannot liue.
*Clarence.* That's a day longer than a Wonderfull.
*Rich.* By this reckoning he is the Wonder in extremes
*King.* Were he twice as many Brothers I cannot yet be worn,
Her suit is granted for her Husbands Lands.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate
*King.* See that he be conueyed vnto the Tower:
And go we Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow go you along. Lords vse her honourable.
*Exeunt*

*Manet Edward.*

*Edw.* I, *Edward* will vse women honourably:
Would all were wasted, Marrow, bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To scratch the face of Gouernment I looke for
And yet betweene my Soules desire, and me,
The lustfull *Edward* Title buried,
Is *Clarence, Henry*, and his Son young *Edward*,
And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my eye:
A cursed generation of my Progenie.
Why me thinkes I heare a Conqueror,
Like one in Armour thrusting Prisoners,
And yet the Ayre about him scarce he would tread,
Whilst Fortune serues him with a victorious eye,
And I am next at hand to waite his pleasure,
Saue heere and there to hasten his way
Vnder the Crowne, hoping to take off,
And all the cursed meanes that keepes me from it,
And (like a Lyon in the Toyles) still roare,
Expecting when the Game will come to me.
My Soule is full of Woe my Heart o'reweenes too much,
Vnlesse by this faire meanes I climbe apace
Vnto the Throne, and seate me on the Top
Of all my Hopes. Let Lapwings
And Ideots my Companions,
Attend on Lawes and my Will, and Lookes.
Dispatch I say, and finish quickly.
I am not secure whilst Crowne (Crowne I say)
Wants Compasse to receiue my Princely Worke.
And ere I end, I will so cut out Layers,
So deale corrupt, so alter New with Old,
That fearefull men shall wish their Necks vnder my Stroke,
Time shall not finish my Mountaine on the Back
Of Crookeback, before I have
Fashion'd new Lawes, and put vnacquainted,
Indifferent persons in every Office
Like Iackanapes, or Apish Imitators
Of Machiuell the Diuell.
And then, when I am sure of being so,
Then I vnmaske my Brother, and for Conscience sake,
I'le put the Murther of Poore Henry off,
As done in Zeale to his Religion,
For the Redemption of the Realme and People:
And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling desperately to finde it out,
Torment my Soule, to catch the English Crowne
And from that torment I will free my Ioate,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
Ile slay more gazers then the Basiliske,
Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
Deceiue more slyly then *Vlisses* could,
And like a *Sinon*, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change shapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,
And set the murderous *Machiuell* to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

*Flourish.*
*Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his Admirall, called Bourbon. Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.*
*Lewis sits, and riseth vp againe.*

*Lewis.* Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit downe with vs, it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.
*Marg.* No mighty King of France: now *Margaret*
Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,
Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes
But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
And with hot scalding-griefe hath wet my face,
Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.
*Lewis.* Why say faire Queene, whence springs this deepe despaire?
*Marg.* From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
*Lewis.* Whate're it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
And sit thee by our side. *Seats her by him.*
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntlesse minde still beare saile,
Cleere Maiestance
Be plaine Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
*Marg.* Those gracious words
Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
And giue my tongue-tyed sorrowes leaue to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry* late possessor of my Loue,
Is, of a King, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
While proud ambitious *Edward* Duke of Yorke,
Vsurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anointed lawfull King.
This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret*,
With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull aide:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our People, and our Peeres, are both misled,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Soldiers put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selues in heauy plight.
*Lewis.* Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
*Marg.* The more we stay, the stronger growes our Foe.
*Lewis.* The more I stay, the more I succour thee.
*Marg.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter Warwicke.*

*Lewis.* What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?
*Marg.* Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greatest Friend.
*Lewis.* Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what braues thee to France? *They conferre apart.*
*Marg.* I now beginne a second Storme to rise,
For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tide.
*Warw.* From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse and vnfeigned Loue)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to craue a League of Amitie.
And lastly to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thereto thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy right Sister,
To England King, in lawfull Marriage.
*Marg.* If that goe forward *Henries* hopes is done.
*Warw.* And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your leaue and fauor,
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart
Where fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image and thy Vertues.
*Marg.* King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
Before you answer *Warwicke*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie.
For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
Vnlesse abroad they purchase great Alliance?
To prooue him Tyrant this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liues still: But were he dead,
Yet here *Prince Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis* that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger and Dishonour.
For though Vsurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet Heauens are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.
*Warw.* Iniurious *Marget.*
*Bona.* And why not Queene?
*Warw.* Because thy Father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Princesse then the daughter of Duke.
*Oxf.* Then *Warwicke* disparages not the house of Gaunt,
Whilst it did dubbe the greatest part of Spaine;
And ancestor *Iohn* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth
Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince *Henry* the Fift,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France
From thence, your *Henry* lineally descends.
*Warw.* Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten.
Methinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedegree
Of three descents and twice three yeeres seruage
To make a King vnto a lawfull Throne.
Of all my Lords and mine Progenitors
Are valiant Warriors, expert Conquerors,
And shall it be recorded for their Fame,
Their Sonne is now their Peeres Companion?
Now cast off Pedegree, for Edward King
Come Crowned Kings, in spite of thy Disgrace
My elder brother Lord *Iohn Mowbray* here
Was not to dearest Friends more carefull Fauorer,
Then Nature, Crowne, and all the powers on Earth
Will be to Edward.
*Iohn.* And they shall be to Edward and Oxford,
Vnlesse the pleasure be the same
And cleane contrary to the pleasure of *Warwicke.*

*Enter Edward, &c.*

*Marg.* Heauens grant, that *Warwickes* words bewitch him not.
*Lewis.* Now *Warwicke*, thou art come euen vnexpectedly to hence
Edward our true King, and we to him
To thee we owe, and therefore welcome chosen,
*Warw.* Therein I prooue my Credit, and my Honor.
*Lewis.* But is your Grace dead to the Proffers offered?
*Warw.* I am sent at large with full Commission,
*Lewis.* Let it be seene, then, how the Articles
Tell me the true meaning of your Loue
Vnto our Sister *Lona*.
*Warw.* So it seemes,
As may beseeme Monarchs of your state
Most earnest Motions of a Princely Suite,
Most effectuall Orators of Loue and Peace,
Warrant the Kingly Warrant of Edwards Name,
Exempt from all dissembling from Deceit,
Vnder the Faith *Lona* may repose
*Lewis.* Now Sister, giue vs cause to cheere and reioyce.
*Lona.* Your grauest Counsailors, discerning deepe
Yet I conceale, that of mine owne accord,
When I shall heare your Kings sincere receiuing,
Mine eare attentiue to his amorous Motions
*Lewis.* Then *Warwicke* thus:
Our Sister shall be *Edwards*.
And now to know the full Articles be drawne
Touching the ioynture our Sister must make,
What Dower Queene *Margaret* and her selfe
Draw neere Queene *Margaret* and be a witnesse
That *Lona* shall be wife to the English King
*Prince.* To *Edward* but not to the English King
*Marg.* Deceitfull Father, and vnnaturall Sonne,
Before your eyes, *Lewis* of *France*, and
*Lewis.* And mine, braue *Margaret*.
Binde your Hearts to our Crowne and speake,
As may appeare to *Edward* and his Friends
That our Alliance will be safe and sure.
From all Ingratefull, and vnkinde Iniuries
Yet (if I may, or can be any way)
That your Heart-rooting Hates, and mine may yeeld
*Warw.* *Henry* our Lord is Scotland, and hath all,

Vnlesse

Where hauing nothing, nothing can be lost,
And (for why, you are (of our quondam Queene)
You are a Baite enough to make me yours,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.
*Mar.* Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,
Proud setter vp and plucker downe of Kings,
I will not ene'e wrangle with thee, Tales and Teares
Not worthy Queenes, and Princes to regard:
But in compassion, weeping ouer them,
If you'le be compassionate, and my Lords all to boote,
*To them, with the Queene.*
For both of you are Birds of selfe-same feather.
*Lewis.* Warwicke this is some poste to vs, or Packet.
*Enter a Post.*
*Post.* My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwicke.*
Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Montague*
These from our King, vnto your Maiesty. *To Lewis*
And Madam, these for you. *To Margaret*
From whom, I know not.
*They reade their Letters*
*Oxf.* I like it well, that our faire Queene, and Mistris
Smiles at her News, while their hard-hearted King
*Prince.* Nay mary see how *Lewis* stands as he were
not pleased with that which he hath heard.
*Lew.* Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene?
*Mar.* Mine such as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.
*War.* Mine full of sorrow, and heart-discomfort.
*Lew.* What? has your King married the Lady Grey?
And now to sooth your Forces, hath he sent
Some Ambassador to perswade this Match?
And will the Pope make Warre against this Match?
Hath he preferred before your Sisters Loue?
*Mar.* No, Mighty King of France, her Edward will
Disprize the Brother of so meane a Wife,
As Lady Grey, in regard of her estate.
No, my Lord, hearing of your Princely Purpose,
To marry with the Sister to the French Queene,
Disdaining our vnworthy Sister's Loue,
Hath sent Ambassadors vnto the Lady Bona,
To craue the Marriage of the Royall Bona.
*Bona.* Is it euen so? why then I ioy at it,
Why this is Loue indeed, to scorne a Crowne
For his Beloued Mistris sake, whose Beauty
Doth farre exceed the Beauty of her Fortune.
*Mar.* Tush Bona, this is Policie, not Loue.
Or else, thinking that Warwicke is thy Friend,
Hath he preferred thy Sister to his Friend.
*Bona.* Be it for Loue, or Policie, or both,
I am right glad that he is not for me.
For this I am sure of, he is not for you.
*Lew.* Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or Packet.
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Doth farre exceed the Beauty of her Fortune.
*Mar.* Tush Bona, this is Policie, not Loue.
Or else, thinking that Warwicke is thy Friend,
Hath he preferred thy Sister to his Friend.
*Bona.* Be it for Loue, or Policie, or both,
I am right glad that he is not for me.
For this I am sure of, he is not for you.
And for the loue of, and safety of our Country
*Bona.* Deere brother, now shall *Bona* be reuenged,
But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?
*Mar.* Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henries* liue,
Vnlesse thou rescue him from forreine bondage?
*Bona.* My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.
*War.* And mine with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.
*Lew.* Alreadie you are, and shall be, deere *Margaret*.
Therefore, at last, I firmely am resolued
You shall not part so.
*Mar.* Let me entreat you.
*Lew.* Then I say, as Messenger, seale vp your Packet,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of France, is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
Thinke'st thou that we feare their hidden wiles?
*Bona.* Tell him, sweet Lord, what ere he be, I prouide a widowes sorrow,
I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.
*Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'le vncrowne him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*
*Lew.* But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with fiue thousand men
Shall crosse the Seas, and I will straight follow with a puissant Army.
And as occasion serues, this Noble Queene
And Prince, shall follow with all speed.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
What pledge haue we of thy firme loyalties?
*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
I'le ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,
To your forsaken Bed, and Marriage-Bands.
*Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward* she is fairer then Veriooke,
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faire Daughter shall conueigh
All these deere Lands Warwicke doth inioy.
*Prince Ed.* Yes, I accept her, for the Wealth she brings.
And here to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.
*He giues his hand to Warw.*
*Lew.* Why stay we now? These Princes shall be wed,
And straight Lord Bourbon our High Admirall
Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.
*Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.*
*War.* I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
But I return his sworne and mortall foe.
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.
I was the Chiefe that rays'd him to the Crowne,
And I'le be Chiefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pitty *Henries* misery,
But seeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

*Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.*

*Rich.* Now tell me brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Grey*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy Choice?
*Cla.* Alas, you know, 'tis farre from hence to France,
How

How can tune fit vs vnfortunate made returne?
*Som.* My Lords, forbeare this talke, heere comes the King.

*Flourish.*

*Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings, Attendants.*

*Rich.* And his well-chosen Bride.
*Clarence.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
*King.* Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you stand pensiue, as halfe malecontent?
*Clarence.* As well as Lewis of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke,
Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuse.
*King.* Say you so, say you so? I intend no wrong.
They are but Lewis and Warwicke, I am Edward,
Your King and Warwicke, and must haue my will.
*Rich.* And shall you haue your will, because our King:
Yet hasty Marriage seldome proueth well.
*King.* Yea brother Richard, are you offended too?
*Rich.* Not I, no:
God forbid that I should wish them seuered,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together.
I, and 'twere pitie, to sunder them,
That yoke so well together.
*King.* Setting your scornes, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my Wife, and England's Queene?
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speake freely what you think.
*Clarence.* Then this is mine opinion.
That King Lewis becomes your Enemie,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady Bona.
*Rich.* And Warwicke doing what you gaue in charge,
Is now dishonored by this new Marriage.
*King.* What, if both Lewis and Warwicke be appeas'd,
By such inuention as I can deuise?
*Mount.* Yet to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,
Would more haue strengthned this our Commonwealth
'Gainst forraine stormes, than any home-bred Marriage.
*Hast.* Why knows not Mountague that of it selfe,
England is safe, if true within it selfe?
*Mount.* But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
*Hast.* 'Tis better vsing France, than trusting France:
Let vs be back'd with God and with the Seas,
Which he hath giuen for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, only defend our selues:
In them and in our selues our safetie lyes.
*Clar.* For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserues
To haue the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.
*King.* I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.
*Rich.* And yet me thinks your Grace hath not done well,
To match our Sister to an Vncle so,
Who dotes as much as we do hate the match.
*Clarence.* Alas, your Highnesse knowes not Lady Grey
How much in duty I am bound to you,
And good my Lord of Gloster, marke my words:
Before the Duke of Somerset sayd he,
Required to haue his Daughter Queene of England,
He should haue had your Highnesse Loue for Edward:
Yea, and (as I heare) the Duke proffered,
Besides large sommes of Gold, and Dowries,
In Marriage of his Daughter, Princely gifts,
In value rich: but I, for all my kin,
Sought your high honor, and your benefit.
*Rich.* True, in deed, the worse thereby for you.
*King.* I, I, for I would rather haue her so,
How can I then haue her but by Marrying?
Sweet Sister, do not enuy your friends good hap.
Poore Clarence, leaue thy needlesse mone for me,
And fortune will ere long relent for thee.
Sirs, stand apart, the King must sue and kneele.
*Duch.* Now tell me, Brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choyce?
*Clarence.* Alas, you know, 'tis farre from hence to France,
How could he stay till Warwicke made returne?
*Som.* My Lords, forbeare this talke, heere comes the King.

*Flourish.*

*Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings, Attendants.*

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Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuse.
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They are but Lewis and Warwicke, I am Edward,
Your King and Warwicke, and must haue my will.
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Yet hasty Marriage seldome proueth well.
*King.* Yea brother Richard, are you offended too?
*Rich.* Not I, no:
God forbid that I should wish them seuered,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together.
I, and 'twere pitie, to sunder them,
That yoke so well together.
*King.* Setting your scornes, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my Wife, and England's Queene?
And you too, Somerset, and Mount

[illegible]

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Clifford.*

*Yorke.* Let me see the Tower guarded sure to night:
So are the Posternes of the Parke, and Gates;
There is directions for the Watch to night.
We must suppose the Duke will stand his friends,
Or he no doubt, this sodaine Parliament
Is call'd for nought but meere Policie.
We know each Freind, and each Opposite:
The Duke is Crafty, he is subtle,
And his pretences sugred Eloquence.
But I am arm'd and dare confront him now,
And yet I think Jack Cade was not deceiv'd.
Poore Soule, his head is fixed on London Bridge,
He usde no common meanes to breake our Power,
And dangerous in the Time of Insurrection.
*Buck.* Let us assemble when the Duke comes forth,
And if he braue vs, then vpon our Horse,
And bid him Battell in the Market-place.
*Yorke.* Not so, my Lords, lest he might charge vs thence,
But meete him in the Parke on Horsebacke.
*Clif.* Each Souldier stand in readinesse,
With Launce in Rest, and Staues vpon their Thighes,
The Morning is well vp, I looke he straight
Will send to know our Businesse in the Field.
*Yorke.* I wish it may not come to Fight.
For all the Followers that I haue in Armes,
Are Gentlemen well Spoken, feeling, wise,
Such as will strike home with Mildnesse.
*Buck.* Why, so are his: for Commons seldome fight.
And then his Men are Tenants to the Duke.
*Yorke.* Yet this is certaine, that the Duke is Head,
And brings along with him the Force of Kent.
*Clif.* Marry, and let him bring his Power of Kent,
Ere Sussex yeeld, this Hand shall burne in Hell.
*Buck.* Here comes the Duke.

*Enter the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Suffolke.*

*Yorke.* What, Somerset in Armes?
*Buck.* And Suffolke too?
Why, what a crew have you got together,
Of Wilfull Gentlemen, whose Valour
Is test by their Apparrell?
*Yorke.* Well met, Duke of Somerset,
I hope this Armie is not gathered
Against your Person, or against the Peace,
Whereof, no doubt, the Duke is Protector.
*Buck.* Well met, Duke of Yorke,
I thinke your Purpose is not hostile.
*Suffolke.* What is the Reason you are vp in Armes,
While your Soueraigne feeles no Fear at all,
See not a Weapon glitter in his Eye,
Nor hath his Heart the Feare to strike
His Subiects Bosomes, except Traitors,
Such as (I feare) are harbour'd neere his Person.
*Yorke.* How I am braued, and must perforce endure it?
*Buck.* This blot that they obiect against your Excellence,
Was well deseru'd too, that your Excellence
Vnder Pretence of Manning Normandy,
Dismantled of your Men the Fortresse
Of Roan, Yeelding (your selfe) vnto the French.
*Yorke.* Those Men are banish'd Traitors:
The Duke of Somerset (whose Cowardice
Hath made vs bleede our Treasure, and our Bloud)
Being our Generall, purposely to the Dolphin,
For Monyes.
*Suffolke.* Your Mutinies in Normandy
Haue made your Name so hateful in your Graue,
That when your Limmes were stiffe and cold with Death,
To laye his Enuie vnto your dead Honour,
And see his Noble Name arraigned in you.
*Yorke.* My Lord of Suffolke, within fourteene Yeeres
I haue not been Imployed beyond the Seas.
*Buck.* Since when, the Duke of Somerset hath reapt
A Harueste of Seuen Fifteenes in France:
And brought your Riches home with Extreame Wrong.
*Yorke.* Is this the Fashion in the Court of England?
Is this the Way to Lift vp Englands Peeres?
Why, Princely Buckingham, I'le make thee Loose
Both Land and Life for these Reproaches.
*Buck.* Why, Princely Yorke, I'le make thee aske againe
Both Land and Life, ere thou possesse them.
*Yorke.* Base Dukedome, vnworthy Buckingham,
Bought and sold Traytor, I will make thee shame
For these Reproaches, as deepe as Hell.
*Buck.* Nay, Yorke, this Braue shall not depart alive,
Vnlesse he kisse the Stirrop of the Duke.
*Yorke.* Dar'st thou (for feare) proclaime a Parliament?
But I forget, we are not Subiects now,
But Soueraigne as the Duke: and one Proud Yorke,
Will pluck a Crest-wing'd Hawke as low as Lure,
This Day shall make or marre many a Pesant.
And not vnlike to Bibbie Buckingham,
And Somerset, Dukedomes and Lordships both,
Will vanish like to Mistes before the Sunne.
*Clif.* Proud Yorke, vnpatient Boy,
What Lord wilt thou controule heere?
*Yorke.* Proud Clifford, such a Lord as Henry is,
Whose Hand is made to Giue, his Heart to Pitty,
Whose Tongue more Temper'd to perswade,
Than is the Conquering Fury of his Sword.
*Clif.* Whose Tongue is more Temper'd to Lye,
Than to perswade, or Sword more apt to Kill,
Than Pitty, or Giue Gifts?
*Yorke.* Why, Clifford, I do speake to Somerset,
Not to the Barking Bulldogge of Commixture,
To whose Surname Arthur Plantagenet
Added Scorne.
*Buck.* Why, what a Scorne glowes in the Face of Yorke?
*Yorke.* Not Scorne in Yorke, but Feare in those that feare him.
For if I would, each Part of me
Would prove a Sword for Somerset.
*Buck.* Why, what would you do?
*Yorke.* Marry, this, Take Vengeance
For all the Wrongs I speake of done to me.
*Buck.* Why, you speake but what all the Realme complaines of.
*Yorke.* Nay, whereto flowes this Apology?
I am no Traytor, as the Duke doth Slaunder,
But honest in the Part of Truth and Right,
That do inferre the Iust Vprearing of my Sword,
For Somerset and all his Complices,
A Day will come when Yorke shall claime his Owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuill Parts,
And make a Show of Hate to Buckingham.
I'le send some Packets to the Northward straight,
To know their Minds, whereto they stand affected:
And thus my Long-kept Hate may haply speed,
And thus I passe the Time with Hope and Feare.
*Clif.* Ile see your Grace: till then, I'le follow her
Into the Countrey, and there sleepe till Day.
*Suffolke.* Ile see your Grace: till then, I'le follow her
Into the Countrey, and there sleepe till Day.
*Yorke.* Well, Somerset, thou shalt not scape my Sword:
Vnlesse the Duke doth Murther me in Prison.
Base Dukedome, vnworthy Buckingham.
*Buck.* Well Somerset, thou shalt not scape my Sword:
Vnlesse the Duke doth Murther me in Prison.
Base Dukedome, vnworthy Buckingham.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a Troupe of Men to attend the King.*

1. Come on my Masters, each man take his Stand,
The King by this is set him downe to sleepe.
2. What say you if he not to be the first
1. Marry, we were sent for to do that Vow
Ne'er to take rest vntill the same be acted,
Therefore stand to't.
2. No more will I, if I may come by my Fellowes.
3. Here comes the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefest friend.
2. Why is he so more than any other Lord?
3. Because he loues his Pleasures as the King,
Whose Vertues leanes to Peace more than to Warre.
1. Stand close, he comes.
2. Marry, because more dangerous.
*Hast.* I but one hower more to Worship and Quietnesse,
I cannot tell me what a clocke it is.
It doubtfull Dreames it should not when I sleepe,
Thrice hath Edward bid me waken him.
1. Vnlesse our Halberds do shut vp his passage.
2. Ay, I wonder he is so fond to trust to Ruffians.
*Hast.* I would they were, that I might die at once,
For this shrewd World growes odious to my Soule.
Men feare the Enuie that vaine Greatnesse breeds,
And I feare none, and yet I feare me much,
Least suddaine Death doth catch me vnprouided.

*The Drumme, Colours and Trumpet sounde.*

*Enter Richard Duke of Yorke, and the King.*

*Yorke.* What is't your Highnesse Pleasure I shall do at my Birth-day?
I think my Lord Clarence shall be married to Warwicke Daughter.
But what's the matter, my Liege, for your Highnesse Cheeke doth coate and beate?
*King.* Ambitious Yorke did level at my Crowne.
*Yorke.* Why, my Liege, was I borne to any Crowne?
Were I at Libertie, I would not be
King of Ireland for the Riches of the Stone
Call'd Titan, that wise Poets faine doth ride
About the Gates of Morning and of Day.
Or need your Highnesse Feare the Ambition
Of Poore Plantagenet, who quietly
Seekes but to Serue your Royall Majestie?
*King.* Thy Wordes are Musicke, but thy Deedes are Gall.
*Yorke.* Then Heauen forbid my Deedes should be so vile,
Or that my Loue should not as well appeare
As my Obedience, though Enuie barke
Euen at the Heeles of in-most Innocence.
Could Caesar smile, and murther while he smil'd,
Cry Content to that which grieu'd his Heart,
And wet his Cheekes with Artificiall Teares,
As Iason Mirmidon, how iustly he dissembles.
*King.* Why, what couldst thou do, if I should do thee wrong?
Or any of my Brothers, or my Nobles?
That I may looke vpon thee as a Friend.
*Yorke.* Why, my Liege, if I should do you wrong,
Heauen shall punish me, and I will suffer it.
*King.* Then Yorke be still awhile, till Time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To pry into the secrets of the State,
Till Henry surfeiting in Ioyes of Loue,
With his new Bride, and Englands dear bought Queene,
And Humfrey with his Peeres be falne asleepe,
Shall not thy Wrongs in Heart, but Power speake,
And God forgiue them that so much haue sway'd
Your Princes Weake, and mighty Realme.
*Yorke.* Now God helpe Humfrey, for I feare me much
He shall not liue long: for I looke he shall

*K.Eew.* Yea,Brother of Clarence,
Art thou there too?
Nay then I see,that *Edward* needs must downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe,and all thy Complices,
*Edward* will alwayes beare himselfe as King
Though Fortunes malice ouerthrow my State,
My minde exceedes the compasse of her Wheele.
*Warw.* Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,

*Takes off his Crowne*

But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne,
And be true King indeede, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be conuey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke
When I haue fought with *Pembrooke*,and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what answer
*Lewis* and the Lady *Bona* send to me.
Now to a-whole farewell good Duke of Yorke.

*They leade him out forcibly*

*K.Ed* What Fates impose,that men must needs abide,
It boots not to resist both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*
*Oxf.* What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
*Warw.* I,that's the first thing that we haue to do,
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

*Enter Riuers,and Lady Gray.*

*Riu.* Madam,what makes you in this sodaine change?
*Gray.* Why Brother *Riuers* are you yet to learne
What late mischance is befalne to *King Edward*?
*Riu.* What losse of some pitcht battell?
Againe *Warwicke*?
*Gray.* No,prettie losse of his owne Royall person.
*Riu.* Then is my Soueraigne slaine?
*Gray.* I,almost slaine,for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares.
And as I further haue to vnderstand
Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.
*Riu.* These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,
Yet gracious Madam beare it as you may.
Warwicke may loose that now hath wonne the day
*Gray.* Till then,fayre hope must hinder life decay
And I the rather wean me from dispaire
For loue of *Edward* Off-spring in my wombe
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:
I,I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne
King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne.
*Riu.* But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?
*Gray.* I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,
Guesse therefore what it portends what danger may befall to our houses,
If that the Queene should not be well supplied.
*Riu.* Then speedily conuey vs vnto the Queene,
Before the Prouidence of Warwicke can
Preuent the ill intended purposes:
Our Ships lie nere at hand,we will to Sea.

*Enter Richard Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.*

*Rich.* Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the case: you know our King my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here at whose hands
He hath good vsage and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I haue aduertised him by secret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,
He shall see safe gouernance but his Horse and Men,
To fight with Warwicke and his Confederates.

*Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.*

*Huntsman.* This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
*King Edw.* Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of Glocester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?
*Rich.* Brother,the time and case requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke corner.
*King Ed.* But whether shall we then?
*Hast.* To Lynne my Lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.
*Rich.* Well guest beleeue me for that was my meaning
*K.Ed. Stanley* I will requite thy forwardnesse.
*Rich.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis not time to talke
*K.Ed.* Huntsman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou go along?
*Hunts.* Better do so then tarry and be hang'd
*Rich.* Come then away,lets ha no more adoo.
*K.Ed.* Bishop farewell,
Shield thee from Warwicks frowne
And pray that I may repossesse the Crowne. *exeunt*

*Flourish. Enter King Henry the 6rt Clarence Warwicke, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant*

*K.Hen.* M.Lieutenant now that God and Friends
Haue shaken *Edward* from the Regall seate,
And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,
My feare to hope,my sorrowes vnto ioyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
*Lieu.* Subiects may challenge nothing of their Soueraigne
But,if an humble prayer may preuaile,
I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.
*K.Hen.* For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?
Nay be thou sure,Ile well requite thy kindnesse.
For that it made my imprisonment,a pleasure
I, such a pleasure as incaged Birds
Conceiue when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Household harmonie,
They quite forget their losse of liberty.

But *Warwicke* after God thou set the tree,
And chiefly therefore, that I may God and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument,
Therefore to ioyne with him, and conquer all my feare,
Is manly, wise, and thereof doe not bee me,
And that we peepe so farre into the future time,
May not be painfull to the present hower,
*Warwicke* although my head still weare the Crowne,
I here resigne my Gouernment to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deedes.
*Warw.* Your Grace hath still been fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the starres:
Yet in this one, pardon me if I blame your Grace,
For choosing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
*Clar.* No brother, trust not me for to be King,
To reape the Harueste which that other sowes,
Vnlesse the Plant proue plausible and sweete.
*Warw.* Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixt hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten:
Me thinkes these peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell one halfe the Story.
*Oxf.* Sir, no man speakes more holy than he needs.
*Warw.* Tush, that was in his rage: speake it againe.
*Oxf.* I meane, my Lord, those powers that the Queene
Hath raised in Gallia, haue been ouerthrowne.
*Warw.* Not those that Somerset hath conducted thither:
Good Oxford, see not thou be brought to bay,
For they will take no ransome, I assure thee,
But offer service for to saue their liues.
*Oxf.* Nay, it fares well with Somerset and his troupe,
To scape the present danger of the warre:
And it is thought that Lady Margaret
Hath won the King to fauour Somerset:
And like a cunning Politician,
Hath got the Admirall into the Kings grace,
For Somerset his younger brother.
*Warw.* A good exchange of Men for Gold and Land:
'Tis like enough the Duke of Somerset
Will well requite his friendship with his head.
*Oxf.* And yet I know not how the Court affects,
For Riuers now begins to bear the sway,
And Woodeuile his sonne is in mine eye
And all the learned Counsell of the Realme,
Admire the wisedome of the Queene.
*Warw.* The Queene is wise in deede,
But what of that? Her father rules her all.
*Oxf.* Nay then I see that Edward needs must downe.
Yet Warwicke, in despight of all mishaps,
Of Armies fled, and Friends become our foes,
Hold not the Battell lost, but hope still
Duke Richard will be Victor as he was,
And Warwicke will be left the Matchlesse Peere.
*Clar.* Whatsoeuer fortune stay in store for me,
I meane to take the part my brother holds.
*Warw.* I speake resolue, brother you know my mind.
Your part I craue also, but for the rest,
You must your selfe deale for your safetie,
We haue offended both the King and Queene,
And they will seeke to be reuenged on vs both,
Before the flying Armie hath recouered Wales.
*Oxf.* Then I will take my leaue, for I am bound
To meete Lord Pembroke at the Castle,
And there we will attend your comming.
*Warw.* Farewell braue Oxford, braue indeed my Friend.
*Clar.* Farewell sweete Oxford, and braue Gentleman:
Yet am I glad the shame of flight and feare
Growes not in your bookes.
*Somer.* Be sure you be not stung with the Suspition,
For your departure, in these doubtfull broyles.
*Oxf.* Farewell faire Lords, and faire Authority
Weake Friendship, and vncertaine Amitie.
*Clar.* Farewell Oxford, and come againe as soone as you may.
*Somer.* Farewell Oxford, and come againe as soone as you may.
*Warw.* Farewell Oxford, and come againe as soone as you may.
*Oxf.* I leaue you all vncertaine
What fortune I shall make vpon the Seas.
*Warw.* Nay, let vs leaue the Brothers all to Sorrow,
Who parted last with teares and heauie cheere.
Sweete Oxford, thinke of vs, and speede the best you may.
Dispatch this Priuate Businesse with speede,
And with the Wind turne Sayles and make for France,
And rouze our Lord vnto his present Armes.
*Clar.* Each houre to vs seemes as a yeare,
Till we be ioyn'd with him that is our Hope.
*Warw.* Then take your leaue of vs, braue Duke of Clarence,
And beare our Hearts along with you,
And neuer droupe for any ouerthrow,
Till Warwicke call for aide to fetch you home.
*Clar.* Then Warwicke, thus I take my leaue of thee,
Kissing the Cheeke that I intend to kisse,
Vntill my Lips may make their peace with thine.
Commending this my Friend, my Foe, my All,
Vnto the Guide of Heauen and Earth and Seas,
Our Sea-mans Cynosure, and Load-star both.
*Warw.* Thus Princes that are knit in Friendships bands,
As if their Liues were tied vnto one Soule,
Must part sometimes for honours sake.
Hoyse vp the Sayle, Master, wind serues well.
*Clar.* Then once more farewell all my Friends at once.
*Warw.* Farewell sweete Brother, farewell Warwicke all.
*Somer.* Farewell braue Peere, and Warwicke glad am I
To see you in this louing Agreement.
*Warw.* Now sweete Somerset, my trust in thee
Is more than in the Nauie and the Fleete
That waites vpon the Coast of Normandie:
And thus I hope to make our Passage safe,
Our Foes subdued, and our Landing free.
*Somer.* Yet ere you goe, what shall become of Henry?
*Warw.* Sweete Somerset, take thou the Queene along,
And bring them both vnto her Highnesse at Angiers.
*Clar.* What shall become of Henry and his Wife,
I pray thee tell me, Warwicke, ere we goe?
*Warw.* Henry my Lord is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of foolish pitty, and Queene Margaret
Although her Lookes doe proue her Manly Mind,
Yet Womanish in Iudgement: I conclude,
They are not fit to rule, nor we to haue.
Therefore depart in Briefe, each to his Charge,
Least Aduantage feed vpon our Delayes.
Finally, I commend me vnto Edward our Soueraigne,
And to faire Margaret his Vertuous Wife,
And to their Vertuous Babe Prince Edward too:
Farewell my Lord, good Wind doth serue for me.

*Enter a Poste*

*Warw.* What newes, my friend?
*Poste* That Edward is escaped from your Brother,
And fled as hee heares since) to Burgundie
*Warw.* Vnlooked for newes. but how made he escape?
*Poste.* He was conuey'd by Richard, Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him
For Hunting was his daily Exercise
*Warw.* My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide
A salue for any sore, that may betide *Exeunt*

*Manet Somerset, Richmond, And Oxford.*

*Som* My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:
For doubtlesse Burgundie will yeeld him helpe,
And we shall haue more Warres before't be long
As Henries late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond
So doth my heart misgiue me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him to his harme and ours.
Therefore Lord Oxford to preuent the worst,
Forthwith weele send him hence to Britaine,
Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie
*Oxf.* I feare it Edward re-possesse the Crowne,
'Twixt that and Richmond watch each where shall downe.
*Som* It shall be our best shift to flie in time.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish Enter Edward Richard, Hastings, and Souldiers.*

*Edw* Now Brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My waned state, for Henries Regall Crowne.
Well haue we past, and now re-past the Seas,
And brought with vs more helpe from Burgundie,
Than that we left behind vs readie for vs.
What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd
From Ranspurre Hauen before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?
*Rich.* The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told that danger lurkes within.
*Edw.* Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs
By fayre or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.
*Hast.* My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

*Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.*

*Maior.* My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;
For now we owe allegeance vnto *Henry*
*Edw.* But, Master Maior if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward* at the least, is Duke of Yorke
*Maior.* True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse
*Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

*Rich* But

*Rich.* But when the Fox hath once got in his Note,
Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body to[o]w.
*Hast.* Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.
*Maior* I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
*He descends*
*Rich* A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.
*Hast* The good old man would faine that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

*Enter the Maior and two Aldermen.*
*Edw.* So, Master Maior, these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
*Takes his Keyes*
For *Edward* will defend the Towne and thee,
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

*March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme and Souldiers.*
*Rich.* Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Mountgomerie*,
Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.
*Edw.* Welcome Sir *Iohn*: but why come you in Armes?
*Mount.* To helpe King *Edward* in his time of storme,
As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.
*Edw.* Thankes good *Mountgomerie*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely claime our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.
*Mount* Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike vp, and we will march away.
*The Drumme begins to march.*
*Edw* Nay stay, Sir *Iohn*, a while, and wee'le debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouered.
*Mount* What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them backe that come to intercept you.
*Warw.* Why braue Warrior, wilt thou leaue vs thus?
*Mount* Who loues the King of Warwicke, and his friends.
*Warw.* Why then go by our Banner, braue Mountgomerie,
And thanke thy selfe for comming in such time.
Now for this Night, let's harbor in this Towne:
And when the Morning Sunne shall raise his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke* and his Mates;
For well I wot that *Henry* is no Souldier.
Ah froward *Clarence*! how euill it beseemes thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and to forsake thy Brother?
Yet as we may, wee'le meet both thee and thy marriage.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt*

*Flourish. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.*

*War* What counsaile, Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,
With hastie Germanes and blunt Hollanders,
Hath past in safetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troopes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him.
*King* Let's stand in Armes, and boldly beat him backe againe.
*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.
*War.* In Warwickshire I haue true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Those will I muster vp: and thou Sir *Clarence*
Shalt stuffe vp in Somersetshire, No lesse assured,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother *Mountague*, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to heare what thou command'st.
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well beloued,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his Island, girt in with the Ocean,
Or modest *Dian* circled with her Nymphes,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Fare well my Lords: and harke you my Lord:
Fare well my Soueraigne.
*King.* Farewell my *Hector* and my Troyes true hope.
*Clar.* In sooth I thinke it is the right way.
*King* Well minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.
*Mount* Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
*Oxf.* And thus I leaue my royall Soueraigne, adieu.
*King.* Sweet *Oxford*, and my louing *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
*War.* Farewell, sweet Lords, wee'le meet at Couentry.
*Exeunt*
*King.* Here at the Palace will I rest a while.
Cousin *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordship?
Me thinkes, the Powers that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
*Exet.* The doubt is, that he will seeme to flie.
*King* That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I haue not stopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes,
My pittie hath beene balme to their offences,
My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I haue not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppressed them with great Subsidies,
Nor forward of reuenge, though they much erred.
Then why should they loue *Edward* more than me?
No *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace:

And with the Lyon staines vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never cease to follow him.
*Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.*

*Exet.* Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

*Enter Edward and his Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Seize on the Shamelesse *Henry*, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the fount that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.
*Exeunt with King Henry.*
And Lords towards Couentry bend we our course,
Where peremptorie *Warwicke* now remaines.
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vse delay
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.
*Rich.* Away betimes before his forces ioyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two Messengers, and others vpon the Walles.*

*War.* Where is the Post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is your Lord, mine honest fellow?
*Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
*War.* How farre off is our Brother *Montague*?
Where is the Post that came from *Montague*?
*Mes.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.
*Enter Somerset.*
*War.* Say *Somerset*, what sayes my louing Sonne?
And by thy guesse how nigh is *Clarence* now?
*Som.* At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two howres hence
(*Sound Drum.*) Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.
*Som.* It is not his my Lord, for here he comes.
Here comes my Lord of Somerset with his Powers,
And now his March is ended at the least.
*War.* I wish your Grace had taken Southam with you.
Why haue you lingred thus by *Warwicke* gate.

*War.* Thou art no Archer to command a Knight
And wanting, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subiect.
*Edw.* But *Warwicke's* King is *Edward* Prisoner
And gallant *Warwicke* doe but answer this,
What is the Body when the Head is off?
*Rich.* Alas that *Warwicke* had no more fore-cast,
But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,
The King was slily finger'd from the Deck.
You left poore *Henry* at the Bishops Palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.
*Edw.* 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwicke* still.
*Rich.* Come *Warwicke*,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe.
Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cools.
*War.* I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Then bear so low a sayle, to strike to thee.
*Edw.* Sayle how thou canst,
Haue Wind and Tide thy friend,
This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall whilst thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

*Enter Oxford with Drumme and Colours.*

*War.* O cheerefull Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.
*Oxf.* *Oxford, Oxford*, for *Lancaster*.
*Rich.* The Gates are open, let vs enter too.
*Edw.* So other foes may set vpon our backs.
Stand we in good array, for they no doubt
Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;
If not, we'll in them, else no safetie vs.
We each one where to the Traitors in the same.
*War.* O welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

*Enter Montague, with Drumme and Colours.*

*Mont.* *Montague, Montague*, for *Lancaster*.
*Rich.* Now am I sure my Brother hath in hand this Treason
Euen with the deare blood of your bodies heare.
*Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater Victorie,
My mind presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

*Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.*

*Som.* *Somerset, Somerset* for *Lancaster*.
*Rich.* Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Haue sold their Liues vnto the House of *Yorke*,
And thou that art the third, it this Sword hold.

*Enter Clarence with Drumme and Colours.*

*War.* And lo where *George* of Clarence sweepes along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile.
With whom an vpright zeale to right prefers
More than the nearenesse of a Brothers Loue.
Come *Clarence*, come thou wilt if *Warwicke* call.
*Clar.* Father of Warwicke know you what this meanes?
Looke here I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers House,
Who gaue his blood to lyme the stones together,
And set vp *Lancaster*. Why trowest thou *Warwicke*,
That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, vnnatural,
To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre

Against

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then Iephah, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my selfe key mortall foe.
With resolution, wheresoere I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And to, proud-hearted *Warwicke* I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.
*Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.
*Rich.* Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.
*Warw.* O passing Traytor, periur'd and vniust.
*Edw.* What *Warwicke*,
Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?
Or shall we beat the Stones about your Ears?
*Warw.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee Battaile *Edward*, if thou dar'st.
*Edw.* Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way.
Lords to the field: Saint *George* and Victorie. *Exeunt.*

*March. Warwicke and his company follower.*

*Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.*

*Edw.* So, lye thou there: die thou, and die our feare,
For *Warwicke* was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
Now *Mountague* sit fast, I seeke for thee,
That *Warwickes* Bones may keepe thine company.
*Exit.*

*Warw.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke* or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,
My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,
That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept.
Whose top-branch ouer-peer'd *Ioues* spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters powrefull Wrath.
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Haue been as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To search the secret Treasons of the World:
The Wrinckles in my Browes now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liu'd King, but I could dig his Grauie?
And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Manors that I had,
Euen now forsake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter Oxford and Somerset.*

*Som.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Loss againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power,
Euen now we heard the newes: ah couldst thou fly.
*Warw.* Why then I would not fly. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou art a Traitor: off with his head, *Somerset*,
Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly *Mountague* or I am dead.
*Som.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*,
And charg'd me to commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would haue said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be distinguished: but at last
I well might heare deliuered with a groane,
Oh farewell *Warwicke*.
*Warw.* Sweet rest his Soule.
Flye Lords, and saue your selues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.
*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
*Here they beare away his Body.* *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the rest.*

*King.* Thus farre our fortune keepes an happy progresse,
And we are grac'd with wreathes of Victorie.
How many stand for this braue-Barons Day,
Say Montague, whose pleasant-streaming Crowne,
That neuer couldst see wrinckled Melancholy,
Ere set'st attaine the sacred Wealthy Bed
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coast,
And as we came, marcht with such speed,
*Clar.* A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,
For euer, Sunne-beames not a Storme.
*King.* The Queene was valiant, but not valiant, strong,
And *Somerset* and *Oxford* (so it seemes)
Haue fled her Hope, as we their Fortune haue,
But what is now to rest vs, but to fight?
*Enter a Messenger.*
*Mess.* A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,
For euer, Sunne-beames not a Storme.
*King.* The Queene was valiant, but not valiant, strong,
And *Somerset* and *Oxford* (so it seemes)
Haue fled her Hope, as we their Fortune haue,
But what is now to rest vs, but to fight?
*Enter a Messenger.*
*Mess.* The Queene with all the Northern Earles and Lords,
Intend here after to incounter you with their powers,
Hasting this way.
*King.* We are incountred by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury
We hauing now the best at Barnet field,
Will cheere her Traine, and we will follow them.
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In euery County as we go along.
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Souldiers.*

*Qu.* Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and waile their losse,
But cheerely seeke how to redresse their harmes.
What though the Mast be now blowne ouer-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
And halfe our Saylors swallowed in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And giue more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane the Ship splits on the Rocke,
Which Industrie and Courage might haue sau'd?
Ah what a shame! ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor, what of that?

And *Mountague* our Top-Mast: what of him?
Weigh Anchor, and hale thence, or else we sinke.
Now Friends, or Foes, and Enemies alike:
And *Somerset*, and other gentle Mates,
Treasons, Ensnaring Tempests, and Mishaps?
And though we had fortune on our side,
For once allow'd our Edicts and our Lawes?
We will not now be troubled with Complaints,
But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
From Shelves and Rocks that threaten vs with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.
And what is Countries, Subiects, Friends, but Waues?
Smile in mans face? smile in his hand? smile in his purse?
Smile, and murder while he smiles?
And Teares, to moysten Graues, but drops of Rayne?
And Wrongs, whose Edges are hidden in soft Words?
Who but a Maiden Mate, that meanes to liue?
Then Rancour will I beare within my Heart,
Be it neuer so deepe hid, that men perceiue it not.
Yet this I speake (my Lords) to let you vnderstand,
If Caesar fled, that fled for Feare of me,
That there's no hope, by flying Mercy will be shot at,
More than we will for Pitty Wales will Sands and Rocks.
Why then I would not flye, what can be auoyded,
Were it but Weakenesse to lament, or feare.
*Prince.* Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should (if a Coward heard her speake these words)
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a Man at Armes.
I speake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Least in our need he might infect another,
And make him of the like Spirit himselfe.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we need his helpe.
*Oxf.* Women and Children of so high a courage,
And Warriors faint? why 'twere perpetuall shame.
Oh brother, thrice worthy Duke of Somerset,
Is Westward Ho, there am I will'd to runne a Horse,
Vp to the Rough and rugged Welsh, I'le goe.
*Som.* And for my life, euen this day I hope,
To bid them welcome, that shall make vs merry.
*Qu.* I thanke gentle *Somerset*, sweet *Oxford*, and thanke.
*Prince.* And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore be resolute.
*Oxf.* I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprouided.
*Som.* But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.
*Qu.* This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.
*Oxf.* Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,
Must by the Roots be hewne vp yet ere Night.
I need not add more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

*Qu.* Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaine-say: for euery word I speake,
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurpt,
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subiects slaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.

*Alarum, Retreat, Excursions.* *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset.*

*Edw.* Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Castle straight:
For *Somerset*, off with his guiltie Head.
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.
*Oxf.* For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.
*Som.* Nor I, but stoope with patience to my fortune.

*Exeunt*

*Qu.* So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with ioy in sweet Jerusalem.
*Edw.* Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?
*Rich.* It is, and loe where you shall *Edward* comes.

*Enter the Prince.*

*Edw.* Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake.
What can so young a Thorne begin to prick?
*Edward*, what satisfaction can'st thou make,
For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subiects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
*Prince.* Speake like a Subiect, proud ambitious *Yorke*.
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mate,
Resembling Glory, and where I stand kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfe same words to thee,
Which traytor thou would'st haue me answer to.
*Qu.* Ah that thy Father had been so resolu'd.
*Rich.* That you might still haue worne the Petticoat,
And ne're haue stolne the Breech from *Lancaster*.
*Prince.* Let Aspe leaues tell a Writers Night,
His Coward Lims not within this place.
*Rich.* By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.
*Qu.* I thou wilt proue to be a plague to men.
*Rich.* For Gods sake take away this Captiue Scold.
*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe, rather.
*Edw.* Peace wilfull Boy or I will charme your tongue.
*Clar.* Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.
*Prince.* I know my duty: you are all vndutiful:
Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou mis-shapen *Dicke* I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,
And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine.
*Edw.* Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

*stabs him.*

*Rich.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

*Rich stabs him.*

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with periurie.

*Clar stabs him.*

*Qu.* Oh, kill me too.
*Rich.* Marry and shall.

*Offers to kill her.*

*Edw.* Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.
*Rich.* Why

*Rich.* Why should thee live, to fill the World with words.

*Edw.* What? doth thee swowne? vse meanes for her recouerie.

*Rich.* *Clarence* excuse me to the King my Brother
Ile hence to London on a serious matter,
I ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

*Cla.* What what?

*Rich.* Tower, the Tower. *Exit*

*Qu.* Oh *Ned* sweet *Ned* speake to thy Mother Boy.
Can'st thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!
They that stabb'd *Cæsar*, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.
He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,
And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.
What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,
And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and Villaines, bloody Cannibales
How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely crept:
You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,
But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off
As deathsmen you haue rid this sweet young Prince.

*King.* Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

*Qu.* Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:
Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death.
What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

*Cla.* By Heauen, I will not (do it) for a Realme.

*Qu.* Good *Clarence* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

*Cla.* Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

*Qu.* I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe.
'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.
What wilt not? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?
Hard fauour'd *Richard*? *Richard* where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murther is thy Almes-deed,
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.

*Ed.* Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence.

*Qu.* So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit Queene*

*Ed.* Where's *Richard* gone.

*Cla.* To London all in post, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

*Ed.* He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common sort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queene how well shee fares,
By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

*Enter Henry the Sixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles*

*Rich.* Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so hard?

*Hen.* I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,
'Tis sinne to flatter. Good was little better:
Good Gosler and good Deuill, were alike,
And both preposterous: therefore not Good Lord.

*Rich.* Sirra leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre.

*Hen.* So flies the reuerkelesse shepherd from the Wolfe
So first the harmelesse sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,
And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.
What Scene of death hath *Roscius* now to Acte?

*Rich.* Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,
The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer.

*Hen.* The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth euery bush,
And I the hapelesse Male to one sweet bird,
Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye,
Where my poore young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

*Rich.* Why what a peeuish foole was that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drowned.

*Hen.* I Dedalus, my poore Boy *Icarus*
Thy Father *Minos*, that denide our course,
The Sunne that season'd the Waxe of my sweet Boy
Thy Brother *Phaeton*, and all the Sea
Which claim'd your Fathers Wanton vp to the Ayre,
Are arm'd and ready (my Weapons, no more weapons)
My breast can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eares that Tragicke History.
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

*Rich.* Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

*Hen.* A Persecutor I am sure thou art
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

*Rich.* Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

*Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou had'st not liu'd to kill a Son of mine.
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,
And many an Oke that feeles the wanton Ayre,
And many a Cub hanging the gossip eye,
Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents timelesse death,
Shall rue the hower that euer thou was't borne.
The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,
The Night Crow cry'de, aboding luckelesse time,
Dogs howl'd and hideous Tempest shooke down Trees
The Rauen rook'd her on the Chymnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall Discords sung.
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,
To wit, an vndigested and deformed Lumpe,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,
To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true which I haue heard,
Thou cam'st——

*Rich.* Ile heare no more:
Die Prophet in thy speech, *Stabbes him.*
For this amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*Hen.* I, and for much more slaughter after this,
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. *Dies*

*Rich.* What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.
O may such purple teares be alway shed
From those that wish the downe fall of our house.
If any sparke of life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.
*Stabs him again.*
I that haue neyther pitty, loue nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of
For I haue often heard my Mother say,
I came into the world with my Legges forward.
Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make haste,
And seeke their Ruine, that vsurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cride
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth,

And

And so 'twas writ by pleasy Scribes,
That I should curse, and blesse, and play the dogge
Then am I peaceable, I make flap'd my head so,
Let me but make crook'd my Minde to answer it
I have no brother, I am like no Brother
And this word Love, which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be resident, amongst these one another,
Vnnaturall Lamentable hollow sterne.
*Clarence* beware, thou keepst me from the Light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee
For I will buzze abroad such Prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And to purge his feare, Ile be the death
King *Henry*, and his Princely Sonne are gone,
*Clarence* thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best
I'le throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in the day of Doome. *Exit*

*Flourish, &c. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings Nurse, and Attendants.*

*King.* Once more we sit in *England's* Royall Throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of Enemies
What valiant Foemen like to Autumnes Corne,
Have we mow'd downe in tops of all our pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two Cliffords, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands, two braver men,
Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick* & *Montague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept Suspition from our Seate,
And made our Foot-Stoole of Security.
Come hither *Bess*, and set me kisse my Boy.
Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles, and my selfe,
Have in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
*Rich.* Ile blast his Harvest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heave,
And heave it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.
*King. Clarence* and *Gloster*, love my lovely Queene,
And kisse your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
*Clar.* The duty that I owe vnto your Majesty,
I seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.
*Clar.* I thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks
*Rich.* And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st
Witnesse the louing kisse I give the Fruite,
To say the truth, so *Iudas* kist his master,
And cried all hayle, when as he meant all harme
*King.* Now am I seated as my soule delights,
Having my Country peace, and Brothers loues.
*Clar.* What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*
*Reynard* her Father, to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransome
*King.* Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell sowre annoy,
For here I hope begins our lasting joy. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

# The Tragedy of Richard the Third:
## with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

### Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Richard Duke of Gloster solus.*

NOw is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments,
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smoothd his wrinkled Front
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am rudely stampt, and want loves Maiesty,
To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vnfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I, in this weake piping time of Peace,
Have no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne Deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertaine these faire well-spoken dayes,
I am determined to prove a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots have I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreames,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp:
About a Prophesie, which sayes that G
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.
Dive thoughts downe to my soule: here *Clarence* comes.

*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury guarded.*

Brother, good day: what meanes this armed Guard

That waites vpon your Grace?
*Cla.* His Maiestie tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th'Tower
*Rich.* Vpon what cause?
*Cla.* Because my name is *George*
*Rich.* Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours
He should for that commit your Godfathers
O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent
That you should be new Christned in the Tower,
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?
*Cla.* Yea *Richard* when I know, but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophesies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row plucks the letter G.
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.
*Rich.* Why this it is, when men are ruled by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of Worth,
*Anthony Woodeuile* our Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe, *Clarence*, we are not safe.
*Cla.* By heauen, I think there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred and night-walking Heraulds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for her deliuery?
*Rich.* Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
I'le tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her Liuery.
The iealous o're-worne Widow and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.
*Bra.* I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maiestie hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference
(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.

*Rich.*

*Enter Keeper, with a prayer booke.*

*Brak.* Keeper, a prayer booke.
*Kee.* You must excuse me, Lord, my time is done.
*Brak.* Farewell good man, I pray God I may.
*Kee.* Now Lord, what wouldst thou?
*Brak.* Where is thy Lord, and his Noble Queene?
*Kee.* In the Tower, where you may not come.
*Brak.* Why, this it is, when men are ruled by Women.
'Tis not the King that sends for me to die,
But Edwards soft and pitifull Wife,
And all the Ovens her kindred are made gentle folkes.
Have at you now, say you are sent for this?
*Kee.* Why, my Lord, I hope I have not brought it to do.
*Brak.* Naught to do with Mistris *Shore*?
I tell thee Keeper, I have done nothing yet with her
*Kee.* Why, what one, my Lord?
*Brak.* Her Husband knaue: wouldst thou betray me?
*Kee.* I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall to beare
Your Commandement with the Noble Duke.
*Brak.* We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey
*Kee.* We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will employ me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deepely, you can imagine.
*Brak.* I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.
*Kee.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or else lye for you
Meane time, haue patience.
*Brak.* I must perforce, Farewell. *Exit Cat.*
*Keep.* Go tread the path to thy eternall home.
That I with shortly send my Soule to Heauen,
For euer we shake the preface at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Hastings*?

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
*Brak.* As much vnto my good Lord *Chamberlaine*.
Well are you welcome to this open Aire,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?
*Hast.* With patience Noble Lord, as prisoners must.
But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
*Brak.* No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you.
*Hast.* More pitty that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whilst Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.
*Brak.* What news abroad?
*Hast.* No newer, and worse, than heere at home.
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholy,
And his Physicians fearefull of his life.
*Brak.* Now by Saint *Paul* that newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouer-much consum'd his Royall Person
'Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?
*Hast.* He is.
*Brak.* Go you before, and I will follow you.
*Exit Hastings.*
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen.
He also vrgeth his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Eyes well season'd with wise Arguments,
And if I haue set my deepe meaning,
Concerne him in an other way to me
What done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to burne in.
For then I'le marry Warwickes youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto:
But yet I run before my horse to Market
*Clarence* still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter the Corse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

*Anne.* Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honour may be shrowded in a Herse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
Th'vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster,
Thou bloodlesse remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the selfe-same hand that made these wounds.
Loe in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse balme of my poore eyes.
O curst be the hands that made these holes:
Curst the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curst the blood that let this blood from hence.
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there
And still as you are weary of this waight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse

*Enter Richard Duke of Glocester.*

*Rich.* Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it down.
*An.* What black Magician coniures vp this Fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
*Rich.* Villaines set down the Coarse or by S. *Paul*,
Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

*Gen.*

*Gen.* My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe
*Rich.* Vnmannerd Dogge,
Stand'st thou when I command:
Advance thy Halbert higher than my brest,
Or by S. Paul I'le strike thee to my foote,
And packe thee vp thou Beggar for thy boldnesse
*Anne.* What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Deuill.
Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone.
*Rich.* Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.
*An.* Foule Deuil,
For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries
Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
Blush blush thou lumpe of foule Deformitie
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge most vnnatural.
O God: which this blood mad'st, reuenge his death.
O Earth: which this blood dr'nk'st, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouerned Arme hath butchered.
*Rich.* Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which render good for bad, blessings for curses
*An.* Villaine, thou know'st no Law of God nor Man,
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitie.
*Rich.* But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.
*An.* O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth
*Rich.* More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry
Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.
*An.* Vouchsafe (diffus'd infection of man)
Of these known euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
*Rich.* Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.
*An.* Fouler then heart can think thee,
Thou canst make no excuse current,
But to hang thy selfe.
*Rich.* By such despaire, I should accuse my selfe
*An.* And by despairing shalt thou stand excused,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others
*Rich.* Say that I slew them not.
*An.* Then say they were not slaine
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee
*Rich.* I did not kill your Husband.
*An.* Why then he is aliue.
*Rich.* Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hands.
*An.* In thy foule throat thou ly'st,
Queene Margaret saw
Thy murd'rous Falchion smoking in his blood
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that my heart'es beare a quicker eye
*Rich.* I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
*An.* Thou was prouoked by thy bloody mind,
That neu'r dreamt on ought but Butcheries:
Didst breake the rest before thou went'st to it,
Thy selfe hadst murthered ere thou kill'dst my Husband.
*Rich.* I grant it.
*An.* Dost grant me Hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle, mild, and vertuous
*Rich.* The better for the King of Heauen that hath him.
*An.* He is in Heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
*Rich.* Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
*An.* And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
*Rich.* Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it
*An.* Some dungeon.
*Rich.* Your Bed-chamber.
*An.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest.
*Rich.* So will it Madam, till I lye with you
*An.* I hope so.
*Rich.* I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this keene encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the Causer of the timelesse deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the Executioner.
*An.* Thou was the cause and most accurst effect.
*Rich.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect.
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome.
*An.* If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide
These Nayles should rent that beauty from my Cheekes
*Rich.* These eyes could not endure that beauties wracke
You should not blemish it, if I stood by,
As all the world is cheered by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life
*An.* Blacker then darke be thy day & death thy life
*Rich.* Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
*An.* I would I were, to be reuenged on thee.
*Rich.* It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth thee
*An.* It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuenged on him that slew my Husband.
*Rich.* He that bereft thee Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to help thee to a better Husband.
*An.* His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
*Rich.* He liues, that loues thee better than he could.
*An.* Name him.
*Rich.* Plantagenet.
*An.* Why that was he.
*Rich.* The selfe same name, but one of better Nature.
*An.* Where is he?
*Rich.* Here *Spits at him*
Why dost thou spit at me.
*An.* Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake
*Rich.* Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.
*An.* Neuer hung poyson on so foule a toade.
Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.
*Rich.* Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.
*An.* Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead
*Rich.* I would they were, that I might dye at once.
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares,

Shew'd me a Mother weeping tender drops
[illegible] creature,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Wet a sad tale [illegible] look, and cried at him
Nor [illegible] wear her [illegible],
To [illegible] sorrowes, nay [illegible] to have weepe
[illegible]
Like [illegible] at [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] sweet [illegible]
[illegible] Beauty [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

L. were dead, we shall not want another.
*Grey.* No other Armes, but to the ruine of your Lord.
*Qu.* The ruine of your Lord includes all Armes.
*Grey.* The Heavens have blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
*Qu.* Ah he is young, and his minority
Is put into the trust of *Richard Gloster*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
*Riv.* Is it concluded he shall be Protector.
*Qu.* It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

*Enter Buckingham and Derby.*

*Buck.* Here comes the Lord of *Buckingham* & *Derby*.
*Buck.* Good time of day unto your Royall Grace.
*Der.* God make your Majesty joyfull as you have
*Qu.* The Countesse *Richmond*, good my Lord *Derby*,
To your good prayer, will scarsely say Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord assured,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
*Der.* I do beseech you either not believe
The envious slanders of her false Accusers.
Or if she be accus'd in true report,
Beare with the weaknesse, which her sex and state
From wayward sickelinesse and age doth lend her.
*Qu.* Saw you the King to day my Lord *Derby*?
*Der.* Not now, but so did I but an houre since.
And come to you from his Majesty.
*Qu.* What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
*Buck.* Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully.
*Qu.* God grant him health, did you confer with him?
*Buck.* Madam he does, he craves to make attonement
Between the Duke of *Gloster*, and your brothers,
And between them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
*Qu.* Would all were well, but that will never be,
I fear our happinesse is at the highest.

*Enter Richard.*

*Rich.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complaines unto the King
That I (forsooth) am stern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dilatious rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceive and cogge,
Duck with French nods, and Apish courtesie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man live, and think no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With silken sly, insinuating Jackes?
*Grey.* To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?
*Rich.* To thee, that hast nor Honesty nor Grace.
When have I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preserve better than you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
*Qu.* Brother of *Gloster*, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not provok'd by any Suitor else)
Aiming (belike) at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action [illegible]
Against my Children, brothers, and myselfe,
Made him to send that heavy doomed Processe,
*Rich.* I cannot tell, the world growes strangely wrought
That Women make peace at men their Judges.
Since every Jacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jacke.
*Qu.* Come, come, we know your meaning Brother *Richard*.
You envy my advancement, and my friends:
God grant we never may have need of you.
*Rich.* Meane time, God grants that I have need of you
Our brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
Myselfe disgrac'd, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.
*Qu.* By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but have been
An earnest Advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me shamefull injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
*Rich.* You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.
*Riv.* She may my Lord, for——
*Rich.* She may Lord *Rivers*, why who knows not so?
She may do more sir than denying that:
She may help you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not, she may, ay marry may she.
*Riv.* What marry may she?
*Rich.* What marry may she, for marrying a King,
A Widow and a Woman moderate
Endowed with Graces wondrous aboundantly.
*Riv.* My Lord of *Gloster* I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffes,
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty
Of those gross taunts, oft I have endur'd.
I hope already some are mad'e made
For that dear Queene and your well-deserving Consort,
In telling her, the sinfull dalliance
And hasty Marriage had before my Father,
Small joy have the Lord *Hastings* and Queene.

*Enter old Queene Margaret.*

*Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God I beseech him,
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.
*Rich.* What threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and spare not, look what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the King.
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak, my paines are quite forgot.
*Mar.* Out Devil,
I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my Husband *Henry* in the Tower
And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesbury.
*Rich.* Ere you were Queene, yea or your Husband King,
I was a packhorse in his great affaires
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A setter up of every idle Friend,
To your poore Husband's heavy Adversaries,
Or layd mine honest Neck under the Yoke
Of bondage, for your sake, and sought your love,
Yea, and your Son's, by writing oft and many,
Perhaps my heart went thereby all too soft,
And sent good Friends, and shall good Friends recompence me
With taunts and scorne, with hate and bitter words?
*Mar.* Worse than I have deserved at thy hand,
To your King *Henry*, and your Prince my Son,
Is not known much unto the Generation,
You and your Husband *Edward* were then Friends,
Consent (God knowes) to make the Meeke King Henry
Your Husband and your Son, was forc'd to flie the Land,
Your Husband he needs must be a Traitor,
And Prince your Son, was fain to fly the Land,
Since every Jacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jacke.
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Is not known much unto the Generation,
You and your Husband *Edward* were then Friends,
Consent (God knowes) to make the Meeke King Henry
Your Husband and your Son, was forc'd to flie the Land,
Your Husband he needs must be a Traitor,
And Prince your Son, was fain to fly the Land,

*K.* [illegible] Husband *Grey*
Were [illegible] *Lancaster*,
And *K.* [illegible] were you? Was not your Husband,
[illegible] Battaile at Saint *Albons* slaine?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] *Hastings*,
[illegible] (with leiu pardon.)
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Ouer your yong Nobility couetousnesse
What 'twere to owe it, and be miserable
Let that stand by vs, we haue many hearts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselues to peeces.
*Rich.* Good counsaile marry, learnt it, learnt it Marquesse.
*Dor.* It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
*Rich.* I, and much more: but I was borne so high,
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.
*Mar.* And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkenesse fast inuolued.
Your ayerie buildeth in our ayeries Nest:
O God that seest it, do not suffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.
*Buc.* Peace, peace for shame if not, for Charity.
*Mar.* Vrge neither Charity, nor shame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still liue my sorrowes rage.
*Buc.* Haue done, haue done.
*Mar.* O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,
In sealing of my vow of Amitie.
Now fayre befall thee, and thy Noble house:
Thy Garment are not spotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.
*Buc.* Nor no one here: for curses neuer passe
The lips of those that breathe them in the ayre.
*Mar.* I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.
Good Buckingham take heed of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites: and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell haue set their marks on him,
And all their Ministers attend on him.
*Rich.* What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.
*Buc.* Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.
*Mar.* What dost thou scorne me
For my graue counsell?
All of you scorne that I warne you see from.
O but remember this another day
When you shall chance to call to mind my words,
And say (poore Margaret) was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you, loue each of you to Crosse. *Exit.*
*Buc.* My heart doth ake and bids me to call her backe.
*Dor.* And I do cut with her, by my good will.
*Rich.* I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath at least good reason for her woe.
My part therein that I haue done to her.
*Mar.* I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
*Rich.* Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid
He is franke now vp to attone for his offences,
God patron them, that are the cause thereof.
*Dor.* A verie timely and divine conclusion
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.
*Rich.* So do I ever, being well aduis'd
*Speakes to himselfe.*
For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* Madame, his Maiesty hath cal'd for you,
And for your Grace, and you my gracious Lord.
*Queene.* Come, bring me where he is.
*Rich.* We attend your Grace.
*Exeunt omnes. Glocester.*
*Rich.* I do the wrong and first begin to braue.
The secret Mischiefe that I set abroach
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeede haue cast asleepe,
To be awoke to make vp peeces ours,
Rumour it abroad that Anne my wife
Is very grieuous sicke, and pine away.
Now that by her death which I will make
To be reputed as a needfull worke
Vnto the wrong of Richard Dorset Grace.
Before I haue shuffled and dealt my cards
Fell mischiefe, God shall haue no more to deale:
Nor shall I long be vnprouided for.
With Edward old, and sickly, and Queene Mary,
And Clarence dead, and I am neere vnto them,
Who stands so even in hope with me as you?
Not one that lookes for more than by my meanes.
Here comes the Mayor.

*Enter two Aldermen.*

*Buc.* Shall I here speake my minde?
How now my Lord Maior, Aldermen?
Are you prepar'd to proclaime the King?
*Lon.* We are my Lord, and haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
*Buc.* Well then attend, and haue your eare to our mouth:
When you haue heard your Princes pleasure, marke,
Marke (I say) with diligence, with heede,
Marke, and digest his answeres to the full,
Before you vtter any word of his,
Or goe about his graue imployments.
Your eyes my Maiesties: when boules eyes
Are Leaues.
Leade you Lads, about your businesse straight.
Go, go, go.
*Lon.* We will my Noble Lord.

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Clarence and Keeper.*

*Keep.* Why looke you haue your Princes pleasure to day.
*Cla.* O I haue past a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies.
So full of dismall terror was the time.
*Keep.* What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell me
*Cla.* Me thought I was set at liberty out of the Tower,
And was imbarqued to crosse the Maine,
And my Wife and Children came to see me,
And then was I asleepe (me thought) and fell
Into a hatefull Dreame: of which a dreame
Me thought I was imbarqued vpon the hatefull Maine,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Me[illegible]
Stro[illegible]
Intercoupl[illegible]
O Lord [illegible] was to drowne,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

1 'Tis true, now at my elbow perswading me not to kill the Duke.

2 Take him o'th' throat, and strangle him in the Bed-straw. He would confesse with ease, but to make restitution.

1 I am strong-framed, he cannot prevaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation. Come shall we fall to worke?

1 Take him on the Crowne of the head with the hilts of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmsey-Butt in the next roome.

2 O excellent device, and make a sop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, we'l reason with him.

*Cla.* Where art thou Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2 You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.

*Cla.* In God's name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

*Cla.* But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, I loyall.

*Cla.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

*Cla.* How darkely and how deadly dost thou speake? Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to——

*Cla.* To murder me?

*Both* I, I.

*Cla.* You scarce have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein (my friends) have I offended you?

1 Offended us you have not, but the King.

*Cla.* I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Never my Lord, therefore prepare to die.

*Cla.* Are you drawn forth among a world of men To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict up Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death, Before I be convicted by course of Law? To threaten me with death is most unlawfull. I charge you, as you hope to have any godnesse, That you depart, and lay no hands on me. The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do upon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

*Cla.* Erroneous Vassall! the great King of Kings Hath in the Tables of his Law commanded That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Man's? Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his hand, To hurle upon their heads that break his Law.

2 And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For false forswearing, and for murther too. Thou did'st receive the Sacrament, to fight In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

1 And like a Traitor to break it.

2 Your eyes drop Monarchs teares, your breath laments, Your Bowels with compassion, Soone.

2 Whose condition is it to like of and defend The reasons of our helpless Soveraigne.

2 Who should succeed the Father but the Sonne.

*Cla.* Are you drawn forth among a world of men To plead the innocent? What is my offence? For Edward my Brother, for his sake. He bends you not to murther me for this:

For in that sort is not his suit preferred. If God's offence be not of so great quality To give you charge or power upon the same, To call me to account for mine, How can you then be urged by authority? Whereas you have no warrant from the King, And that the fact wherewith you charge me, Was thought by him just cause of Death, Who shall reward you better for this deed? Then Edward will look strange on you, Your Brother Gloster hates you.

*Cla.* O, he loves me, and holds me dear. Go you to him from me.

1 Ay so we will.

*Cla.* Tell him when that our Princely Father York, Bid us farewell upon the Sandy Coast of Holland, He little thought of this divided friendship. Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 Ay Millions of Teares shall wet your cheeke.

*Cla.* O Orator! I fear thee more than Armes.

1 Remember our Reward when the deed's done.

*Cla.* Come you deceive your selves: 'Tis he that sends you, It cannot, cannot be the gentle hearted Edward, And plead so earnestly in Justice cause, And mercy all the while from his lips powred, As if pure pitty had been all his guide, But he's not he, these are not his sweet termes, These are the words of Richard Duke of Gloster. Speak gentle Sir, your gracious Lord hath pitty On my poore Soule, if I but name his pitty. Why you are hard of heart, and pitty me, As you would beasts, when they come to the slaughter.

1 Why so we do, when we do look on you.

*Cla.* If you do look on me, how can you then Forbear to weep? For I am one of those, Whose Reverend eyes, and silver-shedding teares, Would make a flint-breast Souldier streame like Conduits. Alas, you know not what you do. Call me home Unto my house again, where e're I live, And in the morning early will I come And prostrate fall before my Royall Brother, Intreat his Grace to view my Innocency, And that shall be my Ransome. Sirs, for God, Carry me thither to my gentle Brother, He will unto the Tower, sirs, for my coming.

2 Soft, soft, we must not trust you so.

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do. *Stabs him.* He throws you in the Malmsey-Butt within. *Exit*

2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd. How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands Of this most grievous murder. *Enter 1. Murtherer*

1 How now, what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not? By heaven the Duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Mur.* I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take heed the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1 *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well I go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his burrall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay. *Exit*

## *Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.*

*Flourish.*

*Enter the King, (sicke) the Queene, Lord Marquesse Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, Northumberland.*

*King.* Why so: now haue I done a good dayes work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my friends at peace on earth.
*Dorset* and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Sweare your loue.
*Riu.* By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate
And I am ioyned with my foes in deerest loue.
*Hast.* So thriue I, as I truly sweare the like.
*King.* Take heed you dally not before your King,
Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hasty yathood, and send
Destruction on both of yours end.
*Hast.* So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
*Riu.* And I, as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.
*King.* Madam your selfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You haue been factious one against the other.
Wife loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.
*Qu.* There *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine,
As I will euer beare a kinde remembrance.
*King.* *Dorset*, imbrace him.
*Hastings*, loue Lord Marquesse.
*Dor.* This interchange of loue, I heere protest
Vpon my part shall be inuiolable.
*Hast.* And so swere I.
*King.* Now Princely *Buckingham* seale this league
With thy endeauours to my wiues Allies
And make me happy in your vnity.
*Buc.* Whenever *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all duteous loue,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to employ a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I beg of heauen,
When I am cold in loue to you or yours. *Embrace*
*King.* A pleasing Cordiall Princely *Buckingham*
Is this thy vow, vnto my sicke, my heart:
Then welcome home our Brother Gloster heere,
To make this blessed period of this peace.
*Buc.* And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

*Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.*

*Rich.* Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day
*King.* Happily met, assoone as we haue spent the day:
Gloster we send to peace deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of mine,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
*Rich.* A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong surmize
Hold me a Foe: If I vnwittingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my Noble Cosin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert haue frown'd on me
Of you Lord *Woodvile*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whom my soule is any iot at oddes,
More than the Infant that is borne to night.
I thank my God for my Humility.
*Qu.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
*Rich.* Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
To be so flowted in this Royall presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They all start.*
You do him injury to scorne his Corse.
*King.* Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?
*Qu.* All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
*Buc.* Looke I pale Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?
*Dor.* I my good Lord, a thousand times the pleasure,
But I haue cold colour at the heart to looke his Corse.
*King.* Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerst.
*Rich.* But he, poore man, by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried
God grant, that some lesse Noble and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserue not worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suspition.

*Enter Earle of Derby.*

*Der.* A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done.
*King.* I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow
*Der.* I will not rise, vnlesse your Highnesse heare me.
*King.* Then say at once, what is it thou requests
*Der.* The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
*King.* Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forlorne
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:
And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen almost, to death, how he did lap me
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himselfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde:
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vassalls
Haue done a drunken Slaughter and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vnmou'd) must grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe
For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you, would once beg for his life.
O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this
Come *Hastings* helpe me to my Closset.
Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt some with K. & Queen.*
*Rich.* This is the fruits of rashnes: Marke you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
O they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company.
*Buc.* We wait vpon your Grace. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.*

*Edw.* Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
*Duch.* No Boy.
*Daugh.* Why do you weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?
And cry O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne
*Boy.* Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,
If that our Noble Father were aliue?
*Duch.* My pretty Cosins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death
It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost.
*Boy.* Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead.
The King mine Vncle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
*Daugh.* And so will I.
*Duch.* Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you well.
Incapable and shallow Innocents,
You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.
*Boy.* Grandam we can, for my good Vncle Gloster

Told me the King (prouoked to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him,
And when I cried Vpon his Brother's Loue,
And pitied me, and kindly kist my cheeke,
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me dearely as a Child.
*Duch.* Ah that deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Visard hide deepe vice.
He is my Sonne, I, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugges he drew not this deceit.
*Boy.* Think you my Vncle did dissemble Grandam?
*Duch.* I boy.
*Boy.* I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queene with her haire about her eares, Riuers & Dorset after her.*

*Qu.* Ah who shall hinder me to wayle and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my Soule
I mayne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe, become an enemie.
*Duch.* What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
*Qu.* To make an Act of Tragicke violence:
*Edward* my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the Leaues that want their sap?
If you will liue, Lament with me, poore Babes,
That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of ne're-changing night.
*Duch.* Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband
I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,
That greeues me, when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a Widow, yet thou art a Mother,
And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
*Clarence*, and *Edward*. O, what am I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne my cries.
*Boy.* Ah Aunt, you weep not for our Fathers death
How can we aide you, with our Kindred teares?
*Daugh.* Our Fathers Chamber (poore Boy) was left vnmoan'd,
Your widowed Chamber, hath bewepte his wo.
*Qu.* Come mourne with me in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the watry Moone
May flood the World with teares: I hate the World
Ah for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*
*Chil.* Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.
*Duch.* Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*
*Qu.* What stay had I but *Edward*? and he's gone
*Chil.* What stay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone
*Duch.* What stayes had I but they? and they are gone.
*Qu.* Was neuer Widow had so deere a losse.
*Chil.* Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.
*Duch.* Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.
Alas I am the Mother of these Griefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I:

[illegible]

*Enter* [illegible] *Duke Hastings, and Lord.*

*Rich.* Sister, we are hither come to visit you,
To see the Prince, your brother, and his Grace.
But where is your sweet selfe, and pretty Neeces,
*Duch.* Good Brother, as indeed you have just cause,
Do pardon me, for I was much displeased,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Made me forget my duty to your Grace,
Beseeching you to take it in good part,
And pardon my offence, if ought therein.
*Rich.* Sister, my Mother hath beseech'd me this,
Or else I would not have been seen abroad,
I know my duty to your Majesty,
Do with your pleasure, and your good will,
And for your faire proceeding in the cause,
Be patient, for your paines are passing great,
Where you shall have your full reward and more.
*Hast.* Madam, my Lord protector will needs have it so,
I shall not dare to leave you at this time,
Except I have your gracious leave.
*Duch.* Good Lord Hastings, and you deare Kinsman,
Welcome, sweet Prince, to London, to your chamber.
*Rich.* One word, good Sister, let us talke a little.
Now Madam, your son the Prince is come to London,
Now he is come, you do not know the day
Nor time appointed by my Lord Protector,
For the assembly of the Councell here,
Nor where they shall assemble, yet I do know,
Therefore, good Sister, be not ignorant
Of what is pleasing for your Highnesse good.
*Duch.* I humbly thank my gentle Brother deare,
For your kind care, and good remembrance of us all.
And for my Lord your son, we know not yet
The time of his intended coronation,
Such is the doubt my Lord Protector makes,
But we shall learne it shortly, I assure me.
*Rich.* Is not my Lord protector carefull and vigilant?
*Duch.* I, I, he is, and loves the Prince right well.
But shall I tell you Brother what is done?
*Rich.* What, I pray you?
*Duch.* Forsooth, the Duke of Yorke is with the Prince,
And both attended with a mighty traine.
*Rich.* Ah, that is well, my Lord doth nothing else.
*Hast.* Madam, we stay your leisure for a while,
Your Brother would confer with you in haste.
*Duch.* My Lord, I come.

*Manet Buckingham and Richard.*

*Buc.* My Lord, we were cut short in our discourse,
For you were call'd away by your Mother.
*Rich.* Buckingham, I do repent the offence,
And minde to satisfie you as you would,
*Buc.* My Lord, you promised me the Shrievalty,
But for the Office, and the Lands withall,
Unto the which you were not pleased to assent,
But left me gaping for a thing unknown.
*Rich.* Cousin, I was not then perhaps resolved,
But well considering of the present state,
Meaning to make some further use of you,
I am resolved to grant your former suit.
*Buc.* I hope your Highnesse remembers it is late,
Before the Prince shall go to bed.
*Rich.* Then resolve me now,
For Buckingham, I do not like to jest,
I pass not how I am beset with suits.
*Buc.* Then resolve me whether you will or no.
*Rich.* I tell thee, thou dost trouble me much,
Canst thou not stay a time to talke with me,
Unless I have it immediately?
*Buc.* I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Considering how I have deserved of you.
*Rich.* I know your manners are too great indeed,
Cousin, farewell, and leave me to my rest.
*Buc.* What is your Highnesse pleasure I should do
Concerning your Protectorship?
*Rich.* Sometime hereafter you shall know my mind,
Upon my better leisure you shall have
Your full desire.
*Buc.* May it please your Highnesse
To resolve me in my suit a word or two,
Lest I be gone, and think of it anon.
*Rich.* Nay then I see that you will trouble me,
Well, what's your suit?
*Buc.* I do not sue for ought,
But for the office and the lands withall,
Unto the which you were not pleased to assent,
But left me gaping for a thing unknown.
*Rich.* Well, call them what you will, I am disposed
To give them all, and what you will beside.
*Buc.* I humbly thank your royall Majesty.
*Rich.* But Buckingham, I do not like your manners,
You are my friend, well you know my mind,
Look to it when you will, say what you will,
And now I have no leisure to confer,
Farewell, good Buckingham, to London
Hasten apace, for there we will be straight.
*Buc.* And so will I.
*Rich.* Nay, stay a while,
Good Buckingham, a word before you go,
Have you not heard of any likely man
That doth frequent his house of late?
*Buc.* No my good Lord, not that I can hear of.
*Rich.* Inquire and seek him out where you can,
Speak with me soon about it, if you can,
And bring me word what you shall find in it.
*Buc.* I will, my Lord, with all the haste I may.
*Rich.* Shall we hear from you Catesby ere we sup?
*Buc.* It may please you, my Lord, I will.
*Rich.* Do so, but I pray you go no further than my house,
For I will not sup from home to day,
Let us part, and when you have done, repair unto me straight.
*Buc.* It may please your Highnesse,
I will.
*Rich.* Now all my joy go with thee whilst I live,
For in thee do I repose my trust,
Would all were well, but that will never be,
I feare our happinesse is at the highest.

*Enter Maior, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovell, and others.*

*Mai.* God bless your Grace with health and happy dayes.
*Rich.* I thank you all, and am right glad of it,
Have you your Porter at his Office now,
And is he well acquainted with the change?
*Mai.* He is, my Lord.
*Rich.* Know you not any of the Lords
That are so backward in coming to our Councell?
*Mai.* Such as your Grace hath named over unto me,
They are all at hand, I do assure your Grace.
*Rich.* Then be it as I speak it to you now,
Before the Prince shall go to bed to night,
I will have Counsell what he shall do this day.
*Mai.* I will, my Lord, with all the haste I may.
*Rich.* Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
*Mai.* Good morrow to your Majesty.
*Cat.* Good morrow to your Majesty.
*Rich.* Why, I am so indeed.
*Mai.* God make your Majesty joyfull as you have been.
*Rich.* The Queen your Mother and her Allies
Do not know that part I play,
But I will plague them all ere long,
Sirrah, what newes?
*Ratc.* None worse than what your Grace doth know
Already, my Lord.
*Rich.* Sirrah, what newes?
*Lov.* None good to your Grace,
Whereby to make you merry.
*Rich.* Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
O he is old and wise, and full of deepe experience,
He hath bin Generall, and foughten battailes long,
And number well his dayes he is to live,
And writing downe my Title is in danger,
And you tell me there is no newes good to me,
Well, your Counsell is, I should prevent,
And suddenly withstand the Comming downe,
Where is the Duke my Father with his power?
No thought of peace, no thought to flatter us,
No dreame that we are Kings, call all to minde,
Such was the state the Duke Plantagenet my Father,
And Henry our dread Lord and Brother,
Did keepe with King Henry,
And suddenly shall we have warres I hope,
And suddenly do I meane to stirre,
Where is the Duke my Father with his power?
No mirth, no thought of peace, no dreame of rest,
For I am in a bloody dreadfull dreame,
Such was the state King Henry and my Father
Did keepe with King Henry,
Come, gentlemen, let us all embrace,
Now will I goe to take some pleasure of my Queene,
And to my Neeces I will visit straight,
For by the Duke my Father I have plotted
To marry one of them, doth not my wife
Deserve well to have some pleasure for my labour?
*Cat.* It were good to move your Majesty unto it.
*Rich.* Good Lovell, yonder goes your sad Lord,
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That I might have but halfe these dangerous thoughts from me,
Noble Lord.
*Buc.* Vouchsafe, my gracious Lord, to grant me audience.
*Rich.* And shall have, Buckingham, stay thou by me,
Would all were well, but that will never be,
I doubt our happy dayes are past.
*Buc.* Shall I tell your Grace?
*Rich.* I prithee, gentle Buckingham, do.
*Buc.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which I do undertake to lay out bravely,
Even in the best blood I can command,
In your behalfe against your enemies,
Which do prepare apace to welcome you from Ireland.
*Rich.* Thanks, gentle Buckingham.
*Buc.* Humbly take my leave.
*Rich.* My kind Lord, and gentle Buckingham,
Such is the wild tumultuous youth of my Nephew,
And so unstaid, that scarcely will he learne
To know the Councell-house from the Tennis-court,
Scarce will he learne to reade a Scrivener's bill,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of his house,
And in good time here comes the sweating Lord.
*Buc.* Will not your Highnesse please to sup with us?
*Rich.* Not this day, Buckingham, excuse me,
Why let it please you to be merry,
For I am merry, passing merry,
This day I have my purpose fully answered,
I have the heart of all the Counsell here,
The voice in Parliament already past,
And mine inheritance proclaimed,
Why, I am merry, passing merry.
*Buc.* Why, I am glad to see your Highnesse merry.
*Rich.* Why, I do thank you, gentle Buckingham,
And shall not you be merry too?
*Buc.* I shall, my Lord, when I shall know your Grace
Hath cause to be so merry.
*Rich.* Why, I have cause to be merry,
For I have got the heart of all the Realme.
*Buc.* Why, then no doubt but I shall be merry.
*Rich.* Why, then be merry, Buckingham,
For I am merry, passing merry.
*Buc.* Then I will be merry, my Lord

Put my daunger, as by praach we see
The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme
But leave it all to God. Come, cousin, away?
2 Marry we were sent for, and therefore will we go.
3 And so was I, I'le bear you company. Exeunt.

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Archbishop, young Yorke, the Queene and the Duchesse.*

*Arch.* Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night.
Tomorrow, or next day, they will be here.
*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the Prince.
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.
*Qu.* But I hear no, they say my Son of Yorke
Has almost overta'ne him in his growth.
*York.* I Mother, but I would not have it so.
*Duch.* Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.
*York.* Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vncle Rivers talkt how I did grow
More than my Brother: I, quoth my Vncle Gloucester,
Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, me thought, I would not grow amain
Because sweet flowers are slow, and Weeds make haste.
*Duch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was full sweet, and his Complexion
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That his last age was ripe and mellow.
*York.* Then Grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
Right so the Gentle-man thinke it best
He was not borne to live long, because he ripened so soone.
*Duch.* No boy.
*Qu.* Why doth the Duke
Keepe his Nativity so secret from me?
*York.* I Mother, but I would not have it so.
*Duch.* Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.
*York.* Marry my Vncle Clarence' Angell said,
My Brother Edward should be crowned King,
And ere my Brother could get Children,
Ere I could play with my Vncle Gloucester,
Why then I should be he: Now do you see the reason?
*Duch.* Now by my troth, if this be all the cause,
I would thou were small still, and never grew.
*Qu.* Perhaps some other reason is in store.
*Duch.* Good Madam, be not angry with the Child.
*Qu.* Pitchers have eares.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a Messenger. What Newes?
*Mes.* Such newes as I expect, yong Lords sent me to report.
*Qu.* How doth the Prince?
*Mes.* Well Madam, and in health.
*Duch.* What is thy Newes?
*Mes.* Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoner.
*Duch.* Who hath committed them?
*Mes.* The mighty Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

*Enter* [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

I [illegible] my Master, my Brother *Yorke*,
Wo[illegible] [illegible] meanes or [illegible] way.
I[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] comes or
To[illegible], [illegible], welcome, or no.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Buck.* And in good time, heere comes the sweating Lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

*Hast.* On what occasion God he knowes, not I,
The Queene your Mother and your Brother *Yorke*,
Hath tane Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would fayne have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

*Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?
If she deny Lord Hastings, go with him,
And plucke him from his Mothers Sanctuarie.

*Card.* My Lord of Buckingham, and my selfe will see Queene
Continuate Mother will send the Duke of Yorke,
And mervell much, if she be obdurate
To[illegible] [illegible],
We[illegible]
Or[illegible] [illegible] Lord,
We[illegible]

*Prince.* You[illegible] [illegible], my Lord,
To[illegible]
We[illegible] Age,
Yet[illegible],
I[illegible]
I[illegible] place,
A[illegible]
I[illegible] de[illegible]dit,
A[illegible],
I[illegible],
Y[illegible],
[illegible],
Lo[illegible],

*Card.* My Lord, [illegible] my mind for once.
Come on Lord [illegible] with me?

*Hast.* [illegible] *I will* [illegible] *Hastings.*

*Prince.* Good Lord, make [illegible] speedie at your day
Sir, Vncle [illegible] to welcome.
Were [illegible] Coronation?

*Card.* [illegible] to your Royall elfe.
If [illegible]
Your [illegible] Tower:
I [illegible] not fit
For [illegible]

*Prince.* [illegible] Tower, of any place.
D[illegible]

*Buck.* How? my gracious Lord, in what place,
W[illegible]

*Prince.* Is [illegible] reported
So [illegible]?

*Buck.* [illegible] gracious Lord.

*Prince.* But [illegible] my Lord, I was not regarded,
Me thinkes [illegible] from age to age,
As [illegible] posterity,
Euen [illegible] day.

*Card.* So [illegible], they say doe neuer [illegible].

*Prince.* What say you, Vncle?

[illegible], without Characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prince.* That *Iniquitie* [illegible] was a famous man,
With what [illegible] [illegible] with his Wit,
His Mind as great, his Wishes as high,
Disdaining [illegible] to make his Vsurpings good?
Deare makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he [illegible] fame though not in Life.
I [illegible] you, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

*Buck.* What, my gracious Lord?

*Prince.* And if I [illegible] Edward,
He will not [illegible] King of France againe,
Or die a Souldier, as I lived a King.

*Glo.* Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

*Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.*

*Buck.* Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

*Prince.* Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

*Yorke.* Well my deare Lord, can I call you now

*Prince.* I Brother, [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] kept [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

*Glo.* How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

*Yorke.* I [illegible] you gentle Vncle. Only Lord,
You see that [illegible] [illegible],
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-grown me farre.

*Glo.* He hath, my Lord.

*Yorke.* And therefore is he [illegible]?

*Glo.* Oh my deare Cousin, I am not so.

*Yorke.* Then [illegible] more becoming to you, then I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But [illegible] power in me, as in a Kinsman.

*Yorke.* I pray you, Vncle, give me this Dagger.

*Glo.* My Dagger, little Cousin with all my heart.

*Prince.* A Begger, Brother?

*Yorke.* Of my kind Vncle, that I know will give,
And being but a Toy, which is no grace to give.

*Glo.* A greater gift than that, I'le give my Cousin.

*Yorke.* A greater gift? O that's the Sword to it.

*Glo.* I gentle Cousin, were it [illegible] enough.

*Yorke.* O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weighty things you'le say a Beggar nay.

*Glo.* It is too weighty for your Grace to weare.

*Yorke.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glo.* What would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

*Yorke.* I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.

*Glo.* How?

*Yorke.* Little.

*Prince.* My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

*Yorke.* You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinkes, that you should beare me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorne he gives his Vncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so young, is wonderfull.

*Glo.* My Lord, will't please you passe along?
Myself and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*Yorke.* What,

*Yorke* What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?
*Prince.* My Lord Protector will haue it so.
*Yorke* I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
*Glo* Why, what should you feare?
*Yorke* Marry, my Vncle *Clarence* angry Ghost.
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
*Prince* I feare no Vnckles dead.
*Glo.* Nor none that liue, I hope
*Prince.* And if they liue I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
*A Sennet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings and Dorset*

*Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.*

*Buck.* Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Yorke
Was not incenced by his subtle Mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the Mothers, from the top to toe
*Buck.* Well, let them rest. Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou knowst our reasons vrg'd before this day,
What other pawne we haue to plant our right,
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our mind,
For the subuersion of this Newe-borne Duke
In the new Kingdome this attempt I loue
*Cates.* He for his father's sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought against him.
*Buck.* What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will he not heare?
*Cates.* He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.
*Buck.* Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.
If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reason:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold diuers Councels,
Wherein, thy letter shall be duly vrg'd.
*Rich.* Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,
His ancient knot of dangerous Aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistresse *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.
*Buck.* Good *Catesby*, goe effect this businesse soundly.
*Cates.* My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
*Rich.* Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?
*Cates.* You shall, my Lord
*Rich.* At *Crosby* House, there shall you find vs both.
*Exit Catesby*
*Buck.* Now, my Lord,
What shall we doe, if we perceiue
Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?
*Rich.* Chop off his head:
Something we will determine:
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford and all the moueables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.
*Buck.* Ile claime that promise at your Graces hand.
*Rich.* And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.
Come, let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme.
*Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.*

*Mess.* My Lord, my Lord.
*Hast.* Who knocks?
*Mess.* One from my Lord *Stanley*.
*Hast.* What is't a Clocke?
*Mess.* Vpon the stroke of foure.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hast.* Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious Nights?
*Mess.* So it appeares by that I haue to say.
I do beseech your Lordship pardon me,
For I come hither all vnlookt for.
*Hast.* Why, what's the matter?
*Mess.* I presume it hath not slept my Lord
Since midnight: for I haue hardly slept,
Related to me all the ominous Visions
Which may make your Lordship thinke vpon
The state of things to keepe your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with me,
And with all speed post with me toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.
*Hast.* Go fellow, go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not fearе these dreames and idle hopes:
His master and my selfe are at one time
As neere in loue, as any two that liue.
And that the Queene, and all her faction,
Were neuer in more deadly hate than now.
Yesterday, at Counsell, she mou'd for *Rivers*,
Whereat I shooke my head, and bad her know
That I no more esteem'd the Prince his safety
Than his that hates him most.
And for my Dreames, I would he knew that I
Do make account of trusting my Reputation
To the imperfect fancy of a Dreame.
To shun the Boare before he hurt the Beare,
Were to commit a shame worse than the Boare,
And make preuention where no cause of safe.
Go, bid thy Master ride and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, if it please the Boare will vse vs kindly
*Mess.* Ile go, my Lord, and tell him what you say.
*Exit.*

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cates.* Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
*Hast.* Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early stirring.
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering State?
*Cates.* It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord.
And I beleeue will neuer stand vpright,
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
*Hast.* How weare the Garland?
Dost thou meane the Crowne?
*Cates.* I, my good Lord.
*Hast.* Ile haue this Crowne of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?
*Cates.* I,

*Cate.* I [illegible] you forwarde,
[illegible]
And [illegible] good newes,
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Hast.* [illegible] that newes,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Hast.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Cate.* [illegible]
[illegible]
*Hast.* [illegible]

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

[illegible]
[illegible]
*Stan.* My [illegible] to morrow [illegible] *Catesby*
You may reade by [illegible]
[illegible]
*Hast.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible]
[

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Buckingham, Derby, [illegible] Northumberland, Lovell [illegible], and Ratcliffe*

*Buck.* Now Noble Peers the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In God's Name speak, when is the Royall day?
*Stan.* Is the King crowned precious Cousin?
*Buck.* He is, but his Royall Stile is clean forgot.
*Stan.* Doth any one speak suit to his Majesty?
For your Grace well knows he's humorous.

*Buck.* Well, Peace be with him that hath made us heavy.

*Stan.* Peace be with him that hath made us sad.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Buck.* But stay, what news? why look'st thou sad?
*Cat.* My Lord, whole Realms the Peoples hearts were set,
When they might be spoke to.
*Buck.* Then be bold to tell us.
*Cat.* Then plainly to your Grace, without more circumstance,
The King is full of grief and melancholy,
Musing how to bestow his Nephews.
Which, to his doubting mind, are full of danger:
Some moody pause upon your Majesty.
*Buck.* Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go to him,
To feed his humour more: and Lords we'll leave us to our selves a while.
*Cat.* My Lord will't please you to fall to?
*Stan.* Taste to the Deer first, then fall to our Venison.
A sickly Stomach, slow digests the best.
Good Digestion waits on appetite,
And health on both.
*Buck.* Now for this Princely Boy, Lord Lovell,
Madam, your Mother plies him with Queen-like Policy,
And the old Trot with Jesting Courtship,
Have taught him pretty tricks to please the Ladies.
Now Lords, if the Duke of Gloucester were dispatcht,
How would he fleet with such a wanton Dame?
How long would it be ere she were won?
*Hast.* Not long, if I might advise.
*Buck.* Then your Lordship thinks it were a short piece of Ware?
*Hast.* Ay my good Lord.
*Buck.* Then your Lordship, and the rest of the Lords shall undertake this Business presently after Dinner, before you go out of this Room.
*Hast.* We shall my Lord.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Enter King Richard, and Traine.*

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.
*Buck.* My gracious Sovereign.
*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high by the Throne thou sitst,
While in the Mildnesse of my Soule I make
Thee both my Arme, and Friend, and Companion.
*Buck.* Your Highnesse shall command no more but me,
To be his Servant that your Law hath power,
To punish in Life, and give in Love.
*K. Rich.* Now for a Peale-blow Gold to deck our Head.
*Buck.* Remember when I was last Suitor to your Grace,
Whatever I requested of your Grace,
Was granted.
*K. Rich.* Happily I was not at my Study,
Nor by my Will assured my Speech and Purpose,
Come, leave us, leave us all.
*Buck.* Some Attendants here.

*Manet King and Buckingham.*
*Lords retire.*

*K. Rich.* What says your Highnesse to my just Request?
*Buck.* I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesie that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish Boy.
A King, perhaps, perhaps, my gracious Lord.
*K. Rich.* How chance the Prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
*Buck.* My Lord, your Promise for the Earldome.
*K. Rich.* Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Major courteously inviting me
To a Breakfast, how because I was in Hast,
I left him so.
*Buck.* Still so my gracious Lord.
*K. Rich.* Sirrah, or I mistake, your Name is Tyrrel.
*Tyr.* Sir, you have not mistaken.
*K. Rich.* Are you as true and resolute as forward?
Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
*Tyr.* Please you,
But I had rather kill two enemies.
*K. Rich.* Why then you have it, two deep enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my Sweet Sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those Bastards in the Tower.
*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet Musick. Hark, come hither Tyrrel,
Go by this token. Rise, and lend thine Ear.
*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
*Tyr.* I will dispatch it straight.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.
*K. Rich.* Well let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
*Buck.* I hear the News my Lord.
*K. Rich.* Stanley he is your Wives Son, well look to it.
*Buck.* My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawned,
Th'Earldome of Hereford, and the Moveables
Which you have promised I shall possess.
*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your Wife, if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
*Buck.* What says your Highnesse to my just Demand?
*K. Rich.* I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesie that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish Boy.
A King, perhaps, perhaps.
*Buck.* My gracious Lord.
*K. Rich.* How chance the Prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
*Buck.* My Lord, your Promise for the Earldome.
*K. Rich.* Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Major courteously inviting me
To a Breakfast, how because I was in Hast,
I left him so.
*Buck.* Still so my gracious Lord.
*K. Rich.* Sirrah, or I mistake, your Name is Tyrrel.
*Tyr.* Sir, you have not mistaken.
*K. Rich.* Are you as true and resolute as forward?
Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
*Tyr.* Please you,
But I had rather kill two enemies.
*K. Rich.* Why then you have it, two deep enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my Sweet Sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those Bastards in the Tower.
*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet Musick. Hark, come hither Tyrrel,
Go by this token. Rise, and lend thine Ear.
*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
*Tyr.* I will dispatch it straight.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.
*K. Rich.* Well let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
*Buck.* I hear the News my Lord.
*K. Rich.* Stanley he is your Wives Son, well look to it.
*Buck.* My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawned,
Th'Earldome of Hereford, and the Moveables
Which you have promised I shall possess.
*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your Wife, if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
*Buck.* What says your Highnesse to my just Demand?
*K. Rich.* I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesie that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish Boy.
A King, perhaps, perhaps, my

*Enter Richard and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

*Rich.* Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou were distraught and mad with terror?
*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw,
Intending deep suspect, and gazed Looks
Quake in the colour of a Lover and Swain,
And all these grow to more advantages,
As I can add some Stratagems,
But what, is Catesby gone?
*Rich.* He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

*Enter the Mayor and Catesby.*

*Buck.* Lord Mayor.
*Rich.* Look to the Drawbridge there.
*Buck.* Hearke, a Drumme.
*Rich.* Catesby, ore the walls, sweet Catesby.
*Buck.* Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent.
*Rich.* Look back, defend thee, here are Enemies.
*Buck.* God and our Innocence defend, and guard vs.

*Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe with Hastings head.*

*Rich.* Be patient, they are friends, *Ratcliffe* and *Lovell*.
*Lovell.* Here is the head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and suspected *Hastings*.
*Rich.* So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harted Gentleman,
And thought him vpright, and just, and true disposed,
And noble stretched vpon the dart of Vertue,
Did subtly and in secret practise,
Murther, as hatefull to the Nature, and the Worke.
Were he not all this season found himself,
Made me his Enemy, hasted not this Traytor
To speed as soone as I did purpose,
How cold my Custome call me to the Reckoning
Of not obserued Leasure, Brookes, Delay,
Answer no more, for that shall be the Newes,
Vile being, as they are, to the Traytors head,
Lovell and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done,
The Enemy is dead, that could haue slaine vs.
*Catesby.* The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head of high import.
*Rich.* It was well done, for then vnknowne to them,
Gaue you this head, I meane the Protector.
*Catesby.* And he redeem'd the Citizens with speed.
*Rich.* First for his Warrant to the Tower gate,
Where how he did abuse me with his Seale,
And vrg'd me in his Act: Proceed in that
Wherein he found me strongly limited,
You know not how to deale with him, but as the Prince,
That you might well haue signified the same
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconster vs in him, and wayte vs dearely.
*Maior.* But, my good Lord, your Graces words shall serue,
As well as I had seene, and heard him speake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our duteous Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.
*Rich.* And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here
T'auoid the Censures of the carping World.
*Buck.* Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witty enough what you are wed to intend.
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.
*Exit Mayor.*
*Rich.* Go after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Mayor towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poste:
There at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardie of *Edward* Children.
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his Houle,
Whereof the Shoo thereof, was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hateful Luxurie,
And bestiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht vnto their Seruants Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll, lusted to make a prey.
Nay for a need, thus farre come neere my Person.
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate *Edward*, Noble Yorke,
My Princely Father, then had warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mothers liues.
*Buck.* Doubt not my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord adue.
If you will where I shall soone o'retake you,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well learned Bishops.
*Rich.* I go, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.
*Exit Buckingham.*
Go *Lovell* with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Go thou to Fryer *Penker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take some priuate order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to giue order, that no man speake
Hath any time recourse vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Scriuener.*

*Scr.* Here's the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*
Which in a set Hand fairely is engrost,
That it may be to day read o're in *Paules*
And marke how well the sequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,
For yesterday-night by *Catesby* was it sent me,
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these fiue houres *Hastings* liu'd,
Vntainted vnexamin'd, free at liberty.
Heere's a good World the while.
Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuice?

Yet who to bold, but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bloud is the World, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealing muſt be ſeene in thought. *Exit.*

*Enter Richard and Buckingham at ſeuerall Doores.*

*Rich.* How now, how now, what ſay the Citizens?
*Buck.* Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
*Rich.* Touch'd you the Baſtardie of *Edwards* Children?
*Buck.* I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th'vnſatiate greedineſſe of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Baſtardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your formе, and Noble ineſſe of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland.
Your Diſcipline in Warre, Wiſdome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpoſe,
Vntoucht, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
Cry, God ſaue *Richard*, Englands Royall King
*Rich.* And did they ſo?
*Buck.* No, ſo God helpe me, they ſpake not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Maior, what meane this wilfull ſilence?
His anſwer was, the people were not vſed
To be ſpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus ſayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke, in warrant from himſelfe.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
And ſome ten voyces cry'd, God ſaue King *Richard*:
And thus I tooke the vantage of thoſe few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applauſe, and chearefull ſhowt,
Argues your wiſdome, and your loue to *Richard*
And even here brake off, and came away.
*Rich.* What tongue-leſſe Blockes were they,
Would they not ſpeake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
*Buck.* The Maior is here at hand: intend ſome feare,
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mightie ſuit
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And ſtand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Deſcant:
And be not eaſily wonne to our requeſts,
Play the Maids part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.
*Rich.* I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie iſſue.
*Buck.* Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

*Enter the Maior, and Citizens.*

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoke withall.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Buck.* Now *Catesby*, what ſayes your Lord to my requeſt?
*Catesby.* He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to morrow, or next day
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly ſuites would he be moued,
To draw him from his holy Exerciſe.
*Buck.* Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my ſelfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe deſignes, in matter of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his Grace.
*Catesby.* Ile ſignifie ſo much vnto him ſtraight. *Exit*
*Buck.* Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines
Not ſleeping, to engroſſe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraignetie thereof.
But ſure I feare we ſhall not winne him to it.
*Maior.* Marry God defend his Grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
*Buck.* I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe

*Enter Catesby*

Now *Catesby*, what ſayes his Grace?
*Catesby.* He wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.
*Buck.* Sorry I am, my Noble Couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I meane no good to him.
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And ſo once more returne and tell his Grace. *Exit*
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous Contemplation.

*Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Biſhops.*

*Maior.* See where his Grace ſtands, 'tweene two Clergie men.
*Buck.* Two Props of Vertue, for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of Vanitie
And ſee a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requeſts,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Chriſtian Zeale.
*Rich.* My Lord, there needes no ſuch Apologie
I doe beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Deferr'd the viſitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
*Buck.* Euen that (I hope) which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vngouerned Ile
*Rich.* I doe ſuſpect I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeemes vngracious in the Cityes eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* Your haue,my Lord
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault
*Rich.* Before I therefore breathe I was Guilty an Land.
*Buck.* I know then,it is your fault,that you resigne
The Supreme Seat,the Throne Maiesticall,
The Scepter'd Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune,and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corrupt and base lust Stocke;
Which heere we waite to our Coronation,
The Noble Isle doth want his proper Limmes
His Face defac'd with hands of forraine,
His Royall State,whereon the Barbarous Gothe
Or darke Forgetfulnesse,or deepe Oblivion,
Which to recure,we heartily solicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land
Not as Protector,Steward,Substitute,
Or lowly Factor for another gaine,
But as successiue,Heire,and Seed to Bloud,
Your Right of Birth,your Empire,your owne Due,
Feare not,consented with the Citizens
Your worthy Worshipfull Companions,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just Cause come I to moue your Grace.
*Rich.* I cannot tell if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree or your Condition,
If not to answer,you might haply think,
Tongue-tide ambition not replying yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraignes,
Which fondly you would here impose on me,
If to reproue you for but this,I do,
Softly,as doth become a mother to,
Intending deafe,I am to answer thus,
Apt I to stirre,as they are slow to mooue,
Drawne with the Hooke,or broken with the Whip,
Your louing Kindnesse,my Coldnesse,but my Feares
Vrge speedie purpose vnto speedie effects.
For Buttailes we can take away,
And what my Fortune were to the Crowne,
As vnexpected Guests,and vndeserued Birth,
Yet so much is my poore Heart of Spirit,
So much my Poorenesse doth detects,
That I would shrink into a Graue from my Greatnesse,
Knowing I lacke to bruize the noble Sea,
That doth my Graue be ouer it to bend,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd,there is no need of me,
And much I need to hope you,were there need
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the Seate of Maiestie,
And make,no doubt vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
*Buck.* Your Brother is imbarqued,we entreat your Grace,
Immediately to take some resolute Course,
And come immediately to Guild-hall,
And there at Common Counsell,
You shall heare your Brothers Sonne,
Vnto that Earldome,your Brothers Sonne,
Vnto the Title,but not to the Loue of Lords.
For he is not contract to Lady *Anne*,
Your Mother lives a Witnesse to his Vowes;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona* Sister to the King of *France*
These both put off,a poore Petitioner,
A Care-crasd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beauty-waning,and distressed Widow,
Euen in the after-noone of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch,and height of his degree,
To base declension,and loath'd Bigamie
By her,in his vnlawfull Bed,he got
This *Edward* whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some alone,
I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good my Lord,take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
Let not soft-harted Eyes and Teares withall,
Yet to draw on your Noble Ancestors
From the resolued point of their true Temes,
Vnto a crased queint crooked course.
*Maior.* Do good my Lord,your Citizens entreat you
*Buck.* Refuse not,mighty Lord,this proffered loue.
*Card.* O make them ioyfull,grant their lawfull suit.
*Rich.* Alas,why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vnfit for State and Maiestie.
I do beseech you,take it not amisse,
I cannot,nor I will not yeeld to you.
*Buck.* If you refuse it,as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child,your Brothers Sonne,
As we well know your tender-mind to be,
Not mou'd with glory,but smooth Iustice plea,
And nothing more then loue and zeale doth moue
Our Suit vnfeigned on your Royall House,
Your mercie-dallying Scruples shall not driue
The Scope of our Requests to your Remorse.
*Rich.* Since you will buckle Fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen,whereas I shall or no,
I must haue patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall,or foule-faced Reproach,
Attend the sequele of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof;
For God doth know,and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.
*Maior.* God blesse your Grace,we see it,and will say it.
*Rich.* In saying so,you shall not say the truth.
*Buck.* Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King *Richard*,England worthie King.
*All.* Amen.
*Buck.* To morrow may it please you to be Crowned.
*Rich.* Euen when you please,for you will haue it so.

To

*Buck.* To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
*Rich.* Come, let's to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Queene Anne, Duchesse of Clarence, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.*

*Duch. Yorke.* Who meets us heere?
My Niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wandring to the Tower,
On pure heart-sorrow, to greet the new Queene.
Deere Cousin, welcome.
*Anne.* God give your Graces both a happy
And gracious day.
*Q. Mar.* As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
*Anne.* No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
*Q.* Kind Sister thankes, we'll enter all together:

*Enter the Lieutenant.*

And in good time, heere the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Yorke?
*Lieu.* Right well deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them.
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
*Q.* The King? who's that?
*Lieu.* I meane, the Lord Protector.
*Q.* The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their Love and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?
*Duch. Yorke.* I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.
*Anne.* Their Aunt I am in law, in loue to their Mother:
The bring me to their sports, it's not to stay.
And pardon us, Sweet Prince, that we have spoke.
*Lieu.* No Madame, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
*Exit Lieutenant.*

*Enter Stanley.*

*Stanley.* Let me but meet you Ladies one houre hence,
And I'le salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's Royall Queene.
*Q.* Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes.
*Anne.* Despightful tidings: O unpleasing newes.
*Dor.* Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?
*Q.* O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogge thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, go crosse the Seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell:
Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Least thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me curse the houre thou wer't borne.
Nor Mother, Wife, nor England's Queene.
Stanley, but to the end that you shall know
Their Lives depend upon your carriage.
Take comfort with you, and stage your sorrow.
To this most gracious message do I come.
And for the same Lord Stanley sends to you,
I would be loth to greet you ouer-ewhere
Be warn'd and take my counsell when you will.
*Dor.* Farewell sad Mother: O unhappy Sonne of Marke,
O my accursed Womb, the bed of Death
A Cockatrice hast thou hatch't to the World,
Whose unavoided eye is murtherous.
*Stan.* Come Madame, come, I in all hast was sent.
*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.
O would to God that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Metall, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot Steele, to sear me to the braine.
Anointed let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God save the Queene.
*Q.* Go, go poore soule, I envy not thy glory,
To feed my humour, wish thee no advancement.
*Anne.* Nor none that live, I hope, except I will.
Now farewell Enemy, and I chuse to live,
Who scornes a gift that he did meane to give.
Well, bye-gones must be left, and hopes to come,
Have their full Mintage of true-current Joy.
*Dor.* Whither will you go?
*Anne.* Where nothing can befall me, but my loathed
absence.
*Dor.* I go to *Richmond*, every houre more joyfull.
*Anne.* And I to Sanctuary, there to wish thee with me.
I fear me two such Houses of one Name,
Both Princes, and both Richard's, both my Friends,
Have caused this deepe exchange of thy remove.
*Dor.* Perceive you any harme in *Richmond*?
*Anne.* No more than I do feare in you my Lord.
*Dor.* Farewell, gentle Mother, comfort Queene Elizabeth.
*Anne.* And I will pray for thee, and wish thee well.
*Dor.* I go to make the second Act of our happy Peace.
*Anne.* And I unto the first Act of Warre and Blood.
Go to Sanctuary, there I'le visit you.
I to my grave, where peace and rest lye with me.
Poore Queene, how apt art thou to obtain Matches.
Thy Husband and his Brother hardly cold,
Whose bleeding Wounds did seeme to reproach
Unto the Murtherer, that thou wer't his Bride.
Thy Daughter Contracted to the Lord of Richmond,
Whose Father slaine unjustly by this Duke,
Scarce dry from Teares of thine, mixt with the Teares
Of many Widowes, every one with cause
Weeping thy Husbands untimely Fate:
All this divorc'd from Richmond, and contracted
To this Duke Murtherer, this false Duke of Gloster,
Hated of God, abhorred of his Angels,
Scorned of Nature, Warre, Law, and Humanity.
Can Peace be heard of? Can she be a Wife
And live in Reputation that is one?
I feare it will: Then I will not envy her,
For her good hap, till Gloster be unhorst,
And Richmond Crowned.

## Scena Secunda.

*Sound a Sonet. Enter Richard in pompe, Duc-*
*[illegible] as in progresse.*

*Rich.* Stand by the state, Cousin of Buckingham.
*Buck.* My gracious Soueraigne.
*Rich.* Giue me your hand, *Sound*
Thus high by your assistance,
[illegible]
But shall we weare these honors for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in them?
*Buck.* Still liue they, and for euer may they last.
*Rich.* Ah Buckingham, now do I play the Touch,
To try if thou be current Gold indeed:
Young Edward lines, hope say'st thou, hope he doth,
*Buck.* My Lord.
*Rich.* Why Buckingham, I say I would he did.
*Buck.* My gracious Soueraigne, I do beleeue you,
[illegible]
*Rich.* Come, cousin,
[illegible]
And I am made of stone
What say you now? what meanes that blush, now speake
*Buck.* Your Grace may stay me, my heart would burst
*Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
[illegible]
*Buck.* Your Grace mistakes, but giue me leaue my Lord,
[illegible]
I will resolue you herein presently. *Exit.*
*Cate.* The King is angry, see he gnaws his lip.
*Rich.* [illegible]
And vnrespected by his enemies,
[illegible]
Is in the armes of ease, and of delight,
[illegible]
Then restlesse meditation hedged in,
Euen with the wilfull fatnesse of a Swine.
*Cate.* Fortune and Victory sit on thy helme.
*Rich.* All men are ransomed, once more I talke with Buckingham.
*Exit.*
*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That euer yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborne
To do this peece of ruthfull butchery,
Albeit they were flesht vpon the deed,
Yet all their eyes were humbled in compassion,
And when they parted from the smothered babes,
They could not speake, and so departed sadly:
Oh thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster armes:
Their lips were foure red roses on a stalke,
And in their summer beauty kist each other.
A booke of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind,
But O the deuil, there the villaine stopt,
When Dighton thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime creation ere she framed.
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody King.
And here he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.

*Enter King.*

*King.* Kinsman, vouchsafe to stand aside a while.
Stay I see my noble Lord the Marquesse *Dorset*
As I remember, he was lately
[illegible]
*Rich.* Come he or else I will not meddle with him.
*King.* My Lord of Ely.
*Ely.* My gracious Lord.
*King.* Let vpon your life
I will haue order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter.
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him.
Looke how thou dreamst I say againe, giue out
That *Anne*, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that sin will pluck on sin,
Tear-falling Pitty dwels not in this eye.

*Enter Tyrrel.*

Is thy Name *Tyrrel*?
*Tyr.* *Iames Tyrrel*, and your most obedient subiect.
*Rich.* Art thou indeed?
*Tyr.* Prooue me, my gracious Lord.
*Rich.* Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
*Tyr.* Please you
But I had rather kill two enemies.
*Rich.* Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleeps disturbers,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon
*Tyrrel*, I meane those bastards in the Tower.
*Tyr.* Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone I'll rid you from the feare of them.
*Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet Musicke.
Harke, come hither *Tyrrel*,
Go by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare. *Whispers*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will loue thee, and prefer thee for it.
*Tyr.* I will dispatch it straight. *Exit*

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buck.* My Lord I haue considered in my mind,
The late request that you did sound me in.
*Rich.* Well, let that rest. *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*
*Buck.* I hear the newes my Lord.
*Rich.* Stanley, he is your Wifes Sonne: well, looke vnto it.
*Buck.* My Lord I claime the gift my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' Earldome of Hereford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promis'd I shall possesse.
*Rich.* Stanley, looke to your Wife: if she conuey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.
*Buck.* What says your Highnesse to my just request?
*Rich.* I do remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
Did prophesie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish Boy.
A King perhaps.
*Buck.* My gracious Soueraigne,
*Rich.* Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit*
*Buck.* And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

*Enter Tyrrel.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre

That

That ever yet this Land was guilty of.
*Dighton* and *Forrest* who I wot were sent
To do this peece of ruthful Butchery,
Albeit they were flesht Villaines bloody Doggs,
Melted with tenderneste, and mild compassion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
O thus, quoth *Dighton*, lay the gentle Babes
Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
Within their Alabaster innocent Armes
Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
And in their Summer beauty kist each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pure hearts,
Which one (quoth *Forrest*) almost changes my minde
But oh the Divell, there the villaine stept
When *Dighton* thus told on, we wept and wept
The most relentlesse Tyrrans wanting Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere he framed,
Hewe'bor'ne gone with such remorse, Remorse,
They could not speake and I (true) could not weep,
To beare this yong generation dead by.

*Enter Ratcliffe.*

And heere he comes. All health my Soveraigne Lord
*Rich.* Kinde *Catesby*, thou art welcome, what's the newes?
*Cat.* Doubt not my Lord, but all goes as you wish.
I beget your happinesse, be't by right or wrong,
For rest is none.
*Rich.* But can'st thou see them dead.
*Cat.* I did my Lord.
*Rich.* And buried gentle *Tyrrell*.
*Tyr.* The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to say the truth) I do not know.
*Rich.* Come to me *Tyrrell* soone, and after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.
*Tyr.* I humbly take my leave.
*Rich.* The Sonne of *Clarence* have I pent up close,
His daughter meanely have I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aymes
At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her goes I a hollow breaking wooer.

*Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Rat.* My Lord.
*Rich.* Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so bluntly?
*Rat.* Bad newes my Lord, *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And the swift winged Northern Gentlemen
Have all forsook me, and their powers encreased
To serve in aide of *Richmond*.
*Rich.* By what guide lies he hither?
*Rat.* By the guide
The quicking Daunce of an unsetled Fancy
Come, I have learn'd, that fearefull commenting
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay.
Delay leades impotent and snaile-paced Beggery
Then heere expedient be my wings.
Ioues Mercury and Herald for a King.
Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheild,
We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter old Queene Margaret.*

*Mar.* So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Heere in these confines slily have I lurkt,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes heere?

*Enter Duchesse and Queene.*

*Duch.* Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender babes,
My unblowed flowers, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flye in the Aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Hover about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
*Mar.* Hover about her; say that right for right
Hath dimmed your infant morne to aged night.
*Duch.* So many miseries have craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Plantagenet, I see, and they, and I,
Are but shadowes of our wonted selves.
Thou monarch Richard, ill become a throne.
*Queene.* Ah that deep Hell which swallowed up these lambes,
And hot'ned not with this sad Mothers sighes,
Keepe me enclosed in some senselesse Tombe,
Where heedles of the dreadfull Trumpets sound,
Ye may be ready make a quick resurrection.
Oh Princely Richard, ornament of Honour,
Man for some other finger to weare upon,
By heaven I will not weep, nor speake with thee,
Nor curse the beauty of the hand that gave
The bitter wound that makes these eyes look dimme.
I had an Husband till a Richard took him,
A Child, till Richard murdered him;
I was Rutland too, till loving Richard slew him.
*Mar.* Thou had'st a Crowne too,
And Richard stole the[m]
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death.
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes as gaping for the Lyon,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
That reigns in gallant flesh, and rots by kind,
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let loose to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee that this carnall Cur

Preys.

Praies on the ill of her Mother's body
And makes her Pue-fellow with others moane.
*Dut.* O Harris a teare to my woes
God w[illegible] me, [illegible]
*Mar.* [illegible] to revenge,
[illegible]
[illegible] Richard,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Rich.* You speake too bitterly.
*Dor.* Heare me a word
For I shall never speake to thee againe.
*Rich.* So.
*Dor.* Either thou wilt die, by Gods just ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror
Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face againe
Therefore take with thee my most greevous Curse,
Which in the day of battell tyre thee more
Than all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st
My Prayers on the adverse party light,
And there the milke of teares of *Edwards* Children,
Poure'd in the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And make them Weake and Vanquish:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end
Shame serves thy life, and doleful is thy end. *Exit.*
*Qu.* I had an Image cursed I would beseech
And bid me curse my selfe, and I will curse
And leave me, I may Am entoo thee.
*Rich.* Stay Madam I must talke a word with you.
*Qu.* I have no more sonnes of the Royall blood
For thee to slaughter, for my Daughters (*Richard*)
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:
And therefore needs not moan for their harmes.
*Rich.* You have a daughter called *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
*Qu.* And must the daughter of *Edward* live,
Whilst her poore mother, (like a banish'd Woman)
Make her Servant to her Table, her Subject to her Throne,
Tender my Selfe as farre to *Edwards* bed,
Throw off my Infancy, so she may live
So she may live a scarre of bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter
*Rich.* Wrong not her Birth, she is a Royall Princesse.
*Qu.* To save her life, I'le say she is not so.
*Rich.* Her life is never safe, but by her birth.
*Qu.* And only in that safety, died her Brothers.
*Rich.* Lo at their Birth good starres were opposite
*Qu.* No, to their lives, ill Friends were contrary.
*Rich.* All unavoided is the doome of Destiny.
*Qu.* True when avoyded grace makes Destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life
*Rich.* You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?
*Qu.* Cosins indeed, and by their Uncle cozened,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gave direction
No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone hard heart,
To revell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that thy life of greefe, makes mine greete tame,
My tongue should to thy eares not name my boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes
And I in such a desperate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling reft,
Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.
*Rich.* Madam, no ruth or pitty in my enterprize
And dangerous success of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd
*Qu.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good.
*Rich.* The advancement of your children, gentle Lady
*Qu.* Vp to some Scaffold there to lose their heads.
*Rich.* Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
Then Imperiall Type of this earths glory.
*Qu.* Flatter my sorrow with report of it
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine.
*Rich.* Even all I have; yea, and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
*Qu.* Be brief, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling, then thy kindnesse date
*Rich.* Then know,
That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter.
*Qu.* My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule
*Rich.* What do you think?
*Qu.* That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules love didst thou love her Brothers,
And from my heart-tree, I doe thanke thee for it
*Rich.* Be brief, it is too hard to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of *England*
*Qu.* Well then, who shall be King but her King
*Rich.* Even he that makes her Queene
Who else should be?
*Qu.* What thou?
*Rich.* Even so: How think you of it?
*Qu.* How can it be so with her?
*Rich.* Even well inough, as case of you,
And she being her self inamored with her honour
*Qu.* And wilt thou learne of me?
*Rich.* Madam with all my heart
*Qu.* Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingrave
*Edward* and *Yorke*, then haply will she weepe
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood,
A handkercheefe, which say to her did drayne
The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall
If this profer'd meane of peace not to love,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds
Tell her thou mad'st away her Vncle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Rivers* (I and for her sake)
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*
*Dor.* You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter.
*Qu.* There is no other way,
Vnles thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this
*Rich.* Say that I did all this for love of her.
*Qu.* Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
Having bought love, with such a bloody spoyle.
*Rich.* Looke what is done, cannot be now amended.
Men shall deale unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours gives leysure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your wombe,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your Daughter
A Grandams name is little lesse in love,
Than is the doting Title of a Mother
They are as Children but one steppe below,
Even of your mettall, of your very blood
Of all one paine, save for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But

[illegible] shall be a comfort to your Age,
[illegible] Sonne, is made a Sonne and a King,
And by that [illegible] your Daughter is made Queene
[illegible] make you greater than I would,
[illegible] kept back this Counsaile as I can.
[illegible] Sonne, that was a fearefull foule
[illegible] consented Peppers in Fortune loue,
[illegible] Alliance, quickly shall I call home
[illegible] Promotion, and great Dignity
[illegible] that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shee calles [illegible] Darling Brother.
Againe shee must be Mother to a King:
And all these ioyes were dreadfull Tunes.
Repayre with these Robes of Content.
[illegible] many good dayes to see:
The liquid drops of teares that you haue shed,
Shall come againe, transformd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
Ten-times double gaine of happinesse.
Goe then my Mother, to thy Daughter go,
Make bed her bashful yeares with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale,
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse
With the sweet ioyes of Marriage-loyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The [illegible] England, dear-bought Queene,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conqueror's bed.
To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,
And she shall be sole Victoresse, *Cæsars Cæsar*.

*Qu.* What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

*Rich.* Infer faire England's peace by this Alliance.

*Qu.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

*Rich.* Tell her the King that may command, intreates

*Qu.* That at her hands which the kings King forbids.

*Rich.* Say that she shall be Queene, and Mighty Queene.

*Qu.* To waile the Title, as her Mother doth.

*Rich.* Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

*Qu.* But how long shall that title euer last?

*Rich.* Sweetly in force vnto her faire liues end.

*Qu.* But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?

*Rich.* As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

*Qu.* As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

*Rich.* Say I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.

*Qu.* But she your Subiect, abhorres such Soueraignty.

*Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

*Qu.* An honest tale, speeds best, being plainly told.

*Rich.* Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.

*Qu.* Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

*Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow, and too quicke.

*Qu.* O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues.

*Rich.* Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

*Qu.* Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

*Rich.* Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

*Qu.* Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.

*Rich.* I sweare.

*Qu.* By nothing, for this is no Oath.
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;
Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory.
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wronged.

*Rich.* Then by my Selfe.

*Qu.* Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd.

*Rich.* Now by the World.

*Qu.* 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

*Rich.* My Fathers death.

*Qu.* Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

*Rich.* Why then, by Heauen.

*Qu.* Heauens wrong is most of all:
If thou didst feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now.

*Rich.* The time to come.

*Qu.* That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age.
The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.

*Rich.* As I intend to prosper, and repent:
So thrive I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes. My selfe, my selfe confound.
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely daughter.
In her, consists my Happinesse and thine:
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay.
It cannot be auoyded but by this.
It will not be auoyded but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Attorney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserue.
Vrge the Necessity and state of times,
And be not peeuish found, in great Designes.

*Qu.* Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

*Rich.* I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.

*Qu.* Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

*Rich.* I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.

*Qu.* Yet thou didst kil my Children.

*Rich.* But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themselues, to your recomforture.

*Qu.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*Rich.* And be a happy Mother by the deed.

*Qu.* I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shal vnderstand from me her mind. *Exit Q.*

*Rich.* Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes?

*Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Rat.* Most mighty Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe:
'Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham* to welcome them ashore.
*Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolke:
*Ratcliffe* thy selfe, or *Catesby* where is he?
*Cat.* Here my good Lord.
*Rich.* *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.
*Cat.* I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.
*Rich.* *Catesby* come hither, post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither, (*Dull vnmindfull Villaine,*
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?)
*Cat.* First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.
*Rich.* O true, good *Catesby*: bid him leuie straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
*Cat.* I goe. *Exit.*
*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
*Rich.* Why what would'st thou doe there, before I goe?
*Rat.* Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.
*Rich.* My mind is chang'd.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Stanley*, what newes with you?
*Stan.* None good my Liege to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it well may be reported.
*Rich.* Hoy-day, a Riddle, neither good nor bad.
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy Tale the neerest way?
Once more, what newes?
*Stan.* *Richmond* is on the Seas.
*Rich.* There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?
*Stan.* I know not, mighty Soueraigne, but by guesse.
*Rich.* Well, as you guesse.
*Stan.* Stirr'd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to claime the Crowne.
*Rich.* Is the Chayre empty? is the Sword vnsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What Heire of *York* is there aliue, but we?
And who is *England's* King but great *Yorkes* Heire?
Then tell me what makes he vpon the Seas?
*Stan.* Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thinke you my Lord, this little Prating Bretaine
Can purchase such a Troope to come to shore,
Not indued with Visards, as I feare,
*Stan.* No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.
*Rich.* Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Ships?
*Stan.* No, my good Lord, my Friends are in the North.
*Rich.* Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West?

*Stan.* They haue not been commanded, mighty King.
Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.
*Rich.* I thou wouldst rather be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond*
But Ile not trust thee.
*Stan.* Most mighty Soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I euer was, and euer will be true.
*Rich.* Well, go muster men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne George Stanley. Looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.
*Stan.* So deale with him, as I prooue true to you.
*Exit Stanley.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter his Brother,
With many more Confederates, are in Armes.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* In Kent my Liege the Guilfords are in Armes,
And euery houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*
*Rich.* Out on ye, Owles, nothing but songs of Death
*He strikes him.*
There take thou that, till thou bring better newes.
*Mes.* The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
*Buckingham's* Armie is dispersed and scattered,
And he himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes where.
*Rich.* I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purse to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-aduised friend proclaymed
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?
*Mes.* Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir *Thomas Louell* and Lord Marquesse *Dorset*,
'Tis said my Liege, in Yorkeshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The Britaine Nauie is dispersed by Tempest.
*Richmond* in Dorsetshire sent out a Boat
Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Britaine.
*Rich.* March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* My Liege the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond

[illegible] Landed at Milford,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Earle
[illegible]

Hast thou my hand? Farewell my [illegible]
A drop of bloud drawne from thy countries bosome
Should driue Peace backe, and make the two contending
Powers equall, and ready to imbrace
That Mercy which true Penitence should haue
When I am gone vpon these Irish warres,
Haue me in minde, O commit no new fault.
*Exeunt Buckingham and* [illegible]

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter* [illegible] *Oxford, Sir* [illegible], *Herbert, and*
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Let's lacken Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a bane day. *Exeunt*

*Enter Richmond Sir William Brandon, Oxford and Dorset.*

*Richm.* The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you shall beare my Standard.
Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent.
Ile draw the Forme and Model of our Battaile
Limit each Leader to his seuerall Charge
And part in iust proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir *William Brandon*,
And you Sir *Walter Herbert* stay with me.
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the Morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) doe for me
Where is Lord *Stanley* quartered, doe you know?
*Blunt.* Vnder the Drumme, he lies with his Colours in view,
(Which well I am assur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
*Richm.* If without perill it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt* make some good meanes to speak with him
And giue him from me, this most needfull Note.
*Blunt.* Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And so God giue you quiet rest to night.
*Richm.* Good night good Captaine *Blunt*.
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs consult vpon to morrowes Businesse,
Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold.
*They withdraw into the Tent.*

*Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke & Catesby.*

*Rich.* What is't a Clocke?
*Cat.* It is Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
*King.* I will not sup to night,
Giue me some Inke and Paper.
What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
*Cat.* It is my Liege, and all things are in readinesse.
*Rich.* Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels.
*Nor.* I go my Lord.
*Rich.* Stirre with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolke.
*Nor.* I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
*Rich.* Ratcliffe.
*Rat.* My Lord.
*Rich.* Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sunne-rising, least his Sonne *Georges* fall
Into the blinde Cell of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine. Giue me a Watch,
Saw ye my Page Sir Richard the night before?
Looke to my Armour.
*Rat.* My Lord.
*Rich.* Send to the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
*Rat.* Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cock-shut time from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, cheering vp the Souldiers.
*King.* So, I am satisfied. Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheere of Mind that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Ketchy carried to his Tent?
*Rat.* 'Tis my Lord.
*Rich.* Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me.
Ratcliffe, about the Mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I say. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

*Richard sleepes in his Tent.*

*Dar.* Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.
*Rich.* All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy Person, Noble Father-in-Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
*Dar.* By her attorney, blest Queene and mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good.
So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
And flaky darkenesse breakes within the East.
In briefe (for so the season bids vs be)
Prepare thy Battle early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortall staring Warre.
I (as I may) (that which I would I cannot)
With best aduantage will deceiue the time
And aide it no lesse then your honour calls for me.
Good Offices I may not proffer forward,
Least be preiudicate his Brothers, tender *George*
Be executed in his Fathers sight.
Farewell: the leysure, and the fearefull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample Interchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long sundred Friends should dwell vpon.
God giue vs leysure for these Rites of Loue,
Once more, good night kind Lords and Gentlemen.
*Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*
O Thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye.
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heauy fall
Th'vsurping Helmets of our Aduersaries.
Make vs thy Ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory.
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes.
Sleepe with sad wakes, clad in destroying woe
*Sleeps*
*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward Sonne to Henry the Sixt.*
*Ghost to Ri.* Let me sit heauy on thy Soule to morrow:
Thinke how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewkesbury. Dispaire therefore and dye.
*Ghost to Richm.* Be cheare thee Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe.
King *Henries* Issue, Richmond, comforts thee.
*Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixt.*
*Ghost.* When I was mortall, my Anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me. Dispaire, and dye,
*Henry* the Sixt, bids thee dispaire and dye.
*To Richm.* Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror.
*Henry* that prophesied thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleepe. Liue, and flourish.
*Enter*

*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow.
Thinke how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
*Vpon the Pleasant Hatches of the Tower,*
And calls on Iohn a Gaunt thy Vncle for me,
And all cry vengeance, vengeance on the murderer.
*I.* Rich. I shooke with terror of this dreadfull Accent
The weighed heauy on my eye-strings,
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.
*Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.*
*Riu.* Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
*Rivers* poore soule, *Grey* and *Vaughan* pray for thee.
*Grey.* Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
*Vaughan* thinke on Queene *Margaret* that prayd for thee
Let fall thy blood, sinne not to come
*Vpon* our Issue.
*All.* Awake, awake.
Arme, arme, and conquer for the fearefull Enemie.
*Enter the Ghosts of Hastings and Princes.*
*Ghost.* Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower.
Let vs be heauy but on thy bed Lord,
And in the guiltie dungeons of thy heart,
Despaire and die, *Hastings* speakes to thee,
*Enter the Ghosts of Queene Anne and Lady.*
*Ghost to Rich.* Sleepe Richard,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fills thy sleepe with perturbations.
Tomorrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy Edgelesse Sword, despaire and die.
*Ghost to Rich.* Sleepe Richard,
Harry the sixts Sonne,
*Vpon* the Pillow let thy Cheeke be stayd,
And in that slumber dreame on Conscience,
Armes of Angels pitch the Curtaines round,
That deuils come not neere thee with blacke feares,
And spirits of good dreames cheere thee in thy sleepe.
*Enter the Ghosts of Buckingham.*
*Ghost to Rich.* Fourth of thy Houre,
That wretched *Buckingham* thy Friend,
Yet neuer slept a sound houre in this world,
Now fills thy Soule with perturbations.
Remember Henry the sixt his Prophesie,
Remember Edward thy Brothers Children,
Remember how the innocent prayd,
And prayer is powerfull, they did pray for Vengeance.
*Ghosts.* Liue and beget a happy Race of Kings,
Edward liues to scourge his Enemies
*Vpon* their Children and their Children Sonnes.
*Enter the Ghosts of Henry the sixt, his Sonne, and Wife.*
*Ghost to Rich.* Henry that prophesied thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleepe, liue happy Richard,
Thy Wife that wisht to neuer see thee more,
Anne thy Queene that enuies thee from her heart,
And all for our vexations.
*Ghost.* I was a Pilgrime by the way to Heauen,
Thou Murdredst me, and for my sake
Thy Children liue not to inherit Ioy,
Despaire and die, thou Murdredst my Children.
*Ghost.* Wake not in hope, but despaire and die.
*Ghost.* Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest Friends,
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be while some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a hell of ougly Deuils.
*Ghosts.* Fall not our Angry Curses, heauy on thee,
To presse downe to the Center of dispaire,
Thy Wife that is, thy Children in their Youth,
But neuer let the prayers of his Victims,
Accompanied with Teares, fall on thy head.
*Ghosts.* Thinke on the Tower and me, dispaire and die,
Harry the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.
*Ghosts.* Young Edward lies smothered in the Tower,
Dispaire and die, that Edward bids thee dispaire.
*Ghosts.* Wake Richard, wake, thy friends may hap to fall,
And fly the fall with dying in their Armes,
Die, Richard, die, thy helpe is none but hell.
*Ghosts.* We wait for thee.
*Ghosts.* Come Richard, come, thou art but one to vs.
*Ghosts.* Dreame on, dreame on, of bleeding Armes and Murders,
How these blacke deeds may fall on Richards head,
Despaire and die, dispaire and die Richard,
Edward thy Brothers Children, Rivers, Hastings,
Brackenbury, and gentle Anne thy Wife,
All murdred for thee, were all this Host of Murders
Charg'd on thy Soule, it were enough to turne
Honest mens hearts to Cowards.

*Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Rat.* My Lord
*King.* Who's there?
*Rat.* Ratcliffe my Lord, 'tis I the early Village Cocke
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.
*King.* O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
*Rat.* Nay good my Lord be not afraid of Shadowes.
*King.* By the Apostle *Paul* shadowes vglier than the
Darke Dungeons of the Graue, or the blacke wombe
Of Night hell-directed Faculties
Are not to be resisted and redeemed
Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,
Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong Armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law,
Rouse vp thy Valour Richard, to the Throat,
Or else thy Foe lies heauy on thy Soule.
*Enter Northumberland & Ratcliffe.*

*Enter the Lord to Richmond sitting in his Tent.*

*Richm.* Good morrow Richmond.
*Lord.* Cry mercy Lord, and welcome Gentlemen,
How many of your Soueraigne Leaders thinke you
*Lord.* How many soeuer my Lord
*Richm.* I care not how many,
Yet I am valiant,
Numbers, of this I speake well, I know do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale,
And every Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'st Degree,
Murder, stearne murder, in the dyr'st degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to the Barre, crying all Guilty, Guilty,
I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no soule shall pitie me.
Nay wherefore should they? since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pitie to my Selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I had murthered
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
Tomorrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*

God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged Soules,
Like high-reard Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
(*Richard* except:) those whom we fight against
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly Gentlemen,
A bloudy Tyrant, and a mightie one:
One rais'd in bloud, and one in bloud establish'd,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the foyle
Of Englands Chaire, wherein he sits vnlineal,
One that hath euer been Gods Enemie.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemie
God will in iustice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sweare to warrant safety and true dutie:
You sweare against the Peace and Safety
Of your owne Soules, if you may be preuented,
You murther Innocents, if you be Conquerors:
If you do fight against your Countries foes,
Your Countries fat shall pay your paines the hire:
If you do fight in Safegard of your Wiues,
Your Wiues shall welcome home the Conquerors:
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Children shall triumph in your Aid:
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Carkasse to the earth and face
But if I thriue, gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

*Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.*

*King.* What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
*Rat.* The Earle was comming with the Armes
*King.* Ghosts of the Tombes and wandring Starres therein?
*Rat.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
*King.* He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the Clocke there. *Clocke strikes.*
Giue me a Kalender. Who saw the Sunne to day?
*Rat.* Not I my Lord.
*King.* Then he disdaines to shine, for by the Booke
He should haue braued the East an houre agoe.
A blacke day will it be to somebody.
*Rat.* My Lord.
*King.* The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our Army
I would these dewie teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? why what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selfe same Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.

*Enter Norfolke.*

*Nor.* Arme, arme my Lord the foe vaunts in the field
*King.* Come bustle bustle, Caparison my horse.
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him leuie straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.
*Nor.* I go my Lord.
*King.* Send out Commanders to the Lower Bridge,
Let high-sighted Towlers watch the Duke.
Daring-hearted Blunt is not behind
With Horse and Men at Glocester-Bridge.
Ratcliffe, and Sir William Brandon.
*Both.* We know our Duties, let vs know our Names.
*King.* I know our Valours, you shall know our Minds.
Richmond is on the Seas. There let him sinke and drowne,
With him, the Men do fight, and fight in vaine.
My Horse, my Horse. *Drum afarre off.*
Out on you Owles, nothing but Songs of death?
Come, come my Lord, these dreames of Shadowes,
Doe Affrights hearts of meere shallow Yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
*Mes.* My Lord he will not come.
*King.* Then Ile make my Heart the Graue of Stanley,
For dead men hold their promises but slightly.
Where is the Traitor Stanley, speak Man.
*Mes.* My Lord his Son George Stanley is with him,
*King.* Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battell might be won and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, while he is there, dispatch him.
Come bustle bustle, caparison my Horse,
Call vp Lord Standley, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Soldiers to the Plaine,
And thus my Battell shall be ordered.
My Foreward shall be drawne out euenly,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foote.
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst.
*Iohn* Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas* Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of this Foote and Horse.
They thus directed, we will follow

*Alarum.* [illegible] *Enter*

FINIS.

# The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eight

## THE PROLOGUE.

[illegible]

## Dramatis Personæ. Scena Prima.

[illegible]

A thing inspir'd and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophecie, That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboded
The sodaine breach on't.
*Nor.* Which is well obserued,
For indeed it was begun in the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Bordeux.
*Aber.* Is't therefore,
Th'Ambassador is silenc'd?
*Nor.* Marry is't.
*Aber.* A parlous Leyle of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.
*Buc.* Why all this Businesse
Our Reverend Cardinall carried.
*Nor.* Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinall. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinalls Malice and his Potency
Together; To consider further that
What his high Hatred would effect wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengefull, and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and't may be said
It reaches farre, and where it will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome up my Counsell,
You'l find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that Rock
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinall in his passage fixes his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

*Car.* The Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
*Sec.* Here so please you.
*Car.* Is he in person ready?
*Sec.* I please your Grace.
*Car.* Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
*Exeunt Cardinall and his Traine.*
*Buc.* This Holy-fox,
Or Wolsey, is growne so subtle, so peruerse,
Humbled to all Confession, and of late
So much Familiar with his Majesty,
That no Conspiracie can be contriu'd
Nor any bud of Enterprize put forth,
But to the full grow'n end, it comes to him
Straight every day he is on Visitations,
Never before: Some cause, some trouble
Comes on this sodaine.
*Aber.* I doe not like their Comming, now I think on't.
They say in most Mens Mouths, still Hanging Lookes
They're sent before the Businesse.
*Buc.* Stay,
No matter why they come, we are prouided:
To day the Duke will Hunt, the Power I make
Consists of all my Friends, my Horse, my Armes.
*Nor.* Doe your Graces
Chide your Heart from sadnesse, and indure
The Cardinall in his passage. Fixe an eye
And buz Displeasure on him: let him goe,
Tis better we behold him look upon us,
Then we him passe us.
*Buc.* As you counsell me:
This Holy-fox, or Wolsey, is growne so subtle,
So peruerse, and so Holy, say you, Norfolke?
*Nor.* He's my Lord Cardinall, by his Place and Calling,
Deepe, and Diuine in shew, but in his Nature
As farre from Wolsey, and from Holinesse,
As Light from Darkenesse, Heauen from Earth, Warme Life
From Dull, and Deadly-cold Death.
*Buc.* Think you the King
Sees this apparantly?
*Nor.* We doubt not of it.
*Aber.* It cannot be denied but of late he hath
Much alter'd.
*Buc.* Ha's he not a Soule?
*Aber.* He seemes indu'd with all Graces, that are
Powr'd on a Royall Creature.
*Buc.* Say you so?
Then I say nothing more, but Farewell to the Honour
Truth, and Greatnesse of his Place the King
And Commonwealth are sicke of him: Our Reuenges
Are disorderly, though not seditious,
Pray God he prize them lesse then I dare make them,
Who (hauing more Man in me then my Part)
Can with a quiet Hand, and rounded Modesty
Looke on my Wrongs: Inough of this. Speake forth
My Lord Surveyor, how intend you practise?
*Sur.* Why (as you know) as I have got Instruction
From your Honour, touching the Holy Nun,
Who first inclin'd me to't, and spake the Businesse
To his Confessor, who fed from time to time
With Words, and Meanings of her Pleasure.
*Buc.* Well,
And what more?
*Sur.* The Nun being rul'd by him
Particularly, and indeed who else
Was the Lord Cardinall? Reuealed unto him
As a Spirit doth Trumpet, or Diuine
Of strange Events, the Loue betwixt the King
And Queene, whether they were Lawfull,
Or no proceeding: And who should succeed
The Queene in her Bed, with many more Inclusions
Of Priuate Consequence, even to the Basenesse
Of Sauing Conscience, which he vented with
Such Pompe, and Gravity, that in Truth a Man
Would sweare the Holy Spirit had put Words
Into his Mouth.
*Buc.* Of Priuate Consequence?
*Sur.* Yes, my Lord,
But you will aske, what all this while was done?
*Buc.* Doubtlesse the Parliament
Your Lawes for the Subsidie?
*Sur.* Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinall. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
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From your Honour, touching the Holy Nun,
Who first inclin'd me to't, and spake the Businesse
To his Confessor, who fed from time to time
With Words, and Meanings of her Pleasure.
*Buc.* Well,
And what more?
*Sur.* The Nun being rul'd by him
Particularly, and indeed who else
Was the Lord Cardinall? Reuealed unto him
As a Spirit doth Trumpet, or Diuine
Of strange Events, the Loue betwixt the King
And Queene, whether they were Lawfull,
Or no proceeding: And who should succeed
The Queene in her Bed, with many more Inclusions
Of Priuate Consequence, even to the Basenesse
Of Sauing Conscience, which he vented with
Such Pompe, and Gravity, that in Truth a Man
Would sweare the Holy Spirit had put Words
Into his Mouth.
*Buc.* Of Priuate Consequence?
*Sur.* Yes, my Lord,
But you will aske, what all this while was done?
*Buc.* Doubtlesse the Parliament
Your Lawes for the Subsidie?
*Sur.* Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinall. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinalls Malice and his Potency
Together; To consider further that
What his high Hatred would effect wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengefull, and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and't may be said
It reaches farre, and where it will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome up my Counsell,
You'l find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that Rock
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinall in his passage fixes his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

*Car.* The Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
*Sec.* Here so please you.
*Car.* Is he in person ready?
*Sec.* I please your Grace.
*Car.* Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
*Exeunt Cardinall and his Traine.*
*Buc.* This Holy-fox,
Or Wolsey, is growne so subtle, so peruerse,
Humbled to all Confession, and of late
So much Familiar with his Majesty,
That no Conspiracie can be contriu'd
Nor any bud of Enterprize put forth,
But to the full grow'n end, it comes to him
Straight every day he is on Visitations,
Never before: Some cause, some trouble
Comes on this sodaine.
*Aber.* I doe not like their Comming, now I think on't.
They say in most Mens Mouths, still Hanging Lookes
They're sent before the Businesse.
*Buc.* Stay,
No matter why they come, we are prouided:
To day the Duke will Hunt, the Power I make
Consists of all my Friends, my Horse, my Armes.
*Nor.* Doe your Graces
Chide your Heart from sadnesse, and indure
The Cardinall in his passage. Fixe an eye
And buz Displeasure on him: let him goe,
Tis better we behold him look upon us,
Then we him passe us.
*Buc.* As you counsell me:
This Holy-fox, or Wolsey, is growne so subtle,
So peruerse, and so Holy, say you, Norfolke?
*Nor.* He's my Lord Cardinall, by his Place and Calling,
Deepe, and Diuine in shew, but in his Nature
As farre from Wolsey, and from Holinesse,
As Light from Darkenesse, Heauen from Earth, Warme Life
From Dull, and Deadly-cold Death.
*Buc.* Think you the King
Sees this apparantly?
*Nor.* We doubt not of it.
*Aber.* It cannot be denied but of late he hath
Much alter'd.
*Buc.* Ha's he not a Soule?
*Aber.* He seemes indu'd with all Graces, that are
Powr'd on a Royall Creature.
*Buc.* Say you so?
Then I say nothing more, but Farewell to the Honour
Truth, and Greatnesse of his Place the King
And Commonwealth are sicke of him: Our Reuenges
Are disorderly, though not seditious,
Pray God he prize them lesse then I dare make them,
Who (hauing more Man in me then my Part)
Can with a quiet Hand, and rounded Modesty
Looke on my Wrongs: Inough of this. Speake forth
My Lord Surveyor, how intend you practise?
*Sur.* Why (as you know) as I have got Instruction
From your Honour, touching the Holy Nun,
Who first inclin'd me to't, and spake the Businesse
To his Confessor, who fed from time to time
With Words, and Meanings of her Pleasure.
*Buc.* Well,
And what more?
*Sur.* The Nun being rul'd by him
Particularly, and indeed who else
Was the Lord Cardinall? Reuealed unto him
As a Spirit doth Trumpet, or Diuine
Of strange Events, the Loue betwixt the King
And Queene, whether they were Lawfull,
Or no proceeding: And who should succeed
The Queene in her Bed, with many more Inclusions
Of Priuate Consequence, even to the Basenesse
Of Sauing Conscience, which he vented with
Such Pompe, and Gravity, that in Truth a Man
Would sweare the Holy Spirit had put Words
Into his Mouth.
*Buc.* Of Priuate Consequence?
*Sur.* Yes, my Lord,
But you will aske, what all this while was done?
*Buc.* Doubtlesse the Parliament
Your Lawes for the Subsidie?

This

This *Ipswich* fellowes insolence, or presumption,
There's a difference in no persons.
*Norf.* Be advis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe your selfe. We may outrun
By violent swiftnesse that which we runne at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't runne o're
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be'
Lay a gaine there's much matter stirr'd,
More stronger to direct, than you imagine.
With the eie of reason pause,
Or be assur'd you'l repent
*Buck.* Sir,
I am thankfull to you and I goe
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom (from the flow of gall I name not) but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as founts in July
We see each grave of danger, and of woe
To be corrupted traitor.
*Norf.* Say not treason.
*Buck.* Take heed you keep the peace, and make my zeale as strong
As faithfull loue doth bid me, I shall leave you,
Of whose, of any Forraigne state so ever
As are subtile, or apprehensive,
As able to perceive what most concernes them,
Detecting our intentions, yeares, enemy
Only to flow as mounting, as to fall
As deepe as broad, as finite, as infinite
To any lasting: this I say againe,
That what's amisse, and proper to reforme,
Dies breake our wealth
*Norf.* Nay, good my Lord,
*Aber.* Pray giue me leave to stay a little longer Cardinall.
The Axell-tree of the Commons shakes with fear
As I could perish all, ere we should shame
As he cries out to be the Author
As guilty Crutch to stand vpon. Forsooth Count Cardinall
Has done this and that, for we (forsooth)
(Who cannot erre) he does it: now this follower,
(Which shall be taken, in his owne proper
To th'oddes of France and Emperour,
Vnder pretence to see Queene Anne,
(For was in her colour, but ere
To view her Lords, ere lesse cause,
His eares were canuast'd to every whisper
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice, for this point hath
Peep'd through the state to me, and I
Deales with some haste and
With that does well for
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby
Ere it was ask'd. But your
Complaine with gold the
To the worst
As he pleases
Dare
Does by wayes
And
*Aber.* Lamented
To
Some
*Buck.* No, not a syllable
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in proper

*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three of the Guard*

*Brandon.* You, Office Sir, execution.
*Sergeant.* Sir,
My Lord the Duke of
Of
And
Of
*Buck.* My Lord
Haue
And
Where
Ey Darkely, my
My

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the Nobles* [illegible] *all* [illegible]

*King.* My
Tha
Can
To
With
I
Whose
Of
*Queen.* Nay we
*King.* Arise, and
Neere

The other moyety ere you aske is given,
Repent yee, that you ask.
Queen. I am solely
That I would have you
Of
King. I am
Are
Are
Send
Must
Must
Of
Into
In
Nay, Nay set
That
Which
Your
Queen. Nay, I
You know
Than
Which
Queen. No, I
Yet
Which
Which
Which

Scene III.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.*

Lord Chamberlain.

Sands.

Lord Chamberlain.

Sands.

Lord Chamberlain.

Sands.

*L. Cham.* What's the matter?

*Lou.* The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke and Taylors.

*L. Cham.* I am glad 'tis there,
Now I would pray our Monsieurs
To thinke an Englith Courtier may be wife,
And neuer see the *Louure*.

*Lou.* They must (cannot
(For so run the Conditions) leaue those remnants
Of fooleries heere, their mincing, dancing French,
Their ballets, Balladry, their single Rapier,
Their cloake, their hat, their yard of Shooe,
Their Time-pleasing Tooth-pickes, their Perfumes,
Their three-pild Ruffes, their Huffes and their Pufferies,
Their Sattin Cassocke, Velure Hangers,
And high-crown'd Bonnets, their soule Essences,
(The marrow of Dead Beasts) and aboue all these,
Their Lowsie Long-hair'd Locks, which they must bring
Vnto the Barbers Shop, and there be cropt,
And shauen like Monkes, ere they obtaine
Accesse to any Mistris.

*L. Cham.* Will they take it?

*Lou.* They must, or packe
To their Dancing Schooles againe, and relearne
How to tread Measures, and to Foote it
Like Gamesters at Primero.

*L. Cham.* Sir *Henry Guilford*.

*Enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

*Guil.* Now, my Lord,
Saw you the Cardinall?

*L. Cham.* My Lord, we haue
Stood here obseruing him: Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his Lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, looks vpon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stands as staid
Forget himselfe, his Motions to his State
Serue all at once, and in the last, it seemes
His Motions to his State serue all at once,
And in the last, it seemes his Motions
Forget himselfe, his Gate, his Countenance
Are all so different: In the midst he takes
Paper, and taking Pen, and biting Nayles,
Rages, and throwes out Periods to himselfe,
Not vttering what he meanes: Flyes from his Shadow,
And speakes vnto his Man-mistakes him, stares
Vpon the Standers by: Calls for more Paper,
Neglects to write, and so conceales from vs
What his Distemper is: You know his Grace
Forgets himselfe more than this.

*Guil.* I thinke I can
Tell his Disease of State: For it is State
Sickneſſe, that ayles him: Know you not my Lords
What late Commotions haue arose betweene
The two Kings of France and Arragon?

*Cham.* Yes, but that
Was reconcil'd, and both the Kings haue sworne
Eternall Amity.

*Guil.* Sir, it growes againe,
Each hath a seuerall Brother-in-Law
Mounted the Throne of Arragon, and both
Are marching on their Confines.

*L. Cham.* Then the Cardinall
Hath iust cause to be troubled: For 'tis he
Aduis'd him for the entertainment of
Faire Queene Katherine to Spaine.

*Guil.* Nay, more than this,
He dreames the Duke be stands vpon a hope
Of the Succeſſion, from the Indisposition
Of his Supposed Father, the Sicke King
Of Arragon.

*L. Cham.* Faith, my Lord, I heare of none.
But from my Soule I wish all well with the Prince:
There's some of his Complexion waiting heere,
That I should loue a bowle the better for.
Pray God he be not angry with me.

*Guil.* Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Sir *Anthony Denny*,
Waite vpon his Will: But the Words they bring
Are quite contrary.

*L. Cham.* That's their Fortune still.
Vse makes Complyers, not Opinions.
Which way goes the Cardinall?

*Guil.* Downe to his Chappell,
Where Deuotion waits on him, and leaues
His Palace Empty: Noble Buckingham
Made Roome for him before: There's Monkes attend him,
To pray and chaunt for Peace, as if Warre were
His Profeſſion.

*L. Cham.* Would we had such Prayers said!
Such Deuotion none of vs feele!
Is the Hall full?

*Guil.* Full of Disorder.
Yeomen, Groomes, Promiscuously doe pester
The Roome, and Ranke vs with Ambitious Hopes,
That they shall place vnto the Tables head.
There's Worshipfull Attendants, and one Squire
Of Gentlemanly Office, I could wish
Were out of Dores: For sure there will be Quarrels.

*L. Cham.* Let's in then, and obserue: Perhaps we may
Finde Sport enough.

*Guil.* Beware then, you lose not
Your Temper.

*L. Cham.* Trust not me.

*Enter Trumpets, Sennet.*

*Guil.* The Duke of Buckingham is come from his Triall.

*L. Cham.* 'Tis very true: But that time offers Sorrow,
This generall Ioy.

*Guil.* 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am sure haue shewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their Rights, they are euer forward
In Celebration of this Day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honour.

*L. Cham.* Neuer greater,
Nor ought else worth the sight.

*Guil.* See, the Swannes come!
Free Pallage, and Attendance vnto them.

*Enter Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir Thomas Lovell.*

*Vaux.* My Lord,
The Cardinall, in his Deuotion, hath
Forgot your Loue, I feare: The Warder strikes
Already at the Presence doore, the Sixe Clockes.

*Lou.* Farewell, good Lord: Sir *Thomas*, 'tis a Warning
We may not slacke our Duties for our Ease.
The Cardinall's not my Friend, nor wants the Cause:
But you, I know, are honeſt.

*Guil.* Shall we to the Presence?

*L. Cham.* It growes late: Farewell Noble Buckingham.

*Vaux.* My Noble Lords.

*Guil.* For Heauen sake, stay.

*Vaux.* Your Honours
Shall passe through this Lobby, and command
My Office to his Grace.

*Lou.* We shall, Sir *Nicholas*.

*Guil.* Pray, Sir *Thomas*, whither were the Lords going?

*Lou.* To the Cardinall's.

*Guil.* Your Lordship is a guest too.

*L. Cham.* O, 'tis true:
This Night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies: There will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome, I'le assure you.

*Lou.* That Church is Blest, and Sanctified indeed
That couers such Deuotion as the Lord there needs,
His Deuotion fall euery where.

*L. Cham.* No doubt, Sir.

*Lou.* He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.

*L. Sau.* For my Lord,

*Guil.* Spight, Wrong, Envy, Malice, Detraction,
Neuer a way, Pleasure, Honour,
They are let beene
*L. Sau.* Leaue
Now to be Courtiers,
Sir *Thomas*, Come, Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be
For any Prince to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.

*L. Sau.* I am your Lordships, *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Hoboies. A small Table under a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and many other Ladies, & Gentlemen as Guests, at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

*Sir Hen. Guil.* Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with him
One care abroad: He would haue all as merry
As first, good Company, good Wine, good Welcome,
Can make good people.

*Enter L. Chamberlaine, L. Sands and Lovell.*

O my Lord, y'are tardy:
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

*Cham.* You're young Sir *Harry Guilford*.

*Sands.* Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some fooles
Should finde no Grace to day: for his Holinesse
Should dine with Angels.

*Lou.* Make vp the Table, and
Let me alone to entertaine them.

*Sands.* Ladies,
In faith your Grace is much beholding to you,
And so am I: For I ne're saw truer Beauties
In Ladies, that to day: I'le tell 'em by myne,
They are a sweet Society of faire ones.

*Lou.* O my Lord,
You are tardy:
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

*Cham.* You're young Sir *Harry Guilford*.

*Sands.* Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some fooles
Should finde no Grace to day: for his Holinesse
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In faith your Grace is much beholding to you,
And so am I: For I ne're saw truer Beauties
In Ladies, that to day: I'le tell 'em by myne,
They are a sweet Society of faire ones.

*Lou.* O my Lord,
You are a Tardy one too: Can you thinke so
Of two such Eyes?

*Sands.* What Eyes?

*Lou.* Why, his that sits there,
And those that stand by him, your Lordship.

*Sands.* Who's that?

*Lou.* Why Mistris *Anne Bullen*.

*Sands.* Mistris *Anne Bullen*?
No more of her, my Lord, good or bad,
You may corrupt me entirely.

*Lou.* I would pray
Our Monsieurs
To thinke an Englith Courtier may be wife,
And neuer see the *Louure*.

*Sands.* They must (cannot
(For so run the Conditions) leaue those remnants
Of fooleries heere, their mincing, dancing French,
Their ballets, Balladry, their single Rapier,
Their cloake, their hat, their yard of Shooe,
Their Time-pleasing Tooth-pickes, their Perfumes,
Their three-pild Ruffes, their Huffes and their Pufferies,
Their Sattin Cassocke, Velure Hangers,
And high-crown'd Bonnets, their soule Essences,
(The marrow of Dead Beasts) and aboue all these,
Their Lowsie Long-hair'd Locks, which they must bring
Vnto the Barbers Shop, and there be cropt,
And shauen like Monkes, ere they obtaine
Accesse to any Mistris.

*L. Cham.* Will they take it?

*Lou.* They must, or packe
To their Dancing Schooles againe, and relearne
How to tread Measures, and to Foote it
Like Gamesters at Primero.

*L. Cham.* Sir *Henry Guilford*.

*Enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

*Guil.* Now, my Lord,
Saw you the Cardinall?

*L. Cham.* My Lord, we haue
Stood here obseruing him: Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his Lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, looks vpon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stands as staid
Forget himselfe, his Motions to his State
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Tell his Disease of State: For it is State
Sickneſſe, that ayles him: Know you not my Lords
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The two Kings of France and Arragon?

*Cham.* Yes, but that
Was reconcil'd, and both the Kings haue sworne
Eternall Amity.

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Each hath a seuerall Brother-in-Law
Mounted the Throne of Arragon, and both
Are marching on their Confines.

*L. Cham.* Then the Cardinall
Hath iust cause to be troubled: For 'tis he
Aduis'd him for the entertainment of
Faire Queene Katherine to Spaine.

*Guil.* Nay, more than this,
He dreames the Duke be stands vpon a hope
Of the Succeſſion, from the Indisposition
Of his Supposed Father, the Sicke King
Of Arragon.

*L. Cham.* Faith, my Lord, I heare of none.
But from my Soule I wish all well with the Prince:
There's some of his Complexion waiting heere,
That I should loue a bowle the better for.
Pray God he be not angry with me.

*Guil.* Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Sir *Thomas Lov

I am bound to your cheere, and your company
Ladies you are not merry, Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
*San.* The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then we shall have 'em,
Talke vs to silence.
*An. B.* You are a merry Gamster
My Lord *Sands*
*San.* Yes, if I make my play
Heere's to your Ladyship: and to the gallants
For to vs to night.
*An. B.* You cannot shake me out
*Drum & Trumpet. Chamber discharg'd*
*San.* Let's see, Grace, and a full hand
*Card.* Whose best?
*Cham.* Lo it comes ever when I am in
*Card.* What wast they shoot
And to what end is this? Nay, then it is not
By all the lawes of Warre you are priz'd
*Enter a Gentle*
*Cham.* How now, what is't
*Gent.* A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme: th'are come in like Ambassadors
And to'hat make a great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.
*Card.* Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go giue 'em welcome, you can speake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him
*All rise, and Tables remou*
You haue now a broken Banket, but we'l mend it
A good digestion to you all, and once more
I shower a welcome on ye, welcome all
*Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers habited like Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They pass directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully salute him*
A noble Company! what are their pleasures?
*Cham.* Because they speake no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this so Noble and Choice Assembly,
Thus left their owne Abodes, and dar'd their entertainments
(Trusting on your Highnesse boundeous Goodnesse)
Make bold to view the Ladies, and offer Dance
An vnpremeditated Gallantry
By these gentlemen hereabouts.
*Card.* Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They haue done my poore house grace: for which I pay 'em
A thousand thankes, and pray 'em take their pleasures
*They choose Ladies. King and An. Bullen.*
*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee
*Musicke, Dance.*
*Card.* My Lord
*Cham.* Your Grace
*Card.* Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would surrender it.
*Cham.* I will my Lord
*Card.* What say they?
*Cham.* Such a one they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and please with a Dance.
*Card.* I thinke I can
By any proofe of mine, and not disparage
My function in't
*An.* Ye cannot chuse but doe it
You are a fayre Assembly: whose are you?
You are a Churchman, or I am deceiu'd
I bid you (many) welcome
*Card.* I thank you
You're well encountered
*An.* My Lord Cardinall,
I were vnmannerly to take you out
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen
Let it goe round.
*Card.* Sir Thomas Lord Chamberlaine,
Keepe it by you?
*Cham.* Yes my Lord.
*Card.* Your Grace
Heere, with all my heart will pledge it,
*King.* Heere to you
*Card.* I thanke your Majesty
To the next Chamber
*An.* Lead in your Ladies euery one. Sweet Partner
I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry
Good my Lord Cardinall, I haue halfe a dozen healths
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
Will make my boote to walke. I feare my Mask-hood,
*Exeunt. Dance.*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores*
1. Whether away so fast?
2. O, God saue ye
Ere to the Hall, to see what Shall become
Of this great Day.
1. Let me speake sir
For I must bring my businesse from a Heauier Ceremony
2. Why well met then
1. Yes indeed I hope it
2. Pray speake what has happened.
1. You may guesse quickly what
2. Is he found guilty
1. Yes truely is he,
And condemn'd vpon't
2. I am sorry for't.
1. So are a number more
2. But pray how past it?
1. I'le tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Barre; where to his Accusations
He pleaded still not Guilty, and alledged
Many sharpe reasons to defeate the Law.
The King's Attorney on the contrary
Vrg'd on the Examinations, Proofes, Confessions

O[illegible]ers witnesses, which chiefe Duke defir'd
T[illegible]n'brought [illegible]s to his face;
At w[illegible]h bad spoke against em: the Surveyor
[illegible] *Robert Peckam*, Confessor, Sir *Iohn Maur*,
Confessor to [illegible]s what chiefly Moou'd,
*Hee*[illegible]r, that made it seeme strange.
2 That was hee
That fed his Prophecies
1 The last,
All [illegible]s [illegible]d on Prophecy, which before
Would [illegible] but seem'd not cou'd not
And to [illegible]s purpose [illegible]s,
How [illegible]d [illegible] Treason Much
He spoke, and [illegible] but an
Wast[illegible] prediction, [illegible]porters,
2 After all this, how [illegible] he [illegible]?
1 Why the [illegible] strong Cause (Law to heare
His Accusation) was [illegible]d
With such an Agony, he sweat extreame,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty.
But he [illegible] to [illegible]s and [illegible]s,
In all the rest (shew'd a most Noble patience.
2 I do not think he [illegible]s death.
1 Sure he does not,
He never was a woman [illegible], for cause
He may a little grieue at
2 Certainly,
The [illegible] [illegible] deliuers
1. Is [illegible]key,
By all coniectures: First Kildares attendance,
The [illegible] part of Ireland, was [illegible]d
[illegible] Surrey, was to this end sent too,
Lest [illegible] [illegible] should [illegible]
2 I [illegible] [illegible] of Peace
Was a secret [illegible] to,
1. At [illegible]s [illegible]s.
No doubt he's [illegible] quite [illegible] [illegible] ignored
All Generals [illegible] wonder'd at this [illegible] fauours,
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] employment,
And [illegible] [illegible] from Court too.
2 All [illegible] Commons
Hate [illegible] [illegible] to my Conscience
With [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The Duke as much
They [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Bountious *Buckingham*.
The Mirror of all Courtesie.

*Enter Buckingham [illegible] with his Commandment, Tipstaue before him, Sir Henry Guilford, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir [illegible] and [illegible] Monypeny, &c.*

1 Stand from the fire,
And see the [illegible] and [illegible] payne [illegible] of
2 It [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to.
*Enter Abergauenny,*
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] come to pity me,
Heare what [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and to me,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] moment,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], yet [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] witnes,
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] me,
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] my [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]
Buckingham [illegible] [illegible], I and [illegible] [illegible] more Christians.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Yet let [illegible] [illegible] by God, not [illegible] malice,
Nor [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] graces of great men;
For then, my [illegible] [illegible] blood [illegible] cry against [illegible].
For further [illegible] [illegible] this world I [illegible] [illegible] scape.
Nor will [illegible], although the King haue mercies
More than I dare make faults.
You few [illegible] [illegible] me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes, whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.
*Louell* I doe beleech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgiue me frankly.
*Buck.* Sir *Thomas Louell*, I as free forgiue you
As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all
There cannot be those numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with
No black Enuy shall make my Graue.
Commend mee to his Grace
And if he speake of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings, and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he liue
Longer (the I haue time to tell his yeares)
Euer beloued and loning may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodnesse and he fill vp one Monument.
*Lou.* To [illegible] [illegible] I must conduct your Grace;
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who vndertakes you to your end.
*Vaux* Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suites
The Greatnesse of his Person.
*Buck.* Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now poore *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer than my base Accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seale it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groane for it.
My noble Father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who first raised head against Vsurping *Richard*,
Flying for succour to his Seruant *Banister*,
Being distrest, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without Tryal, fell; Gods peace be with him.
*Henry* the Seauenth succeeding, truly pitying
My Fathers losse, like a most Royall Prince
Restored me to my Honours, and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
*Henry* the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy, at one stroake has taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And must needs say a Noble one, which makes me
A little happier than my wretched Father
Yet thus far we are one in Fortunes both
Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most
A most vnnatural and faithlesse Seruice
Heauen has an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine
Where you are liberall of your loues and Counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,

And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they meane to make ye a good people
Pray for me, I muſt now forſake ye the laſt houre
Of my long weary life, is come vpon me.
Farewell, and when you would say ſomthing that is ſad,
Speake how I fell.
I haue done, and God forgiue me.
*Exeunt vnder and Trayne.*
1. O, this is full of pittie, Sir, it cals
I feare too many curſes on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the duke be guiltleſſe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inkling
Of an enſuing euill, of a feare,
Greater than this.
1. Good Angels keepe it from vs.
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceale it.
1. Let me haue it,
I do not take my oath on't.
2. Feare me not,
You ſhall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a ſeparation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?
1. Yes, but it held not,
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtraight
To ſtop the rumors, and allay thoſe tongues
That ſpoke it, on paine
2. But that ſtands, Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes againe
Freſher than e're it was, and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or ſome about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, poſſeſſed him with a scruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriu'd and lately,
As all think for this buſineſſe.
1. 'Tis the Cardinall,
And merely to reuenge him on the Emperor,
For not beſtowing on him at his aſking,
The Arch-biſhoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2. I think
You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That ſhe ſhould feele the ſmart of this the Cardinall
Will make vs ſhew it, and the end is
1. 'Tis woth
Wee are too open here to argue this
Let's think in priuate more. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter a Gentleman and one reading this Letter.*

*My Lord, the Horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinals, by Commiſſion, and more power than I have, came and tooke them from me, with this reaſon, his maſter would be ſeru'd*

*before a Subiect, if not before the King, which ſtop'd our mouthes, Sir.*

I feare he will indeed: Well, let him haue them; hee will haue all I think.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.*

*Norf.* Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.
*Cham.* Good day to both your Graces.
*Suff.* How is the King imployd?
*Cham.* He's full impatient,
Full of high thoughts and cares.
*Norf.* What's the cauſe?
*Cham.* It ſeemes he's Marryed with his Brothers Wife
He's crept too neere his Conſcience.
*Suff.* No, his Conſcience
Has crept too neere another Ladie.
*Norf.* 'Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King Cardinall,
That blinde Prieſt, like eagle'd Scene of Flattery,
Turnes what he liſts. The King will know him one day.
*Suff.* Pray God he do,
He'le neuer know himſelfe elſe.
*Norf.* How holily he works in all his buſineſſe,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Betweene vs and the Emperor, the Queenes great Nephew,
He dives into the King: Soules, and there ſcatters
Dangers to him, wounds of Conſcience,
Fears and doubts, and ſpares no hidden Crafts
And Practiſes to make this Marriage
Appeare moſt deſperate: ſtore of ſuch Arrowes
Which can ſticke deepe and ſmart
Like the Diſeaſe: and these ſtrokes
That like a Jewell, haue ſo long time
Worne like a Subiect, now ſeeme priuiledg'd
Deepe Sacriledge, this Starre of Conſcience,
Fatall to Cardinals, hath beene the onely
Wholeſome Hebrew Midwife that exiſtence
Euer brought forth, and is it for this Councell pour?
Not friendſhip, honeſty, and the courſe of ſouls
Conniuing with groſſe ſinne? and are Churches Councels
Sworne enemies to truth, where euery tongue ſpeakes them,
And euery true heart corſiues at it? Well,
The King muſt take his fortune, ſeeke his owne ends,
Looke to't, and ſtand the ſtorme: I heare him many
Will ſweare to his Marriage, and vſe arguments
Such as they are, though not worth anſwering,
Which yet muſt be allowed. Now the new Queene
Will one day open the King's eyes, and ſee
Within her, worth obſeruation, worth
Pitty and Loue.
*Suff.* Anon, for charitie,
Anon, for ſhame, forbeare.
*Norf.* I ſhall not need,
And yet I ſay, for once and all, beware;
Our ſpeeches muſt not meaſure vp to all
Euen Iuſtices and Magiſtrates, all mens honours
Lie like one Lambe before him, to be fleſh'd
Into what pitch he please.
*Suff.* For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede
As I am made without, ſo I'le ſtand.
The King pleaſe his Diuorce, and I haue done.
Tell me (for I muſt make my breath no better)
How euer I am taken, I know my Manſion
Is not yet made in Heauen, nor am I ſo leane in
The Conſcience wherein I am proud, yet full
Of Chriſtian pittie.
*Norf.* I feare it,
And we haue many other buſines, put the King
From these ad[illegible]ings, that work too much vpon him
My Lord, your leaue for our company?
*Cham.* Excuſe me,
The King has ſent me otherwiſe: Beſides
You'le find a moſt vnfit time to diſturbe him
Health to your Lordſhips

*Nor*

*Norfolke.* Thanke my good Lord *Chamberlaine.*
*Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King draws the Curtaine and sits reading pensively.*
*Suf.* How sad he lookes, sure he is much afflicted.
*Kin.* Who is there? ha?
*Nor.* Pray God he be not angry. (ſelues
*Kin.* Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
Into my priuate Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
*Nor.* A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant. Our breach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate, wherein we come
Commanded to your Highnesse pleasure.
*Kin.* Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is't conuenient you should trouble vs? Ha?
*Enter Wolsey and Campian with a Commission.*
Who's else for vs? my Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience,
Thou art to me a la[illegible]ong, your welcome
Most learned Reuerend Sir into our Kingdome,
Vse vs, and it. My Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.
*Wol.* Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an houre
Of reasonable audience.
*Kin.* Ascend Sir.
*Nor.* Let's Peace, how the spleene doth swell!
*Suf.* Not to speake of.
I would not be so sicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue
*Nor.* If it do, Ile venture one, haue at him
*Suf.* I another.
*Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.*
*Wol.* Your Grace has giuen a learned hearing to the some
Aboue a hundred reasons alledg'd truely
Your right to the vexed Crowne of Castile.
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Subiect of all Watches, eye and tongue,
Mine haue trauail'd, and they haue made a good issue,
True Trust, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,
I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome the Nurse of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man
This just and learned Priest, Cardinall Campeius,
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse.
*Kin.* And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the Holy Conclaue for their loues
They haue sent me, such a Man I long haue wisht for.
*Camp.* Your Grace must euer stand mistaken all strangers loues,
Now in their Masters Highnesse hand
Which your owne vertue, and the loue of some
Conspiring with your Grace do chuse their Seruant,
Worthy the Honour, and vnfained the Pleasure.
*Kin.* Cardinall Campeius,
Your hand my Lord. I receiue you gladly,
Some Friends of mine attend vs. For whose Company
I know you Master of Ceremonies will prouide.
*Exit Gardiner.*
*Wol.* Your Grace has giuen a learned hearing to the some
Aboue a hundred reasons alledg'd truely
Your right to the vexed Crowne of Castile.
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Subiect of all Watches, eye and tongue,
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One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man
This just and learned Priest, Cardinall Campeius,
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse.
*Kin.* And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the Holy Conclaue for their loues
They haue sent me, such a Man I long haue wisht for.
*Camp.* Your Grace must euer stand mistaken all strangers loues,
Now in their Masters Highnesse hand
Which your owne vertue, and the loue of some
Conspiring with your Grace do chuse their Seruant,
Worthy the Honour, and vnfained the Pleasure.
*Kin.* Cardinall Campeius,
Your hand my Lord. I receiue you gladly,
Some Friends of mine attend vs. For whose Company
I know you Master of Ceremonies will prouide.
*Exit Gardiner.*
*Wol.* Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.
*Card.* But to be commanded
For euer by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
*Kin.* Come hither *Gardiner.*
*Walkes and whispers.*
*Camp.* My Lord of *Yorke*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?
*Wol.* Yes he was
*Camp.* Was he not held a learned man?
*Wol.* Yes surely.
*Camp.* Beleeue me there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall.
*Wol.* How? of me?
*Camp.* They will not sticke to say, you enuide him,
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.
*Wol.* Heauns peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous: that good Fellow,
If I command him follows my appointment,
I will haue none so neere else. Learne this Brother,
We're not to be great, by meaner persons.
*Kin.* Deliuer this with modesty to th' Queene.
*Exit Gardiner.*
The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning is Blackfriers
There ile binde, meete with you, mine owne Lord,
Where you shall haue ease and conuenience Confidence Confidence;
O 'tis a rare contriu'd, and most sweet one. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.*

*An.* Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches
His highnesse, hauing liu'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce dishonour of her: by my life,
She never knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sunne enthroned,
Still growing in a Maiestie, and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Processe,
To giue her the auaunt: it is a pitty
Would moue a Monster
*Old La.* Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
*An.* Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had known pompe: though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis sufferance, panging
As soule and bodies seuering
*Old L.* Alas poore Lady,
She's a stranger now againe
*An.* So much the more
Must pity drop vpon her, verily
I sweare, 'tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble Liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd vp in a glitt'ring griefe,
And wear a golden sorrow.
*Old L.* Our content
Is our best hauing.
*Anne* By my troth and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.
*Old L.* Beshrew me I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't and so much more,
For a little peece of your Heritage
You that haue fairer parts of Woman vpon you
Haue (too) a Woman's heart as tender yet
Affection's residence, Women soone
Which, to say sooth, are blessings when we please
(Sauing your minding Lady) would receiue,
Of your late Chimeres Countesse, would receiue,
I vow, large proportion.
*Anne* Nay, good troth.
*Old L.* Yes troth, & troth you would haue a Queene?
*Anne* Not vnlesse for those respects you name me
*Old L.* 'Tis strange, a thrifty penny hath wonne me
Or has I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What make you of the Marchionesse of Dorset
To beare that port we see?
*An.* Not much.
*Old L.* Not much?
I would not haue old Dorset for my husband,
For more then halfe the Dowries of my Sexe
Cannot vouch alter is a very weake
Liuer to get a boy.
*An.* How you doe talke
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world.
*Old L.* In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I my selfe
Would for Carnarnanshire although there long'd
No more to the Crowne but that. Lo, who comes here?

*Enter Lord Chamberlaine.*

*L. Cham.* Good morrow Ladies: what were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
*An.* My good Lord,
Not your demand, it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pitying.
*Cham.* It was a gentle businesse and becoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
*An.* Now I pray God, *Amen*
*Cham.* You bear a gentle minde, & heauenly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I speake sincerely, and high notes
Taken of your many vertues, the King's Maiesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of *Pembroke*: to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall Support,
Out of his Grace, he adds.
*An.* I do not know
What kinde of my obedience I should tender,
More then my All of Duty, I know
Are not words duely hallowed, nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to take my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a blushing not Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray to

*Cham.* Lady;
I shall not fayle t'approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well:
Beauty and Honour in her are in one,
Now I see they haue couragt the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady may proceed a Gemme,
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

*Exit Lord Chamberlaine*

*An.* My honour'd Lord.
*Old L.* Why this it is: See, see,
I haue beene begging sixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courter be, saue, or could
Come pat betwixt too, early and late) for nothing
But a poore thousand pound a yeare: for pure need
A meane it is called Mother, hath fed my poore
Selfe and daughter, till I were almost ashamed,
To thinke vpon't.
*An.* I doe not doubt your fortune
*Old L.* Because they haue beene my friends to come,
Then were I wretch'd indeed: there is no shame
But many faces must blush vpon this,
Which they will make their Common Almes-deed,
Still number me i'th' Common Cry of Curres.
*An.* Good Lady,
Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leaue out these. Me thinkes you are sad,
Heauen comfort you.
*Old L.* Whether you will or no. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Trumpets, Sennet and Cornets.*

*Enter two Vergers, with short Siluer Wands; next them two Scribes in the habit of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne & Ely, Rochester and Saint Asaph: next them, with some small distance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bearing each a Siluer Crosse: Then a Gentleman Vsher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Siluer Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Chamberlaines: Then the Queene, in her Robe: In her hayre richly adorned with a Coronet: On her left hand, the Duke of Norfolke: On her right, the Duke of Suffolke: The two Cardinals two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place vnder the Cloth of State: The two Cardinals sit vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselues on each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in conuenient order about the Stage.*

*Car.* Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded
*King.* What is the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all sides th'Auditory allowd,
You may then spare your time.
*Car.* Well, proceed.
*Scribe.* Say *Henry* King of England, come to the Court.
*Crier. Henry* King of England &c.
*King.* Heere
*Scribe.* Say Katherine Queene of England, come
Come to the Court.
*Crier.* Katherine Queene of England &c.
*The Queene rises out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then speakes.*
Sir, I desire you doe me right and Justice,
And to bestow your pitty upon me:
For I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions, having here
No Judge indeed, as no default in me doth speake,
Or Friend, then I profess my selfe to be:
Alas, Sir, In what have I offended you?
What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witnesse,
I have been to you a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in feare to kindle your Dislike,
Yea subject to your Countenance, glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your Desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? what Friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did
Continue my Love? Not for that neither:
Here's the pang that pinches:
His Highnesse having liv'd with me full twenty three yeares,
That, and many more of which, no mention made,
Put me away from him, and hath married
Without more cause, and for my Issue sake,
Lay his Conscience bare to marriage:
Deny your part in me the name of Wife,
And throw the Name upon my Daughter.
Beseech you, Sir, by all the dues of Honour,
And Humane Kindnesse, boldly to resolve me,
In what you can accuse me?
*Wol.* Noble Lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his Majesty and you,
So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue blesses,
Nor to speake more of you, than you would
Willingly heare your selfe. Our charge is only,
To heare by what good meanes you have made known
The intimation of the Queenes Grace to you,
Touching this Businesse now in question,
Which is, her scruple touching your long lying
With the late King her Brother, which she feares,
Was not a lawfull Marriage. Wherefore, humbly
Your pleasure in this point, and we shall
Be thereby satisfied, and depart from hence
In the due name of Justice.
Yet before that,
I must tell you,
That Reverend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity and Learning,
Yea the elected Cardinals, who are assembled
To plead your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,
That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is unsetled in the King.
*Cam.* His Grace
Hath spoken well, and justly. Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.
*Q.* Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.
*Wol.* Your pleasure, Madam.
*Q.* Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long have dream'd so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to sparkes of fire.
*Wol.* Be patient yet.
*Q.* I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleeve
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Judge: for it is you
Have blowne this Coale betwixt my Lord, and me,
Which God's dew quench: Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhorre, yea from my Soule
Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
*Wol.* I do professe
You speake not like your selfe, who ever yet
Have stood to Charity, and displayd th'effects
Of Disposition gentle, and of Wisedome,
O'retopping womans powre. Madam you do me wrong
I have no Spleene against you, nor injustice
For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded,
Or how farre further shall be warranted
By a Commission from the Consistorie,
Yea the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it.
The King is present: If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my falsehood: yea as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remove these Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
You gracious Madam to unthinke your speaking,
And to say so no more.
*Queen.* My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weake
T'oppose your cunning. Y'are meek & humble-mouth'd;
You sign your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,
With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene and Pride.
You have by Fortune and his Highnesse favors,
Gone slightly o're low steppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domesticks to you) serve your will, as't please
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your persons Honor, than
Your high profession spirituall: That again
I do refuse you for my Judge, and here
Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,
And to be judg'd by him.
*She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

*Camp.*

*Camp.* The Queene is obstinate,
Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainfull to be tride by't, 'tis not well.
Shee's gone away
*Kin.* Call her again.
*Crier.* Katherine Q. of England, come into the Court.
*Gent. Ush.* Madam, you are cal'd back.
*Que.* What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cal'd return. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me past my patience: pray you passe on,
I will not tarry: no, nor euer more
Vpon this businesse my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.
*Exit Queene and her Attendants.*
*Kin.* Go thy wayes Kate,
That man i'th world, who shall report he has
A better Wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,
Thy meeknesse, Saint-like, wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne enough, Princesse (without this) speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes. She's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she has
Carried her selfe towards me.
*Wol.* Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highnesse,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these eares (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be vnloos'd: although not there
At once and fully satisfied, whether euer I
Did broach this businesse to your Highnesse, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on't, or euer
Haue (to you, to any one) within my selfe
A doubt. Lady, I neuer knew any thought
Be to the preiudice of your pretious State,
Or touch of her good person.
*Kin.* My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you haue many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but like to Village Curres,
Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these
The Queene is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more iustified? You euer
Haue wish'd the sleeping of this businesse, neuer desir'd
It to be stirr'd, but oft haue hindred, oft
The passages made toward it: on my Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point,
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mou'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: then (con't.
Tell me how came it? Briefly, and like a Scholler.
My Conscience first receiu'd a tendernesse,
Scruple, and prickt on certaine Speeches vttered
By the Bishop of *Bayon*, then French Embassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A Marriage twixt the Duke of Orleance and
Our Daughter *Mary*. I' th' Progresse of this businesse,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke
The bosome of my Conscience, entred me;
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast, which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng
And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
I stood not in the state of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiu'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The graue does to the dead: for her Male Issue,
Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the best Heritage i' Christendome)
Should not
Be gouern'd by a Woman: Lastly, that
Feare of the sonnes of Queenes, Brothers soone
By this my Issue's end, was close at hand.
May it please your Grace, on this I built an
Vneasie Scruple: and the more so still
Hauing before my eyes the euill example
Of our late Neighbour, his late Marriage
With his Brothers Wife, with whom he lyu'd
Some twenty yeares, and had yet no Children.
Compelled by these Motiues, and mine Error,
Wherein my Conscience, strucken deepely, stood
Vrging the same, I first mou'd you, my Lord,
And comming with a Learned Conscience,
Learned in this Age, was not afraid to breake
With any Prince that liu'd. Ah, my good Lord,
How did it grieue me, that the Royall Fame
Which I enioy'd, should thus be wounded, my
Name
Which to this houre, euen my Aduersaries
Haue left vnblemish'd, should in this Point onely
Be soyl'd and stayn'd!
*Wol.* Sir, you cannot tell
How you were tempted.
*Car.* Speake your Highnesse,
The quicker your Confession,
Better for your Conscience.
*Kin.* Sir, I am
As glad to flow thus farre, assure you, as
You are to heare me: were my Words to end
Now, I should leaue well what I've vttered.
But (for my Conscience) know I am not yet
At Anchor, nor shall fall till I come where
I hope this Businesse can be toss'd: you, my Lord,
You that are growne so popular with your Tongue,
Could command Boldnesse elsewhere, and to all
Men but to Kings and Subiects, of your King
Where did you learne this Duty?
*Cran.* Stand vp, good Canterbury,
My learned and well-beloued Seruant Cranmer,
Prethee returne, with thy approued Iudgement
My Secret Councell: for I see her passion
Makes this Businesse ripe. Henry and Wolsey,
Rest your minds heere: our Councell we will
Command to your remembrance: and what they doe
Command to vs, shall stand. Our Daughter
Shall neuer know the Doubt that I haue had
Where I am robb'd and bound.
And now to you, sweet Maid, you must be faine
To hold your Tongue, and let my Mercy worke
With the rude Motions of your People, till
Time and best Iudgements, on all hands, call backe
Your Mother to her Graue, and you to Reason.
Arme your Prudence with Patience, and make vse
Of what you haue spoke, for my Minde gaue you
Wise and Vertuous, and no Foule may staine
Faire Deeds, or make 'em base.
*Cran.* Amen, Amen.
*Kin.* My Lords, I trust you haue forgot the Place.
The Queene being absent, 'tis a shame to start
Thus late, we shall finish at Blackefriers.
*Exeunt in manner as they entred.*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Queene* [illegible]
Queene Take your [illegible]
[illegible]

O [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Enter* [illegible]
[illegible]
Cham. [illegible], you should, to my Lord
[illegible]
[illegible] me?
[illegible] Madam
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

I made more Courtesy. But stay, I waxe dye;
Take heed, for heavens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall vpon ye
Car. Madam this is a meere distraction
You turne the good we offer into enuy.
Queen. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Iustice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churches enemies)
Put my sicke cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ballanc'd in the Scales
Of dudling Conscience, hath given the Cause
A dangerous turne. Why might not he deny
To me all the sweet Cordialls of his Eyes,
To me that haue bestow'd Threescore faire Sommers
All the bright Seasons of my Life, on him,
Make me a Curse like this?
Card. Your Fears are worse.
Queen. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)
Never yet branded with Suspition?
Haue I with all my full Affections
Still met the Kings Loues, Lou'd with one the more
Then all the World, and am I now thus handled,
Made the Vile Property of this Great Mans Spleene?
Almost
Forgot my Knees, forgot the Mother of
Wrongs, I have
Forc'd me to my Duty. But the Heate
To me and to my Cause, is full of Danger,
Deepely and Darkely Cast. Mine Enemies
Haue drawne the Sweate of Court, my Sighes and Teares
Into the Common Eye, and Mock'd them hither:
Almost
All the Young Faces here, and such as yet
Are Vnder the Hands of Nature, thinke vpon
What shall become of them, when you are gone?
Car. Your Fears
Are worse.
Queen. Have I liu'd thus long a Wife, a Noble one,
As yours was pleas'd to you, ever calls
See on the tracts of this Comet? Thou fearfull
Beware you doe not lose your hearing. Who
Is suppliant to your Princely eares, doth speake
Not as a Collor'd Orator, but euen
Downe right in honest Truth. For your Loue
I pray to heaven for you. My Lord,
Your know I am a Woman lesse then what
To make a temperate answer to such Persons.
Did I euer get against your Highnesse Will,
Though I profest you more for feare, duty, then Loue,
These twenty three yeares? Did I euer but tell you,
When you were bent to that you knew vniust,
Something not well, in such a thing I pray you
Doe your owne pleasure, and the best way
Fill any worldly Tongue. She's honest, on mine Honour.
God! God! that euer this I should be forc'd
To say this Tyrannie, and prooue my Truth.
Car. Lord Cardinall,
The Kings further pleasure is, because
Queen. All the Beasts, the Fields in that high Forrest,
This Chace I tooke, this day halfe dead with Hunting,
This Morning came vnto my Stable, and
Where some fifteene Couple are in Pasture,
Kill'd each a brace, and bad good Angell boote
Where Conscience was not to be askt. In vaine
They couch't before me, when I call'd, broke Soules,
And came like Citizens to the Old Woman,
Vntroubled by my Sweate. Indeed, Paper,
Seale what I send to him.
Car. Our Hawkes flye
So to the Easie Mallard.
Sur. He had
Better starue his Appetite, which to maintaine
Serues to abridge him farre more then cast off
Any of ours, or any his Predecessors.
Queen. Is this your Christian Counsell? out vpon ye,
Heauen is aboue all yet; there sits a Iudge,
That no King can corrupt.
Car. Your Rage mistakes vs.
Queen. The more shame for ye. Holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reverend Cardinall Vices,
Limmes of the Deuill. How I did thinke
That good Effects might flow from such a Calling,
And Calling such Professors. Honest Wiues,
Did you euer know
Such hot Deuotion, and such Frosty Manners?
Such Feruent Faces, and Cold Hearts to Vnkindnesse?
For Gods sake, for Christian pitty, Obey Iustice,
Or all the Fiends carry ye.
Car. Madam, this
Is meere Distraction.
You turne the good we offer into enuy.
Queen. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Iustice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churches enemies)
Put my sicke cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ballanc'd in the Scales
Of dudling Conscience, hath given the Cause
A dangerous turne. Why might not he deny
To me all the sweet Cordialls of his Eyes,
To me that haue bestow'd Threescore faire Sommers
All the bright Seasons of my Life, on him,
Make me a Curse like this?
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Are Vnder the Hands of Nature, thinke vpon
What shall become of them, when you are gone?
Car. Your Fears
Are worse.
Queen. Have I liu'd thus long a Wife, a Noble one,
As yours was pleas'd to you, ever calls
See on the tracts of this Comet? Thou fearfull
Beware you doe not lose your hearing. Who
Is suppliant to your Princely eares, doth speake
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When you were bent to that you knew vniust,
Something not well, in such a thing I pray you
Doe your owne pleasure, and the best way
Fill any worldly Tongue. She's honest, on mine Honour.
God! God! that euer this I should be forc'd
To say this Tyrannie, and prooue my Truth.
Car. Lord Cardinall,
The Kings further pleasure is, because

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter the Duke of [illegible] and Surrey,*

Norf. [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

And came to th'eye o'th King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did entreat his Holinesse
To stay the Iudgement o'th Diuorce, for it
It did take place, [illegible] queenes presence
My Kings is tangled in [illegible] to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*.
*Sur.* Has the King this?
*Sur.* Beleeue it
*Sur.* Will this worke?
*Cham.* The King's [illegible] perceiues him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his indeauours founder, and he brings
After his Patients death, the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
*Sur.* Would he had
*Sur.* May you be happy in your wish my Lord,
For I profeile you haue it.
*Sur.* Now all my ioy
Trace the Coronation.
*Sur.* My Amen too't.
*Nor.* All men's.
*Sur.* There's order giuen her Coronation
Marry this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and complete
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
*Sur.* But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
*Nor.* Marry Amen.
*Sur.* No, no
There's nor Westphalia, but abuts against his Note,
With whom the memorize of this Contract
Is fresh outside his fancy, which is not
Subscribed to yet. I do assure you,
The King's [illegible] Ambassadors.
*Cham.* Now God incense him,
And encrease in them Holy zeale.
*Nor.* But my Lord
When returne the Ambassadors?
*Sur.* The Kings remoues [illegible] Oxenford, which
Hath from the [illegible] King and Queene
Together with [illegible] Colledges
Almost [illegible] (I beleeue)
Their second Marriage shall be published, and
Her Coronation. [illegible] more
Stands Katherine Queene, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widow to [illegible]
*Nor.* This same [illegible]
A worke [illegible] paines
[illegible]
Of the Kings face, and we shall see him
For certainty.
*Sur.* You may then spare that time
*Nor.* Be't so.
*Enter Chamberlain and Cromwell.*
*Cham.* Now?
*Nor.* Yonder he is, obserue he is moody
Stay. The Packet Cromwell,
Gaue't you the King?
*Crom.* To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
*Card.* Look the Ostentants of the Paper?
*Crom.* Presently
He did vnfolde them, and the first he viewed,
He did it with a Serious mind, a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.
*Card.* Is he ready to come abroad?
*Crom.* I think by this he is.
*Card.* Leaue me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*
It shall be to the Duchesse of Alanson,
The French Kings Sister, He shall marry her.
*Anne Bullen?* No, he must *Anne Bullen* for him,
There's more in't than fayre Visage. *Bullen?*
No, we'll no Taffeties. Speedily I wish
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?
*Nor.* He's discontented
*Sur.* May be he hearest the King
Does whet his Anger to him.
*Sur.* Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iustice.
*Car.* The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deseruing, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lye i'th bosome of
Our hard-ruling King. Againe, there is sprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch one, Cranmer one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
*Nor.* He is vexed at something

*Enter King reading of a Scedule.*

*Sur.* I would it were something that would fret the string,
The Master-cord of's heart.
*Sur.* The King, the King.
*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?
*Nor.* My Lord, we haue
Stood here obseruing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine. He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, looks vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple straight
Springs out into faire gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone. In most strange Postures
We haue seene him set himselfe.
*King.* It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me to peruse
As I required, and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)
Forth of an Inuentory, this demurring
The seuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houshold, which
I find at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subiect.
*Nor.* It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleste your eye withall.
*King.* If we did thinke

His Contemplations were above the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still
Dwell on his Musings, but I am afeard
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious consideration.

*King takes his Seat neere the Cardinall, who goes to the Cardinals*

*Car.* Heaven forgive me,
Ever God bleſſe your Highneſſe.
*King.* Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly ſtuffe, and beare the Inventory
Of your beſt Graces, in your mind, the which
You were [illegible]
[illegible]
To keep [illegible]
I deeme you [illegible]
To haue your Image [illegible]
*Car.* Sir,
For Holy Offices [illegible]
To ſtand [illegible]
I beare the State [illegible]
Hee [illegible]
Theſe frayle ſonne, [illegible]
Muſt giue my tendance [illegible]
*King.* You muſt [illegible]
*Car.* And [illegible] ſometimes we are ſeene together,
As I will lend you [illegible]
Vnto my weightyer [illegible]
*King.* 'Tis well ſaid againe,
And 'tis a kinde and [illegible]
And yet words are no deeds. My Father loued you,
He ſaid he did, and with his deeds did crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profit might come home,
But par'd my preſent Honours, to [illegible]
My Bounties vpon you.
*Car.* What ſhould this meane?
*Sur.* The Lord increaſe this Buſineſſe.
*King.* Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true?
And if you may confeſſe it, ſay it freely
If you are bound to vs, or no. What ſay you?
*Car.* My Soueraigne, I confeſſe your Royall graces
Showr'd on me daily, haue been more than could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all Mans endeauors. My endeauors,
Haue euer come too ſhort of your Deſires,
Yet filed with my Abilities. Mine owne ends
Haue been mine ſo, that euermore they pointed
To th'good of your moſt Sacred Perſon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me poore Vndeſeruer I
Cannot but render but All againſt the ſtrokes,
My Prayres to heauen for you, my Loyaltie
Which euer has, and euer ſhall growe,
Tho' death (that Winter) kill it.
*King.* Faire anſwer'd.
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illuſtrated. The honour of it
Does pay the Act of it, as (i'th contrary)
The foulneſſe is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand has open'd Bounty to you,
My heart dropt Loue, my powre rain'd Honour, more
On you, then any. So your Hand, and Heart
Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in Loues particular, be more
To me your friend, then any.
*Car.* I do profeſſe,
That for your Highneſſe good, I euer labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
(Though all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thoughts could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke againſt the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,
And ſtand vnſhaken yours.
*King.* 'Tis Nobly ſpoken.
Take notice Lords, he has a Loyall breſt,
For you haue ſeene him open it. Read o're this,
And after, this: and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you haue.

*Exit King, frowning vpon Cardinall Wolſey. The Nobles throng after him, ſmiling, and whiſpering.*

*Car.* What ſhould this meane?
What ſodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as that Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this paper;
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis ſo;
This paper has vndone me: 'Tis th'Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
For mine owne ends, (indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And fee my friends in Rome.) O Negligence
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croſſe Deuill
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new deuiſe to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill ſtirre him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To the Pope?*
The Letter (as I liue) with all the Buſineſſe
I writ to's Holineſſe. Nay then farewell!
I haue touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſſe,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting. I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man ſee me more.

*Enter to Wolſey the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine*

*Nor.* Heare the Kings pleaſure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seale preſently
Into our hands, as to Conſtraine your ſelfe
To Attend our Leiſure, our Lord of Weſtcheſters,
If you feare to part from his Highneſſe
*Car.* Stay:
Where's your Commiſſion? Lords, words cannot carry
Authority ſo weighty.
*Suf.* Who dare croſſe 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreſſely?
*Car.* Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice, know Officious Lords,
I feare, and muſt deny it. Now I ſee
Of what coarſe Mettle ye are moulded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgraces

As

As if fed ye, and how fleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courses, men of Malice;
You have Commission, and I no doubt
For new-found-out Rewards. That Seale
You ask with such a Violence, the King
Mine, and your Master, with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my will, and how I came by it,
Know to your sorrowes. Now, who'd take it?
*Sur.* The King that gave it.
*Car.* Well buckled.
*Sur.* I would it were fully so, I feare.
*Car.* Time, Time will try't.
Would some body would take mine, then I care not.
*Sur.* Comfort your selfe, my Lord, and pray.
*Car.* Pray,
O Noble Buckingham, my Father in Law,
The heads of all thy Brother Cardinals,
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hayre within the Ballance of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland
Farre from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault, gave him
With your great Candlestick, out of mony pray.
Absolu'd me with an Axe.
*Wol.* This and all else
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his Treason, his Ambition was
Error in any private man to have,
But Noble in a Subject. Well, well Lord,
I have done no more then I should for you,
Your private Businesse, as a Subject,
Which you know I might do, and stand cleare
Both in his Law, and Grace. As for the Matter,
Duke must answer it, for Sure it can be,
And a great one he has to do with.
*Sur.* By my Life,
Your Lordship, were I not a Priest, perswades you,
To call this Treason
My Sword shall cut it off. Yet take heede. My Lords,
I cannot stay thus patiently. Was ever
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus Jaded by a piece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobility: let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his Cap, like Larkes.
*Car.* All goodnesse
Is poyson to thy Stomacke.
*Sur.* Yes, that goodnesse
Of gleaning all the Land
(The Common's hate 'tis true) to shew your selfe
Your Highnesse Friend, and Lover.
Pray for me, I fear
Yet I have not to strike at me, upon
This Revelation of the Duke's. Yet the King
Will know my Innocence from your Malice,
And dare your worst Objections: If I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.
*Sur.* I had rather want those, then my head.
Have at you
First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.
*Nor.* Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscribed: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.
*Sur.* Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the Great Seale.
*Sur.* Item, You sent a large Commission
To Gregory de Cassado to conclude
Without the King's will, or the States allowance,
A League between his Highnesse and Ferrara.
*Sur.* That out of meere Ambition you have caus'd
Your holy Hat to be stampt on the Kings Coine.
*Sur.* Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
(By your late freedoms he will have forborne
And heereafter prayes rather for you then
Notwithstanding my Office sweepes to take
Subtle of so great a Seale.
*Sur.* I long to hear it
*Sur.* Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power Legatine within this Kingdome,
Fall into the compasse of a Premunire,
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your stubborne answer
About the giving backe the Great Seale to us,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shall thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

*Wol.* So farewell, to the little good you bear me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the state of Man: to day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And beares his blushing Honors thicke upon him.
The third day, comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely

His

His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for ever hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye:
I feele my heart new open'd. O how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes favours!
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs and feares than warres or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope againe.

*Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.*

Why how now, Cromwell?

*Crom.* I have no power to speake Sir.

*Card.* What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep
I am falne indeed.

*Crom.* How does your Grace.

*Card.* Why well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myselfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet Conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
These ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty taken
A load, would sinke a Navy, too much Honor:
O 'tis a burthen Cromwell, 'tis too heavy
For any Man, that hath but one to beare it,
And that must shortly too: these Eyes must seale,
And these grow dimme for ever to all Solace.
What is the houre?

*Crom.* Almost foure.

*Card.* Foure hours. Well, I shall live
Untill Eight, boy. Would I had given as many
Faire hours to my God, as I have spent minutes
Unto the World! Then I had angred Heaven
Scarce one poore houre. Give me some Water, Cromwell,
That my full heart may drowne the memory
Of my false dealing. Does it not? Speake.

*Crom.* Sir,
I am a sorrowfull Servant to your Grace.

*Card.* Would thou hadst been a Friend to me: and then
Thou might'st have known, how I have lov'd the King.
Had I but serv'd my God with halfe the Zeale
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.

*Crom.* Good Sir, have patience.

*Card.* So I have. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

1. Y'are well met once againe.

2. So are you.

1. You come to take your stand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne* passe from her Coronation.

2. 'Tis

2 'Tis all my busines. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.
1 'Tis very true: But that time offer'd sorrow,
This generall joy.
2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am sure have shewne at full their Royall minds,
As (let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honour.
1 Never greater,
Nor (I'le assure you) better taken Sir.
2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand?
1 Yes 'tis the List
Of those that claime their Offices this day,
By custome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes
To be High Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest
1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customes
I should have beene beholding to your Paper.
But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine
The Princesse Dowager? how goes her busines?
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury accompanied with other
Learned and Reverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunstable, sixe miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princesse lay; to which
She was often cyted by them, but appeared not:
And to be short, for not Appearance and
The King's late Scruple, by the generall assent
Of all these Learned men she was divorced,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kymbolton,
Where she remaines now sicke.
2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets sound: Stand close,
The Queene is comming. *Hoboyes.*

## The Order of the Coronation.

1 *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2 *Then two Judges.*
3 *Lord Chancellor with Purse and Mace before him.*
4 *Quire singing.* *Musicke*
5 *Maior of London bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Cap of Maintenance.*
6 *Marquesse Dorset bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a demy Coronall of Gold. With him the Earle of Surrey bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an Earles Coronall.*
7 *Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.*
8 *A canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque Ports, under it the Queene in her Robe. In her haire richly adorned with Pearle and Crosses. Over her head the Canopy of Lovers, and Pendants borne by the two Bishops.*
9 *The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolke, in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers bearing the Queenes Traine.*
10 *Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*
*Exeunt, first crossing over the Stage in Order and State, and then A great Flourish of Trumpets.*

2 A Royall Traine beleeve me: These I know.
Who's that that beares the Scepter?
1 Marquesse Dorset,
And that the Earle of Surrey with the Rod.
2 A bo'e braue Gentleman. That should bee
The Duke of Suffolke.
1 'Tis the same: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?
1 Yes.
2 Heauen blesse thee,
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir as I have a Soule, she is an Angell,
Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.
1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour ouer her are foure Barons
Of the Cinque Ports.
2 Those men are happy,
And so are all are neere her.
I take it, she that carries vp the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady Dutchesse of Norfolke.
1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.
*Enter a third Gentleman.*
1 God saue you Sir. Where haue you been broiling?
3 Among the crowd i'th Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the meere rankenesse of the ioy.
2 You saw the Ceremony?
3 That I did.
1 How was it?
3 Well worth the seeing.
2 Good Sir speake it to vs?
3 As well as I am able. The rich streame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
Painefully to the Hall of State, from whence
She tooke her Chaire, long kneeling, and starre gazing
Then by a generall View the beholders
Offer'd to every part of her faire person
Sweet Countenance, which certainly shee bore
Like one that neuer more should take delight
In Pompe, and Feasting: Then a Lord of worth
And Saint-like temper led her to the Altar,
Where shee receiu'd the Crowne with such Deuotion,
As shee refus'd the Worlde. Many Teares
Fell from her, like deaw vpon a flower,
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, Edwards Confessors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which performed, the Quire

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Katherine Dowager, sicke, led between*
*her Gentlewomen, as being brought*
*in a Chayre.*

[illegible]

*Cap.* Noble Lady,
[illegible] owe service to your Grace, the next
the Kings request that [illegible]dy lyes
Who greeves much for your weakenesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations
And heartily prayers you take good comfort
*Kath.* O my good Lord that Comfort comes too late,
Tis like a Pardon after Execution.
That gentle Physicke given in time, had cur'd me
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers
How does his Highnesse
*Cap.* Madam in good health.
*Kath.* So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience* is now
That suffer a Queene: yet I feele
Something I would, yet know not what to aske
*Per.* Nor Madam
*Kath.* Sir most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.
*Cap.* Most willing Madam.
*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodnesse
The Model of our chaste Loves, his young Daughter,
The dews of heaven fall thicke in blessings on her,
Beseeching him to give her vertuous breeding
She is young, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserve well, and a little
To ease me in her Mother's sake, for I do know
I have not long to stay.
My last petition
Is that his Noble Grace would have some pitie
Upon my wretched Women that have
Fast and faithfully been to me,
Their Service I will justly boast of,
Whose truth deserves a Noble Recompence
I do believe, and am almost
At my last gasp, I can no more endure
Which I do feele fast upon me: pray my Lord,
Forget not these poore Women,
And now with all the peace of Heaven departed,
Such as is due to Saints, I give up my Soule
To gentle Sleep
Or some such Comfort, bear me hence.
*Kath.* I know your most Noble Lord. Remember me
In what you ever do to his Highnesse
Never grow cold in your Affection
Or all your Services will then be forfeit
For to a wife's most eyes grow more Farewell
My Lord *Griffith*, and Nay *Patience*
Vex not your Master ever yet I must be bold,
Come more Women. When I am dead good Wench,
Let me be used with Honour, strew me over
With Maiden flowers that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife to my Grave. Embalme me,
Then lay me forth, although no Queene I have like
A Queene and Daughter to a King interre me.
I can no more.

*Exeunt leading Katherine*

*Scena*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter* [illegible] *a Purseuant, a Porter and his Man, Sir Thomas Lovell.*

*Gard.* It is [illegible]
*Boy.* It is [illegible]
*Gard.* [illegible]
Not to be [illegible] Times respect [illegible] Nature
[illegible]
I [illegible]es. Go [illegible]
Whether o[illegible]e?
*Lov.* Come you from [illegible]
*Gar.* I and [illegible]
Vnmuzzle your wisedome.
*Lov.* [illegible]
Before he [illegible]
*Gard.* Not yet Sir *Tho. Lov.* what's the matter?
It [illegible]
No [illegible]
[illegible]
(As they [illegible]
[illegible]
That [illegible]
*Lov.* My [illegible]
[illegible]
Much [illegible]
They [illegible]
See [illegible]
*Gard.* [illegible]
I pray for heartily, [illegible]
Good [illegible] Sir *Thomas*,
I wish [illegible]
*Lov.* Marry [illegible]
Cry the Amen, [illegible]
Shee's a [illegible] Creature [illegible]
Deserue our [illegible]
*Gard.* But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir *Thomas*, [illegible]
Of [illegible]
And [illegible]
'Twas not Sir *Thomas Lovell*, [illegible]
[illegible]
Sleepe [illegible]
*Lovell.* Now Sir, [illegible]
The most [illegible]
Be [illegible]
Oth Rolles and [illegible]
Sands in the [illegible]
With which [illegible]
In [illegible]
One [illegible]
*Gard.* Yeares, Sir *Thomas*,
There [illegible]
To speake [illegible]
Sir [illegible]
Incenst the Lords o'th Counsell, [illegible]
(For [illegible]
A most [illegible]
That does [illegible]
Haue [illegible]
Giue [illegible]
And Princely Care, foreseeing those [illegible]

Our [illegible]
Tomorrow [illegible]
He [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Enter* [illegible]

*Lov.* My [illegible]
[illegible]
My [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

*Exit Anne*

*Exit Lord.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Gardiner*

*Enter Doctor Butts*

*Exit Pur.*

*Enter the King and Butts, at a Windowe above.*

*Butts.* I'le shew your Grace the strangest sight.
*King.* What's that *Butts*?

*Butts*

Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling

Of all this Table say so.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his man.*

*Port.* You'l leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe you take the Court for Parish Garden? ye rude Slaues, leaue your gaping.

*Man.* Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

*Port.* Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue: Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree staues, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em: Ile scratch your heads: You must be seeing Christenings? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Rascalls?

*Man.* Pray Sir be patient: 'tis as much impossible, Vnlesse we sweepe 'em from the doore with Cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe On May-day Morning, which will neuer be: We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man*

*Man.* Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one sound Cudgell of three foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir.
*Port.* You did nothing Sir
*Man.* I am not Samp-son, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow em all downe, but I par-dy
I could have wish'd 'em
Put me to't,
for thee
Let me to't
And I would
*Port.* Do you take me for
*Man.* I have eaten Rabbets
*Port.* I have eaten out my *Pappe*,
*Man.* Will you
*Port.* Will the
Buckle
Leather? I have eaten
Dowland, I serve
Gentlemen, and
*Man.* The Spaniard
a fellow
Dogges
Dogges
Duke of
Nose
like a Mouse
fishers
Duel was a
*Por.* I
and fight for
tribunall
there
'em *Lambo Iactum*
Beadles, that
*Enter Lord Chamberlaine.*
*Cham.* Mercy on me, what Monsters are these?
Their growth is too rank
Are we
The
There
Your
Can
Were they
*Por.* A Troope, or Horse,
We have but one
Natures
As Arrey
*Cham.* As I live,
If the King
*Port.* Ile lay ye all
By
Captaine
And
Yeomen
Come
To
A Maske
For
Sir
Some
Of
*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Faire Trumpets sounding. Then two Aldermen
Lord Maior
Sword
Scarfe
Cap
Then
Then
Then

THE EPILOGUE.

FINIS.

# The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene. From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Have to the Port of Athens sent their Ships
Fraught with the ministers and implements
Of warre: and mock the Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crowns Regall, from th'Athenian bay
Launcht all with Princely Pompe, and there are made
Tenfold the Sea of Troy, with swelling ensignes
Display'd: Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris, sleeves, and skarfes the Quarrell.
To Troy soone they come,
Within the Hauens wide Bosome there to lodge
Their well-trimm'd vessels: so Troy Gates they pitch
Their brave Pauilions: Priams Pallace fills,
Double ranck'd Timbria, Helus, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides with massie staples
And correspondent force and fyled Barres
Stronge to the Sonnes of Troy
Now Expectation tickles skittish spirits,
On one and other syde, Troyan and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard: And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, (but not in complete
Of Austere pen, or Actors voyce, but fitted
In like manner, as we do Armour,
To tell you faire Beholders, that our Play
Leapes o're the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Ensuing these high and mightie quarrells,
And makes vast wast with ciphers to digest
The Writ of our Scene. Omission
Breeds not the lesse blame, when that which should accompany
And followes the worke remaines in supposall.
Now good or bad, 'tis with the selfe of Will

# THE TRAGEDIE OF
## Troylus and Cresida.

### *Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Pandarus and Troylus.*

*Troy.* Call here my Varlet, I'le vnarme againe.
[illegible]
Let's make no stay.
*Pan.* Will this geare ne're be mended?
*Troy.* The Greekes are strong, & skilfull to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant,
but I am weaker then a womans teare:
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance,
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſſe as vnpractiſed infancie.
*Pan.* Well I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'le not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a Cake out o'the Wheate, muſt needes tarry the grinding.
*Troy.* Have I not tarried?
*Pan.* I the grinding: but you muſt tarry the boulting.
*Troy.* Have I not tarried?
*Pan.* I'the boulting: but you muſt tarry the leauening.
*Troy.* Still have I tarried.
*Pan.* I, to the leauening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oaven, and the baking: nay you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance burne your lippes.
*Troy.* Patience her ſelfe, what goddeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance then I doe.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Is too starv'd a subiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*. O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is stubborne, chaste against all suite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphne* Love
What *Cressida*, what *Pandar*, and what we
Her bed is *India*, there she lies a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where she resides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conduct and our Barke
*Alarums. Enter Æneas.*
*Æne.* How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not a field?
*Troy.* Because not there, this womans answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?
*Æne.* That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.
*Troy.* By whom *Æneas*?
*Æne.* *Troylus* by *Menelaus*
*Troy.* Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a scot to scorne,
*Paris* is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum*
*Æne.* Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day
*Troy.* Better at home if would I might were may
But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?
*Æne.* In all swift haste.
*Troy.* Come go we then together. *Exeunt.*
*Enter Cressid and her man.*
*Cre.* Who were those went by?
*Man.* Queene *Hecuba*, and *Helen*.
*Cre.* And whether go they?
*Man.* Vp to the Eastern Tower,
Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battle. *Hector* whose patience,
Is a Vertue that to day was mou'd
He chides *Andromache* and strooke his Armorer, t
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne rose, he was armed quite,
And to the field goes he, where every flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it foresaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.
*Cre.* What was his cause of anger?
*Man.* The noise goes this,
There is among the Greekes
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*
*Cre.* Good, and what of him?
*Man.* They say he is a very man *per se* and stands alone
*Cre.* So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or haue no legges
*Man.* This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of. Nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stayne of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hayre, he hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so out of ioynt, that he is a gowty *Briareus* many hands and no vse, or purblind *Argus* all eyes and no sight.
*Cre.* But how should this man that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry?
*Man.* They say he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the battell and stroke him downe, the disdaine & shame where-of hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.
*Enter Pandarus.*
*Cre.* Who comes here?
*Man.* Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.
*Cre.* *Hectors* a gallant man
*Man.* As may be in the world Lady
*Pan.* What's that? what's that?
*Cre.* Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*
*Pan.* Good morrow Cozen *Cressid*: what do you talke of good morrow *Alexander*? how do you Cozen? when were you at Troian?
*Cre.* This morning Vncle
*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? *Helen* was not vp? was she?
*Cre.* *Hector* was gone but *Helen* was not vp?
*Pan.* E'ne now, *Hector* was stirring early
*Cre.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.
*Pan.* Was he angry?
*Cre.* So he saies here.
*Pan.* True he was so: I know the cause too, he'le lay about him to day I can tell them that: and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*, I can tell them that too.
*Cre.* What is he angry too?
*Pan.* Who? *Troylus*? *Troylus* is the better man of the two.
*Cre.* O Iupiter; there's no comparison.
*Pan.* What not between *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?
*Cre.* I if I ever saw him before and knew him.
*Pan.* Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus*.
*Cre.* Then you say as I say,
For I am sure he is not *Hector*
*Pan.* No not *Hector* in some degrees.
*Cre.* 'Tis just to each of them in his owne kinde.
*Pan.* Himselfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were
*Cre.* So he is.
*Pan.* Condition I had gone barefoote to India.
*Cre.* He is not *Hector*
*Pan.* Himselfe? no he's not himselfe would a were himselfe well, the Gods are above, time must friend or end: I doe *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body: no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.
*Cre.* Excuse me.
*Pan.* He is elder
*Cre.* Pardon me, pardon me.
*Pan.* Th'other's not come too't; you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* shall not carue his will this yeare
*Cre.* He shall not needs if he haue his owne.
*Pan.* Nor his qualities
*Cre.* No matter.
*Pan.* Nor his beautie.
*Cre.* 'Twould not become him, his own's better.
*Pan.* You haue no iudgement Neece, *Helen* her selfe swore th'other day, that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (for so 'tis I must confesse) not brown neither.
*Cre.* No, but browne.
*Pan.* Faith to say truth, browne and not browne
*Cre.* To say the truth, true and not true.
*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris*.
*Cre.* Why *Paris* hath colour enough.
*Pan.* So he has
*Cre.* Then *Troylus* should haue too much if she prais'd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he haue

co'one enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helen* golden to goe a Caroch rayned *Troylus* for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I sweare to you,
I thinke *Helen* loues him better then *Paris*.

*Cre.* Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

*Pan.* Nay I assure you, shee came to my house the other day most compleant with *Troylus*, and no body knowes as yet but you and I, and one or two more besides.

*Cre.* I coold a Priuiledge Arbitrement we may leaue behinde vs, when we are dead and rotten.

*Pan.* Well looke you, you are very young, and yet will be wise when thou hast more yeares, I would faine know of thee

*Cre.* In a word, you may saue your labour.

*Pan.* Why you know I loue her.

I thinke nothing becomes a man better then a man should do so.

*Cre.* Good sooth so doe I.

*Pan.* Does she so?

*Cre.* Oh yes and sees a cheeke in *Antenors*.

*Pan.* Well go to, I say no more to you of *Helen* loues *Troylus*.

*Cre.* I care not if I say no more to thee
Prouided I neuer speake more to thee

*Pan.* I would my tongue could coole my cholericke blood, but you will not, you will not, well for mine ease let it be so, good Neece do so.

*Cre.* If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh, to see how the sicke headlesse Asse, would eate as a chicken, shell and all, that needes nothing.

*Cre.* Why uncle.

*Pan.* Are these your commendations, your prayses you bestow vpon me?

*Cre.* I praise your wisedome, which is a wise one indeed.

*Pan.* But I praise Queene *Hecuba* for a wise woman, and your father, I know not what he is.

*Cre.* Why Mistresse.

*Pan.* And *Helen* faire *Helen*, I would either of you were other men.

*Cre.* But would you were so too?

*Pan.* Why so I am.

*Cre.* And so were I, I were not my selfe?

*Pan.* Marry sir I would haue that *Helen* sped on *Troylus*.

*Cre.* And I had my desire, I should haue her.

*Pan.* Why you haue not so much at the hand, as at his pleasure.

*Cre.* What would you answere?

*Pan.* Why I would answere no, because I would not be out of the way.

*Cre.* I pray thee make no question of that, two and fifty horses in a yeare, what would they do in so many dayes, Queene *Hecuba* hath Sonnes *Troylus* and *Paris*, my father hath Sonnes *Troylus* and *Paris*, my brother *Troylus* hath Sonnes *Troylus* and *Paris*, and *Helen* hath *Troylus* and *Paris* to command, I thinke there is enough, hath patience.

*Cre.* So I doe know,
*Troylus* speech great will be going by

*Pan.* Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

*Cre.* So I doe.

*Pand.* Be it worse then it will, he will weepe you an'it were a man borne in April. *Sound a retreate*

*Cre.* And I'le pray vpon his teares, as it were a Neece of great Mars.

*Pan.* Harke they are comming from the field, stand we here and see them, as they passe toward *Troy*, good Neece do so. Neece *Cressida*.

*Cre.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Heere, heere, heere is an excellent place, heere we may see most bountifully, I tell you true all your Graecians, as rich in pollicy, as braue as Mars, as fierce as Polixenes, and more chaste then Diana.

*Enter Aneas.*

*Cre.* Speake not so loud.

*Pan.* That's *Aneas*, is not that a braue man, he's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke him Neece, I tell you, but marke him he is *Troylus* friend.

*Cre.* Well, what's that?

*Enter Antenor.*

*Pan.* That's *Antenor*, he has a wyle head, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th soundest iudgements in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person, when come *Troylus*? I tell you *Troylus* shall see come, you shall see anon.

*Cre.* What meane those trumpets?

*Pan.* Nay I know not, I know not.

*Cre.* I feare my father shall haue more

*Enter Hector.*

*Pan.* That's *Hector*, that, that looke you, that there's a fellow. Good day, good day *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*! Looke how he looks, there's a countenance, is't not a braue man?

*Cre.* O braue man!

*Pan.* Is not it? It does a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? looke you there, there's scarres for you, there's that, that lookes for the loue of Ladies, and that of worth and honour, looke you there, there's no iesting, there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

*Cre.* Be those with Swords?

*Enter Paris.*

*Pan.* Swords, anything he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one by Gods lid it does one good. Looke you, looke you, there comes *Paris*, looke you that now, looke you yonder Neece, is it not a gallant man too, is it not? Why this is braue now, who stroke down that man that stands vpon his head now, why there was *Hector* now, that's *Hector*, why there was *Hector* now, marke him Neece, marke him, would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall see *Troylus* anon.

*Cre.* Who's that?

*Enter Helenus.*

*Pan.* That's *Helenus*, I marrell where *Troylus* is that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day, that's *Helenus*.

*Cre.* Can *Helenus* fight Vncle?

*Pan.* *Helenus* is a good skeich not indifferent, well, but marke *Troylus*, harke, do you not heare the people cry *Troylus*? *Helenus* is a Priest.

*Cre.* What meane those trumpets now?

*Enter Troylus.*

*Pan.* Where? Yonder? That's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troylus*! There's a man Neece, hem! Braue *Troylus*, the Prince of Courage.

*Cre.* Peace for shame peace.

*Pand.* Marke him, note him: O braue *Troylus*: Looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloodied, and his Helme more hacked then *Hectors*, and how he looke

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had'st a sister were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice. O admirable man *Paris*! *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would give money to boot.

*Enter common Souldiers.*

*Cres.* Heere come more.

*Pan.* Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could haue an howre to talke with you, sodden wits as you, and you (sweet Queene) that make hot-headed Youths bite their lips. I will heare some of your loues praises, and they will seeme as the dialect of their Dames, that's the best of their wits.

*Cres.* Will you remember?

*Pan.* Remember? yes.

*Cres.* Nay, but tell me now, before all the Gods leaue, how shall I know thee againe?

*Pan.* Do not, for the reputation of your honour, for the contempt of your wit, for the losse of your beauty, feare my kindred, my comming, my dignity, my place, my degree, my estimation, my countrey, my complexion, or any thing that may make me worth your pursuit. And so good morrow Cressida, as faire as day, as sweet as Violets in March, as kinde as Turtles in May, as true as Steele, as firme as Diamonds, as constant as the Center, and as infinite as the Circumference, good morrow.

*Cres.* Will you not tell me how I shall know you againe?

*Pan.* Yes, a Masque.

*Cres.* Will you not tell me now?

*Pan.* No, no, no, no

Followes the choaking
And this neglection of Degree, it is
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so every step
Exampled by the first pace that is like
Offends the super-vise growes to a common Feaver
Of pale, and bloud-shot Emulation:
And 'tis this Feaver that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse lives, not in her strength.

*Nest.* Most wisely hath *Vlisses* heere discover'd
The Feaver whereof all our power is sicke.

*Agam.* The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Vlisses*)
What is the remedie?

*Vlis.* The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Having his eare full of his airy Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and holds his Tent
Euen in his Pocke-pridge. Within, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie bed the liue-long day
Breakes scurrill iests
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topplie deputation he puts on,
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the wodden Dialogue and sound
Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied and o'erwrested seeming
He acts thy greatnesse: and when he speakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending: With termes vnsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would seeme hyperboles. At this fusty stuffe,
The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
From his deepe chest laughs out a loud applause,
Cries excellent! 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.
Now play me *Nestor*, hem, and stroke thy Beard
As he being drest to some Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
Of Parallels, as like *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet good *Achilles* still cries excellent,
'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget
Shake in and out the Rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or give me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures shapes,
Severall and generall, of grace exact,
Atchiuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or losse, what is or is not, serues
As stuffe for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as *Vlisses* sayes) opinion crownes
With an imperious voyce, many are infect.
*Ajax* is growne selfe-will'd, and bears his head
In such a reare kind, out of reproofe and place.
As broad *Achilles* doates on Ceremonies;
Makes mockes at blood, and change, rots on our Rate of Warre

Bold

Bridles an Horse, and tels *Thersites*
A name, whose Mean corrects Heauens Lion,
From hence vsurps a parts with dash,
To weare and tender ouer our powres,
How ranke soeuer rounded in with danger.
*Vly.* They taxe our policy and call it Cowardize,
Call Wit-edome a meere confusion of Seruice,
Force Bill-prescience, a determined
But neuer The fit conuerts,
That conuerts ouer-master'd by the leuer
Why then we did our main opinion
They call this Bed-worke, Mappery, closet-Warre.
So that the ram that batters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudeneſſe of his poize,
They placing therein one the selfe ſame kinde,
That ſodainly receiue the thunders,
*Ant.* Let vs bid these braue *Troyans* good night.
Make many *Troyans* *Exeunt*
*Ant.* Looke
*Men.* *Exeunt*
Wee
*Ene.* Is *Agamemnon* here, may vse
*Ant.* Enters
*Ene.* May I vse a Prince,
Doe take
*Aga.* Welcome
Force the Greeke
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall
*Ene.* Fayre leaue, and large security. How may
A ſtranger to those most imperiall Lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals
*Aga.* How?
*Ene.* I aske that I might waken reuerence,
Vpon the head
May ſeeme
I ſay
Where is that Creature
Without
*Aga.* This Troian
Are
*Ene.* Courſers
As bring
Betweene
Good
Nothing
Peace
The worſt
That
But what
That breath Fame
*Aga.* Stay
*Ene.* Excuſe
*Aga.* Why
*Ene.* Sir
Troyans
*Ene.* Now
Hauing a Trumpet
To
And
*Aga.* Speake
Is now
It ſeeth
Hector
*Ene.* Trumpet
Send
And
Where
*The Trumpets ſound*
We
A
Vpon
Is
Are
Fayre
Thou
Where
Ile
Vouchſafe
Make
Ile
Ile
Ile

I [illegible] *Achilles* must or now be crept,
Or [illegible] Nursery of Infants
[illegible] all.
*Nest.* Well, and how?
*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in generall tearme,
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*
*Nest.* I, good my Lord, he hath blowne out his substance,
Whose grossenesse [illegible] others vp,
And [illegible] made of lesse,
But that *Achilles* were his [illegible] as barren
As banket'st Vowes, though [illegible] as Knaves)
Is very enough, and with great iust and iudgement,
I, with very finde *Hector* purpose
Pertinent ynough
*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer thinke you?
*Nest.* Yes, 'tis most meete; who may you'd oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*, though't be a sportfull Combate
Nothing [illegible] meet
[illegible] *Troyan* on [illegible] dare
[illegible] to my Will,
Our imputation shall [illegible]
[illegible] we are [illegible]
(As [illegible] particular [illegible]
Or [illegible] that, we [illegible]
[illegible] Lockes in the [illegible]
[illegible] Vowes, were there
The baby [illegible] the giant nation
Of [illegible] so ridiculous in the [illegible]
Hee'l tumble into his [illegible] again,
And [illegible] *Hector*, [illegible] from our [illegible]
As fire to fire, as water to water, [illegible]
Makes Merit her seruant to [illegible]
As 'twere, from forth [illegible]
Out of our Vertues [illegible]
What beast [illegible] second hand
To see [illegible] vpon [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] flewed, [illegible] are Sacrifices, [illegible]
Dare [illegible] the Lyon
*Ulyss.* Great Agamemnon comes to meete us heere.
Therefore [illegible] not *Hector*
Let [illegible] Merchants [illegible]
And [illegible] perchance [illegible]
[illegible] off their [illegible]
[illegible] the better. Do [illegible]
That [illegible] and *Achilles* meete
For [illegible] Shame in [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] Affricke Sunne,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] great Mars [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] *Achilles* come at oft,
Wee'l crosse it vp in [illegible] tale,

Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,
Our projects are this shape of sence assured,
*Ajax* employ'd plucks downe *Achilles* Plumes
*Nest.* Now *Vlysses*, I begin to relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight.
Two Curres shall tame each other. Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*

*Enter Ajax, and Thersites*

*Aja.* *Thersites?*
*Ther.* *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (full) all ouer generally.
*Aja.* *Thersites?*
*Ther.* And those Byles did runne, say so, did not the General runne, were not that a botchy core?
*Aja.* Dogge.
*Ther.* Then there would come some matter from him. I see none now.
*Aja.* Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not heare? Feele then. *Strikes him.*
*Ther.* The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mongrel beefe-witted Lord.
*Aja.* Speake then you whinid'st leauen, speake, I will beate thee into handsomenesse.
*Ther.* I shall sooner raile thee into wit and holinesse: but I think thy Horse will sooner con an Oration, than thou learn a prayer without booke. Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red Murren o'th' thy Lades tuckes.
*Aja.* Toades-foote, leaue me the Proclamation.
*Ther.* Dost thou thinke I haue no sence thou strik'st me thus?
*Aja.* The Proclamation.
*Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd a foole I thinke.
*Aja.* Do not, Perseuere, deere sir, my fingers itch.
*Ther.* I would thou did'st itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loathsomst Scabbe in Greece.
*Aja.* Thy last Proclamation.
*Ther.* Thou gnawest and rangest euery houre on *Achilles*, and art as full of enuy at his greatnesse as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty, ay that thou barkst at him.
*Aja.* Mistresse *Thersites*
*Ther.* Thou should'st strike him.
*Aja.* Cowlotte.
*Ther.* He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.
*Aja.* You horson Curre. *Ther.* Do do
*Aja.* Thou stock-fisht Witch
*Ther.* Come, thou toden-witted Lord: thou hast no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes. An Asinico may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Asse, thou art heere but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vse to beate me, I will begin at thy heele and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.
*Aja.* You dogge.
*Ther.* You scurvy Lord.
*Aja.* You Curre
*Ther.* Mars his Idiot do not tempt me do not, do not, do not

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus*

*Achil.* Why how now *Ajax*, wherefore do you this? How now *Thersites*, what's the matter man?
*Ther.* You see him there, do you?
*Achil.* I, what's the matter
*Ther.* Nay look vpon him.
*Achil.* So I do, what's the matter?

*Ther.*

*Ther.* Nay but regard him well.
*Achil.* Well, why so I do.
*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him: for whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.
*Ajax.* I know that well enough.
*Ther.* Nay, I must tell you, you overlook him peremptorily.
*Ajax.* I pray thee, beware thee.
*Ther.* I pray, you, what thing is valour in the world, if it beat not down the valour of his adversary? If it support not it self against the deed of blood in a boy? I will tell you what you shall say of him.
*Achil.* What?
*Ther.* I say this *Ajax*——
*Achil.* Nay, prithee——
*Ther.* Hold your hand, I say.
*Achil.* Nay, prithee——
*Ther.* As you will, I say this *Ajax*, whose wit (were't not wrapt in morality) let me die stupid as a post, and have the scope of doom to do himself right, nay, and he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion. There is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing, but everything so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.
*Achil.* But how should this man, that makes me smile make Hector angry?
*Ther.* They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.
*Achil.* Who comes here?
*Ther.* Hector's brother, were't not for him, and for the chivalry of his dexterity, his hideous fierceness when he answers, where he stands, such a combination of valour and fear, such opposite and diverse graces in one thing, as no man can distinguish, but he alone, were he as famoused for the huge kingdom he rules, as he is for those vices that make him fear'd and loved of *Troy* than by Priam and all his good children, he were the man of most unsecure mind, and deepest malice in the whole world.
*Achil.* Will he be angry too?
*Ther.* The best of him is, he is but angry with words, for else he is but vile and ridiculous without them.
*Pan.* Can you tell me any reason for this?
*Ther.* He's not himself, let him pass that rule.
*Pan.* What's he then?
*Ther.* Why then he is a man, only fit to drink himself drunk: he could have his brains in's belly instead of his head, but now he is a man.
*Pan.* Why do you say so of him that you do?
*Ther.* Because I would do no wrong to the gentleman, that I know not any ill by, unless it be by my self, or him self, when he shall make his own confession.
*Pan.* Who's that?
*Ther.* Why that is he that I say I would do no wrong to for my own part, though I might beat him while he kept behind us, but he's a theme for my purse, very large, very rich, very proper, and I am bound to him for no cause that I know of, but I'll see him hanged first, but I would somebody had him.
*Achil.* What's the matter?
*Ther.* Nay, I pray you now, ask me what thing you will, better not to be had than to be had of me: what's the matter?
*Achil.* Why this same Paris, and his vile reasoning.
*Ther.* O, but he loves you with admiration, admiration, nothing else, let your reasons flow therein.
*Pan.* Is he not valiant?
*Ther.* Yes, as the disease is valiant that is bred of an unclean body: he is valiant only in the bed of Venus, I mean for performance, or drawing a bow up to the head, and then shoot it off.
*Pan.* Will you not tell me what you said of him?
*Ther.* Not for the wealth of all the unbattered world, which I esteem very great, do I dare tell what I said of him.
*Achil.* What's the reason I should not know it?
*Ther.* Because he comes back to you again.
*Achil.* Nay, I'll watch you for that, and this day shall enclose thy breathless.
*Ajax.* Thersites!
*Achil.* And those two before me, this Troyan.
*Ther.* Good words, I pray you.
*Pat.* Methinks they grow angry.
*Achil.* I am glad on't, I have no peace in this soft war.
*Ajax.* Thersites!
*Ther.* And yet at the bull-baiting, a dog that he will not go for once.
*Achil.* Thersites!
*Ther.* And the cow will use the discretion of her heels, than those that much cannot do more than she with her head.
*Ajax.* Thersites!
*Ther.* And those things that are not to be had, where the tender horns of cuckolds may be in safety.
*Ajax.* Dog!
*Ther.* Hum!
*Ajax.* Thersites!
*Achil.* Fie, fie, Thersites!
*Ther.* Ajax answers Thersites!
*Ajax.* Do not you meddle, you Achilles.
*Achil.* A this to me, Agamemnon?
*Ther.* Well go to, go to.
*Ajax.* Dog!
*Ther.* In this sense?
*Ajax.* What's your affection in this sense, sirrah?
*Achil.* Omit the disdain of thy manners, and I will give you merited title of a deboist and ridiculous sir.
*Ther.* I serve thee not.
*Ajax.* Well go to, go to.
*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.
*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary. *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.
*Ther.* E'en so, a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. *Hector* shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.
*Achil.* What with me too, Thersites?
*Ther.* There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.
*Achil.* What, what?
*Ther.* Yes, good sooth: to *Achilles*! to *Ajax*! to——
*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.
*Ther.* 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.
*Pat.* No more words, Thersites, peace.
*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles brooch bids me, not till then.
*Achil.* There's for you, *Patroclus*.
*Ther.* I will see you hanged like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.
*Pat.* A good riddance.
*Achil.* Marry this, sir, proclaim'd through all our host,
That *Hector* by the fifth hour of the sun
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.
*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?
*Achil.* I know not, 'tis put to Lottery, otherwise

Hee knew his man.
*Ajax.* O meaning you? I will go learn more of it. *Exit*
*Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.*
*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Grecians,
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else is dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't.
*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Grecians than I,
As far as touches my particular,
Yet dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, who knows what follows
Than *Hector* is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure: but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*: I mean of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?
*Troy.* Fie, for godly shame.
*Hel.* No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?
*Troy.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons
You know not why they live, yet know that we
Speak them for fools, gives you the reasons on't.
*Troy.* Why *Troylus*, I cannot choose but laugh,
To think how tickled the Grecians are,
When fortune can give them but such a cause,
To make us lose our wits. All the issue spouts
Of brazen pits and spleeny lungs be hot,
And purge themselves in fire. Sir, right or wrong,
Think on't but once, and determine by it,
Whether the keeping or deliv'ring her
Can join more honour to the present state.
*Troy.* Nay good my brother, look on our estate
And on our friends, ere this doubted time,
Our valiant kinsmen, Alexander and Paris,
Our father's brother Priam, and our cousins
Sons, nephews, sires, age, honour, all the heat
Of generous prime, done to this fatal hour
Put on by our pretences, and voice of right,
Now to divide them. Shall the effects of hard
Be like the authors? We are not wiser
Than Priam and his counsel, than my very brothers,
Than you yourself, or any deem'd of worth
Unto this main design. I'll spare my judgment,
How may be valued hereafter, whether
Upon our parts we placed not the blame
Of this wrong action: perchance both sides went on,
And skill and chance have mingled their dooms
Alike on both parts. But I say again,
There is no honour holds his seat but we
Do stake our regards upon it: all have hearts,
And even those hearts that most abhor in this,
Have a parts too of honour. Cowards and fools
Do oft walk in the line of the best men,
Nay often in the very plaudite
Of the wide host, my brother *Troylus*
Lives in the bottom of the worst in this,
And tells that when the brain of this foul deed
Shall drop into the abyss of forgetfulness,
With his contriving, then the finger will point
And nodding on him say, outstretched arm
Behold the proud mischief. Nay if we take stock of Reason
And pitch the lives that dote upon it forth
In the balance of great Hector and himself
Neither will cast a graine. Well spoken still.
Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a pearl
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
And turned crowned kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
As you must needs, for you all cried well done,
When he had her, though for her sake there died
A maiden-hood, all dear to the gods,
Yet let us type this deed with glorious act,
If not, say what a scar is worn into
Our reputation with her.
*Hect.* Brother she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
*Troy.* What's aught but as 'tis valued?
*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will,
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god
And the will dotes that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
*Troy.* I take to day a wife, and my election

My [illegible] cares and eares,
Two-headed Priests [illegible] dangerous seares
[illegible] Now [illegible]
[illegible] we, [illegible] what [illegible],
[illegible] we [illegible] [illegible]
To [illegible], and [illegible] you the Merchant
When we have [illegible], [illegible] remainder Virgins
We [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] we [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] Seas and Windes, old Wrangler took a Truce,
And [illegible], [illegible] the Pestilence stood,
And [illegible] [illegible] Cressed and Capricke,
[illegible] Queene [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] keepe we [illegible] Arke?
[illegible] keeping? [illegible]
[illegible],
And [illegible] Crowne-Office to Merchants,
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible] Name [illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible] we [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible],
And [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] which you [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] we have [illegible] what we do [illegible] keepe
[illegible],
Troyes [illegible] [illegible],
We [illegible]

*Enter* [illegible] *with* [illegible] *in their hand*

*Cry*, Cry *Troyans*
*Troy* [illegible]?
*Troy* [illegible],
*Cal* Cry Troyans
*Hel* [illegible],
*Cal* Cry Troyans [illegible] ten thousand eyes,
And [illegible]
*Hel* Peace for [illegible]
[illegible] Virgins and Boyes, [illegible] & wrinkled old's,
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] eyes with teares,
[illegible]
[illegible] *Hel* [illegible] woe,
[illegible] *Hel* [illegible] goe. *Exit*
[illegible], [illegible] *Troylus*, do not [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Or [illegible] blood
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]?
*Troy* [illegible]
We [illegible]
[illegible]
Not [illegible]
Because [illegible]
Cannot [illegible]

Wife [illegible] our [illegible] Honours [illegible] engaged
To [illegible]. For my private part,
I am no more [illegible], then all *Priams* [illegible],
And [illegible] there should be done amongst us
[illegible] as [illegible] the weakest [illegible],
To [illegible], and maintaine
*Par* Else might the world convince of [illegible],
As well my under-takings as your [illegible]
But I attend the gods, your full consent
[illegible] to my propension, and cut off
All [illegible] attending on [illegible]
For what (alas) can these my [illegible]?
What propugnation is [illegible] our
To stand [illegible] and enmity of [illegible]
This quarrell would [illegible]. Yet I protest,
Were I [illegible] to [illegible],
And had as ample power, as I have will,
*Par* [illegible] neither retract what [illegible],
Nor [illegible]
*Par* *Hect*, you [illegible]
Like one [illegible] on your [illegible];
You have the [illegible], but the [illegible],
So to be [illegible], [illegible]
*Hect* [illegible] to my [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] would have [illegible]
With [illegible] honours [illegible]
What [illegible] were it to the ransacked Queene,
[illegible] to your great worths, and [illegible],
Now to deliver her [illegible]?
Of [illegible] base [illegible]? Can it be,
That [illegible]
[illegible] your [illegible]?
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [

Is this in way of truth, yet neere enough
My sprightly brethren, I propose to you
In resolution to keepe Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hardly will endure,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities
*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heaving spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of Troian blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy Hector,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promised glory
As smiles vpon the forehead of this action
For the wide world of earthly fame to come
*Hect.* I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*
I haue a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
I was aduertis'd their great generall slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept
This I presume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Thersites.*

How now *Thersites*? what lost in the labyrinth of thy furie? Shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thorow the streights? shall a Bull beare it ouer the pales? shall a Horse be o're-boarne, and carry he-Asse? Come, what's the matter? Let me see some sleeue of thy valour, that I may beate it, with the head of some Stoore, he came to combate me, and raile at me. O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd at me.

He
V
I
H
*Pan*
why
D
Locks
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Another
*Ant*
We
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All
Briare
*Pan*
I
We come to speake with Troylus, we
And
*Ant*
*Ant*
*Ant*
*Ant*
*Pan*
*Ant*
*Ant*
*Pan*
*Ant*
*Pan*
*Ant*
*Pan*
Because not there: this womans answer sits,
Without apprehension or reply:
Now what alone we heare not, you alone
Expect, and what expect, forbeare not,
*Pan* And I shall finde you empty.
*Ant* Would I might:
But certain I am loaden with new feares,
That I should leave behinde thrice so much.
*Pan* Sweet, before you goe, I'll tell you certaine,
*Ant* Pray you speake not to me, I leave you suddenly,
*Pan* But shall you not heare all Troylus and Cressids newes?
*Ant* In haste, good Pandarus.
*Pan* Why then will I tell you the lamentable fall of Troylus.
*Ant* Out with it, and be hang'd.
*Pan* Shall I meet you at Prophets anon?
*Ant* Where you will.
*Pan* Even at Troylus Tent, or at Priams Court, betweene both.
*Ant* Well, to the Port then, farewell.
*Pan* Fare you well with all my heart.
*Ant* Why after broyles and battailes, had we rather
Seeke out sweet peace, and part each others foe,
Then fight and blood us shrinke behinde our shields?
Let Mars divide eternity in twaine,
And give him halfe: and for the second part,
Let it thicken still, let blood be spilt in bowles,
Let hearts and minds wax callous to remorse,
And let confusion liue: Polixenes, now for Troy.
*Aen* Fie, fie, my brother,
Weare you calling Nestor to the coyle?
Alcides shooke his Club, and spake not loud,
Supply'd with Cups hath yours since brawles bereft him,
His childish Arme, unexercis'd, muffles up
In vulnerable Beare-skin: prethee rest
Faire Nephew, and draw not up the Seas,
Wherein at once, as in a Bowle, thou wilt
Drench Natures lippes and eyes.
*Nest* Sweet Vncle,
What you speake of Troy
Filles all our mouthes with water: if it stirre,
It comes out like the tide.
*Aen* Commotion, Tides,
And Restlesse Arrowes bandied from the Lippes
Of Checkes and Scornes, a Sea-marke nothing safe,
Are for those Cockles that loade painefull Barkes
That shoot no Arrowes homeward.
*Nest* I am glad my Lord, you have the grace to feele
Your private kindnesse thus in dealing thus:
But deeper than the blood-colour'd Rubie lies
My blood below proud Priams Roofe, and these
Desires, which you call vertuous, are in him
Even such effects of Loue and Charity,
Which redound to Troy and Priam, as they grow
From Troylus: Fortune play upon this head
According to the forme: but in reward,
Not all the Gods are just.
*Aen* Why, Cousin, why?
*Nest* Troylus is valiant: Fame (the honest Caterer
Of Peace and Warre) recounts his Worth at full,
But Hector he is better than a Lyon,
Both in the Active Doore, and Soveraignty
Of his Noble Carriage.
*Aen* Now you have gone quite off from Troylus,
*Nest* Troylus is the better man of you.
*Aen* Why then beware your tongue,
Lest such another Surfeit make you sicke.
*Nest* Let me feare you but as I ought
My Soveraigne, Honour, Father, Gods Lieutenant,
*Aen* You have the spirit to do more than fight,
To rule, and speake, and indge: Yet in the Warre
Me thinkes the Fortune of your Tongue
Should be as great and free in action,
As your discourse is now: your Opinion now
Should have as great a Voyce, as Hector Staffe
To settle the sale of Warre: for Troylus,
I cannot praise him, all my deedes proclaime
How he is worthy, and in what degree
I stand his friend, yet in an honest way.
*Nest* Why doe you not speake Troylus then?
*Aen* Time is my friend, my Opportunity
Hope, and my Meanes, to speed him, and command him.
*Nest* Time, Force, and Counsell, is at Agamemnons Tent,
I wish things were as he.
*Aen* But what's the Newes?
Why is the Councell assembled?
*Nest* Full of high Feasting, and great Expectation:
For this day entring, Hector craves full Scope
Of what he speakes, by any, or all the Greekes,
Against our Dignities: and not a man
Dare (for the Honour of the Name he beares
In the Worlds large Gazes) speake a Word
Against him: for he suddenly hath left
His Bulke of Proofe, gone single in his Waggon,
Courts all the Worlds Eyes with his Face: and takes
Such pride of his Deedes, as he doth leave
His Part a-foot: Crest downe his Fellowes Worth,
To stirre admiring Mirth, and like the Starre
Disastrous, whose Influence is Red
And Bloody: Lifts his Lookes, and points his Beames,
Where they fall, there they burne: So Hector fares,
The Blood he sheds, is temper'd with the Teares
Of Feminine Infants, that in Battell lose
Their Fathers, all this Hector doth commit,
And this is in the Fashion: and spirted well
In Hector, he deserves his Oxe-like Owner,
And the Gaze to dignifie his Tardinesse,
As Fops doe Toward, or Antick. But how now?
Stand by, my Wife, and Cousin Troylus,
*Aen* Nay, I must hide me.
*Nest* Happily you shall not see her yet, or she
Take her new Woer now: into the which
She will sing calmer Welcomes backe to Troy,
Nay, bashfull? Come, Cousin Troylus, we will
Constrain them on, to call their Powres together.
*Aen* Will you stay no longer?
*Nest* To the Hall my Lord, good day.
*Aen* You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*
*Nest* Why 'tis this Naming of him doth him harme
Here is a Man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be silent.
*Aen* Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.
*Hel.* I know the what he would, he is valiant
*Ant.* A horse that will stand to, and eate with his master, were a Trojan
*Nest.* What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——
*Tro.* He is very proud.
*Dio.* Or speaks such of Greeke as I understand
*Tro.* Or looks on things which he knowes not that's worse yet
*Vly.* Oh, giue you that disdaines his knowledge,
*Hel.* I am sorry for't, for the youth is proper bred.
Troylus, I would not haue you fall in loue,
But if you do, good my Lord chuse not Helen.
Remember your yeares, your honour, and your wisedome,
Let *Menelaus* keepe Helen, he can spare her well enough,
He never sees those eyes, nor feeles those sighes,
Nor those armes, that hang about his neck,
But leaues all to doe with them.
*Tro.* Will this Gentle man the Trumpet?
*Vly.* Sound Trumpets.
*Dio.* Sound Trumpets, brother Knight.
*Vly.* Trumpets sound Canons, and the Walls of Troy,
Kings, Princes, Lords, to visit Agamemnon,
The worthy Hector, woo'd of Greekes and Troians
So much renowned, the valiant, milde, wise,
Noble, and great in Hector.
*Tro.* Yet is Troylus greater then Hector,
*Vly.* Your reason.
*Tro.* My minde is troubled like a fountaine stird,
*Dio.* And I do stare like one that feares the Storme ere it come.
*Vly.* Feare not my Lord, we will not stirre one straw
Keepe, each his part, stand fast my noble Generall,
Troylus, together with the rest of worth,
Feast Kings are come to Troy, to morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast.
And here is a Lord, come Knights from East to West,
And cull their flower, *Ajax* shall cope the best.
*Ant.* Go we to Councell: Let *Achilles* sleepe,
Light Boates may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw deepe. *Exeunt.* *Manet the formall Vlisses.*

*Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.*

*Pan.* Friend, you, pray you a word. Do not you follow the young Lord *Paris*?
*Ser.* I sir, when he goes before me.
*Pan.* You depend upon him I meane?
*Ser.* Sir I depend upon my Lord.
*Pan.* You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I must needes commend him.
*Ser.* The Lord be praised.
*Pan.* You know me, do you not?
*Ser.* Faith sir, superficially.
*Pan.* Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.
*Ser.* I hope I shall know your honour better.
*Pan.* I do desire it.
*Ser.* You are in the state of Grace?
*Pan.* Grace, not so friend, honour and Lordship are my titles. What Musicke is this?
*Ser.* I do but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.
*Pan.* Know you the Musicians.
*Ser.* Wholly sir.
*Pan.* Who play they to?
*Ser.* To the hearers sir.
*Pan.* At whose pleasure friend?
*Ser.* At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.
*Pan.* Command I meane friend.
*Ser.* Who shall I command sir?
*Pan.* Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?
*Ser.* That's to't indeede sir. Marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who's there in person: with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart blood of beauty, loue's visible Soule.
*Pan.* Who my Cousin *Cressida*.
*Ser.* No sir, *Helen*. Could you not finde out that by her attributes?
*Pan.* It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seene the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus*. I will make a complementall assault vpon him, for my businesse seethes.
*Ser.* Sodden businesse: there's a stewd phrase indeede.

*Enter Paris and Helena.*

*Pan.* Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires, in faire termes, and I thinke one of those faire Ladies is Helen, I take it?
*Par.* Faire Vncle *Pandarus*, how do you?
*Pan.* You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene. Faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.
*Par.* You haue broke it Cousin, and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.
*Pan.* Truly, Lady no.
*Hel.* O sir.
*Pan.* Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.
*Par.* Well said my Lord: well you say so in fits.
*Pan.* I haue businesse my Lord, faire Queene my Cosin will tell you my businesse.
*Par.* Well I may make your Generall sing.
*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*, honey sweete Lord.
*Pan.* Go to sweete Queene, go to.
Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.
*Hel.* You shall bid me welcome before you command.
*Pan.* Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene I'faith.
*Hel.* And to make a sweete Lady tarry, is a sower offence.
*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.
*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*?
*Pan.* What sayes my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?
*Par.* What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?
*Pan.* Nell, my Cosin will tell you. Commends himselfe, I will whisper.
*Hel.* Well, I know where he sups.
*Par.* Will he not, Lady?
*Pan.* Faith, Lady, not: for my life, not a word.
*Hel.* Will you remember?
*Par.* Remember? why beleeue me.
*Pan.* Nay, I care not for such words, not I. But my Lord is vnarmed, and meanes to sup with my Cosin *Troylus*.
*Hel.* Why this is kindly done.
*Pan.* My Niece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue, Prince *Troylus*. They say he is very wise, and very valiant. I will tell you what, he is indeede a proper man. Fie, fie, for my life, fie, certainly he is. He is the very man per se, and stands alone. O he is very desirous of the disease of loue, I'faith he is. He is troubled with a darke thing, say the truth on't. Well she looks on him, and he lookes on her: yet hee's more inclinable, for her part, the light foole thinkes no harme of all, but the malice of the people is, that he loues her, and she is subiect to a most blasted infection.
*Par.* Infection?
*Pan.* I, the infection is in the necke, in the necke, I could chuse you out a hundred Lads.
*Hel.* Well, and how?
*Pan.* Nay, I'le tell you, and you'le tell it againe, and say I told you of it, you'le tell it againe, and say I told you of it.
*Hel.* Is this the generall Theame, faire Lords, is this all your worlds businesse? We knit our browes, and the blacke hangs on our foreheads, we spit forth blasphemy, and sweare, pluck downe Crowned Piles, and scorne the Chaire of Maiesty, to doe't: and is all done in reproofe of this Specious Abuse?
*Pan.* Why, I say nothing.
*Hel.* Marry you begin right Artist.
*Pan.* Troth I think she would.
*Hel.* Well, and she is fairer then my praise.
*Pan.* In good truth she is, and the truth in her eye, and in her eare, and in her heart, and in her hand, and in her foote, and in the prettie print of her foote, and in the veine of her foote, and in the taking vp of her foote, and in the calling of her foote.
*Hel.* Now she is my Slander, he my Detractor, and they haue a sweete Lady.
*Pan.* Nay, that's not for nothing neither: I'le warrant she is proper.
*Hel.* Well, and wise.
*Pan.* I, and wise enough for those that haue to doe with her wisedome.
*Hel.* And gentle, and vertuous.
*Pan.* I, and gentle and vertuous: for those that practise her vertues.
*Hel.* And speaks well.
*Pan.* I, and speaks well enough for a Lady, after a certaine rate, where she would not haue her.
*Hel.* Well, I would somebody did fetch her backe.
*Pan.* Who, I beseech you?
*Hel.* Why one that will doe him good to heare.
*Pan.* Will you haue me fetch her?
*Hel.* Now I would pray you.
*Par.* Fie, fie vpon her,
There's a trouble in her tongue, what a pretty thing is this?
Well, I'le fetch her, it is pitie of her Lord.
*Pan.* Ah poore Capocchia, hast not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it sleepe? a bug-beare take him.
*Par.* Did not I tell you? would he were knock'd i'th head.
*Hel.* Who's that at Chamber-doore?
*Par.* I'le make an excuse.
*Pan.* Ha? my Lord? I praise her answere: you are deepely sped my Lord, deepely sped.
*Hel.* What shall he come in?
*Pan.* Yes, make his excuse.
*Par.* Why simply the truth.
*Pan.* Say, my Lord is vnarmed, and meanes to sup with my Cosin *Troylus*.
*Hel.* Nay, I'le not meddle in't, let her come in.
*Par.* Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene, I'faith.
*Hel.* And to make a sweete Lady sad, is a sower offence.
*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.
*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*?
*Pan.* What sayes my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?
*Par.* What exploits in hand, where sups he to night?
*Pan.* Nell, my Cosin will tell you. Commends himselfe, I will whisper.
*Hel.* Well, I know where he sups.
*Par.* Will he not, Lady?
*Pan.* What sayes my sweete Queene? my cosin will tell vs all. You will tell vs.
*Hel.* You must know where he sups.
*Par.* Will you remember?
*Pan.* Nay, nay, sweete Queene, you are wide, come your ways, come your ways, you make an excuse.
*Par.* Why this is rare.
*Pan.* I praise her answere. I pray you my Lord will you say *Cressida*? so, you are deepely sped indeede.
*Par.* Fie, fie.

*Pan.* Vn

*Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.*

*Pan.* How now, where's thy Master, at my Cousen Cressida's?

*Man.* No sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Enter Troylus.*

*Pan.* O here he comes: How now, how now?

*Troy.* Sirrah walk off.

*Pan.* Has not Ulisses been with my Cousen Cressida yet?

*Troy.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus, From Cupids shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid.

*Pan.* Walk here i'th' Orchard, I'll bring her straight.

*Exit Pandarus.*

*Troy.* I am giddy, expectation whirles me round, The imaginary relish is so sweet, That it enchants my sense: what will it be, When that the watry palats taste indeed Love's thrice repured Nectar? death I fear me, Sounding Destruction, or some joy too fine, Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it much, and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joyes, As doth a battel, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby: Here she is now, swear the oathes now to her, that you have sworne to me: what, are you gone again? you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? Come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward, we'll put you i'th' fills. Why doe you not speak to her? Come draw this curtaine, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? and 'twere darke, you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the mistris. How now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there, carpenter, the ayre is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

*Troy.* You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o'th' deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What billing again? Here's in witnesse besides. Nay, I'll have my bill again else, I shall have no body to trust on: I'll have my bond again.

*Troy.* Will you remember?

*Cres.* Remember? yes.

*Troy.* Nay, but say so then: and I'll be satisfied.

*Cres.* I warrant you, for my part I can lay no bond upon my behaviour: my self may conclude thus much, that I have a good eye, can understand what I see, can speak as much as my heart thinks, may think as much as I list, have a reasonable good eare, can tell what belongs to honesty, and know my own minde as well as another Lady.

*Pan.* Would a man might have his will of you now.

*Troy.* Will you walk in my Lord?

*Cres.* What, blush again? there is more businesse in these cheeks, than in the hands of a hundred Lawyers, with their fees for pleading. Will you walk in my Lord?

*Troy.* Prophetick fear of what I seem, or am, Divides my present from my time to come: Wedg'd with both Horns, I naught at all divine, Through the gates of Horn and Ivory.

*Cres.* Will you walk in my Lord?

*Troy.* O Cressida, how often have I wisht me thus?

*Cres.* Wisht my Lord? the gentle Gods what should you wish?

*Troy.* What should I wish? why that I should thus faine: Wishing I might not wish what I do wish, That her loose ear with easie entrance won, Should not have fall'n at first reproof.

*Cres.* Why, but my Lord, what wish do you wish?

*Troy.* That there were no maine businesse in the world, Intending Orbes of Nations meeting powers, Mistaking Earth quakes and prodigious Tempests, And let all the Continent crack their seeds Into their ample wombes, the things that are, And that are not, the how, and the which, the what, All with in one confusion, ruine, sleep, Seeds and beginnings into Boreas hold, Times Antidote lockt up, that Fools may still Be Fools, and Time himself amaz'd at it: Oh that right should be lockt from wrong, and that Any dispute should trace him from his worke, Till he had measure to him, and his power To make him good? Or that the subtle bosome Of craft and falshood, should possesse the largest And swallowing gulfe of wonder: Or the hand Of valour serve his fury only to keep downe The Create Lyon, and the spider tricke Worke his owne broth-web, as if it were The perfect loome, the shuttle, meet and right To his owne ends, and none else? Why should this a desert be? For tis unpeopled? No: For there is more Than this loose place, more than these poore men, More than these poore walls, than these poore paths, More than the eye can reach, or thought may thinke, To make it full with wishing. Let us flye, Before we hear them speak.

*Cres.* Must you then flye so soone?

*Troy.* Nay, now you are too flexible, Leaning so easily: I feare my Cressid, Lest your own facile nature, those soft parts Conceiv'd to me for life, should lose their property, And fall into obedience: Even for this Let us be wise and flye.

*Cres.* Who could have thought it? You are wise enough, my Lord, To stay for ever.

*Troy.* Now all the joy of earth and heaven stay on this breast, And speech leave this mouth: after my flight Silence be sleepe to eares, darknesse my night, Stay my cessation: let my dayes and nights Time's flyes, all after note, all after rest, Be shard from this hour wherein we part: Injoy not you my Cressid, nor the breath Of parting friendships: sleepe, death, dulnesse, inactivity, and stupefaction Oppress the world and living motion lurke Within the center of this Embrace, That the conceited Grecian Monsters the Mirmidons, Dreadnought Ajax, Cressid's valiant Hector, Sacred Troylus, may not be awak'd With this dayes honour.

*Cres.* Will you then be gone?

*Troy.* Within my Tent but addressed to action, And you this night must steale to Diomed.

*Cres.* Ah me, and soone to be unkind as he, Unbind my heart?

*Troy.* Each Trojan that is Master of his heart, Let him to my Tent follow the unarm'd Troylus, And I will give safe conduct to his person Our Captaine Hector, stirr'd up with the sight, Will be as apt to answer the Occasion, As high in the Offer: Hence to rest, and sleepe, And dreame of each other Cressid.

*Cres.* Now heaven forbid such scarcenesse of my Love, As my simplicity may be surpriz'd By the next newes it receives.

*Troy.* Yea, let us part: the Greeks are strongly mingled With our chief Troyans, and our Army lies Close as the Bees upon a Summers day: Good night, good night.

*Cres.* Sweet Troylus, sweet Lord, you have a heavy heart.

*Troy.* Farewell, farewell.

*Cres.* What, will you go?

*Troy.* How have we spent this houre?

*Cres.* Why, my Lord, what have we talkt of?

*Troy.* Why, how now Cressid?

*Cres.* I'll tell you what you would not fain have heard, And scarce confesse that you have had the will To stay with me. Will you walk in my Lord?

*Troy.* What, blubber'd? by these pearles of mine, Bedasht with brine, I'll seale thy plaine truth, And they shall witnesse. Yet for my more hire, Because it is the badge I weare, Weare it my Cressid, and from thence Fairer than Cupids Wings.

*Cres.* Alas, poore simple Token!

*Troy.* Token? then I'll not have it.

*Cres.* Why, I pray you?

*Troy.* Not now, good Cressid: yet I will not keep What I desire not: and my gentle Cressid, These blubber'd Pearles Distill'd from Troylus eyes fall on thy face, And keep it from dryednesse: and say in Troy, A Lover guiltlesse of Cressids heart, Hath sworne thee to: see thou do not keep promise, Oh Heavens, be true.

*Cres.* Heare me, my Love, be thus a while alone.

*Troy.* Pandarus.

*Cres.* Not mine, my Lord, I will be thus and live.

*Troy.* Farewell, my Lord.

*Cres.* Will you forget?

*Troy.* Yea, I will not, sweet: if you'll remember My faith, from every meeting I will make My love to you more harsh.

*Cres.* Hearke, one more word.

*Troy.* What shall it be?

*Cres.* Whither shall I send to you?

*Troy.* Why, so I can, dear Love, But yet thou'lt not: and yet I'll tell thee, Lest thy unlikely hope should urge thee to't, To make excuse for thee, so holy Troy, And Troylus shall be baited by the Greeks, And thou shalt hear of this before I speak Againe to thee.

*Cres.* Why, I would know my Lord.

*Troy.* Not now, sweet Cressid: in faith I know not how.

*Cres.* Nay, this shall be known.

*Troy.* Well, by the way then.

*Cres.* Why, I could weep to think it, that you tell me You'll gaze upon Queene Helen: I must needs Wonder.

*Troy.* Come, kisse: and let us part.

*Pan.* Part? fie upon her: Looke you yonder, my Lord? Looke how the Captaines do environ and embrace Troylus, as if he were Gods Mother: See, how every joynt crowds upon other, as if it were borne for't.

*Troy.* Prophesie I shall live thus much longer, That my Cressid's true: that the end crowns the work: And like as one nation, proud with spoyle, Returnes with Conquest and with Victory To his wide Native Shores: So doth my Love Return with Conquest, and my Victory Is Cressids Love.

*Enter Aeneas.*

*Aene.* I have been seeking you this houre, my Lord: Hector by this is arming him in Troy, Ajax your guard stayes to conduct you home.

*Troy.* Have with you Prince: my courteous Lord adieu: Farewell revolted fayre: and Diomed Stand fast, and wear a Castle on your head.

*Pan.* And'it be not Diomed, be not a man: But Troylus should be such a man as he, And he no more than a man.

*Troy.* Come, to the Port: I'll tell thee Diomed, This Lady's Story. Here comes Diomed.

*Enter Diomed.*

*Cres.* Yea, the same Diomed.

*Troy.* O, be not moyst, faire Cressid: Let us have thine, when Diomed comes to you. Who frets my Horse upon the walls of Troy, Who nickers on your kisses, Port for port: By Love I will, and when I do not truly, Take all my Goddesse Love, and turne me out A Fool of Time, subjected to the howres: Faith, there's no more to be said, but better action than words.

*Dio.* Now, good my Lord, have done with Complements.

*Troy.* Come, come, my Horse: Ere the first Sacrificer, look to the Victime bleed, Thou shalt have Cressid: come to the Port I say.

*Dio.* Madam, my Lord will more with you than words, That these same Greeks confesse his face in Troy, Ere this be night, deliver them more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Troy.* Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

*Dio.* Why, how now, my Lord?

*Troy.* By Jove I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian? why Greek?

*Dio.* Fore God, adieu: you palter.

*Cres.* In faith I do not: come hither once again.

*Troy.* You shake, my Lord, at something: will you go? You will break out.

*Cres.* Why tell me prethee, what's that Diomed?

*Troy.* Looke, looke.

*Cres.* Prethee tell me, Diomed.

*Dio.* It is no matter.

*Troy.* Now by Apollo, thou art growne so bad, That thou art worthy now to be hang'd.

*Cres.* Prethee tell me.

*Dio.* Not now.

*Cres.* Now, prethee Diomed.

*Dio.* Looke, there she leanes.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*Troy.* Peace, I will not speak with her.

*Dio.* Even she.

*Cres.* How shall I meet you?

*Troy.* Wooe her, wooe her: you have undone a man.

*Dio.* Farewell, Lord: I will have such a night, As Troylus shall desire: my Lord will be mightily abusd: on my Love I will assure upon her, get her but tarry my Lords businesse, get her but stay all night with her, and expect any thing.

*Troy.* Let us make ready to night, our Army rages, and we shall employment enough to morrow morning for the love of each other.

*Cres.* It is great morning, and the houre prefixt Her Father Calchas sent for: all's but naught, And he's forsworne to have me in his Tent: Well, Uncle Pandarus, and Diomed Be your two instruments to bring me thither.

*Dio.* You shall command me Sir.

*Troy.* As gentle tasker as a Horse, as soft As Aeneas, as the brow of Hebe, Being Ganimed, as free as Phoebus Love, As any thing that's certain

*Cres.* More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes

*Troy.* Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truely.

*Cres.* Blind feare, that seeing reason leads, finder'st safe footing, but blind reason, stumbling without feare to feare the worst, oft cures the worse

*Troy.* Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In faire *Cupids* wing I am sure there is plenty to murder

*Cres.* Nor nothing monsterous neither?

*Troy.* Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vow to weepe seas in a Cockle, eate fire in a Dotage, finde Tygers in Doues, conuert to gall, the trybute we owe to honey, and make the Moone our Law, our lust our Sun, constant onely in wauering, our faith hoopt like the barrell, and our vertue fadge to euery mans neede, that we come euer with smiles, and leaue with teares?

*Cres.* Then all Louers weare more performance then they vse to promise, and yet reserue an abilitie vnperformed, your Troyans are the perfection of truth, and all the rest parcell of it. Loue that comes euer on Lyons, and exact of teares, are they not Monsters?

*Troy.* And there is one vpon two false Troyans as we are tolde, all swore true, and kept not a iote, but got there neuer a true one to keepe them honest, vow breaking that none but Troyans are subiect to, and that Troyans shall be euer more famous Cressids in vowe breach then we can say we will drinke downe this liquor before you bid vs, and that shall be our commendation, and when truth can speake truelt, not truer then *Troylus*

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* What blushing fild? haue you not done talking yet?

*Cres.* Well Vncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a fleyt of you, you let go no more me be true to my Lord, he is true, chide me out

*Troy.* You know now your offices your Vncles word and my firme faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'le giue my word for her too our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burres I can tell you, they'le sticke where they are throwne.

*Cres.* Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart. Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you a night, but if you hang breaking day, for many weary months

*Troy.* Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to graunt, not to win: but I was won my Lord
With the first glance that euer pardon me,
If I confesse much, you will play the tyrant
I loue you now, but not till now so much
But I might master it, in faith I lye
My thoughts were like vnbridled children grow
Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles,
Why haue we hearts? can one of vs tell why?
Haue we prophetique mindes that can foresee
How we will, and not haue power to do it?
But though I loue you well, I woe you not,
And yet good faith I wish my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rash, surely fine I do espeake
That my I that repent me: see, see, your silence
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes
My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

*Troy.* And shall, albeit sweete Musicke dwells in thee.

*Pan.* Pretty yfaith.

*Cres.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.

*Troy.* 'Tis not my purpose that may be throwne
I am all patience, [illegible]
For the world I take my Cressid my Lord.

*Troy.* Your leaue sweete *Cressid*.

*Pan.* Leaue and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

*Cres.* Pray you content you.

*Troy.* What offends you Lady?

*Cres.* [illegible]

*Troy.* [illegible]

*Cres.* [illegible]
I haue a kind [illegible] you
Let me goe, and craue me,
To be a mocker but I'le goe my way.
I would I could speake [illegible]
*Troy.* Why, you haue words, that may be heard, that speakes to me so.

*Cres.* Perchance my Lord? I shew more craft then loue,
And with [illegible] counsell [illegible]
To [illegible] you [illegible] your wife,
Or else you loue not: for to loue is wisedome,
Exceedes man's might, that dwells with gods aboue.

*Troy.* O that I thought it could be in a woman
As if it can, I will presume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flame of loue
To keepe her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliuing beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter then blood decaies
Or that persuasion could but thus conuince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in loue.
How were I then vp-lifted? but alas,
I am as true, as truth's simplicity,
[illegible]
Cres. In that I'le warre with you.

*Troy.* O vertuous fight
When right with right wars who shall be most right:
True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come
Approue their truth by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare
Want similes, truth tyr'd with iteration,
As true as steele, as plantage to the Moone
As Sunne to day, as Turtle to her mate
As iron to Adamant, as earth to th' Center
Yet after all comparisons of things,
(As they are famed to abide) as constant as the Northern Starre,
As true as *Troylus*, shall crowne vp the Verse,
And sanctifie the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet of euill, I be.
If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it selfe,
When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*,
And blind oblition swallowed Cities vp,
And mighty States characterlesse are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory
From false to false, among false Maides in loue,
Vpbraid my falsehood, when they'ue said as false,
As Aire, as Water, as Wind, as sandie is,
As I to you, be once false to Hectors Cause,
Bind to some tree, or Stepme to her Sonne,
Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,

A falle as Cress'd

*Pan.* Go to, a bargaine made: seale it, seale it: I'le be the witnesse: here I hold your hand: here my Cosins: if ever you proue false one to another, since I haue taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Pandars: let all constant men be *Troyluses*, all false women *Cressids*, and all brokers betweene, Pandars: say, Amen.

*Troy.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your pretty encounters, presse to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tide Maidens here,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Vlisses, Diomed, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Calchas.*

*Cal.* Now Princes for the seruice I haue done you,
Th'aduantage of the time inuites the offer,
During all questionings of loue and amorous lust,
On both sides Troy and Greece hath kept the field,
Now the fierce Polaxion of the vnshrunke Hector,
Hath not so seuered Troy from Grecian sword,
Nor Greekish resolution, forc'd more
Twixt these two opposites, diuorcement now,
As may with safety now accost each part
Deare to the other: I haue (I say) the purchase
Made friendly, and full sure vnto my vowes,
I doe beseech you as in way of taste,
To giue me now a little benefit
Out of those many registred in promise
Which you say, liue to come in my behalfe.

*Agam.* What would'st thou of vs Trojan? make demand.

*Cal.* You haue a Troian prisoner, cal'd *Antenor*,
Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange
Whom Troy hath still denide: but this *Antenor*,
I know is such a wrest in their affaires;
That their negotiations all must slacke,
Wanting his managing: and they will almost,
Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,
In change of him: Let him be sent great Princes,
And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence,
Shall quite strike off all seruice I haue done,
In most accepted pace.

*Agam.* Let *Diomedes* beare him
And bring vs *Cressid* hither: *Calchas* shall haue
What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*
Furnish you fairely for this enterchange:
Withall bring word if *Hector* will tomorrow
Be answered in his challenge: Ancient *Aiax* is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I vndertake: and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus before their Tent.*

*Vlis.* Achilles stands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him,
As if were quite from his regard: and marke him;
I will come last: 'tis like he'le question me,
Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent, why turn'd on him?
If so, I haue deriu'd a neate cast in:
To sile betweene your strangenesse and his pride,
Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke;
It may do good, pride hath no other glasse
To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

*Agam.* We'le execute your purpose, and put on
A forme of strangenesse as we passe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,
Then if not look't on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What comes the Generall to speake with me?
You know my mind, I'le fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Aga.* What saies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

*Nest.* Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing my Lord.

*Aga.* The better.

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How doe you? how doe you?

*Ajax.* What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?

*Pat.* How now *Patroclus*?

*Achil.* Good morrow *Ajax*?

*Ajax.* Ha.

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

*Achil.* What meane these fellowes? know they not *Achilles*?

*Pat.* They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

*Achil.* What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soone read in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The loue that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy
At ample point, all that I did possesse,
Saue these mens lookes: who doe me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vlisses*,
Ile interrupt his reading. How now *Vlisses*?

*Vlis.* Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Vlis.* A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues shining vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the first giuer.

*Achil.* This is not strange *Vlisses*.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,
Not going from it selfe, but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes

[illegible] to *Aga.* and the rest
[illegible] the Troian Lords at euen Combat
[illegible] euerie Combatant
Appeare to take his [illegible]
[illegible] *Enter Thers.*
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Ther.* Wher's *Agamemnon*?
*Aga.* Why
*Ther.* *Menelaus* stands vpon his feete, asking for himselfe
*Aga.* How?
*Ther.* He met a gentleman to no purpose with *Hector*, and is so [illegible] that [illegible]
*Aga.* How can that be?
*Ther.* Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like a Hedge-Asse, and to [illegible] but his braine to set downe his leg: Some man goes forth to pisse, and hee walkes vp to him: I haue obserued the fellow these seuen yeares, and to this houre is he as ignorant of warre, as [illegible] when he first put his finger into the mouth: I am sure he dares not fight: I warrant him that: if he do, the next combat, I meete but a Lyon, I'le [illegible] not meet: I tell you so before hand. Good morrow *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes vpon him the General? He is growne a very [illegible], I feare, a mingle [illegible], a meere [illegible], a very weasell of both natures [illegible]
*Aga.* I know them by their Ambassage: [illegible]
*Ther.* Why, I [illegible] and see [illegible] tell's how many, [illegible] and [illegible] I was to [illegible] *Menelaus* [illegible] to see, vnfold the Pageant of *Ajax*
*Aga.* I shall [illegible] him: [illegible] the valiant *Ajax*, to [illegible] *Hector* [illegible] warme [illegible] [illegible] or a [illegible], yet [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

*Par.* There is no helpe
The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.
Cal. or, we cease to loue vs
*Æne.* Good morrow all. *Exit Æneas*
*Par.* And tell me noble *Diomed*, faith tell me true,
Euen in the soule of sound good-fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fayre *Helen* most?
My selfe or *Menelaus*?
*Dio.* Both alike
He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure
With such a hell of payne, and world of charge:
And you as well to keepe her, that defends her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends.
He like a puling Cuckold would drinke vp
The lees and dregges of a flat tamed peece,
You like a theefe, of all your French cunnings,
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritor:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs nor more nor lesse,
But he as he, which heauier for a whore.
*Par.* You are too bitter to your countrey-woman.
*Dio.* She's bitter to her countrey: hear me *Paris*,
For euery false drop in her bawdy veines,
A Grecian's life hath sunke for euery teare,
Her eyes (on fayre) haue sentenc'd and expell'd
A thousand valiant Hectors, and their liues,
And I will fight no more but for my glorie,
Then hold my part against the dignitie
Of all the Troyan Nation, but chiefly
*Par.* Fayre *Diomed*, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this vertue well,
We'le not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Troylus and Cressida.*

*Tro.* Call my Vncle to my Lord, bring me to him,
*Cre.* I know not where he is: but there my Lord,
Helen must needs be seene.
*Tro.* Prythee now sweet Lady, place thy browes
Tell me faire Gossip *Venus*, one faire word
Thy eyes, faire Queene, and thy cheekes Crimson,
As true as *Troylus* shall crowne vp the Verdict
Of this dayes fortune.
*Cre.* My Lord *Troylus*
*Tro.* I'le tell thee now sweet Creature what a matter
Too subtly potent, tender, soft and salt
Lookes in thine eye? those precious motiues,
Those manly touches, those strong bonds of heart,
Were in my hand I would not buy thee Virgin
For Riches and deepe Treasure, like as Hell
Thou art in appetite, and therein simply
Not worth the whistling.
*Cre.* Nay, you might
Take me if you would, I am not worth the keeping.
*Tro.* Why beleeue me Cressid, would I could boast
As true within thy loue, as plaine without
Thou hast in my wishes.
*Cre.* Prythee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do any thing but that sweet Lord,
*Tro.* Deare one, why?
*Cre.* I am ashamed of my selfe for't.
I loue you now, but till now not so much
But I might master it: in faith I lye,
My thoughts were like vnbridled children grow
Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd? who shall be true to vs,
When we are so vnsecret to our selues?
But though I lou'd you well, I woo'd you not,
And yet good faith I wish'd my selfe a man,
Or that we women had men priuiledges
Of scarre and buffe, and could speake as commonly
As men proclaime their fancies.
*Tro.* Hark one word in your eare.
*Cre.* O plague and mischance.
*Tro.* Why heare you?
*Cre.* Most vnluckily I might,
And euer more too late for my comfort.
*Tro.* Sweet bid me hold mine oath.
*Cre.* Prythee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do any thing but that sweet Lord.
*Tro.* Deare one, why?
*Cre.* That you will not now sweet *Troylus*, if you will
Compell me to it, I am forsworne.
*Tro.* Vpon my Sword I will:
*Cre.* You may not then.
*Tro.* Well, but why will you?
*Cre.* Because I ought not.
*Tro.* How now, new matter?
*Cre.* Nothing neither,
Yet it is mine.
*Tro.* If not mine owne desires,
*Cre.* But my honour.
*Tro.* What honour should
Restrain me more?
*Cre.* The louers losse.
*Tro.* Why this is not to be indeed denied.
Prythee expound, I feare my wits are dull.
*Cre.* Harke you are fond, you will not vnderstand.
*Tro.* Neither I will not, and therefore if it promise
Any complexion, blush in thy excuse:
Do but consent, and marry I will leaue you
Affection's greene in my complexion sweet,
And blushes euer fresh in my faire cheekes.
Please you depart, and I still with you.
*Cre.* Do you looke for me this houre?
*Tro.* Why then I must.
*Cre.* Harke you, I haue forsworne my selfe more
Then my offence can speake of. All's imputed
For the loose enemie Lechery of this place.
Do not come in my fathers, there he lies,
*Tro.* Then will I climbe the window.
*Cre.* Well, come when you will, but yet goe fetch
Some better note to approue this visit good,
For shrewd presages will preuaile among
Our wanton Ilyan gossips, you must be wittie
Vpon the Grecian Tents, you gay mocking Wittall

*Cres.* Good Vncle I beseech you, on my knees, I be-
seech you what's the matter?
*Pan.* Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone
to thy tarrier, thy Antenor the more mature in thy fashion,
and possession of *Troyes* (we may see) will be
[illegible] cannot beare it
[illegible] O you immortall gods! I will not goe
*Pan.* I know it.
*Cres.* I will goe meet with *Diomedes*, a Greeke that
is now in some grace with Hector, he shall come in
to me, and sweare. I will not be sham'd in his
[illegible] I can
[illegible] cheeke,
[illegible] I will not sleepe
*Pan.* Do not
*Cres.* Teare my bodice, teare my haire, crye out I am
chee
Cracke my voice, sunder my heart with sighes, burne my eyes
With griefe, growne hoarse with weeping.

*Enter Pand. Troy. Cres. Diom. Vnt. Alex. and Seruants.*

*Troy.* It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant Greeke
Comes to him from Troy. Good my Vncle *Pandar*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haste her to the purpose.
*Troy.* Walke into her house.
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently.
And to his hand, when I deliver her,
Think it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A priest, there offring to it his heart.
*Pan.* I know what 'tis to love,
And would as I shall pitie, I could helpe.
Please you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Be [illegible]
*Cres.* Why [illegible]
To [illegible] me, be patient, will you goe?
And [illegible] as long?
As [illegible] I must stay?
I [illegible]
[illegible] a heart as soft as peace,
To [illegible] *Enter Troylus.*
[illegible],
*Pan.* I [illegible] comes, sweet ducke.
*Cres.* O [illegible]
*Troy.* [illegible] let me em-
[illegible] O heare, as
[illegible] where is
[illegible] with
[illegible] Cressid, how
Cressid, how now? how now? Commands
[illegible] strange or bashfull,
[illegible] my face,
Maketh [illegible]
Cressid, how now?
*Cres.* Haue [illegible]

*Pan.* I, I, 'tis too plaine a case
*Cres.* And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?
*Troy.* A hateful truth.
*Cres.* What, and from *Troylus* too?
*Troy.* From Troy, and *Troylus*.
*Cres.* Is it possible?
*Troy.* And to day ere day, where mutuall of chance
Puts backe our leaue-taking, rudely scrambling by
A time of parle, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all the oyndure forcibly prevents
Our locked embraures, strangles our deare vowes,
Even in the birth of our owne labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighes
Do buy each other, must poorely sell our selves,
With the rude breuitie and discharge of our
Inforced tongue now with a robbers haste
Crams his rich theeuery vp, he knowes not how.
As many farwels as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adew,
And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,
Distasting with the salt of broken teares. *Enter Aene.*
*Aene.* [illegible] My Lord, is the Lady ready?
*Troy.* Harke, you are call'd: some say the Genius so
Cries, come to him that instantly must die.
Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.
*Pan.* Where are my teares? rude to lay this winde,
or my eyes will be blown out by the roote.
*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?
*Troy.* No remedy.
*Cres.* A woefull *Cressid* 'mongst the merry Greekes
*Troy.* When shall we see againe?
*Troy.* Heare me my Loue: be but true of heart.
*Cres.* I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?
*Troy.* Nay, we must vse expostulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs.
I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee
For I will throw my Gloue to death himselfe,
That there's no maculation in my heart
Be you constant, and I not: then let them
My sequent toward thee be worse than true,
And I a very theefe.
*Cres.* O you shall be expos'd my Lord to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but Ile be true
*Troy.* And Ile grow friend with danger;
Wear this sleeue.
*Cres.* And you this Glone
When shall I see you?
*Troy.* I will corrupt the Grecian Centonels,
To giue thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.
*Cres.* O heauens, be true againe?
*Troy.* Heare my true harts Loue.
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie
Their louing well compos'd with guift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o're with Arts and exercise.
How novelties may moue, and parts with person.
Alas a kinde of godly jealousie,
Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne
Makes me afraid.
*Cres.* O heauens, you loue me not!
*Troy.* Die I a villaine then
In this I doe not call your faith in question
So mainely as my merit. I cannot sing
Nor heele the high Lauolt, nor sweeten talke
Nor play at subtle games, faire vertues all

To

To which we are no Promoter,
But I can tell you in each grace of these,
There are [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Presuming on their changefull potencie.
*Æneas with him.* Nay, good my Lord?
[illegible]
*Troy.* Good brother come you hither,
[illegible]
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;
[illegible]
Fare
Impatient
We come to *Troynet* hear me my Lady
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
at eye thou hast a fairer eye of my Sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as fair
[illegible]
[illegible]

Let every feare be seene on [illegible]
Let gentlenesse my strength enforce in me,
Our stature wo[illegible]

*Enter Aeneas, with the Prince of Troy with Menelaus, with [illegible]*

[illegible] are we met
A[illegible]
Give to [illegible]
Thou[illegible]
May[illegible]
A[illegible]
[illegible]
Now[illegible]
blow vhane, till thy lphered Bias cheeke
Out-swell the colicke of puft Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let the eyes [illegible]
[illegible]
*Aene.* I'm but early mayet.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Cal.* Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you
*Dio.* Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father
*Nest.* A woman of quicke sence.
*Vly.* Fie, fie, vpon her:
There's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip
Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirits look out
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body
O these encounterers so glib of tongue,
That giue a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide vnclaspe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery ticklish reader, set them downe,
For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie,
And daughters of the game. *Exeunt*

*Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus and Attendants. Enter Diomed.*

*Agam.* The Trojans Trumpet.
*Aga.* Yonder comes the troope.
*Æne.* Hayle all you state of Greece: what shall be done
To him that victory commander, or do you purpose,
A victor shall be knowne: will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be crowned
By any voyce or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske.
*Aga.* Which way would *Hector* haue it?
*Æne.* He cares not, he'le obey conditions.
*Aga.* 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deale disdayning
The Knight opposd.
*Æne.* If not *Achilles*, sir, what is your name?
*Achil.* If not *Achilles*, nothing.
*Æne.* Therefore *Achilles*: but whate're, know this,
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excell themselues in *Hector*,
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blanke as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looses there, growes heere in value,
Thinke *Aiax* is thy selfe to *Hector* blame
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* stayes at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke
This blended knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
*Achil.* A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.
*Aga.* Here is sir, *Diomed*: go gentle knight,
Stand by our Ensigne, by vs Troy and Greece
Doe expect thee hence or euermore.
So be my sword, no yet a Helens heart.
Or else a breach, that hell it selfe would rore
Is left vnfill'd, or hot Apollo set
Vpon the Caspian tops his burning chariot
For day to scorch the Orbes below as deepe
As doth the lake of Styx. From Troy
Now expectation tickle skilnesse, and
Sooner inuention and facile swiftnesse
Thou blunt and vnleard Bastard, take heed
How you gage double with your proper ruine.
And you sir Trumpet, dare to strike alarum
Vpon the borders of the other host,
Begin thou instantly, and thou vile vaunter
Subscribe thy name in publique.
*Hect.* I pray thee Vncle giue this Trumpet leaue.
*Aga.* Who shall gage him?
*Hect.* Know you any here?
*Aga.* No sir, he stands vnmatcht.
*Hect.* Then good *Troylus*
Accept the Greekish challenge.
*Troy.* Good sir no,
Your last seruice was sufficient for example,
Nor for any valour. Scarre to scarre strooke,
Nature scarce knowes the workes of Art abused,
And bids the smiter turne his edge on's brother.
Now there's not blood inough in all Troy,
Nor Greece is not a quarrell much more precious
Then Priams Neece, to make this offring bloody.
Trust me sir, if I were appointed Knight,
I would decline the action,
Is not this Helen?
*Hect.* Fie, for godly shame.
*Troy.* I speake no more then truth.
*Hect.* Thou dost not speake so much.
*Troy.* A second blush approues me well assured
Ile fight with none but thee, as *Hector*.
You sir *Æneas* once at knowes the worth,
Burn to the straines: and with prize sword,

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me. *Alarum.*
*Aga.* They are in action
*Nest.* Now *Aiax* hold thine owne
*Troy.* *Hector* thou sleep'st, awake thee.
*Aga.* His blowes are well disposd there *Aiax*. *Trumpets cease.*
*Dio.* You must no more
*Æne.* Princes enough to please you.
*Aia.* I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe
*Dio.* As *Hector* pleases
*Hect.* Why then will I no more:
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne,
A cousen-german to great *Priams* seede.
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gorie emulation twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,
That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the sinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my Father: by Ioue multipotent,
Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rancke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrowd'st from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax*
By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes,
*Hector* would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen, all honour to thee.
*Aia.* I thanke thee *Hector*.
Thou art too gentle and too free a man.
I came to kill thee Cozen, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
*Hect.* Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries, This is he, could promise to himselfe
A thought of deeds, to make our *Hector*
*Æne.* Princes enough to thinke of the sides,
Fall all the day I will not harbour more.
*Hect.* Speake not Cassandra
The dieter embracements: *Aiax* farewell.
*Aia.* If I by my death may gratifie this wrath,
Much is the chance, I will not feare
My fortunes. Consort with your Greeke Lords
*Troy.* I *Agamemnon* with his great *Achilles*
Do long to see vnarm the valiant *Hector*.
*Hect.* *Æneas* call my brother *Troylus* to me
And signifie this louing enterview
To the expecters of our Troian part
Desire them home. Come my deere deere Cosen
I will go eate with you, and see your knights.

*Enter Agamemnon and the rest.*

*Aga.* Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
*Hect.* The worst of them, tell me each by name.
But for *Achilles*, mine owne searching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.
*Aga.* Worthy of Armes as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of such an enemie
But that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere
What's past and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes,
And formelesse ruine of obseruation,
Authentike as in seale and morall truth,
Cut off from pure loue all bias drawing
Bias and theame of life, be welcome *Hector*.
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
*Hect.* I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

*Aga.* My

*Aga.* My wel-fam'd Lord of Troy welcome to you.
*Men.* Let me embrace thy Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers welcome hither
*Hect.* Who must we answer?
*Ane.* The Noble *Menelaus.*
*Hect.* O, you my Lord, by *Mars* gauntlet thanks,
Mocke not, that I affect th'untraded Oath,
Your quondam wife sweares still by *Venus* Glove
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you
*Men.* Name her not now sir, shes a deadly Theame.
*Hect.* O pardon, I offend
*Nest.* I have (thou gallant Troyan) seene thee oft
Labouring for destruction, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I have seene thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And seene thee scorning forfeit Canon-bulwarkes,
Nor let thy drawne sword rest vpon the head
Of any Noble Greek: that could haue brookt
Long Iupiter as yonder, calme, and chaste
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This haue I seene
But this thy countenance (still locked in steele)
I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,
Never like thee. Let an old man imbrace thee
And worthy Warriour, welcome to our Tents.
*Ane.* 'Tis the old Nestor.
*Hect.* Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walkt hand in hand with time
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee
*Nest.* I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesie.
*Hect.* I would they could.
*Nest.* Ha! by this white beard I'd fight with thee to morrow. Well welcom, welcome. I haue seene the time
*Ulyss.* I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we haue here her base and pillar by vs.
*Hect.* I know your fauour Lord *Ulysses*, well
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw yon felle, and *Diomed*
In Ilion, on your Greekish Embassie.
*Vlyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
My prophecie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder walls that pertly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buisse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feet
*Hect.* I must not believe you.
There they stand yet vnshaken, and vnworried
(As bulwarkes by the sea) his frothy billowes
Do often beate: and many a keele ploughs vp
The sandy Channell with his thirsty bulke,
Since Troy and her allies did first set footing
In your low Harbor. Poore old Priams wish
In full accomplishment, except the life
Of faire *Cassandra*, and some few more
Whom the stale Greekish Enuie hath proclaim'd
Forfeit, this houre, to wrathfull Mars.
*Vlyss.* Faire Prince, here stands the man, whose Genius
Is crost with the brauest starre
*Hect.* Why then Vlysses
Is not more welcome to our Tent, than thou
Most reuerend Nestor, art to all our hopes
Gone forth, and fill'd with those that soonest bring
Assurance of their meanes, soonest performe
And euer speake more to the purpose than
Vlysses and Nestor.
*Ane.* Now Greekish Lords, why is this parle
Held in your Tents? Or in the market place?
Know you not, that the Table for the Feast
Is full prouided, and the Beds prepar'd
For those that can no more endure the Field?
Whose Tents are these? Will you go to them?
*Hect.* Will you redeeme your Pledges sir to me?
If not, I keepe them all.
*Ane.* 'Tis pitie Hector
If you come thus to beg your Prisoners,
We will not ransome them: Moe Greekes must die
Ere Troy shall fall, and moe shall fall ere Troy
Be sackt by Greekish force. Yet hence faire Lords,
Priam must ransome Helen, or Troy burne.
Go quickly Greekes, passe the dusky gates
Into the field, you haue not many dayes,
But I am growne red to match the woods,
And will not
*Ane.* Doe not chafe thee Cousin
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
Till accidents on both sides do proue you fooles.
Tomorrow (by your leaues) at Hector
If you haue not forgot the Generall state I feare,
Can frame a welcome to you for to day.
*Hect.* I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres since you refusd
To see vs there
*Ane.* Do not think on't me *Hector*?
They will not visit you, nothing is here
But Rauens, Crowes, Diseases, and the Death.
*Hect.* Why then you will not eate.
*Ane.* Yes Prince of Troy, passe on, but this I tell you,
Assure your minde that we shall feast in your bowels ere
Come to you. Sup any where but in your Tents.
*Hect.* That's more than you can do.
*Ane.* If you be hungry then sup with Polixenes,
Now for these dainties which you scorne so much.
*Hect.* But thus shall we better digest the morning Larres,
And tell Achilles, when thou telst thy tale
Of Hector's valour, how thou look'dst on him.
*Ane.* Dog, stay.
*Hect.* Dogges, when the fierce beasts ravine
Doth lyon it to death, and makes his Mouth
Beare leggs of strength, starues their full mouthed Child,
Vpbraids their dispetion, and their proper prey,
As we do you. Mankind would be this Monster,
A mixture of the deadly Beare, and Lyon,
And then the Lyon, Beare, and Wolfe, liue still
Suckt by the Monster for their Pyramis.
Thus Madam, stands my Countries Foe and I,
Whose loue and leagues, as my affections, binde
In Noble termes: O Hector what a Foe
Art thou to Greece, what a Friend to Troy!
Why do I talke of Friendship, whilst thou art
In place to take the life of euery houre?
A Foe so vertuous, that for publique good
My hate to thee, drowns my particular loue,
As thine to me shall (in like peace) be dead.
*Ane.* Health to you valiant sir, during all warre,
A kinder enemie can no man finde.
*Hect.* I would they could be friends with honour.
*Ane.* Farewell Noble Troyan, one word more,
Shall Hector by the Gates come forth to day?
*Hect.* He shall not hide his face vntill that houre,
Ane. Then will I raise the siege this day.
*Hect.* Fie, fie, my brother
Weene you the Greekish proiect? I see now
You thinke Achilles may not be a Goose,
Time is our Bidder, as our Graue-mates are,
And the faire Act growes ripe as it is bought,
Expect my answer, for to day adieu,
Which (ere it ends) I'll make both sad and rue.
*Exeunt.*
*Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*
*Achil.* Ile heate his blood with Greekish wine to night,

W

*Enter Achille*

*Enter Diomed*

*Dio.* Good night.
*Troy* I bid patience once.
*Cal* How now Troian?
*Cre.* *Diomed.*
*Dio* No, no good night: Ile be your foe, no more.
*Troy* Thy better must
*Cref.* Harke one word in your eare.
*Troy.* O plague and madnesse
*Vlif* You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
To wilfulnesse: this place is dangerous;
The time vrgent readily: I beseech you, goe
*Troy* Behold, I pray you.
*Vlif* Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You flow to great distraction **come my Lord?**
*Troy* I pray thee stay?
*Vlif* You haue not patience, come.
*Troy* I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not speake a word
*Dio.* And so good night
*Cref* Nay, but you part in anger.
*Troy* Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!
*Vlif* Why, how now Lord?
*Troy* By Ioue I will be patient
*Cref* Guard your selfe, good Cressed
*Troy.* I, good now, well.
*Cref* I tell you patience
*Vlif* Fie, fie, for shame
*Troy* Some euen by Ioue! I will not speake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all obiects,
A guard of patience: stay a little while
*Ther* How the deuill Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles these together: fry lechery, fry.
*Dio* But will you then?
*Cref* In faith I will, la: neuer trust me else
*Dio* Giue me some token for the surety of it.
*Cref.* Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
*Vlif* You haue sworne patience.
*Troy* Fear me not sweete Lord.
I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Cressid*
*Ther* Now the pledge, now, now, now.
*Cref.* Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue
*Troy* O beauty! where is thy Faith?
*Vlif* My Lord.
*Troy* I will be patient, outwardly I will
*Cref* You look vpon that Sleeue: behold it well:
He lou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe.
*Dio* Whose was it?
*Cref* It is no matter now I haue't againe.
I will haue this of mine
If I could win it for your loue.
*Troy* Now the pledge, now, now, now.
*Dio* Will you?
*Cref* And will see you?
*Dio* But some token for my loue, where I may wear,
My Mistresse at your seruice Lady.
Or else a while farewell my faire Cressed.
As I shall find you.
*Vlif* Nay, come, come, come.
*Cref.* How now, what, what, take my heart with all.
*Dio.* I had your heart before, this follows it.
*Troy.* I did not take it.
*Cref* You shall not haue it *Diomed*, faith you shall not:
Ile giue you something else
*Dio* I will haue this: whose was it?
*Cref.* It is no matter
*Dio* Come tell me whose it was?
*Cref* 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you haue it, take it.
*Dio* Whose was it?
*Cref.* By all *Dianas* waiting women yond.
And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose
*Dio* To morrow will you weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.
*Troy* Wert thou the Oake, and worest it on thy horne,
It should be challenged
*Cref* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not.
I will not keepe my word
*Dio.* Why then farewell,
Thou neuer shalt mock Diomed againe
*Cref* You shall not go: one cannot speake a word,
But it straight starts you.
*Dio* I do not like this fooling.
*Ther* Nor I by Pluto: but that that likes not me, pleases me best.
*Dio.* What shall I come the house.
*Cref.* I come: O Ioue, come: I shall be plagued.
*Dio* Farewell yet
*Cref* Good night: I pray you come
*Troy* Had I a sword were true enough to kill,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah poore our sex, this fault in vs I find
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err: O then conclude,
Minds swayed by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit*
*Ther.* A proper Storie of thought she could not publish more.
Vnlesse she said, my mind is now turn'd whore
*Vlif* All's done my Lord.
*Troy* It is.
*Vlif* Why stay we then?
*Troy.* To make a recordation to my soule
Of euery syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did coact,
Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?
Sith yes, there is a credence in my heart
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth inuert the attest of eyes and eares,
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
*Vlif* I cannot conster it.
*Troy.* She was not sure
*Vlif* Most sure she was
*Troy.* Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?
*Vlif* Not to me my Lord *Cressid* was here but now.
*Troy.* Let it not be beleeued for womanhood.
Think we had mothers, doe not giue aduantage
To stubborne Critickes apt without a theame
For deprauation, to square the generall sex
By Cressids rule: rather think this not Cressid.
*Vlif* What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our mothers?
*Troy* Nothing at all vnlesse that this were she
*Ther* Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eye?
*Troy.* This she? no this is *Diomeds Cressida*.
If beauty haue a soule, this is not she:

If Ioues good vowes, if vowes are sanct motives;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Fal an rogerner.

*Priam.* Come *Hellen*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt, her mother nacht bad visions,
*Cassandra* doth foresee, and I my selfe
Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous
Therefore come away.

*Hel.* *Enter* [illegible]
And I do [illegible]
Ere in the fall of night, or [illegible]
To [illegible]

*Priam.* [illegible]

*Hel.* I [illegible]
You know me dutiful [illegible]
I cannot [illegible] but [illegible] leave
To take at once my [illegible]
Which you doe grant [illegible]

*Cas.* O *Priam* yeelde not [illegible]

*And.* Do not [illegible]

*Hel.* *Andromache* [illegible] you
Vpon the loue you owe me, [illegible]
*Exit Andromache.*

*Troy.* This [illegible] dreaming [illegible]
Makes [illegible]

*Cas.* O farewell, deere *Hellen*,
Looke how impatient [illegible]
Looke how by words [illegible]
Harke how I [illegible]
How poore an [illegible] the heard doth,
Beholde the [illegible]
Like wilfull [illegible]
And all cry *Hector Hector* dead O *Hector!*

*Troy.* Away, away.

*Cas.* Farewell yet, stay deere *Hellen* take my leaue,
Thou shalt my [illegible] deceiue. *Exit.*

*Hel.* You are amazd my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and [illegible]
Doe [illegible]

*Priam.* Farewell [illegible] stand about thee. *Alarum*

*Troy.* I cry [illegible] harke [illegible] come, deere come to loose my armes, or [illegible]

*Enter Pandar.*

*Pan.* Doe you heare my Lord, do you heare?

*Troy.* What now?

*Pand.* Here's a Letter come from your poore [illegible]

*Troy.* Let me [illegible]

*Pand.* A [illegible] a [illegible] rascally [illegible] ocupies me; and [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] thing, what another, that I shall [illegible] you one [illegible] and I [illegible] the [illegible] eyes [illegible] and [illegible] my [illegible] they [illegible] were [illegible] I cannot tell what to [illegible] What [illegible] there?

*Troy.* Words [illegible] no [illegible] matter from [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] operate another way
[illegible] together.
[illegible] words [illegible] shee [illegible]
[illegible] deede.

*Pand.* Any [illegible] you?

*Troy.* Hence [illegible] shame
Pandar [illegible] and thine aye with thy name.

*Alarum.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Thersites in excursion.*

*Ther.* Now they [illegible] one another. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Exeunt

Enter Achilles and Patroclus before their Tent.

Achil. Why how now Patroclus? what art thou laughing?

Patr. Is this the Generall? is this Agamemnon?

Achil. Patroclus, I'le speake with nobody: come in with me Thersites.

Exit.

Ther. Here is such patching, such busying, and tugging, and heaving, and marshalling of wit, like the mangling of Proteus, that stands by and cannot helpe himselfe: a token from Achilles, and another from Agamemnon, and another from Ajax, and another from Hector, and another from Troylus, and another from Pandarus, and another from his Breeches, and another from his backe, whereof sundry sides drop downe after every action; and every action that he acts, takes up all the rest. A mungrell Beagle, that writes himselfe all Mouth, and cries before he hath a sent of the game, and is not regarded: and this is all the difference betweene him and a Curre: the one barkes not without winding the game, the other barkes without winding. Now could I drop into this dramaticke matter of my Masters wit.

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Ther. Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'le goe looke on: that dissembling abominable varlet Diomedes, has the spirit of Caterpillers and yet that dry-brain'd foole sees not through the matter. How the Rogue laies the Line for his Craft, and his Hooke for Cressids comming to it! I would thinke now my Lady Penelope's Web could not ensnare him: he would unloose himselfe out of meere instinct, nay by his rotten Race, were it but for Troy sake.

Exit Patroclus.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. How now Thersites? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy fury? shall the Elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beates me Hector by the eares, calls me all over, to the worst of Fooles: now the whirligig of time, bring in his Revenge.

Ther. Yonder comes the Troope.

Enter Hector, Troylus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with Lights.

Hect. Good night faire Greekes.

Troy. Hector, will you goe?

Hect. It is the purpose that we stay'd for.

Troy. Till the next Night then, call early on me: Sweet Lord Aeneas, leave not till you visit me.

Aene. So, certainly.

Troy. Good night my Lord Hector.

Hect. Good night sweet Lord Troylus.

Troy. Good night, and welcome both at once, to those that go, or tarry.

Aene. Good night.

Exeunt Troylus and Hector.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries, and you too Diomed, keepe with him, till the last part of breach.

Diom. I cannot sir, I have important businesse, the tide whereof is now: good night great Agamemnon.

Agam. Good night worthy Diomedes.

Ther. What a Foole is this Revolted Diomed?

Exit.

Agam. Are you compos'd Noble Achilles, or Ajax?

Ajax. Who Thersites?

Agam. No, you shall hold no Counsell with Thersites.

Ajax. Troth Agamemnon, he is a Notable Argument.

Achil. Who, Thersites?

Ajax. He.

Achil. Then tell me Ajax.

Ajax. Cousin, what's the matter?

Achil. Tell me Ajax.

Ajax. Why the matter is, that every Foole shall have a Tongue in his head; and every man shall use it at once. Now Thersites is a Foole, and as much Foole as may be in the shell of a man: not a man for being simply man, hath any excellency in him, but having the excellency of many, waites upon that excellency, like the wagge by the Mule, that puts forth more labour upon his hunches, shifts more for his sides, then all his chine were worth. A Foole for Physicke, but a Foole for a Cooke, a Foole for Poesie, and a Foole for a Parasite: Scurvy to moove, and moonish to flout: he beares all things alike, indeed he has no place to bear any thing, but he beares it: he eyes Neither Acquaintance, Swords, Fire, Horse, Cart, Ladie, Foole, Sword, Dog, Cat, Little, Small, Great, Rich, Poore, Man, Beast, Still Wine, and Phlegme, all alike: he cares not what mettle you speake to him in, Bell, Horse, Trumpet, Drum, Vengeance, Crack Rush: and sometimes Father, Mother, and Sister, Dam and Daughter.

Agam. How now Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow Ajax.

Ajax. Good morrow.

Agam. Ha? good morrow.

Ajax. I, and good next day too.

Exeunt.

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. What ho, Achilles.

Achil. Why mine owne Patroclus.

Patr. I would speake with you.

Achil. Come in with me Patroclus.

Patr. Not now sweet Achilles, I must hence before the dawning of the morning, from Troylus.

Achil. Why? your offer'd nothing from him.

Patr. Not yet: but the effect is as good, for he will give me any thing I aske, when I aske: and he aske nothing, when there is nothing to be done.

Achil. O Patroclus, I stake my honour upon it, his unmatched Courage, should not have entertained Hector thus long: Ajax is growne selfe-will'd, and bides upon opportunities.

Patr. Good morrow then.

Achil. Prethee now Patroclus, I thanke thee: Ajax returned so coldly from me to day, that I shall take it ill, unless it be quickly amended: you know where to find me.

Patr. Good morrow.

Exit.

Achil. Good morrow old Lad.

Exit.

Ther. How now Patroclus?

Patr. How now Thersites?

Ther. Eh, good Patroclus.

Patr. Good Thersites.

Ther. Commend me to thy Lord Achilles.

Patr. Commend me to you by my Lord Thersites.

Ther. I will do it when he is a quiet: what Mistris Patroclus?

Patr. Now by my troth Thersites, my Lord is growne quiet enough, he bulles for the time we will shortly heare of it.

Ther. Hold there's for thee.

Patr. I need none, keepe it my Lord Thersites.

Ther. Why take it, I pray you.

Patr. Nay, I care not for such things.

Ther. Whom comes here?

Enter Diomedes.

Patr. What is he?

Ther. I know not, I.

Patr. Nay suffer him to passe now, lest his Horse be mad'd with your crossing him.

Ther. Do what he dare, I will waite on him.

Patr. I do not desire you to it.

Ther. Faire Diomedes, do you not know where you lodge to night?

Dio. Whom, Agamemnons Tent?

Ther. I, Agamemnons.

Dio. Is this Agamemnon?

Ther. I, Agamemnon.

Dio. Is this Achilles?

Ther. I, Achilles.

Dio. Is this Ajax?

Ther. I, Ajax.

Dio. I shall be then.

Ther. Troth Diomedes, he is unarmed.

Dio. I'le keepe you company.

Ther. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Dio. And so he is yet

*Exeunt.*



FINIS.

# The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons*

1. *Citizen*

Before we proceed any further, hear me speake.

*All.* Speake, speake.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolu'd rather to dy then to famish?

*All.* Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1 *Cit.* First you know, *Caius Marcius* is chiefe enemy to the people.

*All.* We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let vs kill him, and we'le haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

*All.* No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority surfets on, would relieue vs: If they would yeelde vs but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guesse they relieued vs humanely. But they think we are too deere, the leanesse that afflicts vs, the obiect our misery is as an inuentory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuolt, ere with our Staues, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceede especially against *Caius Martius*.

*All.* Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what Seruices he has done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could be content to giue him good report for't, but that he payes himselfe with being proud.

*All.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say vnto you, what he hath done Famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienced men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him. You must in no way say he is couetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of Accusations: he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

*Shouts within.*

What shouts are these? The other side a th' City is risen: why stay we prating heere? to th' Capitoll.

*All.* Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

*Enter Menenius Agrippa.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alway, come the precise.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so.

*Men.* What work's my Countrymen in hand? Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter? Speake I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our Businesse is not vnknowne to the Senate, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'le shew 'em in deeds. They say poore Suters haue strong breaths: they shall know we haue strong arms too.

*Men.* Why Masters, my good friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndoe your selues?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are vndone already.

*Men.* I tell you friends, most charitable care haue the Patricians of you. For your wants: Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heauen with your staues, as lift them Against the Roman State, whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand Curbes Of more strong link asunder, then can euer Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians make it: and Your knees to them, not armes must helpe. Alacke, You are transported by Calamity Thither where more attends you, and you slander The Helmes o' th' State, who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for vs? True indeed, they ne're car'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses crammed with Graine. Make Edicts for Vsury, to support Vsurers: repeale daily any wholesome Act established against the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vp, they will, and there's all the loue they beare vs.

*Men.* Either you must

Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious,

Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you

A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it:

But since it serues my purpose, I will venture

To scale't a little more.

2 *Citizen.* Well,

Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke

To fobbe off our disgrace with a Tale:

But and't please you deliuer.

*Men.* There was a time, when all the bodies members

Rebell'd against the Belly, thus accus'd it:

That only like a Gulfe it did remaine

Thou Rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiffe Bats and clubs,
Rome and her Rats are at the point of battell,
The one side must have bale.

*Enter Caius Marcius.*

Hayle Noble *Marcius*.

*Mar.* Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selves Scabs.

2. *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curres
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you Lyons, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coale of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailestone in the Sunne. Your Voices sir,
Helpe you how you may, would influence
As much as for the Rome, or no. Untaught Beasts,
Deserves your Hate: and your Affections are
A sick mans Appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evill. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of Lead,
And hewes down Oakes with rushes. Hang ye trust ye?
With every Minutes change? Thicke, skinne, Hate,
Hang ye: Trust ye?
With every Feather you wave, you change your minde?
When the sad-tun'd Trumpet must be cold and coward?
When the Drum beates, and the Market-bell rings
To Feare, and Flight? Make all your Trades your Enemy,
Except your Mechanicke Tooles? Out on ye,
Whose Wits (like Common Hackneys) every one
Doth sit and ride on? And you worthy Cockscombes,
Who having (by their wealth) more wit than ever
You need to know it, will not with the meere
Touch of their Friends, whet their dull Enemies.
Nay, where the Phrase of Warre, actively
Applies to your Disposes, there you are silent,
As if the Tyrant Warre, had with his Maile
Deadly benumm'd all Vertues.

2. *Cit.* Well, I know where to finde you.

*Mar.* Would you were so you can,
For I would not speake with you, till you have
Determin'd with your selves a course of life
Fit for your severall Vertues. Having found it,
And being Peace-full on your Bellies, whether
Within that Limit of Obedience and Peace,
You have respect to your Free Voices, assemble
Me presently at the Capitoll.

*Men.* We will so: almost all
Repent in their Creations.

*Mar.* Common, you shall have
Your Tribunes with you presently. Good Belly,
Come I'le fill your Eares with our Victories,
Before we clip your Tongues, and partly
Proclaime them so your selves. Which we shall
Bring home with Drum and Trumpet. Follow me.

2. *Cit.* Content.

*Men.* No Voices, nor Suffrages: Mocke Senators,
When we stand bound to aske and grant, and enter
Our private Prayers in the Peoples Court,
For Nothing but his Love.

*Mar.* Well, I'le end.
Your Voices: for your Voices I have fought:
Watcht for your Voices: for your Voices, beare
Of Wounds two dozen odde: Battles thrice six
I have seene, and heard of: for your Voices, have
Done many things, some more, some lesse: your Voices:
Indeed I would were the matter so
Against my Love, and Nature. Now who's for the Romes
Whose Love I dare to say sits in his Heart,
Or can, when he will, take leave to out live Love?

*Men.* Your Voices: for your Voices, we will not
Sell, nor lose any: For the Price is deere.
Your Voices? Tell me,
Your Voices? Tell me, Your Voices? Tell me,
As I have pocket up the Consulship,
Before the Plebeian Commoners, for whose Voices
I have receiv'd a Gash, and sightes good Battery,
Upon my Brazen Dish. But had I
Your Tongues, a Hundred thousand, I should tell them
Your Voices: Sir, your Voices.

1. *Cit.* Tell us what hath done
You worthy Service.

*Men.* Your Voices: for your Voices,
I have receiv'd Scarres: Your Voices: for your Voices,
I have fought for Rome, with a Cut more and less,
Your Voices: for your Voices, I have bin
Familiar with my Dangers, and consequently
Your Voices: for your Voices, I have done
Many things, many things: Your Voices: Well,
Could I but have a Rod to drive this Asse
From out the Marketplace, I could together
Your Voices: for your Voices, I have fasted,
Your Voices: for your Voices, I have bin
Your Voices: for your Voices, I have bin
Your Voices: for your Voices, I have bin

The rabble should haue first vnroof'd the City
Ere so preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Insurrections arguing.
*Menen.* This is strange
*Mar.* Go get you home you Fragments.
*Enter a Messenger hastily.*
*Mes.* Where's *Caius Martius*?
*Mar.* Heere: what's the matter?
*Mes.* The newes is (sir) the Volces are in Armes.
*Mar.* I am glad on't, then we shall haue a meanes to vent
Our musty superfluity. See our best Elders.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Commius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators.*

1. *Sen.* *Martius* 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes
*Mar.* They haue a Leader,
*Tullus Auffidius* that will put you to't
I sinne in enuying his Nobility
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
*Com.* You haue fought together?
*Mar.* Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Only my warres with him: He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1. *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend vpon *Cominius* to these Warres
*Com.* It is your former promise.
*Mar.* Sir it is,
And I am constant. *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus* face
What art thou stiffe now Caius *Martius*?
*Tit.* No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere stay behinde this businesse.
*Men.* Oh true-bred.
*Sen.* Your Company to'th Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs.
*Tit.* Lead you on: I follow *Cominius*, we must followe
you, right worthy your Priority.
*Com.* Noble *Martius*.
*Sen.* Hence to your homes, be gone.
*Mar.* Nay let them follow,
The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*
*Citizens steale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.*
*Sicin.* Was euer man so proud as is this *Martius*?
*Bru.* He has no equall.
*Sicin.* When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.
*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
*Sicin.* Nay, but his taunts
*Bru.* Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods
*Sicin.* Bemock the modest Moone.
*Bru.* The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be so valiant.
*Sicin.* Such a Nature, tickled with good successe disdaines the shadow which he treads on at noone: but I do wonder his insolence can brooke to be commanded vnder *Cominius*?
*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he perform
To th'vtmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: O if he
Had borne the businesse.
*Sicin.* Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on *Martius*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.
*Bru.* Come: half all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*,
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* shall be Honors, though indeed
In aught he merit not.
*Sicin.* Lets hence, and heare
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Vpon this present Action.
*Bru.* Lets along. *Exeunt*

*Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Senators of Corioli*

1. *Sen.* So your opinion is *Auffidius*,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
And know how we proceede.
*Auf.* Is it not yours?
What euer haue been thought on in this state
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue prest a Power, but it is not known
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous. And it is mingled,
*Cominius, Martius* your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
1. *Sen.* Our Armes in the Field
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answere vs.
*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,
To keepe your great pretences veyl'd, till when
They needs must shew themselues, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome: by the discouery,
We shall be shorten'd in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.
2. *Sen.* Noble *Auffidius*,
Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands,
Leaue vs alone to guard Corioles
If they set downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but I thinke, you'l finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.
*Auf.* O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leaue your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis sworne betweene vs, we shall euer strike
Till one can do no more.
*All.* The Gods assist you.
*Auf.* And keepe your Honors safe.
1. *Sen.* Farewell.
2. *Sen.* Farewell.
*All.* Farewell. *Exeunt seuerally*

[illegible]

[illegible] Hand, [illegible] wherein [illegible] Mother, [illegible] Oake [illegible]

*Exeunt omnes.*

[illegible] Master Deputie [illegible] Honour Dyes [illegible] Sweet [illegible] Sorrow [illegible] Oh [illegible] Husband. [illegible] Valeria [illegible]

*Exit Gent.*

[illegible] tell *Martius*. [illegible] below stayre.

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and a Gentlewoman.*

[illegible] to you, [illegible] Ladyship [illegible] Well good Madam, [illegible] and [illegible] Dum, [illegible] Heele weare [illegible] Heele vpon [illegible]

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he came vp to it, turn'd tayle & fled: and after recouery againe, when he could put the tricke to take the Graffe-hopper: how he mammocked it!

*Vol.* One on's father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 'tis a Noble child.

*Virg.* A Crack Madam.

*Com.* Come lay aside your stitchery, I must haue you play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone.

*Virg.* No good Madam, I will not out of doores.

*Val.* Not out of doores?

*Volum.* She shall, she shall.

*Virg.* Indeed no, by your patience, Ile not ouer the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

*Val.* Fye you confine your selfe most vnreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

*Virg.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers, but cannot go thither.

*Volum.* Why I pray you.

*Virg.* 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue.

*Com.* You would be another *Penelope*: yet they say all the yarne she spun in Vlysses absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of Moths. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pity.

*Mar.* Say I as our Generall met the Enemy?
*Mess.* They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.
*Lart.* So, the good Horse is mine.
*Mart.* Ile buy him of you.
*Lart.* No, Ile nor sell, nor giue him: Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeares. Summon the Towne.
*Mar.* How stands the choice of these Armies?
*Mess.* We haue the aduantage of the ground, the Lane,
And Protection of the Gods.
*Mar.* Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with smoaking Swords may march backe
To helpe our hardly-dealed Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

*They Sound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walles of Corioles.*

*Tullus Auffidius* is he within your Walles?
1. *Sen.* No, nor a man that feares you leſſe then he,
That's leſſer then a little. *Drum afarre off.*
Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth. We'l breake our Walles
Rather then they shall pound vs vp: our Gates
Which yet seeme ſhut, we haue but pinn'd with Rushes,
They'le open of themſelues. Hearke you farre off
*A ſhout afarre off.*
There is *Auffidious*. Lift what worke he makes
Among your cloued Army.
*Mar.* Oh they are at it.
*Lart.* Their very Noyſe our warrant, and our ayde.

*Enter the Army of the Volces.*

*Mar.* They feare vs not, but ſticke vpon their Ranke.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields. Aduance braue *Titus*,
They do ſhrinke from vs like beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on my fellowes:
He that retires, Ile take him for a Foe,
And he ſhall feele mine edge.
*Alarum. The Romanes are beat backe to their Trenches. Enter Martius Cursing.*
*Mar.* All the Contagion of the South light on you,
You Shames of Rome, you Herds of Boyes and Beaſts,
Plaiſter you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then ſeene, and one infect another
Against the Wind a mile. You ſouldiers of Conſtancie,
That take vp you trades for feare, retire,
Like Boyes, that Apes would Coate, and Dogges would Heele,
And run from euery Bush and Bramble backe?
Which by the fires of Heauen, I haue a minde
With Hydds to driue backe home: and to report
You Cowards made a ſtand for Creame. Poore Rabble,
That liue like Lapwings, by another mans eyes,
Which leaue your Friends in the Lurch, euen when
You moſt need ſelues, and run to death, and run
From feare it ſelfe to ſtoutneſſe. What Fellowes this?
Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to the gates, and is shut in.
Now, now the gates are open: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them
Not for the fliers. Marke me, and do the like.
*Enter the Gate.*
1. *Sol.* Foole-hardineſſe: not I.
2. *Sol.* Nor I.
1. *Sol.* See they haue ſhut him in. *Alarum continues.*
*All.* To'th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius.*
*Tit.* What is become of *Martius*?
*All.* Slaine (Sir) doubtleſſe.
1. *Sol.* Following the Fyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who vpon the ſodaine
Clapt to their Gates: he is himſelfe alone,
To answer all the Cittie.
*Lart.* O Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſible, outdares his ſenſleſſe Sword,
And when it bowes, ſtand'ſt vp. Thou art left, *Martius*,
A Carbuncle entire, as big as all the reſt
Where not ſo much as one poore Iewell is
Comet to *Corioles* with patient feet,
Alone to *Corioles* with patient feet,
Shall winne the Towne or nothing: ſtarue braue ſtomacke,
The fyerie'ſt grapeſhot, and the threatning Cannons,
Hurl'd at their blunteſt Throats, ſhall not receiue
My entrance, but the more: the more they looke,
The more reſolue my rage. Goe you with me,
Then he ſhall ſtarue vs ſo. Come on braue Gentlemen,
Entitle your ſelues ſharpe.
*Mar.* Fye, thou ſhamſt thy Mother
Then the ſhall ſhame her ſelfe. So ſtarued,
*Lart.* I haue with all my heart,
Go to the Market-place, there ſound your Trumpet,
Call forth your Offices and Officers,
Where they ſhall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt.*
*Enter certaine Romanes with ſpoiles.*
1. *Rom.* This will carry to *Rome*.
2. *Rom.* And this to *Latium*.
3. *Rom.* A Murrion, or Helmet, or Sword, or Speare. *exeunt.*
*A Trumpet ſounds within a Parley.*
*Enter Martius, Cominius as a Herauld.*
*Mar.* See they haue Peace and Parley: know for cauſe
Againſt their Will. For Corioles, I feare, Spirites
Inuiſible to vs, haue left their Citie
Forſaken, and haue fled to *Rome*, to make
Faction there: and ſet all at ſtake. Our Throats
Preſent the Head, the Loſſe we haue within them
And force vs to our owne Gates. Tell them ſo.
*Com.* I ſhall, within these three houres, *Martius*.
*Mar.* If to fight with Corioles, and get all,
Be to do ſo, I will appeare
*Lart.* Now it's ſeuen houres ſure, and I come, (and ſtraight
Ere this I ſaw I ſweat, ſeuen ſeuerall Countries
My Lords, they haue not yet, but Gentlemen
Preſent your ſeuerall Wills, be't
*Mar.* I am ſhamed
Then the leſſe ſeeme to aske. So ſtarued,
*Lart.* I haue with all my heart,
Go to the Market-place, there ſound your Trumpet,
Call forth your Offices and Officers at Large,
Where they ſhall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt.*
*Enter ſeuerall Romanes with ſpoiles.*
*Com.* Dear Captaine, my Friends we thought we are come
Like Romanes, neither foolish in our ſtand
Nor cowardly in retire. Beleeue me Sirs
We ſhall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue ſtroke
By interims and conueying guſts we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Romane Gods,
Leade their ſucceſſes as we wiſh their owne,
That both our powers with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?
*Enter a Meſſenger.*
*Meſ.* The Citizens of *Corioles* haue iſſued,
And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile.

I'th'your eares: to your Trenches driue me,
[illegible]
Come on you cowardly Rascals,
Men. [illegible] what's the matter?
1. Mes. A noble seruice, my Lord
Com. The slaues are beaten to their Drummes
[illegible] round about
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Enter Martius.*

*Com.* Yonder comes newes,
I haue obserued the face of Martius Gest,
He was the last man. Marke him, and marke his
Before he speake to vs.
*Mar.* Come I too late?
*Com.* Ay if you come not in the blood of others,
More then in your owne.
*Mar.* O let me clippe ye
In Armes as sound, as when I wooed: in heart
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to bedward.
*Com.* Flower of warre, how is't with Titus Lartius?
*Mar.* As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him or pitying, threatning th'other,
Holding Corioles in the name of Rome,
Euen like a Fawning Greyhound in the Leash,
To let him slippe at will.
*Com.* Where is that slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
*Mar.* Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file (a plague! Tribunes for them!)
The Mouse eare dies before the Beare does, for
Their Armes, as actiue as their Heeles: as cheape
Can be bought thence.
*Com.* The Gods confound them all.
*Mar.* Yet now they are all confounded, and reduced
Were he more Angry at his return,
Your City, Sir, would be my prize.
*Com.* Ah, your sweet Nature!
*Mar.* Ha? What is Corioles?
Com. I know you can doe very little Alone?
Your Letters may informe vs of more Armies.
*Mar.* Very few Men,
Of those few, enforced from the reste which
Were not delicate Vessels, hearde that effect
Coriolus will finde
Not vnconquered: Leaue vnto his Discretion,
And with the rest returne to the inclosed Lords,
Or we no more will know her.
*Com.* Acceptable Hearing.
Your Actions already haue beene knowne.
Worthy Martius,
Before the Walles of Corioles, Titus Lartius,
Hearing of your Arriuall,
*Mar.* Sir, not yet written,
By Reason: we met elsewhere.
*All.* Who, I pray?
*Mar.* Why Volces, they all that are assembled
To fight vs at Corioles.
*Com.* Let me speake.
I heard from Rome of your loyall seruice,
Your Actions already haue beene knowne.
Before the Walles of Corioles, Titus Lartius,
Hearing of your Arriuall,
*Mar.* Sir, not yet written,
By Reason: we met elsewhere.
*All.* Who, I pray?
*Mar.* Why Volces, they all that are assembled
To fight vs at Corioles.
*Com.* Let me speake.
I heard from Rome of your loyall seruice,
Your Actions already haue beene knowne.
Your Summons to New Businesse, hath ouer-taken
Your Sword, and to seale your Knighthood, we
Vndertake you with the Dignity of your Paines,
And command you your Action.
*Mar.* Leaue vnto your Honor.
*All.* Worthy Martius.
*Com.* Say you chuse to leade them?
*Mar.* I will leade them,
And follow them to the Dores of the Citty,
Whether I know they command.
*Com.* Stay till the Newes be blowne:
How't is held at Rome?
*Mar.* Neuer speake more neither.
*Com.* Are you Manded, Martius?
*All.* Speake, you.
*Mar.* You haue holpe to ramme the good Newes in my Mouth.
Who cannot steppe ouer the head of the next
That interrupts his passe?
*All.* Then worthy Martius,
Attend vpon Cominius to these Warres.
*Com.* It is your former Promise.
*Mar.* Sir it is,
And I am constant. Titus Lartius thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus face.
What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?
*Tit.* No Caius Martius,
I'le lean vpon one Crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behinde this Businesse.
*Men.* O true bred.
*Com.* Your Company to the Capitoll,
Where I know our best friends stay your leysure,
Vntill we with our Trumpets haue waked all
Fall to't: Martius hath done enough, the rest
Our Businesse for him: Bestirre you there,
And on the Market place, Martius, sleepe
This Morning: Ere the Euening Clocke haue told
Our Worke done with vs.
*Tit.* So shall it be.
*Com.* Martius: I'le send for thee: To his Extreamities shall
Attend thee where he is: Deale with him Martius
As thou think'st meete: My Horse to yoke, and all
Our Purposes to do't. Before the Cities Gate
I take my leaue at once.
*Mar.* I will not see thee speake:
This Mantle blocks my Answer.
*All.* Let's along.

*Exeunt.*

*Then Enter* Tullus Auffidius, *with Senators of* Corioles, *setting downe before their Citty* Corioles: *they haue Message that the other Army is approached, commanded by* Cominius *the Generall, and* Caius Martius *chiefe Leiutenant, other Businesses, and a Scout.*

*1. Sen.* Yonder comes the Powre in hast, and seekes our Warre.
Auffidius got off with Horse more then
And fled the Fight. Good Horse-men throw away
Our Accommodation, and millions lost,
Our Spirits, and not a Nation neere redeemes
All bruis'd and beaten, but the Foe come on
Cominius and Martius, your last Hope. *Scout.*
*Sco.* Of both the Generalls are the Volces in Armes,
Martius and Auffidius at their Heeles
Vowing reuengefull Warre against the Romanes,
Then euer they could stirre vp their Auncestors
Against the Faith and Honor of their Oathes.
*1. Sen.* I wish we had a Volume now to write him worthily,
Deseruing so his Name, and a Harty Praise.
*2. Sen.* Doubtlesse the Powre of Martius is most Infinite,
Normanded, Knowne, Beloued of the Supreame Gods.
I would not be a Roman of all Nations,
I had rather be their Horse, then their Mate.
*1. Sen.* Feare not our Care, sir.
Hold out your words, and not your Browes: our Blouds
Are not yet cold in him: his Powre is not
Yet growne grim in him: nor are we Data
For Beasts to see him by, his Ambitious Ghost
Walke after his Body. Come my Hearts,
As I could pluck Auffidius downe by th'Haire,
As he shakes Corioles by the Lockes: Doubt not
But Martius comes off an Honourable man,
Still to remember his Deserts: he hath
Fought Duels without number, hath before
Nayld Enemies vnto his Feete, to stirre vp
His Country to her Gates: his Nurse hath taught him
How to inforce the Warre, vnlike another
Not to be out-done by Enterprize and Feare
Till he hath throwne his Speare: his Sword, death, stroke
For euery Stride he did make forward, can
Giue Greeting to the Graue: Who leades his Muscle
Excercised on Heapes of Bodies.
*Lart.* Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

*Exeunt.*

*Then Enter* Martius *and* Auffidius *at seuerall Doores.*

*Mar.* Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse then a Promise-breaker.
*Auf.* We hate alike:
Not Affricke owns a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy fame and Enuy: fixe thy foote.
*Mar.* Let the first budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.
*Auf.* If I flye *Martius* hollow me like a Hare.
*Mar.* Within these three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your Corioles walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me masked, for my Reuenge
Wherein the toyle of my sword, begins to swell
With scorne I spit vpon thee, which would doe
But that I would not lose another dramme of my fame.
*Auf.* Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.
*Here they fight, and certaine Volces come in the aide of Auffidius. Martius fights till they be driuen in breathe.*
Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

*Exeunt*

*Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius with his Armes on a Target.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'le report it,
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and bow
Things done in Action: where Lawes shall be put out
And Libertie plucke Caitiffe backe and thrall:
Where the ruin'd Tribunes,
Time with the time-pleasers hate cast off their Honors,
Shall say against their hearts, We thank the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Soldier.
Yet cam'st thou to a Morsel of this Feast
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter Titus Lartius with his Power from the Pursuit.*

*Titus Lartius.* O General,
Here is the Steed, we the Caparison:
Hadst thou (before we came)
*Martius.* I prethee, pardon me,
My Mother, who has a charter to extoll her Blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have been, that's for my Country:
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'ne mine Act.
*Com.* You shall not be
The Grave of your deserving;
Rome must know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealment worse than a Theft,
No leſſe than a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modeſt: therefore I beseech you,
In sight of what you are now to reward
With what you have done before, and what you should,
Make your owne Trumpet.
*Mart.* I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart
To heare themselves remembred.
*Com.* Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the Horſes,
Whereof we have ta'ne good, and good store, of all
The Treasure in this field atchieved and city,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choyce.
*Martius.* I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuſe it,
And stand upon my common part with those,
That have beheld the doing.

*A long flourish. They all cry Martius, Martius, caſt up their Caps and Lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

*Mar.* May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Never sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing.
When Steele growes ſoft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Overture for the Wrongs.
My name, I say, unto it: I have not wash'd

*Mar.* No more of this, it does offend my heart,
Pray now no more.
*Com.* Look, Sir, your Mother.
*Mar.* You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my Prosperity.
*Vol.* Nay, my good Soldier, up:
My gentle Martius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-atchieving Honor newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?
But O, thy Wife.
*Cor.* My gracious Silence, hayle:
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me Triumph? Ah my Deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Corioles weep,
And mine now waſh my Dew with Teares: they would
Have ſeem'd to have heard one of my Thoughts and Words,
That now lye round about Coriolus Walls.
*Vir.* Deare Sonne,
Thou ſhalt no longer take with mine Eares, than
Thou doſt with thine Indeed loſe all the Noyſe
Of wounded Citizens: whoſe Hurts and Plaints
Would (could it not be ſtopt) lodge there as in Graves,
And ſo ſtop mine Hearing againſt the Cries
Of thoſe that lose their Limbes.
*Mar.* Why this is Warres part,
Not for his Blood, but for his Honour.
*Vir.* Yes
Had I a Sword, and found my Sonne thus wounded,
I'd buckle on my Target, charge the Foe
Through Shame of Fortune, and either win or die.
*Com.* Come, let's see the Senate.
*Lart.* Martius, 'tis
Fit you should beare the Newes, he wish'd
He might be found in Corioles, where no Roman
Durſt enter but with fear and terror.
*Com.* Come,
What Lodging ſuits with you and yours, is yours.
Where is that Slave which told me they had beat you
To your Trenches? where is he? call him hither.
*Mar.* Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common File (a plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the Cat as they did budge
From Rascals worſe than they.
*Com.* But how prevail'd you?
*Mar.* Will the time ever
Have done to aske that question?
*Com.* Come, you muſt tell us.
*Mar.* Pray now your pardon.
*Com.* In troth I will not.
Your Wounds have ſpoke for you: Come, my Martius,
Let me deriue them from you.
*Mar.* Pray now, Sir,
Let me have your Voice.
*Com.* Come, I muſt not.
Your Voice is ſhortly grating to the Peoples Ears,
Who hearing of your Deeds to morrow, will
Expect you ſhould (in Rogation) come
Before them.
*Mar.* Not I.
*Com.* Not how?
*Mar.* I will not.
*Com.* By the Gods you muſt:
Do not stubborne and froward with us.
*Mar.* I pray you,
Sir, in your Pavilion
Let me now owne my hard-ne'ſſe, which I muſt
Againſt the Peoples gather, mocke me into
A Cap and Knee: or ſuch pernicious Cringe,
Which I muſt do often, with my Friends,
And to ſome Soldiers Suit-warme: and by Heaven,
I'd rather be their Servant in my Way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.
*Com.* On, to the Market-place.
*Lart.* Then Coriolanus
Gently ſtand upon the Conſulſhip.
*Com.* Do not ſo.
Let them not ſuppoſe we feare them, leſt we flatter them.
*Mar.* The Honor-ſtaffe, fie,
Will not take root in Warre: in Peace
Proceeds all Wiſedome, Warre is Wilfulneſſe,
And Power unconſcionable: take away
Your Dignities, and with the Hat put on
The Napkin and the Coate, commixe with Dyers,
Or Tailors, with your Breath: and I will ever
Do ten times more, than will but aske a thanke.
How apt is he in Phraſe, ſo to diſſemble
What his Hart thinkes? Can he make Curtſies?
*Lart.* Then Coriolanus
Be not as common fooliſh, to make
Your ſelfe unpleaſant to the Common Eare,
For that your Minde will ſo.
*Mar.* I muſt them flatter.
Would the Peoples Throats were Throats of Geeſe, and I
Could quack like them. Please you that I may not
Be brought to ſhew my Wounds to them,
Or beg my Meate, I'll leave you.
*Com.* Well, no more.
*Mar.* I ſmell ſome Envy in this.
*Com.* Your Will, I pray you.
*Mar.* I muſt ſtill
Be truculent to my ſelfe, I learne it,
And it becomes me not.
*Com.* Come, go we to our Tent:
The blood upon your Viſage dries, 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: come. *Exeunt*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudy, with two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The Towne is ta'ne.
*Sold.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good Condition.
*Auf.* Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treaty finde
I'th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee: ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt doo ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter

As often as we eate. By th Elements,
Ile ere a gaine I meet him beard to beard,
He ſtone, or am the moſt Mortall Occaſion
Hath not wrought Honor as ſtrike for wrote
Enough to crowne me a equall Force,
True Sword to Sword Ile poſſe at ſome way,
Or Wrath or Craft may get him.

*Sol.* He ſtuffes the olde

*Auf.* bo ere long nor ſo th ere valors ponnd,
Wh ore ere my trace o men or ſtorme
Shall flye to th ple, or ſee or ſanctuary,
Beare and Bore, or Panther Cowed,
I ere ſtaue ſet my teeth nor mes of warlike
Embarqueme ſtay by a ere
I ere to ere ſtaue edge, and th one gaine
My ſtate to *Martius* Where th e him, were at
At ſtake vpon my Brothers Gratu ere ere
Againſt ere ple (Rome, were I
Waſhm, ere ſtaue d's bear, Go your or ere
I ere ſtaue ſtaue, and Watchey ſtet at all
be H ſtaue ere.

*Son.* Will not you go?

*Auf.* I haue ere d a re Counſaile ere I pray you
'Tis So ere ſtaue My Mo ere ſtaue wor ere
How ere wan oes that ere ſtaue ere
I may ere my valley.

*Sold.* I ſhall ſir.

## *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Men.* I hope ere, weel'l haue Newes to night.

*Bru.* Good or ill.

*Men.* Not according as the ſtayes of ere, I ſay, or the ere ſtaue.

*Sic.* Nay, ere, Patricians were Rebels.

*Men.* Pat ere ſtaue ere Wo ere ſtaue?

*Bru.* I ſtaue.

*Men.* I ſtaue ſo ere, as ere ſtaue I ſtaue ſwo'l ſtaue Neighbours.

ſtaue ere I am ere d I ſtaue ere ſtaue a Beare.

*Men.* I ſtaue ere, ere ſtaue ere ſtaue I ſtaue. You ſwo ere ſtaue, ere ere ere, wo'l I aſke you.

*Bru.* Why?

*Men.* Is ſtaue ere ſtaue, Hath a poore in that, you two haue not a ſtaue

*Bru.* ſtaue ere ſtaue, but for d ſtaue ſhall

*Sic.* ſtaue ſtaue

*Bru.* A ſtaue ere ſtaue

*Men.* I ſtaue ere. Do you know how you are ere ſtaue ere ſtaue I ſtaue ſtaue got ſtaue?

ſtaue ſtaue ere?

*Men.* I aſke you a ſtaue of Peace now, will you not be.

ſtaue ſtaue,

ere A ere ere for a very little cheefe ſtaue, you a great deale of Patience

Giue your dyſpoſitions ſtaue leaue to be angry at your pleaſures (at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you) in being ſo: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

*Bru.* We do it not alone, ſir.

*Men.* I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or elſe your actions would growe wondrous ſingle: your abilities are too infant-like, for doating much alone. You talke of Pride. Oh, that you could turne your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour ſurvey of your good ſelues. Oh, that you could!

*Both.* What then, ſir?

*Men.* Why then you ſhould diſcouer a brace of vnmeriting, proud voters, to the Magiſtrates (alias Fooles, as any in Rome.

*Sicin.* *Menenius*, you are known well enough too

*Men.* I am known well enough too to be a moſt gracious *Patritian*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't: ſaid, to be ſomething imperfect, in fauouring the firſt complaint, haſtie and Tinder-like vpon too trifling an occaſion. Oh, I can counſell more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forehead of the morning. What I think I vtter, and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch Weale-men as you are (I cannot call you *Lycurguſes*) if the drinke you giue me, touches my Palate aduerſely, I make a crooked face at it. I can ſay, your Worſhippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Aſſe compound with the Maſter: yet I wiſh Gentlemen, you had the wit to part your eares a little ſooner after you haue heard them. But I am wide from my matter. Wherefore I craue your good patience: for my ſpeech ſtirres not in the Mouth of my Matter, vnleſſe it be to diſpoſe them with motion. What then can your Commiſſion effect with the Gentry of this Citie? If I haue ſpoken good ſenſe, you know what I would inferre: if not, I am but as a Cuſtomer, that comes into a Shop, and buyes nothing.

*Bru.* Come, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, your ſelues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues caps and legges: you weare out a good wholeſome forenoone, in hearing a cauſe betweene an Orenge-wife, and a Faucet-ſeller, and then rehearſe it in the Market-place. Nay, and moſt of your parts in iudgement are falſe, your chiefeſt part is, much iudgement in your ſtomacke. Yet you take not the Meaſures, to meaſure the Health of the Body by: you ſhake not out an ill Pennyworth in a Commodity of Corne, wiſh not all Tyber in the Belly of a Barge. What goddeſſes ſhould be hungry, when your Iawes (as Buſhels) rather ſtriue to inlarge your Mouthes, then leaue to be filled? Only fatte with fooles, and feede with flatterie, bones and all, is the Diet you liue by: and as the Phyſicke workes not, but ſtayes in and ſtifles the Body it ſhould purge, ſo you (that ſhould with your ſpeech wholeſome purge the Gall and Choller that marres the Politique Conſtitution of your Rotten Commonwealth) will flatter Pleaſure to doe it, and throw Inflammation on more Impoſtume, till it burſt. What further office belongs to your Function, I know not well enough.

*1. Cit.* Come, come, we know you well enough.

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*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.*

How now (my as faire as Noble Ladies and the Moone were shee Earthly) no Nobler, whether do you follow your eyes so fixedly?

*Volum.* Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches: for the loue of Iuno lets goe.

*Menen.* Ha? *Martius* coming home?

*Volum.* I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

*Menen.* Take my Cap *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* coming home?

*Ladies.* Nay 'tis true.

*Volum.* Looke, here's a Letter from him: the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

*Menen.* I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter for me?

*Virgil.* Yes certain, there's a Letter for you, I see.

*Menen.* A Letter for me? it giues me an Eminence, I feare of: read it before my Eyes.

*Virgil.* Pardon me Madam, I doubt it speakes of warre.

*Menen.* So: what is he writes short sentences?

*Virgil.* I know not, but I am sure the Subscription is Victorie.

*Menen.* May it be more then Victorie? sing Victorie, Sonne *Martius*, thou art comming home.

*Volum.* O! 'tis true. *Menen.* Will not a Trumpet call your Gates, ere I can tell him what I would speake with him next?

*Messen.* Here comes the Lord.

*Enter Martius.*

*Martius.* What, art not thou proud *Rome*? a Name for my Sword? Ha? *Martius* returned?

*Volum.* I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

*Martius.* Take my Cap *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* coming home?

*Ladies.* Nay 'tis true.

*Volum.* Looke, here's a Letter from him: the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

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*Messen.* Here comes the Lord.

*Enter Brutus and Sicinius*

*Bru.* All tongues speake of him,and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry
While she chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie neeke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him.
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes are smother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges horsed
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earnestnesse to see him: seld-shown Flamins
Doe preasse among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, to'th' wanton spoyle
Of *Phœbus* burning Kisses: such a pooring,
As if that whatsoeuer God, who leades him,
Were slyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull posture.
*Sicin.* On the sodaine, I warrant him Consull.
*Brutus.* Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.
*Sicin.* He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath wonne.
*Brutus.* In that there's comfort
*Sicin.* Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Vpon their ancient malice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to doo't.
*Brutus.* I heard him sweare,
Were he to stand for Consull, neuer would he
Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Napes Vesture of Humilitie,
Nor showing (as the manner is) his Wounds
To the People, beggе their stinking Breaths.
*Sicin.* 'Tis right.
*Brutus.* It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles
*Sicin.* I wish no better, then haue him hold that purpose, and to put it in execution.
*Brutus.* 'Tis most like he will.
*Sicin.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruction.
*Brutus.* So it must fall out
To him or our Authorities. For an end
We must suppose of the People: which gaine
He shall not haue: do them more harme than
Some, who hate him still more, than he can loue them,
Can say well of him.
*Sicin.* Happy Tribunes
Let vs keepe close, if the Median power be wilde,
Which we shall hearely feele: for his approach
To kindle their dry Stubble and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Brutus.* What's the matter?
*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought that *Martius* shall be Consull:
I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him,
And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons flong Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarfes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he past: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioues* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I neuer saw the like.
*Brutus.* Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the event.
*Sicin.* Haue with you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were, in the Capitoll.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consulships?
2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of euery one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.
1 *Off.* That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance proud, and loues not the common people
2 *Off.* 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore: so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his Noble carelesnesse lets them plainly see't.
1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, he waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but he seekes their hate with greater deuotion, than they can render it him, and leaues nothing vndone, that may fully discouer him their opposite. Now to seeme to affect the malice and displeasure of the People is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their loue.
2 *Off.* Hee hath deserued worthily of his Country, and his ascent is not by such easie degrees as those, who hauing been supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes and his actions in their Hearts, that forcing their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwise, were a Malice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it
1 *Off.* No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

*A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themselues: Coriolanus stands*

*Menen.* Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To

To gratulate [illegible] Nobe[illegible]ence that [illegible]
This too of[illegible]t of mine) Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and graue Elders to deale
The prefer[illegible]t, and last Cares[illegible],
In our well-found Successes to report
A little of that worthy Worke perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*, whom
We met here, both to thanke and to remember,
With Honors [illegible]
*1 Sen.* Speake, good *Cominius*
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs think
Rather our States defective for requitall,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters o' th' People,
We do request your kindest eares, and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what [illegible]es here
*Sicin.* We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treaty, and
haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame
of our Assembly.
*Bru.* Which the rather we shall be blest to do, if
he remember a kinder value of the People, then he
hath hereto priz'd them at.
*Menen.* That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
to heare *Cominius* speake?
*Bru.* Most willingly, but yet my caution was
more pertinent than the rashnesse of your leaue.
*Menen.* Well, I say, speake. You know your Peoples loue is
on the [illegible] Worth a common pause.
*Cominius starts, and is led forth a way.*
Sir, how comes it that
[illegible] you haue not found
Which you present [illegible]
*Bru.* Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not?
*Coriol.* No, no man saw 'em,
We heard not what was said.
You [illegible], they were shrewd ones, but your people
I loue them as they weigh.
*Menen.* Pray now, sit downe.
*Coriol.* I had rather haue one scratch my Head i' th' Sun
When the Alarum were strucke, than idly sit
To heare my Nothings monster'd. *Exit Coriolanus*
*Menen.* Masters o' th' People,
Your multitudinous Tongue let me not wonder
That you haue good cause to hate him: you wonder
That he respects himself: but he well shewes
That honor dwells with him. You know the Cause
*Com.* I shall, and more than I can learne and vtter
Since I can be ever'd by no Pitty,
I am not mou'd by Woman's Teares, nor Feares,
Are more than any thing the Warre knowes
Can be dreaded out of him. With full Oyes
Will *Tarquin* pitch his Tent, or with calme Feet
Shake off the dew-skirted Grasses, whose
Wanton Steps we haue prest, and with a Heart
As little apt to feare as to inuade
Consulted with the Lady of the Deed,
And know well the Shades, in which the Hobgoblin
Doth lodge. Then what I feare, I tell you
Appropriating to my Heart the Cause
And Power to doe't, will also set my Tongue
Against my Heart: Before I speake, not thinking
I feare to speake ill. If I hate him not,
But do it for our Fathers sake, whose Soule
Is not our Inheritor, and for the Loue
Of Partly he is mine, I say, I feare
His Greatnesse, weigh'd with his Vnkindnesse,
Will [illegible] to ouer-pinnace
Our Boat with him. Let us seeke out Voices
For his Worthinesse: If when they speake of him
They mixe Allay with Prayses, as I thinke
They will, when we shall finde it, while he stands
Before our Face, we shall not spare to show him
Our Scarres made in his Countries Seruice, stand
Naked and bare before him. Since his Minde
Can neuer speake to purpose: Soft, what Newes?
*Menen.* Pray now, your Newes?
You haue made faire hand of you, and we haue
Heard your Losse againe.
How faires the Report abroad?
*Com.* Badly, when Men and Horses fall to dying.
Come, I am dumbe, sir.
*Menen.* A Gods name, make no long matter.
*Com.* It is spoke freely out of many mouthes,
How probable I do not care to know,
Thinking anticipation.
*Menen.* Now the Gods crush 'em to a Iellie!
*Com.* Nay, let them follow:
The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray follow.
*Sicin.* Was euer man so proud as is this Martius?
*Bru.* He has no equall.
*Menen.* When we could not haue him Friend, why
Foe?
*Bru.* Man that is borne of Woman might be proud
Hauing not power to do things meet as well
As to be proud of power: but he is one
Of the most horrible Pride, or Nature
Neuer created for mischiefe.
*Menen.* I know him well:
Giue you good morrow, I haue seene the time
When he would haue walk'd all this way sideling,
Deuided in himselfe: I would haue trusted him
To haue come to my Funerall: but since all is well
With him, and his Fellowes, I will to Dinner,
For the Gods know I speake this in hunger
For Bread, not Sedition.
*Bru.* Fare you well.
*Menen.* He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum,
than looke vpon his Schoole-master.
*Com.* Well, well, no more of him:
He is a worthy Man: Make way, they are coming.

*Enter Coriolanus*

*Menen.* The Tribunes, *Cominius*, are well pleas'd to make
it all.
*Com.* I neuer saw them so humble.
*Menen.* Let a Iest of their humbleness, that you shall make to the
People
*Com.* I beseech you,
Let me alone to speake. For I cannot
Flatter, nor bend to Hands and Knees, as some
Whose Wrists with Manacles haue been stiffe, to gaine
A Voice with them. But let my Tongue haue leaue
To speake my Minde, and I will vse it
In Bonnet, or without: Let me deale
Well or ill, I will not change my Habit,
Nor feede on Prayses, such as are not earn'd.
Is this done?
*Sicin.* Consul, the People are
What is the Matter,
That being pass'd for Consull with full Voice,
You are retir'd, as if you fear'd to graft
Honors in which you had rather haue
The Denyall of the Voyce? Now this is done,
Which was a Worke of labour, you haue found
Labour to haue 'em vndone. Pray go on,
And resume that Spirit with the which you bore
The Application of your selfe. But now
You are againe, as when before you came
A Thing of Custome: 'Tis to be lamented
If you haue saued a Tree, fruitfull at Top,
Whose Armes reach farre and wide, and not vouchsafe
Now to haue Leaues againe.
*Bru.* Well, no more.
*Com.* What then?
How then?
What then?
Returne againe to the Tribunes?
*Sicin.* Well, what then?
How then?
*Com.* In plaine termes, then,
My Minde is going my Tongue was fashion'd to
Purpose well, or not at all.
*Bru.* Would you proceed
Especially against Caius Martius?
*Com.* I will vtter it to my Enemy.
*Bru.* Do not then.
*Sicin.* Not to the Common People.
*Com.* Why not, Sir?
*Bru.* Because that now it lies you on to speake
To the People.
*Com.* I do hope so.
*Bru.* Then thinke you so your selfe?
*Com.* Yes, I do know some Nobler ends I had
Than to reserue the Nobility.
*Bru.* Mark you that?
*Com.* To Rome it selfe, to Rome.
*Bru.* Your Country, Sir.
*Com.* Country? Where's that?
*Bru.* Why, where I say?
*Com.* Where I say?
*Bru.* Your Country.
*Com.* Why, I say, where?
*Menen.* Pray now, no more.
*Com.* Let me deale
As I may answer.
*Bru.* You haue said you will
Seeke vpon Martius Coriolanus?
*Com.* I haue.
*Bru.* And that you will stand vp in his Behalfe,
Out of your owne Report.
*Com.* I will.
*Bru.* But what moues you to make
Open and Conspicuous Warre
Will shew your Honor better.

*Sicin.* To

*Sent.* To *Coriolanus* come all ioy and Honor.

*Flourish Cornets.*

*Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Bru.* You see how he intends to vse the people.

*Scein* May they perceiue's intent: he will require them
As if he did contemne what he requested,
Should be in them to giue.

*Bru.* Come, we'll informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

*Enter, men or eight Citizens.*

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may Sir if we will

3 *Cit.* We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do For, if hee shew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speake for them So if he tell vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance of them Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull were to make a Monster of the multitude, of the which we being members, should bring our selues to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will serue: for once we stood vp about the Corne, he himselfe stucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We haue beene cal'd so of many, not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diuersly Coulored; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a th Compasse

2. *Cit.* Thinke you so? Which way do you iudge my wit would fly.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not so soone out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wedg'd vp in a blocke-head. but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why, that way?

3 *Cit.* To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife

2 *Cit.* You are neuer without your tricks, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

*Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility with Menenius*

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour. we are not to stay altogether but to come by him where he stands by ones, by twoes & by threes He is to make his requests by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs has a single Honor, in giuing him our owne voyces with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and I'le direct you how you shall go by him.

*All* Content, content

*Men.* O Sir you are not right: haue you not knowne The worthiest men haue done it?

*Cor.* What must I say, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noise of our owne Drummes.

*Menen.* Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to thinke vpon you.

*Coriol.* Thinke vpon me? Hang em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines lose by em.

*Men.* You'l marre all,
Ile leaue you. Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In wholsome manner. *Exit*

*Enter three of the Citizens.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

*Cor.* Mine owne desert.

2 *Cit.* Your owne desert.

*Cor.* I, but mine owne desire.

3 *Cit.* How not your owne desire?

*Cor.* No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging

3 *Cit.* You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you

*Cor.* Well then I pray, your price a th'Consulship

1 *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly

*Cor.* Kindly sir, I pray let me haue it: I haue wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in priuate & your good voice Sir, what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall haue it worthy Sir.

*Cor.* A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* but this is something odde

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter

*Exeunt* *Enter two other Citizens.*

*Coriol* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul, I haue heere the Customarie Gowne.

1. You haue deserued Nobly of your Country, and you haue not deserued Nobly.

*Coriol.* Your Ænigma.

1. You haue been a scourge to her enemies, you haue been a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people

*Coriol* You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not been common in my Loue. I will sir flatter my worne Brother the people to earne a dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle & since the wisecome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it bount full to the desires. Therefore beseech you, I may be Consull.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Country.

*Coriol* I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble you no farther.

*Both.* The Gods giue you joy Sir heartily.

*Coriol.* Most sweet Voyces.
Better it is to dye, better to starue,
Then craue the hire, which first we do deserue.
Why in this Woolish tongue should I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere

Their

Their neede (the Voices) Custome calls me to't,
What Custome wils in things,should we doo't?
The Dead-time now (Time would ha've wept
And mounted in their Graues to see vs so gripe
For Trifles) to come-peece. Rather then fouler so,
Let the Dogge Office and the Honour go
To one that would doo't. In sum, I am a'te through,
The one part suffered the other will I doe.

*Enter three Citizens more.*

Here come more Voyces
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought
Watcht for your Voyces, for your Voyces beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde Battailes I haue seene,
I haue heard (for your Voyces)
Haue done many things, some (like I haue more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consul.

*1. Cit.* Hee has done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honeſt mans Voyce.

*2. Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul. The Gods giue him ioy, and make him good to the Patricians and our Peace.

*All.* Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consul.

*Corio.* Worthy Voyces.

*Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.*

*Mene.* You haue stood your Limitation,
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines that in th'Officiall Marke inuested,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

*Corio.* Is this done?

*Sicin.* The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd:
The People do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

*Corio.* Where? at the Senate-house?

*Sicin.* There, Coriolanus.

*Corio.* May I change these Garments?

*Sicin.* You may, Sir.

*Corio.* That I'le straight do, and knowing my ſelfe againe,
Repaire to th'Senate-house.

*Mene.* Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

*Brut.* We stay here for the People.

*Sicin.* Fare you well. *Exeunt Corio. and Mene.*
He has it now, and by his Looks me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

*Brut.* With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds.
Will you dismisse the People?

*Enter the Plebeians.*

*Sicin.* How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?

*1. Cit.* He has our Voyces, Sir.

*Brut.* We pray the Gods he may deserue your loues.

*2. Cit.* Amen Sir. To my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

*3. Cit.* Certainely, he flouted vs downe-right.

*1. Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.

*2. Cit.* Not one amongst vs, saue yond tatter'd, that beares
He's dyes coldly in it. He should not flout vs
His Marks (not Merit) were all seene in his Countrey.

*Sicin.* Well, I pray let's goe.

*All.* Now, if he may.

*3. Cit.* He had two Wounds,
Which he could shew in priuate
And with his Hat thus waying it in scorne,
I would be Consull, says he: aged Custome,
But by your Voyces will not so permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we granted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockery?

*Sicin.* Why either were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such childish friendlineſſe
To yeeld your Voyces?

*Enter Menenius.*

*Brut.* Could you not haue told him,
As you were lesſon'd? When he had no Power,
But was a peece of that, into the which
The Voyces of the People made a Part?
Your Loues, (at whose command) like to a Shadow
Vanish'd at the Warre: and now returning
Appeare before the Eyes of the State,
Whose Breath creates and makes againe
His Honour, which that breath has giuen him: with
The breath of all the Voyces, which we heare
Will soone (as he is proud for them to please)
Well or vnwisely, passe: haue you not scores
Of Monuments, of things done long ago?
Or let a Note go with him, what poore Fellow
That dies i'th'Market-place, in your Report,
When he hath power to crosse you?

*Mene.* Good no more.

*Sicin.* Enough, with ouer-measure.

*Brut.* No, take more:
What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Where one part does disdaine with cause, the other
Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, Wisedome
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and giue way the while
To vnstable Slightneſſe. Purpose so barr'd, it followes
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull of this, then I,
That the Patricians meane to stirre vp Rage,
As pastime to the Multitude (whose Violent Fit
Turnes it selfe into what it begets
Collected from particulars)

*Sicin.* What then?
What then should we do? Tell vs.

*Brut.* Why say you chose him more proudly, more scornfully (if you can be scornfull) then when you gaue him his Offices: that is, would you haue him liue, or stay to be executed? Say his faults, in humane seeming, cannot passe vnpunished: or were you ready to say, that you had not good minds, that set him on to the Violence and Gall of the Multitude, which all touch'd and tainted with commixture?

*Sicin.* Say it be so?

*Brut.* Say it be so? He is your Enemy: they haue only in their Constitutions, one Choice, and you another. What is the Graue of a Contradiction? Nothing but Noyſe and Scribble. What good condition can haue that Applause, where Madneſſe is the Iudge? Or what Trust is in that Mans Loue, who euen now trebles his Breath to proclaime mischiefe, as he was lately employ'd to sooth? Your Breath of late, to fauour him. You talke of Pulling downe Tarquin the Proud, as a thing that euer since hath beene wiſht for: Were you but bound to this Leſſon, you could not haue powre enough to vtter it, for disproportioning with Iniury. Therefore take heede how you impaire one, considering how he may qualifie the other: for the Vertue of your Anger (being tied to Discretion) may make it lesſen'd, when it shall grow Infinite, and to be infinite, it must be limited.

*Sicin.* Well, on to the Market-place.

*Corio.* Sir, the Custome of Rome doth craue the Loues
Of the Voyce generally: therefore when
They shall present themselues, I do beſeech you
By my example, mildly to preſent
My honeſt Heart. To which, I must produce
Mine Enemy: the Marks of Honour on me, which
I must not say, but that they are mine Enemies,
And that I rather had, then wish'd a Scarre.
Well, I must do't: Wiſht Honour, liues in Teares
That die in Honours Blood. And Poore Plebeians,
Whose Loues I do now beg, like Beggers (who
With their Importunacies, do tire
The Gods to heare them) for your Loues to me,
Harden your mouthes, your hands, your hearts against
My Honour, to preſerue my Honour to
Your Vſe. Well, I must do't:
Away my Disposition, and posseſſe me
Some Harlots Spirit: my Throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drum, into a Pipe
Small as an Eunuches, or the Virgin voyce
That babies lulles asleepe. The Smiles of Knaues
Tent in my Cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glaſſes of my Sight. A Beggers Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd Knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not do't,
Leſt I ſurcease to Honour mine owne Truth,
And by my Body's action, teach my Mind
A most inherent Baſeneſſe.

*Brut.* At your pleaſure.

*Corio.* How shall I begin, and in what Forme, what Phraſe,
Before the Plebeians I commend my Name
To their accuſtom'd Fauours?

*Brut

*Brut.* I Spare vs not. Say, we read Lectures to you,
How young Ile began to terue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what stocke he springs of,
The Noble House o'th *Martians* from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne,
Who after great *Hostilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.
*Scic.* One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed Enemie, and reuoke
Your iudgeme approbation.
*Brut.* Say you ne're had don't,
Harpe on that still, but by our putting on
And presently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire to'th Capitoll.
*All.* We will so: almost all repent in their election.
*Exeunt Tribunes.*
*Brut.* Let them goe on:
This Mutine were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater.
If wisely: being ript to the height of rage
We shall be sufficient to the full in rage
With their retorted both obiection and answer
To vantage of their anger.
*Scic.* Faith Captoll, come
We will be there before the stream o'th People:
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we shall season, as briefly as we can,
To the opinion that we gather of them,
And in the truth of it hereafter deale.
*Exeunt.*

## Actus Tertius.

*Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.*
*Corio.* *Tullus Auffidius* then had made new head.
*Latius.* He had my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition.
*Corio.* So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.
*Com.* They are worne (Lord Consull) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners waue againe.
*Corio.* Saw you *Auffidius*?
*Latius.* On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.
*Corio.* Spoke he of me?
*Latius.* He did, my Lord.
*Corio.* How? what?
*Latius.* How often he had met you Sword to Sword
That of all Enemies, on the hatefull, elated
Your person most: That he would pawne on fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.
*Corio.* At Antium lies he?
*Latius.* At Antium.
*Corio.* I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.
*Enter Scicinius and Brutus.*
Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th Common Mouth. I do despise them:
For they do prank them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance.
*Scicin.* Passe no further.
*Cor.* Hah? what is that?
*Brut.* It will be dangerous to goe on: No further.
*Corio.* What makes this change?
*Mene.* The matter?
*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the Nobles, and the Commons?
*Brut.* *Cominius*, no.
*Corio.* Haue I had Childrens Voyces?
*Senat.* Tribunes giue way, he shall o'th' Market place.
*Brut.* The People are incens'd against him.
*Scicin.* Stop, or all will fall in broyle.
*Corio.* Are these your Herd?
Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not set them on?
*Mene.* Be calme, be calme.
*Corio.* It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the Will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and liue with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.
*Brut.* Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Nobleneſſe.
*Corio.* Why this was knowne before.
*Brut.* Not to them all.
*Corio.* Haue you informed them sithence?
*Brut.* How? I informe them?
*Com.* You are like to doe such businesse.
*Brut.* Not vnlike each way to better yours.
*Corio.* Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds
Let me deserue so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
*Scicin.* You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Consull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.
*Mene.* Let's be calme.
*Com.* The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor has's *Coriolanus*
Deseru'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.
*Corio.* Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't againe.
*Mene.* Not now, not now.
*Senat.* Not in this heat, Sir, now.
*Corio.* Now as I liue, I will.
My Noble friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable rank-scented Meyne,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselues: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,
Which we our selues haue plowed for, sow'd & scatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggers.
*Mene.* Well, no more.
*Senat.* No more words, we beseech you.
*Corio.* How? no more?

As for my Country, I haue fhed my blood,
Not fcarre-out-worne with any Scorne: So that all my Limbs
Come weary'd hither, and doe decay: yet doubt thoſe Meazels
Which we diſcruſe ſhould ſeaze vs, ere we ſuffer
Iuſt ſcorne with ſcorne, or ſtarke contempt.
*Sen.* You ſpeake o'th people, as if you were a God,
To puniſh, Not a man of their Infirmity.
*Scic.* 'Twere well we could, if you could heare: what's the matter,
*Men.* What, what, his Choller?
*Cor.* Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.
*Scic.* It is a minde that ſhall remaine a Coward,
Before his Commander, and the nam'd portion
Where it ſtands more, or ſhall be.
*Cor.* Your Voices?
Heare you me *Menenius*? Before the *Mannors*? Make you
Thoſe Obſeruances?
*Com.* I was from the Cannon.
*Cor.* Shall I? Good but no more Voices: that concernes you
Your graue, but wreakefull Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hoſtages to ſhoote your Country,
That will in peremptorie Shall, deny but
Your Voyce, nay more, after my Mother, wiſhes not well
I pray heare you: Giue your Voices: for
An Enemy to your Peace, talke, talke,
Then vſe your Ignorance to the Dearth, as when
Your Gabbing ones, that haue not Bread to eate,
Beſeech you may haue Corne: by you: You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no leſſe,
When both your Voices blended, the greateſt taſte
Moſt palateth theirs. They chuſe their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one are they, who puts by Shall,
Hoping your Shall, ſhall grant a greater deed
Then euer yet it gaue. By Ioue, I'le make
It makes the Coriuals bate, and my Soule ake
To ſee, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supreame; How ſoone Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.
*Com.* Well, on to'th Market-place.
*Cor.* Who euer gaue that Counſell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th Store-houſe gratis, as 'twas vſed
Sometime in Greece.
*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.
*Cor.* Though there the people had more abſolute power
I ſay they nourſ'd Diſſention, and ruin'd the ſtate.
*Sic.* Why ſhall the people giue
One that ſpeakes thus, their Voyce?
*Cor.* Ile giue my Reaſons,
More worthier than their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, reſting well before'd
They ne'r did ſeruice for't, being preſſed to the Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates. This kinde of Seruice
Did not deſerue Corne gratis. Being i'th Warre,
Their Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour, ſpoke not for them. Th'Accuſation
Which they haue often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue
Of our ſo frank Donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſome multiplied, digeſt
The Senates Courteſie? Let deeds expreſſe
What's like to be their words, We did requeſt it,
We are the greater poze, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debate
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, feare. With the Power to do't
Breake open the Locks o'th Senate-houſe, and grope
The Crowes to peck the Eyes of our Auſpices
*Men.* Conſent—
*Bru.* Enough, with ouer meaſure.
*Cor.* No: take more.
What may be worſe than what is paſt, than what
Then compart doo's ſtand with Faction? Come,
Cor. Come, leaue your preface.
*Men.* Heare me ſpeake.
*Bru.* Well, ſay on.
*Com.* And keepe your hands off.
*Cor.* Hence rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
*Sic.* Heare you Citizens.
*Enter a Meſſenger with the Aediles.*
*Men.* On both ſides more reſpect.
*Sic.* Heere's he, that would take from you all your
*Meſ.* Stand faſt, Aediles,
*All.* Downe with him, downe with him.
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons.
*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*
Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens what ho
*Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.*
*All.* Peace, peace, peace: be quiet.
*Men.* What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confuſion's neere: I cannot ſpeake. You Tribunes
To th'people. *Coriolanus* patience: Speak good *Sicinius*.

Sen. [illegible] People peace
All. [illegible] peace speake, speake,
[illegible]
[illegible], Mar.,
[illegible],
Mar. [illegible], Coriolanus we will take, not to
[illegible].
Sen. I [illegible]
Sen. [illegible],
All. The People are [illegible]
Mar. By their owne [illegible], we were [illegible]
Peoples [illegible].
[illegible] Yes to [illegible]
Mene. And [illegible] to doe,
Com. [illegible] to be the Consent,
To [illegible] to [illegible],
A [illegible]
Escapes [illegible].
Sen. [illegible]
[illegible] Our [illegible]
Our [illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]
Sen. [illegible]
Beare [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible].
All. Noble Tribunes heare.
Mar. I care no one word, 'beseech you Tribunes,
heare me but a word.
[illegible] Peace, peace
Mar. Be that you seeme truly your Countries friend,
And [illegible] to heed to what you would
Inuoke [illegible] redresse.
Sen. [illegible], [illegible] coll'd wayes,
That [illegible] [illegible] pes, are very poysonous,
[illegible] Disease [illegible]. Lay [illegible], on him,
[illegible] are [illegible] to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword*
Corio. No, I'll die here
[illegible] come along you haue beheld me fighting,
Come [illegible] vpon your [illegible] what you haue [illegible].
Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
awhile.
[illegible] Lay [illegible].
Mene. [illegible] [illegible] pray you that be noble, helpe
[illegible]
Au. [illegible], [illegible] with him. *Exeunt*
[illegible] *Tribunes, People, Volsces, and the*
[illegible]
[illegible] Our Home: be gone, away.
All [illegible].
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] as many friends as enemies.
[illegible]
Sen. I [illegible]
I pray [illegible] home to thy House,
I [illegible] to [illegible] Cause.
Mene. Come 'tis a Sore vpon vs,
You cannot Tent your selfe be gone, beseech you.
Com. Come Sir along with vs.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians as they are,
[illegible] Rome borne: not Romans, as they are not,
Though [illegible] Torch'th Capitoll
Before [illegible] your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Corio. On faire ground, I could beat forty of them,
Mene. I could my selfe take vp a brace o'th' best of
them, yea the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is cal'd Too ere we enter hands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters and ore-beare
What they are vs'd to beare
Mene. Pray you be gone
Ile [illegible] my selfe (if it be in request
With [illegible] that's [illegible] little. this must be patcht
With [illegible] of my Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and*
*Cominius.*
Patri. This man has marr'd his fortune.
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,
Or Ioue for's power to Thunder. His Heart's his Mouth:
What his Heart thinkes that's Tongue must vtter,
And [illegible] [illegible] that cure
Ile [illegible] the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*
Here's [illegible] worke,
Patri. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tyber
What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em fayre?
*Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.*
Sicin. Where's this Viper,
That would depopulate the city & be every mans selfe?
Mene. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
With [illegible] of treason: he's [illegible] to Law
And therefore Law shall scorne him further trialls
Then the seuerity of the publike Power,
Which [illegible]
1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible]
All. He shall, he shall.
Mene. Sir, Sir. *Sicin.* Peace.
Mene. Do not cry, hauocke, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sicin. Sir how comes it that you haue holpe
To make this rescue?
Mene. Heare me speake? As I do know
The Consull worthy deeds, to can I name his Faults.
Sicin. Consull? what Consull?
Mene. The Consull Coriolanus.
Brut. He Consull.
All. No, no no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
The which shall turne you to no further harme,
Then so much losse of time.
Sicin. Speake briefely then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor. to let him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.
Mene. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome whose gratitude
Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd
In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam
Should now eate vp her owne

*Sicin.*

*Sen.* Nor a Limbe that will be cut away
*Corio.* Or a Limbe, that has but a Disease
Mortal, to cut it off, to cure it safe.
What is't Coriolanus must I doe, that is worthy death?
Telling our Romanes, their o're-charged Store
(Which daily does encrease) that he hath
By many an Ounce, he dropt it for his Country:
And what is't, to intreat his Countreys
Were to make Parties doubt, and popular
A foule dropt indifferently.
*Sen.* Thus to their Consuls
*Brut.* Marke you this
When he stands forth to speake his Country dear
*Men.* Pronounce the Consonant
Being once gone from hence, you shall then expect
Your Hatchets worke.
*Brut.* Well, I pray you come:
Put him to choller straight, when he is mov'd,
Let him be sure to lose all regard
Of what he has done before, and after
Speake what
*Men.* One word more one word
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harme of unscan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounders to his heeles, Proue to you Tiscelle,
Least (prou'd fashion) breake our
And sticke i'th' wombe of Rashnesse.
*Enter* 2 Officers.
*Sicin.* Well, on to the
Were you not sent for?
*Offi.* Yes, all is done
*Sicin.* Consider this he has been bred i'th' Warres
Since he could draw a Sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted Language, Meale and Bran together
He throwes without distinction, Give me leave,
I shall go with you to the Capitoll,
And carefully speake to him in peace,
When he shall come: and to my Motion shall fine
Our people to his utmost perill.
*Offi.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will proue as fire, and all be done in hast,
Which though well fortified is not safe,
Nor true Tribunes be not too rash Obedient Officers,
But one that patiently and Mildly
Master-like downe your worthy passions,
*Sen.* Good Officers,
*Offi.* Meet on the Market-place: we'll attend you there
Where if you bring not Marcius we'll proceede
In our first way.
*Men.* Ile bring him to you.
Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worth in't, were gone.
*Sen.* Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes*
*Enter Coriolanus and Nobles.*
*Corio.* Let them pull all about mine eares, present me
Death on the Wheele or at wilde Horses heeles,
Or pile ten hils on the Tarpeian Rocke
That the precipitation might downe stretch
Below the beame of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.
*Enter a Patrician.*
*Patri.* You do the Nature.
*Corio.* Then I thanke you Mother
Do's my Brother Marcius?
*Patri.* He will (me thinkes) be mad.
To day at your Mothers Vrbanity was invited
By Volumnia, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and many more Captaines
And whether Warre, or Confusion,
Or rapine, or the desire of Mischiefe, or Mischance,
Which Warres drawes with him: Since the Earth o'th' Romanes
Hath not in three hundred yeares digested
Things worthy of Memorie, such as he
Hath done alone, he's made sole Monarch.
*Corio.* How! himself alone
To doe Romane? I must go shame him:
Where is he, where is he?
*Patri.* I'de not speake with him till after dinner.
*Corio.* Not speake with him?
*Patri.* You are too impatient to speake with him
Now he is in the vaine of Praising himselfe.
*Corio.* Of his owne Body?
*Patri.* I could not come neere him.
*Corio.* And he is mad indeed,
If he do require our eares, without our eyes.
*Patri.* Of his owne Body Caius, I do speake.
*Corio.* I know you well sir, and you know me:
Your Name my friend, we use to say, is worthier
Then ever your Lookes are fine to me.
*Patri.* You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.
*Corio.* Come, come, we know you well enough.
You have been too rough, something too rough
You must return and mend it.
*Patri.* There's no remedy,
Unlesse by not so doing, our good City
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
*Volum.* Pray be counsell'd,
I have a heart as little apt as yours
But yet a braine, that leades my use of Anger
To better vantage.
*Patri.* Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus stoope to the heart, but that
The violent fit o'th' time craues it as Physicke
For the whole State, I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarcely beare.
*Corio.* What must I do?
*Patri.* Returne to the Tribunes.
*Corio.* Well, what then, what then?
*Patri.* Repent what you have spoke
*Corio.* For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?
*Volum.* You are too absolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities speake. I have heard you say,
Honest and Wise, is the best Mixture,
I pronounce to thee, when power to flatter
Bids to seeke Grace: In this mistaking me
Thy honor and my Person
*Corio.* What should I say?
*Patri.* A good demand.
*Volum.* If it Honor your Wrath, to seeme
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy. How is it lesse or worse
That it shall hold Companionship with Peace
With honor, as in War, since that to both
It stands in like request?
*Corio.* Why force you this?
*Volum.* Because that now
Now he is not ready to speake to the people:
Now, you have left your Honours on, which matter
Was not your Recommendation to them: you
Are not accustom'd to your Tongue,
Which best Boyes, and Girles
Or Infants of a Tongue, your truth
Now is not to dissemble, was your word
Now you have not to unlearne what you have
Then unknowne to the Beggerly Duty, and
Thus shall become a Masker.
For it is Boy-hood without Nature, where
My Honor and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne, These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How we doe prize your loue, and pity you,
Then leaue our Countrey, and respect for feare,
Or what is else more strange.
*Menen.* Nay Noble Lord,
Come go with vs, speake to the people as beseemes you, I pray you,
Your Country in this dangerous time doth need you,
Do not cast off (like an vnnaturall Sonne)
*Volum.* I pray thee peace,
Goe to the Senate house (I know she cannot choose but yeeld,
And I am strange and vnable to resist her when she weepes)
This boy that cannot tell what he would haue but meerely,
A thing of custome, 'tis no meere regard to honour or
Meere care of what is comely for the time,
Nor dares reply to whether yea or no
But by the suggestion and authority
Of what the Gentry doth call profitable,
Nor cares vpon what termes we take it, whether
Obedience, Feare, Loue, Hate, Custome, Nature,
Or what flat Seconds else will lead you on,
Do you suppose (as he that is a Beast would do)
I would put mine Armour on against the Hare,
Leape the Sea Billowes after Wash'd Fowle, or
Conclude my Passe by the Amazes of Nice Maidens?
*Menen.* But this is not the common way to Court you,
*Volum.* Should I say Sir I thought you lou'd the people,
Whose loue I cannot seeke but basely, nor
The Suffrage of the Voice lowdly begg'd me
Giue you my Honours with a holy Voyce,
I should be counted humble, I repeate
Reports that indirectly fall on me,
And call them my Deeds that neuer tainted me,
*Corio.* Ile leaue you Sir, pray you stay by vs,
Do not resort to this vnleaded course
While we are suiting, rest you in our absence Good Sir,
And tell me of your Sonne, what his disposition,
How his affects his Mother, what his Honour,
*Volum.* He has a Lion's Nature, does require
Calme handling, which he will hardly beare,
*Corio.* Is he growne vp to be so rough, rash, and
Not fit to vse himselfe?
*Volum.* At twelue yeare old,
To his Mothers mind,
One of the Coursers of the Sun is not
When he did stand for Consull, which he lost
By lacke of Patience: Giue your voices for him,
Perswade the people to it, for my part
I'le leaue you to your selues.
*Corio.* Do as we may Sir, and blessings
Goe with you beauteous Mother.
*Volum.* Honest Wife, farewell.
*Exit Volumnia.*
*Corio.* Away the Tribunes do attend you, arme your selues
To answer mildly, for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are vpon you yet.
*Corio.* The worst is Death, I dearely pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention, I
Will answer in mine Honour.
*Menen.* I but mildly,
*Corio.* Well mildly be it then, Mildly. *Exeunt*

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: if he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the Antiats
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

*Enter an Edile.*

*Edile.* He's coming.
*Bru.* How accompanied?
*Edile.* With old Menenius, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.
*Sicin.* Haue you collected them by Tribes?
*Edile.* I haue,
*Sicin.* Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say it shall be so,
I' th' right and strength o' th' Commons be it either
For death, for fine or Banishment, then let them
If I say fine cry fine, if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogative
And power i' th' Truth o' th' Cause.
*Bru.* I shall informe them
*Sicin.* And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease but with a noise confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
*Edile.* Very well.
*Sicin.* Make them be strong and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giue't them
*Bru.* Go about it,
Put him to Choler straight, he hath been vs'd
Ever to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction, Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance then he speakes

W

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his neck.

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Comin-*
*nius, with others.*

*Sen.* Well, heere he comes.
*Mene.* Calmely, I do beseech you.
*Corio.* I, as an Hostler, that for th'poorest piece
Will beare the knaue by'th Volume.
Th'honor'd Gods
keepe Rome in this visage
Sup'd with worse meat then they came to eate
Through the Bodies of my Country peace
And make them drunke with Warre
*1 Sen.* Amen, Amen.
*Mene.* A Noble wish.

*Enter the Plebeians.*

*Sicin.* Draw neere ye people
*Edile.* List to your Tribunes Audience:
Peace I say.
*Corio.* First heare me speake.
*Both Tri.* Well: say: Peace hoe
*Corio.* Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?
*Sicin.* I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer Lawes that drop on fit such facts
As shall be prou'd vpon you.
*Corio.* I am Content.
*Mene.* Lo Citizens he sayes he is Content.
The warlike service he has done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Churchyard.
*Corio.* Scratches with Briers, scarres to moue
Laughter only
*Mene.* Consider further
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: Do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds
Stir'd as I say, such as become a Souldier,
Rather to see, then heare you.
*Com.* Well, well no more.
*Corio.* What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dishonor'd, that the very hower
You take it off againe.
*Sicin.* Answer to vs
*Corio.* Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
*Sicin.* We charge you that you have contriu'd to take
From Rome (all season of) her Power, her Liberty,
Your ready to (in spight of) Warre, subuert
Her Friends, and Patricians to the people
*Corio.* Contriu'd? I do not:
*Mene.* Note how much (else) he serues you,
*Corio.* Hang 'em: I would the people were in Arms,
Could make a Gantlet of them: Were Number
Can'd as our Wrongs: I would my Horse drew Ploughs
And our Vineyards
Euen as the Clouds.
*Sicin.* Make your selues (else)
*All.* To Rocke to Rocke to dismember him.
*Sicin.* Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge
What you haue seene him do and heard him speake,
Beating your Officers casting your selues,
Opposing Lawes with Strokes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this so great, and with such contempt made
Decrees of extreamest kind.
*Bru.* But since he hath
Seru'd well for Rome.
*Corio.* What do you prate of Seruice.
*Bru.* I talke of that that know it
*Corio.* You?
*Mene.* Is this the Promise that you made your mother.
*Com.* Know, I pray you.
*Corio.* I know no further:
Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpean death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a rotten death, how euer, drop
Their mercies, where I feele I feare,
Nor Checke, when Calmenesse, or care, or Custome,
To cast a Good morrow.
*Sicin.* Here's to much
As much as possible, from me to you
I charge you (in the people) lack of time
Your power, as now at hand,
Your ready hate (taking) of meanes
Your Enemies with nodding of their Plumes
Fall on vs now. Heere (before the people)
To banish you: Heere (in the view of Rome)
Your (aged) Senate (vnskilfull) as vnlearned
Make loose their graue Decrees: Heere in your Nation
Let womanish (and) childish (Clamour) scaring
For ouer the Cat. This I say, my backe,
There is a World elsewhere.

*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with others.*

*Two Aed. and three or foure Cap.*

*Edile*

[illegible] Tarpeian [illegible] gone [illegible]
[illegible] Hoo [illegible]
Sicin. [illegible] whom
[illegible]
[illegible]
All. Come, come, peace.
1. Off. I doe perceiue. Note [illegible] come. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Corio. and Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the Young Nobility of Rome.*

*Corio.* Come leaue your teares a briefe farwe: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vſed
To [illegible] ſtreame as ſwift as ſprings,
Feare common cataracts. Cominius, beare,
That when the [illegible] done, like him
[illegible] Mother ſtoop to louing, for her powres,
Where I haue tooke me by a gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vſed to ſay
Extremity was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances common men could beare,
That when the ſea was calme all boates alike
Shew'd Maſterſhip in floating, fortune's powres,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vſed to load me
With Precepts that would make inuincible
The heart that conn'd them.
*Virg.* O heauens! heauens!
*Corio.* Nay I prythee woman.
*Volum.* Now the Red Peſtilence ſtrike all Trades in Rome,
And occupations perish,
*Corio.* What what what?
I ſhall be of thee anon'd Mother,
Repeale as ſpeedily as euer they
[illegible] Loues,
[illegible] Yong Martius,
Dost preſent, [illegible] my Mother,
[illegible] *Menenius*,
[illegible] Mayſt [illegible] Generall,
[illegible] Nay [illegible]
[illegible] Hearts, [illegible] women,
[illegible]
And [illegible] My Mother, you wot well
My [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Makes [illegible] your Sonne
[illegible] be caught
With [illegible] practice.
*Volum.* My [illegible]
Whether will thee? Hence take goe. *Cominius*
Wilt thee away? Dare [illegible] ſome ſcuttle
Meete the [illegible] to eate a ſtone
That [illegible]
*Corio.* O ſtrange!
Come [illegible] Mother, deare with thee
Where [illegible] Friends, [illegible] may feare of vs,
[illegible] Voices ſhall not [illegible]
A [illegible] Repeale, with [illegible]
Ore the vaſt world, to ſeeke a ſingle man,
And [illegible] doth euer come
[illegible]
*Corio.* [illegible]
Thou art [illegible] and thou art too full
Of the warres ſurfers, to go rouſe with one
That's ſet on to bid [illegible] at Troians gate,
Come my ſweet wife, my deereſt Mother, and
My [illegible] of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground you ſhall
Heare from me ſtill and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
*Menen.* That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe.
If I could ſhake off but one ſeuen yeeres
From [illegible] armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'ld with thee, euery foot
*Corio.* Giue me thy hand: come *Exeunt*

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, with the Edile.*

*Sicin.* Bid them all home, he's gone & we'l no further.
The Nobility are vexed, whom we ſee haue ſided
In his behalfe
*Brut.* Now we haue ſhewne our powers,
Let vs ſeeme humbled as the waters is done,
And ſhew no ſigne of feare.
*Sicin.* Bid them home: ſay their great enemy is gone,
And they ſtand in their ancient ſtrength.
*Brut.* Diſmiſſe them home. Here comes his Mother.

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius*

*Sicin.* Let's not meete her.
*Brut.* Why?
*Sicin.* They ſay ſhe's mad.
*Brut.* They haue tane note of vs. Keepe on your way
*Volum.* O y'are well met:
The [illegible] requit your loue.
*Men.* Peace, peace we are not to loud
*Volum.* I that could haue wept up, you ſhould heare,
Nay and out-ſhall [illegible] reaſon: Will you [illegible]?
*Sicin.* Nay, but they tax you I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my Bonds
*Sicin.* Are you mans [illegible]?
*Volum.* I [illegible] that a Name. Note but this Foole,
Was a man my Boy ere I had thus Foold you?
To banish him that ſtrooke more blowes for Rome
Then [illegible] ſpoken words.
*Sicin.* O bleſſed Heauens!
*Volum.* More Noble blowes, then euer wiſe words.
And for Rome good. I'le tell thee what yet goe.
Nay but [illegible] ſtay too: I would my Sonne
Were as Aranſas, as ſtrong as yonder Tribe before vm,
His good Sword in his hand.
*Sicin.* What then?
*Virg.* What then? he'ld make an end of thy poſterity
*Volum.* Baſtards and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!
*Menen.* Come, come peace
*Sicin.* I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himſelfe
The Noble knot he made.
*Brut.* I would he had
*Volum.* I would he had? 'Twas you incenſt the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe Myſteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.
*Brut.* Pray let's go
*Volum.* Now pray, pray you gone.
You haue done braue worke. I ſee you go, hearts ſad:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere (this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
*Bru.* Well well, wee leave you.
*Sicin.* Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes*
*Volum.* I pray you (
I wrote to you
But once a day, it would unclue our
Or what lyes heavy to't.
*Menen.* You have made good worke
And by my troth you have cause, you have not cause to smile
*Volum.* Anters my Meaning. I speake
And do not fall heere in these great Gods eares,
I leave this Table, and (
I'll Anger, *Menenius*, and (
*Menen.* Fie, fie, fie. *Exit*
*Enter a Roman and a Volce*
*Rom.* I know you well (
name I (
*Volce* I know it, they say (
*Rom.* I am a Roman, as (
against them. Know you me yet.
*Volce* (
*Rom.* (
*Volce* (
Coy, I am glad well (
Newes in Rome (
flatte to finde (
*Rom.* (
(
*Volce* (
*Rom.* (
Nobles
*Volce* Hath (
for they are (
vpon (
*Rom.* The (
would make (
to heare, he (
they are (
ple, and to plucke (
I only (
the (
*Volce* (
*Rom.* (
*Volce* You are (
*Rom.* (
*Volce* You shall (
*Rom.* (
*Volce* (
*Rom.* (
*Volce* (
*Rom.* (
*Volce*

tio. Heere's [illegible] you a-foot. Come.
*Corio.* [illegible] him.
1 [illegible]
2 A[illegible] [illegible]
3 [illegible]
*Corio.* [illegible] Canopy.
3 Vnder the Canopy?
*Corio.*
3 [illegible]
*Corio.* [illegible]
3 [illegible] Comes? Worse and worse,
[illegible]
*Corio.* No, I'le not by Mafter
[illegible] Do's he meddle with
*Corio.* [illegible] meddle with
th[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]
*Corio.* [illegible]
*Auf.* [illegible]
2 [illegible] like a dogge, but for
[illegible] Lords sweet.
*Auf.* [illegible] Where's your name?
[illegible]
*Corio.* A name vnknowne to the Volcians ears,
And scarfe to found at home.
*Auf.* Say what's your name?
Thou art a Grim-aspected thing, and thy face
Beares a Command in't: though thy Tackle's torne,
Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell. What's your name?
*Corio.* Prepare thy brow to frowne: know'st me yet?
*Auf.* I know thee not: thy Name?
*Corio.* My name is Caius Martius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witnesse may
My Surname [illegible] I got for service,
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] because
[illegible] only that name remains.
The Cruelty and [illegible]
Perswaded my ouerthrow: Mortall Steele, who
Haue [illegible]
And [illegible]
Hath [illegible] out of Rome. Now this extremity,
[illegible] Hope
[illegible]
I [illegible]
I [illegible]
I [illegible]
Stand I for fire? Heere I remaine: and at
Vnlesse [illegible]
I [illegible] and stop those maimes
[illegible]
And [illegible]
I [illegible]
As [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
I [illegible]

I'le answer thee in a word, I alfo am
Longer to liue most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a foole,
Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tuners of Blood out of thy Countries breft,
And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnleffe
It be to do thee seruice.
*Auf.* O *Martius, Martius;*
Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter
Should from yond cloud speake diuine things,
And say 'tis true, I'de not believe them more
Then thee all Noble *Martius.* Let me twine
Mine armes about that body, where against
My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I clep
The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest
As hotly and as Nobly with thy Loue,
As euer in Ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man
[illegible] I [illegible] heere
I [illegible] more dances my rapt heart,
I [illegible] the wedge Mallet faw
[illegible] Fireside. Worthy Mars! stay from thee,
[illegible] Power on foote: and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or lose mine Arme for't. Thou hast beate me out
Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:
We haue been downe together in my sleepe,
Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius,*
Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
Thou art there banisht, we would muster all
From twelue, to twelue, and pouring Warre
Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood-beate downe, and come vpon,
And catch our Friendly Senators by the hands
Who now are heere, taxing the Romanes of vice
We are prepar'd. Yet for the loue of Rome,
[illegible]
*Corio.* [illegible]
*Auf.* [illegible] Sir, if thou wilt haue
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
The Ore'me of my Command: hand't downe
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'ſt
Thy Countries strength and weakneſſe, thine own ways
Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fire their Pride, ere it dotray. For come on,
I [illegible] come of thee it, to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a Friend then ere an Enemie,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand most welcome.
*Exeunt*

*Enter two of the Seruingmen.*

1 Heere's a strange alteration?
2 By my hand, I had thought to haue strooken him with a Cudgell, and yet my mind gaue me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.
1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.
2 Nay, I know by his face that there was ſome-thing in him. He had, I know not what face me thought, I cannot tell

cell how to terme it.

1 He did so,looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him,then I could think

2 So did I,I'le be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

1 I think he is: but a greater Soulder then he, You wot one

2 Who,my Master?

1 Nay,it's no matter for that.

2 Worth a fix on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldeir

2 Faith look'e you,one cannot tell how to say that for the Defence of a Towne,our Generall is excellent.

1 I,and for an assault too

*Enter the third Commoner.*

3 O Sirs,Sirs,I can tell you Newes: Newes you Rascals

*Both.* What,what,what? Let's partake

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as lief be a condemn'd man.

*Both* Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius.*

1 Why do you say thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was always good enough for him.

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly,to say the Troth on't: before Corioles, he scotcht him and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 An the'had been Cannibally given, he might have boyl'd and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes

3 Why he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and Heire to Mars, set at every Posterne Gate: No question asked him by any of the Senators, but they stand bare before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mechanicke Tongue of him, Speakes in the Phrases of his Profession, leanes his Body through them in the view of the Commons: Describes all the Battailes to them, and the Enemy: Wounds and scarres, Receyved in Martius Gallia warre, before our Citie of Corioles: Bids the Senate reward his Deeds with doing them, and is ever more inclining to the Commons Request, then granting of it.

1 Faith I saw him prance it in the Market place, and on his Targe bestuck with many Oken Garlands.

2 Ay that he did, and receyved Scarres: It's reported he has at home, a Grandfather before him, and his Ancestors before him, and his Gods before them, with a Shield like a Hearth-cover, his Children are like Caskets, to hold his Actions, and the Count-Cup of his Predecessors.

3 Why so: you have found him now.

2 Faith we have: and yet we speake not treason.

1 Who will,before the Tribunes heare us.

2 Nay,and the Senate too,standing within hearing.

1 Yes,and the Tarpeian Rocke too.

3 Why,you are deceyved still: I'le tell you what Sir Sooth-sayer: I warrant you,when the Tribunes and the Rabblement have pronounced against him their Censure, his Crimes laid to his Charge,and the People ready to take him,and drag him to the Rocke: Shall I tell you what he will doe?

1 Marry shall we sir.

3 He'le turne Vengeance to his Heeles,and stand upon his Patience: Pocket up Iniuries: Keepe on his Course,and lastly,for the Benefit of the People,whom he hath exasperately stirr'd against him,doe grow Gracious,Milde,Affable,Tractable,Honest,Iust,and Immaculate in Carriage,as ever he was Proud,Scornefull,Wilfull,Slow,Vnaffable,or Malicious.

2 And affect Martius carried it so?

3 Who Martius?

2 Who? why he.

3 A Carbuncled face to him: I cannot tell how to terme it.

2 He did so,looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him,then I could think.

3 So did I,I'le be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

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1 He did so,looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him,then I could think.

2

And neuer left off, till he left crying. *Manet*
*Iun.* Come, what talke you of *Martius*
*Bru.* Goes to full Hall, you shall not, I cannot be,
The Voices of the Common people.
*Iun.* Cannot be?
*Bru.* Cannot be?
A Noise they had (but very well meant)
Against the Noble *Martius*, whom to appease
With all their Art, but rest assur'd to day now
But ever in your way, without distraction,
And watch the Market-place, where now we stand
Lest parts be breed
*Sic.* Let me alone, I know this cannot be.
*Bru.* Now the fire burne
*Enter a Messenger.*
*Mef.* The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is coming
That turnes their Countenances
*Sicin.* 'Tis this Slaue
Go whip him 'fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report
*Mef.* Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaue's report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuered
*Sicin.* What more fearfull?
*Mef.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius* leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene
The Youthfull Summer,
*Sicin.* Well, well, no more.
*Mef.* What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voice,
More then wish we our Friends, come in a minute
Empty at his hands?
*Mef.* He has no equall.
*Sicin.* When we hold so, so does the people, and
He's the more dangerous.
*Mef.* Naming his Actions
Done in our Fathers time, strooke all that heare him
Dumbe, and still the Musicke of his Prayse
Did runne (like Morning Hymnes) on many lips,
And in his Armes bore all before him.
*Sicin.* Speake quickly
*Mef.* I have done, as you haue all the loue to fortune.
*Sicin.* Was he not Consull last yeare?
*Mef.* He was.
*Sicin.* Not chosen since, sith then his Actions were
Greater, not lesse: Nay let vs feare the worst
Touching his Conscience.
*Enter 3. Messengers.*
*Mef.* You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and have already
The Ports (the Tribunes) and the rabble should
Haue first encountred him.
*Enter Cominius.*
*Com.* Go you home, I pray you well,
*Mene.* What newes? What newes?
*Com.* You have holpe to ransome your owne daughters &
Now the redeem'd, your Knees are now (your Teeth
To see your Wiues dishonour do not worke
*Mene.* Why? Where? Where's the newes?
*Com.* You have holpe to ransome your owne daughters, and
Now the redeem'd, your Knees are now (your Teeth
Into an hungry fire are
*Mene.* Pray now, your Newes
You have made fine worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Hannibal* be voyced with *Volcans*.
*Com.* 'Tis as neere as God I beleeue it them: like a thing
Made of Copper. Your Day then Seruice,
Your Steeples, Temples, and the Beetter, and they to whom
Your Barnes, Granaries, Summer Boxes-flies,
Your Cradles, Beds, Childes Coates,
*Mene.* You have made good worke,
You and your Apron-men: you that stood so much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlicke eaters
*Com.* Heere, take your Rome about your eares
*Mene.* As *Coriolus* and Caius Martius will
You have made faire worke.
*Bru.* But is this true, Sir?
*Com.* I, and you'll looke pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do smile at Rome, and the Plebeians
Are mad for valiant Ignorance,
And a most constant Penne, who can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.
*Mene.* We are all vndone, and there
The Noble man saue mercy.
*Com.* Who shall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot hoot for shame: the people
Deserue such pity of him, as the Wolfe
Does of the Shepheards. For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him euen
As those should do that had deseru'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.
*Mene.* 'Tis true: if 'twere put to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say beseech you cease. You have made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted faire.
*Com.* You have brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer
S'incapable of helpe.
*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.
*Mene.* How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gaue way vnto your Clusters, who did hoote
Him out o'th' City.
*Com.* But I feare
They'll roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius*,
The second name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer. Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength and Defence
That Rome can make against them.
*Enter a troupe of Citizens.*
*Mene.* Heere come the Clusters.
And *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Aire vnwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking greasie Caps in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair vpon a Son of yours
Worth a hair off: proue a whip. As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We have deseru'd it.
*Omnes.* Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.
*1 Cit.* For mine owne part,
When I said, banish him, I said 'twas pity.
*2 Cit.* And so did I.
*3 Cit.* And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many
of vs: that we did we did for the best, and though we
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.
*Com.* Y'are goodly things you Voyces.
*Mene.* You have made good worke
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitoll?
*Com.* O I, what else? *Exeunt both*
*Sicin.* Go Masters get you home, be not dismaid,
These are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true which they so seeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Feare

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to vs. Come Masters let's home, I euer held we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

*Bru.* I do not like this Newes.

*Sicin.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol. would halfe my wealth Would buy this for a lie.

*Sicin.* Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

*Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Romanes?

*Lieu.* I do not know what Witchcraft's in him, but Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace fore meate Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Euen by your owne.

*Auf.* I cannot helpe it now, Vnlesse by not so doing, our good City Cleaue in the midst, and perish. Yet I wish me, Mine honor had not so forestalled me, To haue done what I haue: since I see fortune By my hauing done it, hath been to me a Rebell. But let vs Nature Inthat's no Changeling: and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish Sir, (I meane for your particular) you had not Ioyn'd in Commission with him: but either haue borne The action of your selfe, or else to him had left it solely.

*Auf.* I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure When he shall come to his account, he knowes not What I can vrge against him, although it seemes And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparant To th'vulgar eye, that he bestirs him, and Wins so with ease, that hence his memory May haply be put downe, as I am. And turning his Good to make it Euill, he stirres vp a Coriolan (worse than hee) to hold Like Power as he doth, against Rome, and her Confederate Armes, gathered in their Masses, As Draw-sword Tribunes, that with the fall of their Ambition, come Falling in Rome, A Noble Wife he has, that Rome esteemes As highly as his Mother, down to th'graue In simple and low Level. To one Woman, Now the third yeere, since there is growne in him Much Pride, much Hope, much Businesse, and I thinke, That shortly he will be poyz'd with Loue enough, To ouer-top it selfe.

*Lieu.* Oh Noble Sir, Your kindnesse, and your Loue to my Reputation Makes you to question me: Before I came, I left my Name among the Volces, vpon Which, great as it is now, I got it mine owne, And I was the first man that euer broke the Head Of Rome. Euen as the Horse, the Asse, and the Oxe Haue their graine cut, and their Flesh wounded, So I, to proue mine honor, and to take Some part of your great Power, how I did duty Deepe scarres I beare, and am glad to shew them, In hope by them my Seruices to you Are quite forgot.

*Auf.* Be that thy Head, my Soldier, As it hath Rooted him out of Rome: Giue me thy hand, Come. Know thou first, I loued the Maid I married: Neuer man Sighed truer breath. But that I see thee here, Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Than when I first my Wedded Mistris saw Bestride my Threshold. Why thou Mars I tell thee, We haue a power on foot, and I had purpose Once more to hew thy Target from thy brawne, Or lose mine Arme for't: Rome haue I sworne to poure Into mine Enemies. Looke, there I stand, Neere to my Heart, as euer: Tell me freely, If *Marcius* ought Enter'd thy Gentle bosome? Speake thy Thoughts, As thy Opinion bids me trust thee, Say Boldly how hatefully he did Braue me, And what his Followers vrg'd to taxe and staine Their Country's Patience. Speake to me, I pray you, For I am loth to beate those Names to you, that Sometime I haue thought worthy. Know you more? To what passe Hath he displeas'd the Body of the State, Factions among the Nobles, Hate at home, Hot Enuy against the Tribunes, Beside the generall Component, Discontents, Fell it in generall, or in part, that we May haply more with our needfull Seruices, And first with Powder, to inflame their Minds Right to be hot.

*Lieu.* You do demand me, Worthy Sir, Against my Manners. Yet since I see you Put forth your Armes, and finde you Sword in Hand, Vnskilfull Lookers on, this comfort take, Your Banish'd Heart liues yet, and with the Volces Is more belou'd than euer. Who does feare His Country's Ruine, makes it his Warre, and Enuies Fortune Traitorously. Yet Sir, Your Person I saw not, but your Fame, in Rome, And what my Obseruance, Out of Act, and Power Could make me to discouer, that I did. Your Name, Both of the Warre and Peace, stood high in Fame, Euen to the Enuy of the Proudest. Hence It was, that I did seeke Occasion, Either to lay Hold of you, or make my Selfe Good with this Morsell.

*Auf.* Let it be so: What City Banish'd him?

*Lieu.* Rome.

*Auf.* Then thou shalt be his Graue. Against A Citty we both haue sworne Reuenge, And scarcely will this Hand purge my Oath, Without the Sworder. But your Countenance, Alas, I know not how, may fall me, As I weigh The Grandnesse of your Iniuries. Hide it from me, And let me vse thee freely. Beleeue me, Thy Valour, and my Spirit, honors thee More than a Stranger. If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier rejoyce in that Absence Wherein he won Honor, than in the Embracements Of his Bed, where he would show most Loue. Welcome: How many Horse Darst thou lead? Do't secretly, And make the Best you can.

*Lieu.* Sir, I can make My Company, to the Number you haue.

*Auf.* Let's haue your Hand. Come: Now your Foot Captaine, I am proud to say, that my Voice is Potent, My Power great, my Hope Constant. Our Enemies Shrug at the Rome-Rebell, and they feare him, As Beasts of Rage their Hunter. Come, Lead on.

*Lieu.* Would you had Conquer'd the Romans before You were surpriz'd by him: for I feare me, After this Businesse, You do not liue Well Friends long.

*Auf.* I know it, I know it, And feare not: Till he be dead, or I, Our Liues are Brothers. Lead on. I haue Forgot my Part, and I must Recompence.

*Lieu.* Your Wife, and Children.

*Auf.* Let vs make Hast, Come, Feare not our Ladies. Whose Name I am going to Destroy, is by his Mother call'd Deere Mars: Hath not that Charge and Priuiledge in Warre. Come, Let's away. While Volces Rome is thine, Thou art poore'st of all, then shortly art thou mine. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.*

*Menen.* No, I'll not go, you heare what he hath said Which was sometime his Generall, who grew thus In his displeasure. Sir, I conjure by Hecuba that she Loues you much, Speake to me as I request you, As things done of Loue. Whilest I remember Her Husband, your Sonne did so, for whose Loue, I pray you Heare me speake.

*Corio.* You haue (deere Sir) Made me forget a Mother's part, in that You haue not done a Wife's. Therefore first To her I do commit you.

*Cor.* Deere Lady, In mine Honor, not to grant any thing I am a Friend to Rome, after the which I will not hearken anything. Pray you Stay not, But instantly repaire the Haste I speake with Could not consist with Labouring to Perswade.

*Volum.* See, we haue done, And with our Language haue Inclin'd him to Your Fury.

*Sicin.* Yet Hearke.

*Brut.* And to Purpose. Yet Spare your Threats: 'Fore Rome he shall Plead his Iust Cause, how are you prepar'd To answer him?

*Corio.* Do not you so, Tell them this: It is the Part of Children to Feare the Displeasure of their Parents. Why (Vntill the Heauens Do their Part) should you feare? Are you Condemn'd? Haue you Lands, Limbes, Liues, Bodies, and Children, Friends, Name, Freedome, and Heauen, To lose by him?

*Volum.* My Deere Sonne, Do not Haue Thirsts, and Hunger for our Bowels. Perish Rome, Before thy Mother, Wife, and Child, Shall Satiate, and bluntly Destroy Poore Hearts, and Entrailes. Thou shalt Warre Then, Vpon thy Mother, whose Wombe Bore thee, On Children, whose Wishes Rais'd thee, Whose Loue Hath Made thee Fortunate. Before we Suffer Vnder our Enemies, we will Suffer Rome To Ruine vnder thee. Thou shalt Warre well For Rome, Before we Fall before Rome. Thou shalt Warre Well For Rome, Before we Fall before Rome. Thou shalt Warre Well For Rome, Before we Fall before Rome. Thou shalt Warre

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnbak'd our blood is cold, and then
We powre vpon the Morning, are apt
To giue or to forgiue, but when we haue ſtuft
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue ſuppers, Seruices
Then what is our Emploiment, therefore hee waites them
Faire and conuenient to my requeſt,
And therein to the vpon him.

*Cor.* You know the very rode into his kindneſſe,
And cannot lose your way.

*Mene.* Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my ſucceſſe. *Exit.*

*Com.* Hee's neuer caught of him.

*Scri.* Nor

*Com.* Hee doubtleſſe does it as high as eye,
Red as 'twou'd burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid Rome, that he would do
Hee ſent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnleſſe his Noble Mother,
And his Wife who I heare, meane to ſolicite him
For mercy to his Country. Therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haſte them on. *Exeunt*

*Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.*

1 *Watch.* Stay: whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go backe.

*Mene.* You guard like men, 'tis well: But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, and come
1 From whence? *Mene.* From me to you.
1 Your Meſſage may not paſſe, you muſt returne: our Generall
Will no more heare from thence.
2 You'le ſee your Rome imbraſt with fire, before
You ſpeake with Coriolanus.
*Mene.* Good my friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his friends there: it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your eares: it is *Menenius*.
1 Be it ſo, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere paſſable.
*Mene.* I tell thee fellow,
The Generall is my Louer. I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Name vnparalell'd, haplely amplified:
For I haue euer verified my Friends
(Of whom he's chiefe) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer. Nay ſometimes,
Like to a bowle vpon a Subtle ground
I haue tumbled paſt the throw: and in his praiſe
Haue almoſt ſtampt the leaſing. Therefore be gone,
Mine eares againſt your ſuites are ſtronger than
Mine eyes to your demands.
1 Out affe, I cannot tell how many Lies in his behalfe,
as you haue vttered words in your owne, you ſhould not
paſſe heere: no, though it were as virtuous to lye, as to
liue chaſtely. Therefore go backe.
*Mene.* Prethee fellow remember my name is *Menenius*,
alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.
2 How euer you haue been vſed to his Let, as you ſay you
haue; I am one that telles his vertues truly: makes him
no meacher than he is: and muſt ſay you
cannot paſſe. Therefore go backe.
*Mene.* Has he dined Canidius? For I would not
ſpeake with him, till after dinner.
1 You are a Roman are you?
*Mene.* I am as thy Generall is.
2 Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you haue puſht out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your
enemy your ſhield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
eaſie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palmes of your
daughters, or with the paſſed interceſſion of ſuch a de-
cayed Dotant as you, feeare to be? Can you think to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
ſuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiued, therfore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condemn'd, our Generall has ſworne you out of repreeue
and pardon.
*Mene.* Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would vſe me with eſtimation.
2 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.
*Mene.* I meane thy Generall.
1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I ſay, go leaſt
I beſtir you your laſte peece of blood. Backe, that is the vi-
new of your hauing, backe.
*Mene.* Nay but fellow, fellow.

*Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.*

*Coria.* What's the matter?
*Mene.* Now you Companion, I'le ſay an arrant for you:
you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation: you ſhall
perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son *Coriolanus*, gueſſ but by my entertainment with him
if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death
more long in Spectatorſhip and crueller in ſuffering, be-
hold now preſently, and ſwound for what's growne me vpon
thee. The glorious Gods ſit inuiſible round about thy
particular proweſſe, and hiſſe thee in thy owne Tongue
Fatter *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son thou art pre-
paring fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it.
I was hardly moued to come to thee: but being aſſured
none but my ſelfe could moue thee, I haue been bold to
ſtop your Gates vpon's. And ſtudied not long, I muſe thee
on the way to eate vp Rome, and ſpit thy Tributary Countrymen. The good
Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turne the edge of it, vpon
this Varlet heere. This, who like a Blocke hath denyed
my acceſſe to thee.
*Coria.* Away.
*Mene.* How? Away?
*Coria.* Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are ſeruanted to others. Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcan breſts. That we haue beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſſe ſhall poiſon rather
Then pitty. Note how much therefore be gone
Mine eares againſt your ſuites are ſtronger then
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I write it for thy ſake,
And would haue ſent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not heare thee ſpeake. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome, yet thou behou'd'ſt
*Auffid.* You keepe a conſtant temper. *Exeunt*

*Manet the Guard and Menenius.*

1 Now ſir, is your name *Menenius*?
2 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power:
You know the way home againe.
1 Do you heare how we are ſhent for keeping your
greatneſſe backe?
2 What cauſe do you thinke I haue to ſwound?
*Mene.* I neither care for th'world, nor your General
for ſuch things as you. I can ſcarſe thinke ther's any, y'are
to ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelfe, feares it
not

not from another. Let your Generall do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. *Exit.*

1 A Noble fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our Generall. He is the Rock, The Oake not to be winde-shaken. *Exit 1 and 2.*

*Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.*

*Corio.* We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Host. My partner in this Action, You must report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly I have borne this Businesse.

*Auf.* Only their ends you have respected, Stop'd your eares against the generall suit of Rome, Never admitted a request, not of a Wife, a Child, a Friend, Of no time, breeding, person, or preferment, This was your charter, and your people's too. I wish this had been so, for we had Lost to Rome, and not to Rome, a Traitor.

*Corio.* O that I had, thou Auffidius, Rome now free, Which now compell me fly to thy Bosome, Againe to beat the Volcian Steele, our Sword, Once more to smell the dire smell of Mans Flesh, As often as I met thee in the field. This Peace is parcell of the Dastard Councels Whose ease forgets our Warres, and surfeits upon Our peace and Idlenesse. Now I am Banish'd, To scandall me unparalell'd. Haply Auffidius, Ere halfe an houre on my Journey, Or houres before the Sunne set, I shall finde Time to effect unthought of Deeds, Which can no lesse speake, then the worlds Disgrace Must beare the Name of Coriolanus. But Come in, Let me commend my selfe to your Noble Friendship. Is not this well?

*Auf.* It is not amisse, I warrant.

*Corio.* Let me then imbrace thee, as I would Imbrace the free Confederacie twixt Rome and Corioles. So, most welcome. *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 Here comes the Lord.

*Corio.* Th' Lord Cominius? Let him be welcome To Auffidius Antium. Noble Auffidius, Take your Commission, hie you to your Bands, Let us alone to guard Corioles, If these assemble, put 'em home. Within This houre we will be with you, Let us part, Your Company to the Capitoll, where I know Our welcome is assured.

*Auf.* I will not meet you.

*Corio.* Not? you are welcome all.

1 I thinke not so.

*Corio.* Let me twist with you in private.

2 The Tribunes to himselfe, I will not go. The Lord Cominius will come upon you, Fight with us to day, or hereafter, whensoever, And no more private Conference then The deepest Councell.

*Corio.* Well, I will go with you.

*Auf.* Not yet, good Sir.

*Corio.* Come, come with us, Speake not Against our Loves, you see not my power Is instant, whole, and full. This we have done, Before our Enterprize at home, praise for us, As cause will give it, Custome of the Warres Commands it of these Businesses, for which To Coriolanus give your Hands, upon Your Honours faith. Come, Auffidius, Before your Tent, your Army, strengthen'd, seemes, You take the Entertainment of the Time, Fleet, Knights, and Gallants, all that are made Bearers of Spare, and Gratulate my Welcome With Kinde Imbraces. Feast with Mirth and Complement, The Warre is hence. Our Soldiers Remember well, that ere the Clocke Shall strike the houre upon the Bell, you serve The time o' th' day. It is done, and must be so, Ever to be Victors. Let the Drummes and Trumpets sound, we with our Friends, Will march to Rome. *Exeunt Corio. Auf. and Nobles.*

1 He has deserved worthily of his Country, And his Ascent is not by such degrees as others, But he mounts up at once, and his first Steppe Is to the Highest.

2 Which he will give over.

1 I warrant him.

2 We hope so, for we have need of all the Noble Service he can do us. He is the Sword of the Warre. The Gods preserve our Enemies, and their Backes.

1 Amen, Sir. To my Quarter, Farewell.

2 Hang him, Proud Rascall, what a Slave is grown, Since we were Children? Farewell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria, with Attendants.*

*Volum.* My wife comes formost, then the Honour'd Mould Wherein this Trophe was first drawne, and turnes The Spirits of the Noble Bed-fellow All that beholdem: this is he, my Sonne, And a Sonne indeed, I thinke, and am not Ouer-prowd to meet him.

*Virg.* And he is welcome. Then shall not Tarquin surprize me at my Wish, To see my Lord return so.

*Valer.* Not to me. Before him I prescribe a shame upon The first start of the Warre, he should not Looke upon his Enemies, without A Brand to perish him.

*Virg.* Deare Madam, Let us not Hold Acts of Hazard, Telling what we would do, But what is past.

*Volum.* Good Madam.

*Virg.* I am gone, But doubting what would please you most.

*Volum.* Then hold your owne, good Soule, your Husband's life Is the Breath of Noble Actions, that In your Remembrance should not thus Be staggered, but performe. I am no lesse Glad to see Valeria, then I was to Receive Virgilia, Honour'd Gentlewomen, Heartily were we glad to hear you well.

*Virg.* And you Valeria.

*Valer.* Madam, my Lord is well, I have sent Letters, Full of his Happy Successe, and in part Of what is done in Antium. Where's your Son?

*Volum.* Believe it not, we were prepar'd For hard Reception, were we not? Valeria, Alas, you are much held to him, but Your Husband's deeds, do make you to forget.

*Valer.* Lesse than the Name of Deere, I owe to him.

*Volum.* I prethee Daughter, doe remember it Now of thy Husband.

*Virg.* Where is your Son?

*Volum.* Daughter, he is gone with Martius into Corioles, Scarce Threescore of them backe againe, but I Not of a Woman's tender, whose Soft Nature Newly taught to finde the sharpe Edge of Warre, Bloodied his Enterprize, Come, Lay aside Your Bodkin, and Your Teares, and Entertaine Your Husband in a Manly welcome.

*Virg.* Pardon me Madam, Yonder comes my Lord, In Blood stain'd up to the Elbowes, fresh in Honour, And Unparalell'd Deeds.

*Volum.* Valeria, Impression strikes more deeply then Execution.

*Valer.* Good Madam, Let us Withdraw, lest we be Noted to Grieve, Or Joy in Publique.

*Virg.* Good Madam, Let us Withdraw, lest we be Noted to Grieve, Or Joy in Publique.

*Volum.* Their Teares are Salt enough, and that Their Joyes, Rain well upon them. Shall I Behold The Warre, and Marke my Sonne, now Mantled With Honour, Steele, and Blood? Destruction Fall on my Head, good Fortune must Say to my Eares, my Son is Valiant, and Unlesse it Lodge in the Noble Grave of Sorrow, Dart it not Rome, nor Rome's Gates, nor my Bed That Title in a Record.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Madam, my Lord is coming, And I must speake A Word with you.

*Volum.* Why, I pray you?

*Mess.* 'Tis not my Businesse where I did begin, Yet in the End, all. Madam, Health and Honour To their full Height.

*Volum.* Call's not have 'em.

*Mess.* Two Ladies, the Mother, and the Wife of Martius, Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, I'll never Be such a Gosling to obey Instinct, but stand As if a Man were Author of himselfe, And knew no other kin.

*Virg.* My Lord and Husband.

*Corio.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Virg.* The sorrow that delivers us thus changed, Makes you think so.

*Corio.* Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part, And I am out, even to a full disgrace. Best of my Flesh, Forgive my Tyranny, but do not say, For that, forgive our Romans. O a Kisse Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge! Now by the ielous Queene of Heaven, that kisse I carried from thee, deare, and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I prate, And the most noble Mother of the World Leave unsaluted. Sinke my knee i' th' earth, *Kneeles.* Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew Than that of common Sonnes.

*Volum.* Oh stand up blest! Whilst with no softer Cushion than the Flint I kneele before thee, and unproperly Shew duty, as mistaken, all this while,



Between the Child and Parent.

*Corio.* What's this, your knees to me? To your Corrected Sonne? Then let the Pebles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres. Then, let the mutinous windes Strike the proud Cedars gainst the fiery Sunne, Murd'ring Impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight worke.

*Volum.* Thou art my Warrior, I hope to frame thee. Do you know this Lady?

*Corio.* The Noble Sister of Publicola; The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Icicle That's curded by the Frost from purest Snow, And hangs on Dian's Temple. Deere Valeria.

*Volum.* This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by the Interpretation of full time, May shew like all your selfe.

*Corio.* The Ornament Of Heaven. Faire Thoughts and Honour, Were the cleare Soule of our Conspiracie, Which ne'er ebbes up, it shall prove Immaculate, and stickes fixed Marbles In a great Sea-marke, standing every Flaw, And saving those that eye thee.

*Volum.* Your knee, Sirrah.

*Corio.* That's my brave Boy.

*Volum.* Even he, your wife, this Lady, and my selfe, Are Suitors to you.

*Corio.* I beseech you peace. Or if you'd aske, remember this before; The thing I have forsworne to grant, may never Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismisse my Soldiers, or capitulate Againe with Romes Mechanicks. Tell me not Wherein I seeme unnatural. Desire not, T' allay my Rages and Revenges, with Your colder reasons.

*Volum.* O no more, no more! You have said you will, And we are suppliants. Therefore hear us.

*Corio.* Aufidius, and you Volces, marke, for we'l Heare nought from Rome in private. Your request?

*Volum.* Should we be silent, and not speake, our Raiment And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy Exile. Think with thy selfe, How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither, since that thy sight, which should Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts, Constrains them weepe, and shake with feare & sorrow, Making the Mother, wife, and Child to see, The Husband, the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out. And to poore we Thine Enmities most capitall. Thou barr'st us Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy. For how can we? Alas! how can we, for our Country pray? Whereto we are bound, together with the victory, Whereto we are bound? Alacke, or we must loose The Country our deere Nurse, or else thy person Our comfort in the Country. We must lose A necessary Choice, though we had Our wish, which side should win. For either thou Must as a forraine Recreant be led With Manacles through our streets, or else Triumphantly tread on thy Countries ruine,

And beare the Palme, for hauing bravely shed
Thy Wife and Children's blood. For my selfe Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These Warres determine. If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
I'ld beseech thee dooe greater Fauour to thy Mother,
Then to a Foule thy Country, then to breake
In Truth, thou shalt not, ere thy Mother's wombe
That brought thee to this world.
*Yong.* Ay and mine also doth weare dishonour
To take perpetuall shame vpon it selfe.
*Boy.* And mine shall
That I am bigger borne then my Father,
Rest assur'd, my Mother shall not be
Ere I be stretcht vpon a Bier so high,
Request me not Sonne, nor woman shame to me
I have set my selfe
*Volum.* Now, good Coriolanus
I cannot tell, how to vrge request to stand
To saue the Romanes, thereby to effect
The Voices will haue to vtter, you might condemne vs
As poysonous of your Honour. No, our loue
Is that you reconcile them. While the Voices
May say, let mercy we haue shew'd to the Romanes,
That we receiu'd, and each time more and more
Gaue the Allowance of our loue, and aym'd behauiour
For making vp this peace. Thou know'st, great Sonne,
The end of Warres vncertaine, balefull Steele,
That plowes on all hands, beares no regard
Where chaste Feare may escape, nor Noble name
Whose rendred gainst the dedicated Corpes
Whose Conquerour went the man was Noble,
But with no leaft Attempt, he wipes it out
Destroyes his Country, and his name remaines
To the ensuing Age abhorr'd. Speake to me Sonne.
Thou hast affected the fine Strains of Honour,
To imitate the Graces of the Gods,
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes o'th Aire,
And yet to charge thy Sulphure with a Bolt
That should but rive an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you,
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th stocks. Thou hast never in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any courtesie,
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Has clucked thee to the Warres and safely home
Loden with Honour. Say my Request's vniust,
And spurne me backe. But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty which
To a Mother's part belongs. He turnes away.
Down Ladies, let vs shame him with our knees
To this same Roman, that longs more pride
Then pity to our Prayers. Downe, and end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And die among our Neighbours. Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Does reason our Petition with more strength
Then hotshall to heare vs. Come, let vs go
This Fellow had a Volcan to his Mother,
His Wife is in Corioles, and his Childe
Like him by chance. Yet giue vs our dispatch
I am hush't vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speak a little.
*Holds her by the hands silent.*
*Corio.* O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. O my Mother, Mother! O!
You haue won a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeue it, O beleeue it,
Most dangerously you haue with him preuayl'd,
If not most mortall to him. But let it come.
*Aufidius*, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my stead, would you haue heard
A Mother lesse? or granted lesse *Aufidius*?
*Auf.* I was mou'd withall.
*Corio.* I dare be sworne you were:
And sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)
What peace you'l make, aduise me. For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you; and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O Mother! Wife!
*Auf.* I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee. Out of that I'le worke
Myselfe a former Fortune.
*Corio.* I by and by. But we will drinke together;
And you shall bide
A better welcome then any found in Armes, whose rage
On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd.
Come enter with vs. Ladies you deserue
To haue a Temple built you. All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not haue made this peace.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Menenius and Sicinius.*

*Mene.* See you yond Coigne a'th Capitoll, yond' corner
*Sicin.* Why what of that?
*Mene.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his Mother may preuaile with him. But I say, there is no hope in't. Our throats are sentenc'd, and stay vpon execution.
*Sicin.* Is it possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man.
*Mene.* There is a differency betweene a Grub & a Butterfly; yet your Butterfly was a Grub. this *Martius*, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings; he's more then a creeping thing.
*Sicin.* He loues his Mother dearely.
*Mene.* So did he me: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare and a halfe Lobster. The tartnesse of his face sowres ripe Grapes. When he walkes, he moues like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye; Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State, as a Thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to throne in.
*Sicin.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.
*Mene.* I paint him in the Character. Marke what mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male Tyger, that shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.
*Sicin.* The Gods be good vnto vs.
*Mene.* No in such a case as this, the Gods will not be good vnto vs. When we banish him, we neglect not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.*

*Mes.* Sir, if you'd saue your Image, flye to your House,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune
And hale him vp and down, all swearing, if
The Roman Ladies bring not Coriolanus home
They'll giue him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger*

*Sicin.* What's the Newes?

*Mes.* Good Newes for the Patricians, Sir,
The Volsces are in Armes, and Martius goes
A Moneth entire together ere we stirre
Not one Ex[illegible] of Rome.

*Sicin.* Lyes the report constant? Is't not possible?

*Mes.* As certain as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you liu'd, not to haue mark'd the Sun?
We're driuen to an Act of Mercy, when
As the vine sheds her teares, we Wayte vpon

*Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drummes beate, all together.*

The Trumpet, Sackbuts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors and Symbals, and the shrill Larmans,
Make the Welkin dance with the Cheere of Rome.

*Mene.* [illegible]
I will go meete the Ladies. This Morning
Is wondrous kinde, Sicinius,
A Custome of Theirs vpon the Nones,
A worthy Deuotion. Well to day
This Morning for ensuing the Nineteenth,
Direct your Plebeians, and let them know

*Sicin.* Tell the Goodnesse of the yonger sort, 'tis gay.
Now, accept my thankfulnesse.

*Duk.* Now we haue a great cause to giue great thanks

*Sicin.* They are neere the City.

*Mes.* And haue put forth to enter.

*Sicin.* Well met on, and help the ioy. *Exeunt*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies passe ouer the stage, with other Lords.*

*Sen.* Behold our Patroness, the life of Rome
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods
And make triumphant fires, strew flowers before them:
Vnshout the noyse that banish'd Martius;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

*All.* Welcome Ladies, welcome.

*A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.*

*Enter Tullus Auffidius with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the Lords of the City I am here
Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market-place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The City Ports by this hath entred, and
Intends t'appoint by force, without more quarrell
Affection to their Seates, then Rome's owne Peace
Aboue that of their Persons, their Wiues Children,
Honours, and Possessions.

*All.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Auf.* If that I haue vttered Actes, his owne Kinne,
Who loues him not more tenderly then hee
Doth loue his Mother, may transpierce my Heart
And with a suddaine reproofe, haue ending Point
Euen in the fulnesse of my speech. So, Fellowes,
Will you vntent your selues?

*All.* Worthy Auffidius,
We will not sleepe.

*Auf.* Your Natiue Towne you enter like a Post,
And haue no Welcomes home: but he returnes
Splitting the Aire with noyse.

*2. Con.* And patient Fooles,
Whose Children he hath slaine, their base throats teare
With giuing him glory.

*3. Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresse himselfe, or moue the people
With what he would say, let him feele your Sword
Which we our selues will second, when he lies groaning
At every Wound: How scape he proud, shall bury
His Reputation with his Body.

*Auf.* Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

*Enter the Lords of the City*

*All Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I haue not deseru'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede perus'd
What I haue written to you?

*All.* We haue.

*1. Lord.* And grieue to heare't.
What faults he made before the last, I thinke
Might haue found easie fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefit of our Lawes, and Seruices
Will (our owne charge) make a Treason where
There was a yeelding, this admits no excuse.

Enter a your Voices in Corioli.
Alone I dare not, Boy
*Am.* We Noble Lords,
Wilt you be put to flight a'your backs by Fortune,
And shew your shame, by this unlucky Braggart?
Fore your own eyes, and eares?
*All Con.* Let him dye for't
*All People.* Tear him to peeces, do it presently.
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, kill'd my Cosen
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.
*2 Lord.* Peace ho, no outrage, peace
The man is Noble, and his fame folds in
This Orbe o'th earth. His last offences to vs
Shall have due hearing, Stand *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace
*Cor.* O that I had him, with six *Aufidiuses*, or more
His Tribe to use my lawfull sword.
*Com.* Insolent Villaine.
*All Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill him.
*Drawes the Conspirators, and kills Marcius, who falls on him.*
*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold.
*Auf.* My Noble Masters, heare me speake.
*1 Lord.* O Tullus.
*2 Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.
*3 Lord.* Tread not upon him. Masters all be quiet,
Put up your Swords.
*Auf.* My Lords,
When you shall know (as in this Rage
Provoked by him you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'l rejoyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'le deliver
Myselfe your loyall Servant, or endure
Your heaviest Censure.
*1 Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Corse that ever Herald
Did follow to his Urne.
*2 Lord.* His own impatience,
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the best of it.
*Auf.* My rage is gone,
And I am strucke with sorrow. Take him up
Helpe three o'th chiefest Soldiers, I'le be one.
Beate thou the Drum that it speake mournfully
Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City he
Hath widdowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewayle the injury,
Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. Assist.
*Exeunt bearing the Body of Marcius. A dead March sounded.*

FINIS.

# The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senatours aloft: And then enter Saturnine and his Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum and Colours.*

*Saturnine.*



Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the Justice of my Cause with Armes
And Countrymen, my Loving Followers,
Plead my Successive Title with your Swords
I was the first proclaimed Emperour
Before the Tombe
Of the deceased Emperour,
Now if you Honour me
*Bassianus* Princely Romans Friends and Followers,
Of the Imperiall Seate
Vertues of noble Patrons, Sweet Bassianus, Cæsar, Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
The Imperiall Seate to Virtue consecrate
To Justice Continence, and Nobility
But let Desert in pure Election shine,
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice

*Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne*

Princes, that strive by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery,
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A speciall Party, have by common voyce
In Election for the Romane Empery
Chose *Andronicus* Surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver warriour
Lives not this day within the City Walles:
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoakt a Nation strong, train'd up in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent since first he undertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our Enemies pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with Honour's Spoiles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.

Let us entreat, by
With
And
With
Let
Princes
Of
And
*Saturnine.* I thank you all, and here
To
I
And
Of
Rome
Are
Of
*Tribunes.* To
*Marcus.* The
*Enter a Captaine*
Captaine. Romanes
Of
Is
Is
Is
Is
Is
*Sound Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus* [illegible] *two men bearing a Coffin covered* [illegible] *Then two men bearing the Coffin. After them Titus* [illegible] *and after Tamora the Queene of Gothes, &* [illegible] *Lavinia. Demetrius and Chiron on the* [illegible] *and Aaron the Moore alone.*
*After them Flourish*
Victorious Warriour, Scipio,

Lo,

L[illegible]
Receaues w[illegible]
[illegible]
Conuerted [illegible] with Lawrell bowes,
[illegible]
[illegible] Rome,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Soules,
[illegible] Prouide
[illegible]
[illegible] Loue
[illegible]
[illegible]
Heere Goths haue [illegible] with my Sword
*Tamora* [illegible]
Were [illegible]
To couer [illegible]
Make way to lay the [illegible]

*The [illegible]*

There [illegible]
And [illegible]
O [illegible]
Sweet [illegible]
How many [illegible]
That [illegible]
*Luc.* [illegible]
That [illegible]
*Andron.* [illegible]
Be [illegible]
That [illegible]
Nor [illegible]
*Tit.* [illegible]
The [illegible]
*Tam.* [illegible] Emperour,
[illegible]
A [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
To [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
For [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Andron.* [illegible] I am be with blood.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Tit.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Luc.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
*Tam.* [illegible]
[illegible]
*Luc.* [illegible] Emperour,

*Andron.* goes to rest, and we forsooth,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning lookes.
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that armd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

*Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.*

*Luc.* See Lord and Father how we haue performd
Our Roman exercises, *Andronicus* surpt,
And [illegible]
Who [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
*Tit.* Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make [illegible]

*Sound*

*Then sound Trumpets [illegible] to the Tombe.*

In peace [illegible]
[illegible]
See [illegible]
[illegible]
Heere [illegible]
Now [illegible]
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

*Enter Lauinia.*

*Tit.* In peace and Honour liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Marc.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

What should I don this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld up rule, resigne my Life,
And set abroad new busines for you all
Rome, I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries Greatnesse tryumphantly,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Service of their Noble Country
Give me a staffe of Honour for mine age
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Upright the beldest Lords that held it last.
*Mar.* *Titus* thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie
*Sat.* Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?
*Titus* Patience Prince *Saturnine*.
*Sat.* Romanes do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturnine* be Romes Emperour.
*Andronicus* would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the peoples hearts
*Luc.* Proud *Saturnine* interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* means to thee
*Tit.* Content thee Prince I will restore to thee
The peoples hearts, and wean them from themselves.
*Basi* *Andronicus* I do not flatter thee
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,
I will most thankefully requite it.
Of Noble minded natures this is the best Meede.
*Tit.* People of Rome and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you be to *Titus* friendly or *Andronicus*?
*Tribunes.* To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he nominates
*Tit.* Tribunes I thanke you and this suite I make,
That you create your Emperour's sonne Lord
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Justice in this Commonweale:
Then if you will elect by my advise,
Crowne him, and say Long live our Emperour.
*Mar.* *And* With Voyces and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians we Create
Lord *Saturnine* Romes Great Emperour
And say, *Long live our Emperour Saturnine*
*A long Flourish till they come downe.*
*Sat.* *Titus Andronicus* for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thankes in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deedes requite thy gentlenesse:
And for an Onset *Titus* to advance
Thy Name and Honorable Family,
*Lavinia* will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my heart
And in the Sacred *Pantheon* her espouse.
Tell me *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee?
*Tit.* It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And here in sight of Rome to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Commonweale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

*Sat.* Thankes Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealty to me.
*Tit.* Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will use you Nobly and your followers.
*Sat.* A goodly Lady trust me of the Hue
That I would choose were I to choose anew
Cleere up faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way
Rest on my word and let me see that cheere
Do not for these, Madam me thinkes you do,
Can make your Cheere dearer than the Queene of Gothes?
*Lavinia* you are not pleased with it,
*Lav.* Not I my Lord sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely courtesie
*Sat.* I thankes sweete *Lavinia*. Romanes let us goe,
Ransomelesse here we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpet and Drum
*Bass.* Lord *Titus* by your leave this Maiden is mine.
*Tit.* How sir are you in earnest then my Lord?
*Bass.* Noble *Titus* and resolved withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and right.
*Marc.* *Surnamed Scipio*, is our Romes delight,
This Prince is come to claime his Right and his
*Luc.* Arme that he will have slain a thousand more
*Tit.* Traitors avaunt, where is the Emperours Guard?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surprized.
*Sat.* Surprized, by whom?
*Bass.* By him that justly may
Beare his Betrothed from all the world away.
*Mut.* Brothers I hope to convey her hence away,
And with my Sword ile keepe this doome fate.
*Tit.* Follow my Lord, and ile soone bring her backe.
*Mut.* My Lord you passe not heere
*Tit.* What villaine Boy, barst me my way in Rome?
*Mut.* Helpe *Lucius* helpe *He wounds him.*
*Luc.* My Lord you are unjust, and more than so,
In wronging Our Captaine, you have slaine your Son.
*Tit.* Nor thee, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would never so dishonour me.
Traitor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour
*Luc.* Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawfull promist Love.

*Exeunt aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes and Aaron the Moore*

*Emp.* No *Titus* no the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy Stocke.
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy Traiterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agrees these deedes, with that proud brave of thine,
That dar'd in this manner seize the Empire.
*Tit.* O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?
*Sat.* But goe thy wayes goe give that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword.
A Valiant sonne in law thou shalt enjoy
One fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To

[illegible] Commons and people of Rome.

*Tit.* [illegible] voices as Rayors to my [illegible] Part.
[illegible] And heere [illegible] Tarquin, [illegible] Gothes,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Create [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Rome,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Rome I sweare,
[illegible] Gothes,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] lowly Bride,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Tit.* [illegible]
To [illegible] to wage Warre,
[illegible]

*Enter Marcus and Titus Sonne*

*Mar.* O [illegible] done!
[illegible]
*Tit.* [illegible] No more but mine,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Luc.* [illegible]
[illegible]
*Tit.* [illegible] Tombe.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Mar.* [illegible]
[illegible]
*Tit.* [illegible] was it spake that word?
[illegible]
[illegible] but heere.
*Tit.* What [illegible] you bury any Kinsman heere?
*Mar.* No [illegible] Tarquin [illegible] thee,
[illegible]
*Tit.* [illegible] Brother, [illegible] upon my Cost,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Maine [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my suite (sweet) pardon what is past.
*Sat.* What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge?
*Tam.* Not to my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you,
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all.
Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my suite looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be ruled by me be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaste then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust suruey take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which vnto reputes to me a hainous crime
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone
Ile make a day, to make ye friends all,
And direct the fatall enterprise of ruine.
Thou enemy to Rome, and all thy treacherous crew.
To whom I sue my deare louing lookes to bite.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
*King.* Rise *Titus* rise,
My Empresse hath prouail'd.
*Titus.* I thanke your Maiestie,
And her my Lord.
These words, these lookes,
Infuse new life in me.
*Tamo.* *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
*Sat.* We doe,
And vow to Heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we ought,
Tending our sisters honour and our owne
*Mar.* That on mine honour heere I do protest
*King.* Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
*Tamo.* Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends.
The Tribune and his Nephewes kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet heart looke back
*King Marcus*,
For my sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamora*s intreats,
I doe remit these young mens heynous faults.
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I sweare,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loue-day *Tamora*.
*Tit.* To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
We'le giue your Grace *Bonjour*.
*Sator.* Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy to. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Secunda.

*Enter.* *Enter Aaron alone.*

*Aaron.* Now climbes faire *Tamora* Pompus toppe,
Safe out of fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders crake or lightning flash,
Aduanced aboue pale enuies threatning reach
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And hurles his glorious beames through gloomy aire,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouerlookes the highest peering hilles:
So *Tamora*
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy heart, and fit thy thoughes,
To mount aloft with thy Imperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucasus*.
Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this *Semiramis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Commonweales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

*Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.*

*Dem.* *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.
*Chi.* *Demetrius*, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all,
And so in this to bear me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lauinia*s loue.
*Aaron.* Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.
*Dem.* Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)
Gaue you a dancing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe to haue your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
*Chi.* Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
*Dem.* I Boy, grow ye so braue? *They draw.*
*Aaron.* Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

A[aron] ...maintaine such a quarrell openly?
...answer I wote, the groundlesse feare is greate
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were known to them it most concernes.
...would your noble mother should impeache
...so dishonour her, and her Court thereby.
For shame put vp.
*Dem.* Not I, till I haue sheathed
My rapier in his bosome, and with thee,
I scorne to take such churlish checkes at hand,
That neither can become thee or my dishonour heere.
*Chi.* Braue boy, am I prepar'd, and am not slow,
Come proue Gentleman,
That dare encounter words with me,
And with my weapon manage it as perforce
*Aron.* Away, away.
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will vndoe vs all
Why Lords, and think you how dangerous
It is to let your mother heare of this,
What is *Lauinia* but her brothers honor,
Or *Lauinia* but her shame
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controlement, iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware and should the Empresse know,
This discord growne, I make the matter woorse,
*Chi.* I care not I knowe the worst can be,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world
*Dem.* Youngling
Learne thou to make some meaner choice,
*Lauinia* is the elder brothers heire
*Aron.* Why are ye mad? O know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you do but plot your deaths,
By this deuice.
*Chi.* *Aron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whom I loue.
*Aron.* To atchieue her, how?
*Dem.* Why makest it strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won,
She *Lauinia* hath as much to loue
As hath a Bridge more water glideth by the Mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know
Though Bridget scorne to the Empresse brother,
Tut Fortune is the worse *Vulcans* badge.
*Aron.* I, and a thousand times must Martius shame
*Dem.* Tut Martius honour is subscribe that knowes to
Words, and weapons, and liberality
What hast not thou full often stroke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
*Aron.* Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.
*Chi.* I so the turne were serued.
*Dem.* *Aaron* thou hast hit it.
*Aron.* Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tired with this adoo:
Why harke ye, harke ye, and are you such fooles,
To striue for this? Would it offend you then
*Chi.* That it should me.
*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one.
*Aron.* For shame be friends & ioyne for that you iar.
'Tis policie and stratagem must doe
That you affect and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words.
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes do applaud and sweet you vnto.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull deafe, and dull
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuel in *Lauinia's* Treasurie.
*Chi.* Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.
*Dem.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heate, Charmes to calme these fits,
*Per Stygia per manes vehor* *Exeunt*

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse with Hounds, and Hornes, and a Flourish.*

*Tit.* The hunt is vp the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere and let vs make a day,
And wake the Emperour and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Winde Hornes.*

*Heere a cry of hounds, and winde hornes in a peale, then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.*

*Tit.* Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.
*Satur.* And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to early for new married Ladies.
*Bass.* *Lauinia*, how say you?
*Lau.* I say no.
I haue bene awake two houres and more.
*Satur.* Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport. Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting
*Mar.* I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And climbe the highest Promontary top.
*Tit.* And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like Swallowes ore the plaine

*Deme.* *Chiron*

*Deme.* I know we shall not we, with better [illegible]
But hope to pluck a dart from Venus wound. *Exeunt*

*Enter Aaron.*

*Aaron.* Her hath the [illegible] Hadrian,
To leave so much to show her [illegible],
And so her after to [illegible]
Let me alone, I know how to [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

For no [illegible] nature but [illegible]
*Tam.* Gaue I [illegible] you stand, you shall know my boyes
Your Mother [illegible] your Mothers sting,
*Dome.* Nay Villaine [illegible] stop her,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Vpon [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
*Cha.* [illegible]
I would [illegible]
Drag [illegible]
And [illegible]
*Tamo.* But [illegible]
Let [illegible]
[illegible]
Come Madam [illegible]
That [illegible]
*Lau.* [illegible]
*Tamo.* I will not care [illegible]
*Tam.* Sweet Lord [illegible]
*Lam.* Let [illegible]
To [illegible]
As [illegible]
*Lau.* [illegible]
O does [illegible]
The [illegible]
[illegible]
Yet euery Mother [illegible]
Do thou [illegible]
*Cha.* Nay.
[illegible]
*Lau.* [illegible]
The [illegible]
Yet [illegible]
The [illegible]
To [illegible]
Some [illegible]
That [illegible]
Or [illegible]
[illegible]
*Tam.* I know not what it [illegible]
*Lam.* O [illegible]
That [illegible]
Be not obdurate [illegible]
*Tam.* [illegible]
I am [illegible]
Remember [illegible]
[illegible]
But [illegible]
[illegible]
*Lau.* [illegible]
Be [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Tam.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

Or wanting strength to doe her so much good,
I may be plac'd into the wandring wombe,
Or in a deepe pit, poore Barbarus grave
I have no stirring place, creepe to the brooke.
*Martius.* Nor can I devise to cure without thy help.
*Quin.* Thy hand once gone, we must toole shame,
Till you are seene aloft or else below,
Thou can'st not come to me I come to thee. *Exit Marcus*

*Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore*

*Saturn.* Along with me: Hee see what hole is heere
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
*Martius.* I am no more then newly risen *Andronicus*,
Brought into error by the deepe resort,
For my deere brothers sake unnaturall,
*Saturn.* My brother? no, 'tis none of Tamors wit,
He and his Lady both are at the Court,
Upon the Nurse that lately was deliver'd:
'Tis not an houre since I left them there.
*Martius.* We know as well we were at liberty,
But out alas, here have we found our end.

*Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lavinia.*

*Tamo.* Where is my Lord the King?
*King.* Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grefe
*Tamo.* Where is thy death that can relieve thy wound,
Poore *Martius* speechless sits here.
*Tamo.* I am advertised by a loyall Scout,
That two of thy whelpes fell Traytors be,
And were by cruelty slaine Andronicus,
In spight of mercie such murderous Tyranne.
*Saturn.* Reades a Superscribed Letter.

*Saturn. reades the Letter.*

*And if we misse to meete him manfully,*
*Since they are mine, I am not worth the name,*
*Do you encounter with the Andronicus,*
*And you know our meaning for your reward*
*Among the Nobles of the Romane state:*
*Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him:*
*Dispatch my Nephewes for their villanies,*
*Doe this and purchase us for ever more friends*

*King.* O *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke you, my Lords, you may have room enough,
I feare too much you have for your purpose here.
*Aron.* My gracious Lord, here is a bagge of Gold
*King.* Two of thy whelpes, fell Curres of bloody kind
Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, teare him from the pit, we two have found
Some newer kind of torturing, some for them.
*Tamo.* What are they, alreadie?
Or worse than earthly?
How is my murder'd sonne discovered?
*Tit.* High Emperour, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them.
*King.* If it be proud? you see it is apparant,
Who found the Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
*Tamora. Andronicus* himselfe did take it up.
*Tit.* I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their bayle
For by my fathers reverent Tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnesse will,
To answere their suspition with their lives
*King.* Thou shalt not bayle them, see thou follow me
Some bring the murthered body to the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
*Tamo. Andronicus* I will entreate the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.
*Tit.* Come *Lavinia*, come,
Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt*

*Enter the Empresse Sonnes with Lavinia her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravished.*

*Demet.* So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee
*Chi.* Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumps will let thee play the Scribe.
*Demet.* See how with signes and tokens she can scowle
*Chi.* Goe home,
Call for sweet water, wash thy hands
*Demet.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash
And so let's leave her to her silent walkes.
*Chi.* An 'twere my cause I should goe hang myselfe.
*Demet.* If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Marcus.*

*Enter Marcus from hunting to Lavinia.*

Who is this my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If dumbe as woods that saw thy speechless griefe,
Perchance some cold Morality you learne,
That teaches Termes to speake, and write her woes
Speake gentle Neece what stern ungentle hands
Have lopt and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes kings have sought to sleepe in
And might not gently speake their pleasures
With speechless blushes, by your teares to speake?
Alas a crimson River warme as breath,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath,
But more then all, how could'st thou lose thy tongue.
And all too much I fear you know how
And like a Scholler here you sit and figure
With some sad purpose how to execute
And like a Scholler here you sit and figure
With some sad purpose how to execute
Be it so gentle Neece, but cheare thy browe
Some bloody passion stirres thee to and fro
Or any other cause but that thy tongue
Should'st traine foule rape and slaughter on their flight
Sweet Virgins pleasures ever are made
Like to the Aprill buds that feed the Aire
But were some sad mischance unto their stalke
Before they can be tainted with the worme
Even so must all our hopes and expectations
Be nipt and blasted with untimely frosts
And death unto the braine of Morning dewe
Ere it be wrought with the desired heate
That this faire Creature might be good for ought
So should the damned touch thee foule dishonour.
Speake gentle Neece, some stirring Tragedie
Must needs have stolne thy tongue with modestie
For not a worse than any can unfold
Can counterfeit the deepe tragedians speech
But lose, alas, the Senate house of Rome
A worthier Tomb than ever Scipio had
Yet must at every Funerall there recite
And who but wretched Marcus for a Tombe
Hath spoke to thee, nephew, and renew'd
Thy fathers teares as hot as Scalding lead
Sorrow concealed like Oken hidden sap
Doth burne the heart to cinders where it is
Fair Neece what wrongs have rob'd you of your speech
And made your tongue unable to complaine
But love, I see some part of it in thee,
Alcra'tier Tamora with her two sonnes,
And me hath dealt as poorely I am sure

That

[illegible]

*Enter Titus.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

I spetting euer when some one our turge,
Wil in his brutish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes
But that which gives my soule the greatest wounde,
Is heere *Lauinia* dearer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue made me downe. Wrath, and reuenge
Now, behold thy tender body—
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemned and dead by this
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lauinia* looke on her.
When I did name her brothers, newe fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes as doth the honie dew,
Vpon a gathered lilie almost wither'd.
*Mar.* Perchance she weepes because they killed her husband,
Perchance because she knowes them innocent.
*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are stain'd like meadowes yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountaine shall we gape and drinke
Out of the challow'd caues with teares and sighes,
And to the skies let vs send forth our eyes
Like to three watry Centaures, to poure in
Fresh supply of brackish water like to vs,
That we may crie and drowne the lower parts
Of this sad world with our impetuous teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues and in dumbe shewes
Passe the remainder of our hateful dayes?
What shall we do? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuice of further miseries
To make vs wonder'd at in time to come.
*Luc.* Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weepes.
*Mar.* Patience deare Niece, good *Titus* dry thine eyes.
*Tit.* Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.
*Luc.* Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
*Tit.* Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
O what a mutuall of woe is this
As farre from helpe, as Limbo is from blisse,

*Enter Aaron the Moore alone.*

*Aaron.* *Tytus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius* or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes alyue,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault

*Tit.* O gracious Emperour of gratious Rome,
Did euer Raue so ioyfull for a Larke,
This grieues sweet day in getting of my sonnes
With mutuall weight, let me exchange for this,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
*Luc.* Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies
Shall not be sent, my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battaile axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
O none of both but are of high desert,
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue
To ransome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue my hands scarues to shew for warres,
Fit to bedeck my kinsmen's funerals,
And my sad stumps instead of scutcheons,
Not one of which shall bring his maister backe,
But I will defend my handy-worke,
Speake Titus what is your sentence now?
*Tit.* Now I see you're a mutinous crew,
Say you will be controlled by your inferiour,
Or else we will banish you to the maine,
Come Brother take a knife, cut off your hand,
Or with the other I will send the head
Of you, or *Titus* sonne to Rome againe.
*Luc.* Is this the law, and this your common iustice?
Is this the sacred honour of your name,
That you esteeme your promise once engaged?
*Mar.* My lord, the case is hard, but common reason
Makes it seeme light: therefore I will die
For my deliuerance, as I hope to liue
To do my country seruice, if time and fortune serue me.
*Tit.* Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede,
I'll cut off your heads, chop off your hands,
Send me the heads of all three for the ransome,
And hope to haue the Emperour to keepe his word.
*Luc.* Let me redeeme my brothers both with this hand,
*Mar.* And that my nephewes liberty with this.
*Tit.* Agree betweene you I will spare my hand
*Luc.* Then Ile go fetch an Axe.
*Mar.* But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt*
*Tit.* Come hither *Aaron*, lend me here thy hand,
Giue me thy knife, and I will see thee paide,
*Aaron.* It shall be cause of more than the benefit,
And neuer while I liue receiued motion
But I deceiue you in some subtle sort,
And trust you I will cut off better parts.

*Hearts of Iron and.*

*Enter Lucius and Marcus with Aaron.*

*Tit.* Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatcht,
Good *Aaron* giue *Marcus* our Empresse hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited, that let it haue,
As for his sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet dearer too as I bought them owne,
*Aaron.* I go *Aaron* and this my hand,
Look by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane. Oh how this villany
Doth fit the deedie of it selfe
Let fooles do good, and fair men call for grace,
*Aaron* will haue his soule blacke like his face.
*Tit.* O here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pities wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Do then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighes we'll breathe the welkin dimme,
And staine the Sunne with fogge as sad as ours,
Wee'll strike the ground with our impatient feete,
*Mar.* O brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames
*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?

Then be my passe-bottom of thy weary barke.
*Mar.* Ah brother, thus to grace me with thy teares.
*Tam.* There are yet seeds remaining in mine eyes,
Too barren for such fertile plants as these.
Who though they issue from their mother's wombe
Like to the Scythian Tamar, cold and dead,
Yet will I water them with fountains of my face:
And with my breath revive them to the life.
*Mar.* Then let me bathe them in the brinish sea,
Or with Niobe be turned into stone,
For these, me thinks, are fit for nothing else,
But to be water'd from the springs of heaven,
To deck the naked world with their moysture.

*Enter Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*

*Luc.* Why weep'st thou, Aunt? these should be our hearts,
Our eyes are too unkind, too hard of heart,
Abusing the instruments wherewith we use
To express our passions with more ease.
*Quin.* Sweet Nephew, pardon us our griefs,
Our woes are written in our flowing eyes,
Which, like a sealed letter, must be read
Before the heart can understand the same.
*Mar.* Alas, my Lord, I have but kist your hand,
And closed in my hand her modest lip,
Which never opened but to speak the truth,
So have my cheeks been bathed in her tears,
Whose sacred moysture, trickling down my beard,
Like dew upon the mountain leaves,
Hath made them blush to be so passionate.
*Quin.* Ah Martius, strive not to conceal your grief,
Lest you run mad, as we poor Andronici,
Have done before you.
*Tam.* And let not him that is a Father long,
Show weakness how to bear his children's death.
*Mar.* Now gentle Nephew, let me see thy hand,
That I may help thee with my breath since dead
Thy uncle and thy father bade me do so.
Lucius, I will not mingle words and tears,
But bear me soberly to my grave.
Come cousin, you that were but late adorned
With princely robes to sit amongst the Queens,
Must now be servile to your wretched kin,
To lead fond Priam through the Grecian host.
*Luc.* Ah cousin, thou art much deceived in this,
My father never shall return to Rome.
*Mar.* Then I'll not go home to Lavinia,
I will consort thee in thy wanderings.
*Luc.* I'll bear you hence, for I will home to Rome.
*Mar.* Ah, we will help you to lament your exile,
And make the mockers weep to see our woe.
*Tam.* Alas, the senseless stones will sooner melt
Than Rome's hard-hearted Tribunes shed a tear.
*Mar.* Yet let us try what we can do or say,
To soften them with our deep-fetched sighs,
Since words will not prevail, nor tears suffice.
But if we cannot, we will take our leaves,
For we will mourn without the gates of Rome.
*Tam.* Will you leave us all alone here at the gates?
*Mar.* Ah, gentle Aunt, what shall we do else?
*Luc.* Return with us into the city, Uncle,
Say that we went to gather flowers for you,
Give us the garlands, and we will return.
*Mar.* I have the flowers already that I like,
Without the which I am not to be seen.
*Quin.* Then either let us all go in together,
Or all abide here until you come.
*Mar.* Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
*Luc.* How shall I then begin to comfort you?
They want their tongues to tell their bitter griefs.
*Mar.* Ah, do not tell me of my tongue,
Lest I tell you how much I want my tongue.
Perceive you not by signs and tokens how
Her husband's dead, and her two brothers slain?
*Luc.* Ah, say no more lest I run mad.
*Quin.* We have no sons to succour us,
Our helpless years stand in need of maintenance,
Alas, we plough not, we have no trades to live by,
We cannot mow, we are not fit for war,
Therefore I tell you again, content you,
Or we will famish in these public streets.
*Mar.* Ah, now I see 'tis true, for they say,
Good deeds are fruitful in a fruitful field.
*Luc.* Then gentle Uncle, let us all depart,
Let us be gone, and find out Rome's enemies,
Come, come, sweet Lavinia, look not so sad,
Happily we shall meet with Titus there,
Or he with us, shall be returned to Rome.
Come, Aunt, you must not murmur thus,
Nor Martius, you must not weep.
Now let us take our last farewell of you.
*Mar.* Nephew, not so, for we will bear you hence.
*Luc.* Then have your own way, we will follow you.
*Mar.* Come on, poor babes, some heavenly power guide
Your pretty feet to right your wandering ways,
And sometimes rest you with heart-easing thoughts.
But somewhere stay to see your father's face.
*Luc.* And with this last farewell I take my leave,
Bending my eyes and blessing with my heart,
Directing my good will with holy thoughts.
*Quin.* Farewell, sweet Lucius, and good Martius,
Thy sister Lavinia and her loving kin,
Poor Queen of Goths, your hapless brother dead,
And Titus unto all brave Romans else.
*Tam.* Ah, let this my last blessing seem as warm
And take as deep impression of my mind,
As when Aeneas with his houshold gods
Forsook the ruins of the burning Troy,
Clapped his sails, and with a prosperous wind
Made for the fruitful Coasts of Italy,
Where he was promised he should arrive at last.
Even so with tearful eyes and labouring breath,
I take my leave of you my dearest friends.
*Luc.* Aunt and my Lord, good fortune speed us well,
Commit we now our holy vows to heaven,
To whose high will we bow our present woes,
That we may live to tell our children's children
What storms of fortune fell upon their house.
Come, Martius, come, fair Lavinia, dear cousin,

Speech, fell complayner I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action will be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make thy signe,
But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,
And by still practise learne to know thy meaning.
*Boy.* Good grandsire leave these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
*Mar.* Alas the tender boy in passion moued,
Doth weep to see his grandsire heavinesse.
*Andr.* Peace tender sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.
*Mar* strikes the dish with a knife
What dost thou strike at *Marcus* with my knife?
*Mar.* At that that I have kild my lord that's dead.
*Andr.* Out on thee murderer, thou kildst my children,
My children are at rest and thou canst part
Their mother cannot mourne her children one,
A woe to her and me, for now she wakes.
*Mar.* Who wakes Lord *Andronicus* with her sighs?
*Andr.* Dead *Lucina* that doth not regard
How these are slaine, or *Aaron* the Moore
Sweet flowers and faire intending infancie,
Cut off before the season of their growth.
But see thy shame ranke theefe and read not on.
*Mar.* Sweet Vncle I beseech pardon me this,
Within the hollow compasse of a hand
I saw a thousand fearefull wrongs ingraft
In their dead father, these I am asham'd
That you should rip your noble minde with woe,
Least you should by my mirth perceive the weight
Which I have borne in my disturbed brest.
I pray you read some pleasant storie or other,
Apt to delight, and weane your minde from woe.
*Andr.* Lucius come hither, boy come hither,
What booke?
*Luc.* Forsooth an booke with prettie pictures,
'Twas a booke of Ouids Metamorphosis,
My father gaue me.
*Andr.* Let me see that booke.
*Luc.* I cannot grandsire, my father did not like
That I should learne by pictures when I read.
*Andr.* Ah boy, thy father hath done well in this,
Sorrow is dull and blunt in wretched soules,
Their weake apprehension cannot reach
The quicke invention of a learned man,
Their memories are gone, their senses lost,
Yet doth the Painter play the Orator
In action, gesture, and set figures,
Which well considered, tell a tragicke tale.
Come boy, and let thy grandsire see the truth
Of some sweet story, some prettie morall
Or some dispersed Tale of Troian Sinon,
Or any thing that fits not with my woe.
*Luc.* This booke shewes the storie of Philomele
And her faire sister Tereus forced rape,
And rape I feare was root of thine annoy.
*Andr.* Sorrow confound thee if it be the cause,
Ah gentle boy, thou makst me sad to see thee,
Philomele sweet girle, was ravished my wife?
Forced my daughter? and shee ravished?
Where was this booke when my sweet daughter
Was ravished, and the theefe bereft her tongue,
And hid the perfect path of her faire limbes
With knife full sharpe, and razing Instrument?
Alas poore girle, how blushest thou to tell
Thy shame, which like a canker in the spring
Hath blasted the fragrant bud of thy sweet flower?
*Mar.* Perchance my Lord she knowes some other way
To expresse her mind, for indeed I know
Some other way more common than this
To vent my passion by signes and tokens.
*Andr.* It was my deare, and he that wrong'd her brother
Abusde her hands that could on him bestow
Additions of honour, not disgrace.
How now my Lord, what say you to all this?
Haue you no hand to blush for such a wrong?
Speake boy, what say you?
*Boy.* Vnckle I say more than I can well performe,
Having no eyes to see, hands to teach,
Or tongue to speake a word with all.
*Luc.* Good grandsire leave these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
*Mar.* Alas poore man, griefe has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes for true substances.
*Andr.* Come take away this booke, and read to me,
Thou art deformed, and read to me,
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazle. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter young Lucius and his Aunt meeting him, and the boy bearing books that have been turned on.*

*Luc.* Helpe sweet Aunt to carry, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
For shewes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,
And sweet Aunt stand not at whom you beare
*Mar.* Stand by me *Lucius*, do not feare thy Aunt.
*Tit.* She loues thee boy too well to do thee harme
*Boy.* I when my father was in Rome she did.
*Mar.* What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?
*Tit.* Fear boy with her, some what doth fright her sure
See *Lucius* see how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sonnes, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour.
Canst thou interpret to me Gentle boy,
What stirres her griefe with such impatience?
*Luc.* My Lord I know not, nor can I guesse,
Vnles some fit or frenzie do possesse her.
For I haue heard my Grandsire say full oft
Extremity of griefe would make men mad.
And I haue read that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And am not sportiue of correction.
Your Honour knowes, and so I hope she doth,
I humbly craue, let me interpret for me.
If I my selfe haue done some vndeserued fault,
I know she should correct me for it,
And so I know she doth, for boyes must beare,
And I must beare from her, there is no remedie.
*Mar.* Pardon me Princes all, for what I shall haue said
Or done amisse in passion for my Neece,
And Noble Vncle, for my wife sake my Lord
Pardon my gentle Neece, that meekely seemes
To sue for grace with such a louely countenance.
*Tit.* Doth not she hope that I am well in blood
To haue her mother, if not sister slaine?
*Mar.* Come Lucius come stay not to talke with them.
*Boy.* Sweet Vncle speake you doubt my Aunt will hurt me?
How noble he is of his looks and speech!
Doth not she hope that I am growne more wise
Than rash young boyes that neuer gate experience,
And could not euermore be hid out of doores?
Doth not she hope that this experience
Hath taught me pawses for to time my deedes,
And to obserue occasion in my gate
Lest I be heard, and chid for being heard?
Doth not she hope for these experiments?
*Mar.* Fie Nephew, fie you are past your selfe,
Your Gentle Vncle kindly flouted you,
Why do you fetch these passions on your selfe?
*Boy.* Pardon me Vncle for my passion,
I haue some cause my Aunt should fright me,
Whose mother was her painting and her ornament,
Let not me think but death ends all my griefe.
And Vncle and Aunt haue done the deed.
*Mar.* Marke Vncle how he marks his Aunts wrongs
With bitter taunts and with obprobrious words.
*Tit.* It was my deare, and he that wrong'd her brother
Abusde her hands that could on him bestow
Additions of honour, not disgrace.
How now my Lord, what say you to all this?
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Th. after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forces vs to this shift
Write thou good Neece, and heere deliuer it,
Wish God we might be heard, and we discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.*

*Tit.* O doe you read my Lord what she hath writ?
*Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.*
*Mar.* What meanes that, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
*Tit. Magne Dominator poli.*
*Tam omnia videns, quid dea tam cruda tacet?*
*Mar.* O calme thee gentle Lord. Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To fire a mans incensed thoughts,
And arme reuenge downe right to cruelties.
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romane *Hectors* hope,
And swear with me, as with the woefull heere
And father of that chaste dishonored Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sware for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduise,
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
*Tit.* Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hurt these Bearre whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake and if she wind you once,
She's with the Lion deeply still in league
And lulls him whilst she playes on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a fool to set a watch on him, let it alone.
And come, I will vse the skill of me.
And with a gad of steele will write these words,
And lay a fine plot in the Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And what remaines of them will be to blame.
*Boy.* Faire Lord, and I were a man,
Their mother should not carry them thus for scorne.
For these bad bondmen to the yoake of Rome
*Mar.* Ist's my boy shall turne his fortune thus,
For I will helpe old Crazy time thereto.
*Boy.* And I will do it well, and oft assay.
*Tit.* Come go with me into mine Armorie,
*Lucius* shalt send the weapons well, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do my message wilt thou not?
*Boy.* I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:
*Tit.* No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
*Lauinia* come, *Marcus* vnto my house,
*Lucius* and I'le goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we sir, and we'le be waited on. *Exeunt*
*Mar.* O heauens can you heare a good man groane
And not relent or not compassion him?
*Marcus* attend him in his extremes,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mans marks vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*

*Enter Aaron and Demetrius at one dore, and at the other Chiron and another, with a bundle of weapons and verses vpon them.*

*Chi. Demetrius* heeres a sonnet of *Lucres*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.
*Aron.* I some mad message from his mad Grandfather
*Dem.* My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greete your Honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
*Demet.* Gramercie louely *Lucres* what's the newes?
For vnkle mark with tape. May it please you,
My Grandsire well aduised hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome for so he bad me say.
And so I do and with his gifts present
Your Lordships when euer you haue need.
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both like bloody minded. *Exit*
*Dem.* What heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see.
*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcu.*
*Chi.* O 'tis verses *Horace*, I know it well
I read it in the Grammer long ago.
*Aron.* I iust it is *Horace* right you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heere's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guile,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond their feeling to the quick.
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit.
But let her rest in her vnquiet a while.
And now young Lords was't not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so,
Captiues, to be aduanced to the state of Lords?
I said me good boy to the fortune of the Gothes.
To beare the Emperour wanders hunting
*Dem.* Be the Acteon was to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.
*Aron.* Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?
*Dem.* I would we had a thousand Roman Dames
At such a bay by turne to serue our lust.
*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of loue.
*Aron.* Heere lack's but you mother to day, Amen.
*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more
*Dem.* Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
*Aron.* Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.
*Trumpets sound within.*
*Dem.* Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
*Chi.* Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.
*Dem.* Soft who comes heere?
*Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.*
*Nur.* Good morrow Lords
O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?
*Aron.* Well, more or lesse, or neere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
*Nurse.* Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe or woe betide thee euermore
*Aron.* Why, what a caterwalling coil'st thou keepe?
What doest thou wrap and fumble in thy armes?
*Nurse* O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.
*Aron* To whom?
*Nurse* I meane she is brought a bed.
*Aron.* Well God giue her good rest,

What

What hath he sent her?

*Nurse.* A Letter!

*Aaron.* Why she is the Deuils Dam: a scourge for

*Nurse.* A blessed, damned blacke & sorrowful time,

Heere is the base is loathsome as a toad,

Amongst

The

And

Sweet

*Lome.*

*Aaron.*

*Dem.*

Ascended

*Aaron.*

*Nurse.* What must we do?

Dare

*Aaron.* Why then the Deuil dare not touch her soule:

Acknowledge

Inioyne

Nor

Now

Tabercom

*Dem.*

*Aaron.* Madam,

Then

Tis

Come

*Dem.* Is

Rome

*Nur.* The

Go

*Aaron.* Why

Receiue

Receiue

Looke

As

Nurse,

And

Heere

Now

And

*Dem.* Aduance

Aaron,

Then

Now

Tis

Come

Looke

Thou

Stop

You

And

Yet

No

Tit.

[illegible]

*Enter Lucius with the rest and two Pages with him.*

*Tam.* Newes, newes from heaven,
*Marcus* the post is come
Sonne, what yongs? haue you our letters?
Shall I haue Iustice what says *Impiter?*

*Clowne.* Ho? the maker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.

*Tit.* But what sayes *Iupiter*, I aske thee?

*Clowne.* Alas sir, I know not *Iupiter*
I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

*Clowne.* I of my horse haue, and my pelle

*Tit.* Why, doest thou not come from heauen?

*Clowne.* From heauen? Alas sir, I never came there
God forbid I should be so bold to presse to heauen in my young yeares. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle and one of the Emperialls men.

*Mar.* Why sir that is as fit as can be to serue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigeons to the Emperour from you.

*Tit.* Tell me can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

*Clowne.* Nay truely sir I could neuer say Grace in all my life.

*Tit.* Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
Bethink you Father, this belongs vnto you.
Hold, meane while here's money for thy charges
Come take away. Lucius, will you deliuer
Your selues with a Grace, deliuer a Supplication?

*Clowne.* I sir

*Tam.* Now here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approch you must kneele, then kisse the Emperours feete, and then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and then lastly desire him to read the Supplication.

*Clowne.* I warrant you sir, let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Here *Marcus* fold the Bill vp for him,
As if it were a thing that I deliuer'd,
For if it should be toucht with any poyson,
The Emperour sooner will sucke it vp.
Come, go with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius, Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes
Presents that I intend to send them both.
Come, come thou'lt do my message wilt thou not?

*Clowne.* I my Lord I warrant you, if you giue me good words inough.

*Tit.* Why then thou shalt haue 'em, hold, hold, hold.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Emperour and Empresse, and her two Sonnes, the Emperour brings Arrowes in his hand that Iupiter shot at them.*

*Sat.* Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was euer seene
An Emperour of Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall Iustice vs'd in such contempt?
My Lords you know right well the feeble state of Rome,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buzze in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what an end
His sorrowes haue, so fortune keepe her wheele,
So Rome may loose her honour in no more,
Then in the fall of this vnhappie man.
And now he writes to heauen for his reuenge.
See, here's to *Iupiter*, and this to *Mercurie*,

*Tam.*

This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre
Sweet scrowles to fly about the streets of Rome
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our [illegible] every where?
A goodly humour is not every [illegible]
As if we were supplyants to the people.
But I [illegible] deserues
Shall be a [illegible] to the stages
But [illegible]
In [illegible]
[illegible]
Get out the [illegible]
*Tam.* My [illegible] *Saturnine*,
For [illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible],
Whole [illegible], [illegible], and [illegible] heart,
And [illegible]
Vnapt to [illegible]
[illegible] compos. What [illegible] become
Is plotted *Tamora* to [illegible] *Aside.*
By *Tam*, I have to [illegible] like,
Two [illegible] [illegible] be wise,
[illegible], and the Aduersaries close.
*Enter Clowne.*
How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?
*Clow.* Yea forsooth, an your Mistership be Emperiall.
*Tam.* Empriall villaine, thou vnderstandst the Emperour.
*Clow.* Troth, God & Saint Stephen giue you good den; I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of pigeons heere.
*Exit Clowne with the Letter.*
*Sat.* Go take him away, and hang him presently.
*Clowne.* How much money must I haue?
*Tam.* Come to me first, and heare me speake.
*Clow.* Hang'd euer Lady then I haue strength to stretch a halter too. *Exit.*
*Sat.* Despight of all dishonorable wrongs,
Vnkindly deeds is monstrous vnkind?
I know from whence this same deuice proceedes.
May this be borne? As separate as the day,
This very day last I trust shall ouer-see.
Those [illegible] beene [illegible]
[illegible] the vildest [illegible]
Nor Age, nor [illegible], shall [illegible]
For [illegible]
Sylla [illegible]
[illegible]
*Enter Nuntius [illegible]*
*Satur.* What newes [illegible]?
*Emm.* Arme my Lord [illegible],
The Gothes haue gathered [illegible]
Of [illegible]
Hey [illegible]
O *Lucius*, [illegible]
What [illegible]
As [illegible]
*Aar.* Is [illegible] Generall of these Gothes?
The very [illegible]
As [illegible]
[illegible]
Tut [illegible],
My [illegible]
(When [illegible])
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they [illegible] that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
*Tam.* Why should you feare? is not our City strong?
*Sat.* Yes, but [illegible]
And [illegible]
And [illegible]
*Tam.* And [illegible] make it mine, and I thanke you all.
But [illegible]
And [illegible]
*Sat.* Then goe successantly, and plead for him. *Exit*

## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter [illegible] with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Soulders.*

*Luc.* Approued warriors, and my faithfull Friends,
[illegible] Letters for great Rome,
[illegible] what hate they beares to our Emperour,
And [illegible]
The [illegible] Lords, to you I [illegible],
[illegible] to impatient of our wrongs,
And [illegible]
Let [illegible]
*Goth.* Braue slip-sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
[illegible] was once our terrour now our comfort,
[illegible] your [illegible] Deeds,
[illegible] requests with foule contempt.
[illegible] weene for [illegible],
[illegible] Flies [illegible] Summers day,
For [illegible] Master to the lowrest [illegible],
And [illegible]
And [illegible]
*Luc.* I humbly [illegible] and I thanke you all.
But [illegible]
And [illegible]
*Goth.* Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I strayd,
To gaze vpon a famous Monument,

And

*Luc.* Even by my God I sweare to thee I saw him take it.
*Aron.* Eath know you
I begot him on the Empresse
*Luc.* O most intolerable villanie!
*Aron.* Tut *Lucius*! 'twas but a deed of Charitie,
To that which ere long shall be done for him,
These seuen Sonnes (as murdered for their
And cut their heads off and with mad rage and
*Luc.* O detestable villaine!
Call'st thou that trimming?
*Aron.* Why she was waild, and tender, and mild,
And 'twas too little for their barbarous griefe.
*Luc.* Once more, I warne thee to attempt them,
The Emperour and wretched Mother,
I am resolu'd then to acquaint the Emperour
And tell him of the treason you intend.
Who shall set downe the Ladder for the Moore,
Why there Demetrius and Chiron stood,
Why so, brave Lords, when we joyn'd in league,
I spied a Blacke-faced Moore, say I,
And blest him for the same:
*Aron.* Lucius, all hail Romes royall Emperour,
*Luc.* I pray thee tell me Aaron how begot'st thou
I know thou art the Father of a Boy,
Nay more, the Nurse and Midwife to the Child.
*Aron.* Ceremonious Lucius, once more
Behold my Babe swadled in these Armes,
Whose limbes resemble Noble Marshall Moore.
I say my Babe shall be a Noble man,
Which made me send him hither to your Grace,
*Luc.* Say, wilt thou go along with me or no?
Thy Mother will not heare me speake else.
*Aron.* Lucius, I will.
*Luc.* How many women saw this Childe of his?
*Aron.* Why so, brave Lords, when we joyn'd in league,
I spied a Blacke-faced Moore, say I,
And blest him for the same:
*Luc.* Aaron, I will

But to torment you with my bitter tongue
*Luc.* Sir stop your mouth, or else I shall speake no more
*Enter Lucius*
*Goth.* My Lord, there is Message from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence
*Luc.* Let him come neere
Welcome Ambassador, what's newes from Rome?
*Emi.* Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romane Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he hears you are addrest to Armes,
To expresse a noble care of your estate
With your good daughter Queene *Tamora*,
And your sad sonnes exiled from their Mother,
*Goth.* Would you had found some friendly Messenger
*Luc.* Then he had come as you doe, but more welcome
Your Noble Emperour sends to you all
*Tam.* Titus, unkinde Titus, speake to me some,
Behold thy daughter drops her Noble eyes
On this cold ground, my Father, my Lord,
Let me and pleasant *Aaron* creep
And wash the comfortless feet with my tears
*Tit.* Now farre be it from me to make you weepe,
Your eyes are precious eyes, they have wept
Enough already for your Brethren slaine,
And yet more dearly you must waile their fall,
Whose obsequies I come to celebrate,
*Luc.* Most noble Father, wofully we looke
Upon the sad solemnities you have,
And joy to see you in this happy state,
*Tam.* Why should a man whose bloud is warme within
Sit like his Grandsire cut in Alabaster?
Sleepe we not commonly after our Warres?
Right glad am I he is not buried now
Among the number of the pallid dead,
And I am greeved for the hard mischance
That brings us quiet rest before the time,
*Luc.* Then gentle Brother, get you in againe,
Let *Titus* take his time to doe him honour,
*Tam.* Sir Nephew, that is well said at my Lords request,
But I am sure you will not say me nay,
*Tit.* Unto your Honour's love I doe commend
My boy to be Entombed with my Brethren,
*Sem.* Long live Lord *Titus* my beloved Brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome,
*Tit.* Thanke Tribune, I thanke you all,
Anon when all our Soules are blithe and light,
In feasting and in joy of *Titus* safe return,
Forget not to expresse your Funerall mirth,
*Luc.* Uncle *Marcus*, since it is my Father's mind
That we obey his Funerall with gladnesse,
*Marc.* Then Nephew grace the Obsequies with sighs,
Sad Teares, sad Words, sad Weeds we all put on,
And bootlesse Plaints, and Cryes, and Orisons,
Lucius, I am sure you have a many sad Speeches
To say for your Noble Father in his Tombe,
*Luc.* Then gentle Brother, help me with your Mourning,
*Exeunt Marcus and Lucius.*
*Tit.* Now Farewell flesh, thus I enter thee,
Thus in this Hell doe I make my Bed,
*Tam.* Titus, unkinde Titus, speake to me some,
Behold thy daughter drops her Noble eyes
On this cold ground, my Father, my Lord,
Let me and pleasant *Aaron* creep
And wash the comfortless feet with my tears
*Tit.* Wee doubt not but with Conquest you will
Enforce your love to make us Orisons,
But at your pleasure, and we will,
And shall my Soule be comforted?
Your Grace is welcome to the Citie,
*Sem.* Titus, I come to talke with thee
*Tit.* No more, no more, you see I have no Roome,
Where you shall not see Tombes and Sepulchres,
*Sem.* I am the Tribune of the People, and
I must intreate you to grant me one more
*Tam.* I am the Queene of Gothes,
Then you must heare me speake,
*Tit.* I am not bound to doe it, yet I will,
Speake Romane Tribune, and we will attend,
*Sem.* Then know Titus, that the Romane Commons
Have by their Tribunes and their Ancients
Elected him Emperour of Rome,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
*Tam.* I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
*Tit.* Do me not that dishonour Romane Lords,
To enterprise Rome Marcus Andronicus,
Now you are come unto your Seate
Sit on your Throne, serene and bright,
And dazle all beholders with your Honour,
And suffer me and mine to passe in peace,
And let me governe Rome as best I may,
*Sem.* Then Titus, I commend both me and Rome,
And Rome it selfe unto your gentle keeping,
*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus,
And let it be mine Honour good my Lord,
That I commend my Lord the Emperour,
And her faire Princesse, Mistresse of my Marriage,
To the hope full comforts of your Lovely bed,
Faire Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?
*Tit.* Not I my Lord, sith true Nobility
Warrants these words in Princely courtesie,
*Sem.* Then please your Honours, let us ope the doores,
*Tit.* Lord Emperour, behold the doores are open,
And my gratious Lord of Gothes welcome to Rome,
Welcome also my gentle Lady of Gothes,
*Tam.* What, no speech to my Daughter *Hecubaes* Sonne?
*Dem.* See my Lord where your Sonne was slaine,
*Tam.* See Lords my Sonne was slaine because he fought for Rome,
And Lords we must requite your love so,
*Tit.* Why suffer you not speech to be made to your Sonne?
*Tam.* Alas, the senselesse Boy hears not our words,
Why doth my Lord Revive not Romes great Feast?
*Tit.* Unkinde Romans, unthankfull Citizens,
Could I perswade you to any thing,
Had you no Scarres to shew for loving me?
Then I should turne to see what helpe I had,
No, for you see me weake and sicke with cares,
That have no hope to live one houre with you,
But all alone to mourne some fifteene yeares,
Now you are come a Praying unto me,
I cannot sue unto my Countrymen,
Go backe to Rome, sollicite the Senate,
Get you a Warme dwelling, and happily
You may persuade perhaps a Banished man,
Alas, how can you credit what I say,
Since every Roman seeks for Revenge,
Even by the Sentence of Lavinia's Sonne,
And this my Sonne, this my deare Sonne,
Whose smiling gates I entred but two houres since,
Even he hath slaine with Deadly hate,
Some of your Sonnes, and me and all my Friends,
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eate up my invention,
Nor Fortune done my Untimely wrongs,
But they must ebbe and flow all in this hand,
And this shall execute the same on you,
Proud Insulting Boy, Becomming your Fortune ill,
Lavinia, take this Infant in your Armes,
Come Lords, and harke for your Lives,
None shall come neere for feare of worse,
*Tam.* Titus, I come to talke with thee
*Tit.* No, not a word, how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
I have not another tricke, were I to woe my Soule,
*Tam.* Titus, I have a hand to shake with thine,
That hand shall tell thee what thy words do meane,
*Tit.* Is not your Sonne slaine, is not that sad signe
A deed of death done on the innocent,
Sufficient to make me doe any thing
Which I forbid by any meanes to doe?
*Tam.* Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand,
Speake in this cause as Orators to Romulus,
Bid him enlarge his Pinions as the Roman Eagle
Doth spread her wings, view well the state of Rome,
But Titus what is done is done,
Let what is done unto them rest well done,
Let us be satisfied with what is done,
*Luc.* Then Brother welcome me to your gentle Tent,
Let not sad Fancie dwell in dolefull lookes,
But let your Reason with your Fortune sute,
And make a Mirth of your impatience,
For Andronicus, this I speake unto thee,
*Tit.* Proud Insulting Boy, Becomming your Fortune ill,
Lavinia, take this Infant in your Armes,
Come Lords, and harke for your Lives,
None shall come neere for feare of worse,
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Let us be satisfied with what is done,
*Luc.* Then Brother welcome me to your gentle Tent,
Let not sad Fancie dwell in dolefull lookes,
But let your Reason with your Fortune sute,
And make a Mirth of your impatience,
For Andronicus, this I speake unto thee,

*Tam.* Well all you leffe-ones is this all we do.
But wast not please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house
When he is there, even at thy Mothers feast,
Will bring in the Emperesse Sonnes,
The Empresse selfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What is this thy Sonne that neeles?

*Enter Marcus.*

*Tit.* *Marcus* my Brother, tis done *Andronicus*,
Can send *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt entreate him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to Rome and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Peeres of the Gothes,
Bid him can pe his Soldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall feast with them,
This do thou for my love, and so return.
As he regards his aged Fathers life
*Marc.* This will I do, and soone return again.
*Tam.* Now will I hence about my businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me
*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rapes and Murders stay with me,
Or else I feare my Brother backe againe,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.
*Tam.* What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I have governed our determined jeast?
Tell him, it is the first time ever I
And if you will, I will come backe to you,
And come againe to Banquet with my Boyes.
*Dem.* Marcus we will.
*Tam.* How now *Andronicus*, what a mercy was this,
To have our dearest Friend to intercede,
*Tit.* Tell me, how shall I now requite you
*Tam.* Thus in obedience to your mandement,
I come to use Clemency and Favour
*Pub.* What is your will?
*Tam.* Know you these two?
*Pub.* The Empresse Sonnes
I take them *Chiron Demetrius*.
*Tam.* Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceaved
The one is Murder, rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and Valentine lay hands on them,
Oh that which I would hinder, must be done,
And not requested Marcus here are bloody theeves,
*Chi.* Villaines for feare we are the Empresse Sonnes.
*Val.* And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is the order given? I think you bind them fast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife and Lavinia with a Basen.*

*Tit.* Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I utter
O villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt.
You kill'd her husband, and for his sake
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or Tongue, her spotlesse Chastity.
Inhumane Traytors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whiles that *Lavinia* 'tweene her stumps doth hold.
The basen that receives your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calles herselfe Revenge, and thinkes me mad,
Stand fast I have the Veines that must do you good,
And you shall drink more deare then Rhenish Wine,
And shake your gastly heads, that breake from you
Ere I have done her wicked Sonnes to death,
Like to the earth swallow her increase.
This is the day, that I have vow'd to you,
And duly to a haire have I performed
Not one houre more, nor one houre lesse,
No person thinke of ought but what I vow'd,
Now range not up and downe unseene and unknowne,
Come come, be every one officious,
I make the Banket ready, and you Sirs must dresse it,
Make dispatch, and bring the Empresse hither.
*Hearts them with knives.*
So now bring them in, for I'le play the Cooke,
And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucius Marcus, and the Gothes.*

*Luc.* Uncle *Marcus* since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome I am content
*Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will
*Luc.* Good Uncle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Ravenous Tiger, this accursed devill,
Let him receive no foode, nor cherishing, tye him,
Till he be brought unto the Empresse face,
For testifie many more foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to us.
*Aron.* Some devill whisper curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth,
The Venemous Malice of my swelling heart.
*Luc.* Away, Inhumane Dogge, Unhallowed Slave.
Sirs help our Uncle, to convey him in. *Flourish.*
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand

*Sound Trumpets Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more Sunnes then one?
*Luc.* What boots it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?
*Mar.* Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,

Hath

Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League and good to Rome
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.
*Saturn.* Marcus we will. *Hautboyes*

*A Table brought in*

*Enter Titus with a Cooke, placing the meate on the Table and Tamora with Aaron and her sonnes.*

*Titus.* Welcome my gracious Lord.
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheere be spare,
In signe of your harts hartie thankefulnesse
*Sat.* Why art thou thus attyred *Andronicus*
*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well
To entertaine your Highnesse and your Loue.
*Tam.* We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*
*Tit.* And if your Highnesse knew my heart you were
My Lord the Emperour resolued on these,
Were well, and you desire not *Titus* dead
To slaughter his daughter with her owne graunt!
Because she was enforst by stratagem
*Saturn.* It was *Andronicus*,
*Tit.* Your reason, Mightie Lord?
*Sat.* Because the Girle should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes
*Tit.* A reason mightie strong and effectuall,
A pattern, precedent and lively warrant
For me, most wretched, to perform the like
Die, die *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Father sorrow too,
And with both, thy Brothers sorrow too

*He kils her.*

*Sat.* What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?
*Tit.* Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind
I am as woe-begone a father now as I,
And this sad shrowded Matrone was,
And it was ten times more then now I weepe
*Sat.* What was the cause? be briefe, for who ordained it,
*Tit.* Will please your Grace,
Will please you heare me speake?
*Tam.* Why speakest thou not sweet Gentle daughter?
*Titus.* Not I, 'twas charnald *Demetrius*,
They ravished her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong;
*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to vs presently
*Tit.* Why there they are both baked in that Pie
Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she her selfe hath bred
'Tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my knife what I haue done

*He kils the Empresse*

*Sat.* Defiant as she dies, behold the vile and bloody minded,
*Luc.* Can eyes no eye, or else no light see clear
These sundrie tortures, rest for a deserued deed,
*Mar.* You gratious Lords of Rome peace at this ouer-flowe of Rome,
By vertues noble mother I entreate,
Stain not your selues with these inhumane gulfs.
Let me teare your wrongs, to keep a mone
That ouer-flowes the compasse of the Towne,
Their broken lims are not entombed so,
*Emb.* Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
And she whom mightie Kingdomes curtsie too,
Like to a wofull and distressed cattaway,
Doe shamefull execution on herselfe.
But if my frosen signes can not perswade,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot moue you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,
When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke *Dido* a sad tale of Troy,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greekes surprizd King *Priams* Troy
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My teares are now prest out of their watrie well,
Not can vtter what our hart conceiues,
But hands, heart, eyes, words, all engaged in griefe,
All bleake my very vtterance euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your eares will heare him speake.
*Luc.* Then Noble Auncle to you I begin,
Were neere to you, that sometimes were the proper Barber,
And these two were accessarie to your Sister,
For these intestate iniuries both of mine,
Of this inhumane and wofull murther on her,
And this vnnaturall massacre done on Rome,
Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turnd weeping out,
To beg relenting entrance of this Emperesse,
Who driuen hence by my vnhappie accidents,
And with their armes to succour me a Friend
Not daunted with the dangers of the seas,
Come back againe to venge her iniuries,
And in the cause I hazarded my selfe,
Speaking no more but vnto Romes Protector,
Mou'd with compassion of my wofull plight,
Therefore I pray you let them enter in,
*Mar.* Noble Lord *Lucius* and the deere Goths Child,
Our wofull *Lauinia* enter here,
Let all that is lamentable come,
Come Aged Sire to lay thy sorrowes forth,
Thou Virgin tutor of *Lauinia* speake,
And daubed, as you are, with lies and blood
Now draw we neere and haue *Titus* to reuenge
The wrongs by vnreuenged out of date,
Or else to any thing to comfort vs.
Now what are you? what, you Romaines?
How are you growne so strange? shew vs some ruth,
Alas, you keepe a cruell old wrow,
That ouer-growes *Andronicus*
Who had no eare to see her noble doome,
And doth intombe to rob vs of our dues,
And with vnkindnesse bereaue vs of our due
Speake Romaines, speake, and if you say not well,
Let me haue leaue to weepe my wofull,
*Emp.* Come Emperesse, come Romaines all come,
And take vp these our wofull Infants,
Let vs intombe, and weepe,
Let vs intombe,
*Lucius* Emperour,
Goe, and with gentle words,
And comfortable speeches,
To the sad Empresse, and her dying death,
And with the Romaines grace Gouernour.

*Luc.* Thankes gentle Romanes: may I goe and pleade
To heale Romes harmes with my vnpartiall woe.
But gentle people giue me aime a while,
For Nature puts me to a heauie taske
Stand all aloofe: but Vncle draw you neere
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrow-drops vpon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.
*Mar.* Teare for teare, and loue for loue.
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinite, yet would I pay them
*Luc.* Come hither Boy, come, come and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandsire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he dandled thee vpon his knee
Sung thee asleepe, his Louely Boy, thy Pillow
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing well with thine age to lend
And shall these childish teares saue this old Caddo,
Neere saw I the Mountaine doe such obseruance
As seemes this day the Tarbus breathes on vs.
Because Nature doth require me to
Lament the miseries of our Perish'd Stocke,
Let my teares stanch the wounds made by my Sword.
In peace and honour rest you heere my Lord,
Iust, Graue, and Reuerend Graue Senator,
Heere rest in peace with these in after Ages,
Free from iniurious Slanders of Enuie.
Defend'd from wrong by your braue Ancestors,
Whose Honours liue in Vertue of their Sonne.
*Mar.* O Kinsman, Kinsman, cease we this lamenting,
Our Woe is now growne to a Tragedie,
Least we remember still our former shames,
Let vs conclude that we haue wept and bled.
The day is almost spent, and we haue not
Intomb'd our Sorrowes, nor shut vp our Woes.
Speake gentle Neece what stops are these of Woe
Well doth it fit the time of night and place,
To speake of Woe, and Sorrow, and Lamenting.
Vnkle, I cannot tell, the Heauens haue their secret purposes,
And Mysteries which we haue not skill to sound,
But this I know, when Heauen doth worke for Woe,
And Sorrow, and Lamenting fill the House,
As doth this day, it doth portend some ill.
Harke how the Birds record in their sweet Notes
To rouze vp Sorrow, Sorrow, and Lamentation.
Harke how the Hounds and Eccho with shrill throats
Make wofull Riuet with Bootlesse Cries.
Looke how the Heauens are bent to wreake our Woes,
As who should say, you Gods, your Vengeance powre
Vpon this Head, these Threefold Miseries.
Speake Vncle, where is the Marshall and the Goths
That I may powre my Sorrowes in their Bosomes.
*Mar.* Heere Neece, what would you haue vs to do?
Shall we dash out our Braines vpon the Walls?
Teare the Graie Haires from off our Aged Heads?
Or shall we beate our Breasts, and howle and cry
Like to the Commons of the Stormy Tide?
Or shall we fall vpon our Bended Knees,
And pray for Mercy, as the Iewes haue done?
Or shall we with our Nayles downe-rend our Flesh,
And teare the Fleshes of our Friends in griefe?
Or shall we runne our Heads against the Walls
To breake our Braines, and quench our Burning Griefe?
Or shall we cast Vs headlong from the Rocke
Downe on the Marble Stones? Speake Gentle Neece
What Stormes of Sorrow shall we make to driue
Away the Flocke of these Calamities?
*Luc.* Alas, the Sea hath Teares to lend vs Showres,
The Dead are dombe, and haue not Eares to heare,
What Voice to speake, what Words to moue their Harts
To listen our Replies, our Helpe is lost,
The Heauens are deafe against our Prayers,
And Vengeance stands resolu'd to powre on Vs.
*Mar.* O Neece, I thinke not so, for I haue read
That Iustice, and Tryall, and Deliberate Warre
Euen with the Proudest stoop to Humble Things.
*Luc.* Then let vs stay and walke the Forrest Ground,
For now 'tis Time to Muse, and not to Speake.
Harke, Harke, the Hounds are at a Bay: Hearke Vncle,
Harke Boy, how the Iolly Hunters Hornes
And Voices sing Accord vnto the Woods.
See, see, the Game is rays'd, and Scarlet Hounds
Pursue the Proud Backe Panthers and the Beares
With Hornes and Tongues, as if Hell, Earth, and Heauen
Meant to Confound Destruction in a Storme.
Harke Boy, harke, I heare the Golden Throat
Of Chiron, Hyllus, Swift-foote Melua,
And Cheeke-hung Ethon, Theseus Fell-fac'd Dogge,
Seeme to Singe Peales when they the Game pursue.
Harke Boy, harke Vncle, how the Cry redoubles,
Harke, Harke, and see the Woods and Mountaines Eccho,
Their Shrill-mouth'd Beagles, Seeme to Barke Defiance.
*Mar.* Now Eagle-eyed Day, Praise the Lusty Gallants
Are Clad in Brothers, Friends, and Countrymen.
*Publius, Sempronius, Quintus, Martius, Mutius, Lucius.*
*Pub.* Who is this? my Kinsman Lucrece thus beset with Woes?
Speake Lucrece, what signifies these Signes?
Diuine, and Read the Horrors of thy Woes?
Speake gentle Neece, what Stormes haue toss'd thy Ship
Vnto this Rocke, vpon this Vnkle Shelfe?
*Mar.* Ah Publius, could thy Vnkle haue but halfe
An equall Interest in thy Neeces Woe,
Those Words would Season well thy Sorrowes.
For my Harts Deare Lies buried in my Breast,
And in my Eares sounds Tarbus Violent Threats.
By this poore Stay I was forbidden Sleepe,
And this the Morning-Early Day I finde
Keepes Watch, Keepes Home, Keepes Vigil for the Graue.
*Pub.* Very well gone: Saluted: Lucrece fayre.
*Luc.* I thanke you Publius, Morning is come and gone,
But Lucrece Morning is Turn'd to Heauie Night,
More Darke and Full of Clouds, anon to Raine.
Read on the Lines vpon my Shame, if can,
The Blushing Discipher of a Spotted Prime.
Open the Scrowle, Read o're my Fault, and know
The Worst of Woes, and Last of Lucrece Cares.
Read sad Histories End, Dead Lucrece Doome.
*Pub.* Lucrece I will, and if my Trembling Eyes
Erre not with Teares, this is the Tarbus Hand,
This the Right Writing of Saturninus.
*Mar.* And so as I am Noble Titus Brother,
In the Rape, Murther, and Mischiefe done to Lucrece,
And then I Soule this Wofull Discord chimes,
This Graue Notes, Sad Hiſtory, Dead Woes,
Of Publius Lucrece, Noble Tarbus Child,
There in Ruine, Hauocke, and Confuſion lies.
*Pub.* If Publius Lucrece, Noble Tarbus Child,
Can be Iniuriously Entombed in Ruine,
Hauocke, and Confuſion, Titus of Noble Fame,
And Noble Stocke, was Graced with Honour.
*Luc.* Both true, and Fatall: Who Records my Woes,
Which haue no Number, and Sad Figures Poynts
To Draw my Infinite Sorrowes into Sommes.
Bid him Write downe, to Dye my Louely Face,
And let my Dispightfull Sharne-Surprised Eyes
Looke Hollow, to their Fellowes Woe,
And let them Dimme, and Bleare, and Cast a Mist
Like Morning Clouds, vpon the Head of Heauen,
Let them Reflect me to my Woefull Selfe,
For Shame, and Disparagement: My Tongue
Powre Balefull Sentences on Lips that Haue
Beene Guilty of Disgracefull Monſtruous Deeds,
To Martyr me for Ruthfull Iniuries.
My Hands, for Hewing, Stabbing, Murthering
Walke Hence with Me, and Martyr me with Woe.
Let Me Teach Griefe to Mourne, my Hands are Guilty
Of Malice to Themſelues, and Bloody Handed Hate
Haue Slaughtered Me, Forſworne Themſelues, and Bankrupted
The Intire Maine of All Good Parts in Me.
All Scarres, Mine Hands, My Face, and Blemiſh'd Deeds
Write Downe, that Age, and Time, and Blood, and Shame,
And Bid me Read, for Bid my Soule it is,
Lines, Characters, and Horrors Tell my Woes.
*Pub.* Peace, Publius, peace, thou Canſt not Speake Reaſons
To Helpe, where is no Hope, nor Helpe a Hope.
Thy Hand can Worke no Weapon, but in Greefe,
Poore Harmes, Poore Spight, Poore Helpe, Poore Friendſhip is
Euen Childiſh Impotence to Sad Woe.
But let the Golden Tongued Treaſons Saile
Vpon her Check, and Paint in Time with Teares
On Fortunes Cheeke, her Scandall, and Her Shame,
That Any Hand, Any Place, Any Time,
Any Girle, Any Boy, Any Old Man,
Any Child Speakes of, this Knowes, and Sees,
Is Cold in Amends, but Barren of Reuenge.
Thus Catch'd in Hate, and Prooued by Reaſons,
To Blot Old Bookes, and Alter their Contents,
Who Frownes, who Pleades, who Wiſhes, who Denies,
Who Excuſes, who Accuſes, who Diſpoſes,
But the Full Sway of Tarbus Mighty Will?
And Shall Her Ioyfull Honour Fresh Beautified
With Tryumph, and with Conqueſt, Ioyfully
Enter the Gates of Rome, to Gratify
The Gracious Welcome Flowing in the Eyes
Of Noble Titus, our Renowned Lord,
Defile the Sacred Temples with the Dust
Of Long Diſcended Bones, and Pray in Vaine
Vpon the Deafe Dumbe Gates, and Greete Her Lord
With Welcome Home, Vile Sanctuary, and Night,
A Welcome Shame? Let Vs Depart.
*Luc.* Stay Publius, Stay, Let Vs Depart.
*Pub.* Lucrece, Let Vs Depart.
*Luc.* Do Publius, Do

# THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

*Ioha Primus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter [illegible] Sucer, of the House of Capels.*

*Samson*

*Gregory* [illegible]

*Samp.* [illegible] o'th Collar.

*Samp.* I strike quickly being moou'd.

*Greg.* But thou art not quickly moou'd to strike.

*Samp.* A dog of the house of [illegible] moues me.

*Greg.* To moue is to stirre, and to be valiant is to stand: Therefore if thou art moou'd, thou runn'st away.

*Samp.* A dog of that house shall moue me to stand. I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Montagues*.

*Greg.* That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Samp.* True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Montagues* men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to the wall.

*Greg.* The Quarrell is between our Masters, and vs their men.

*Samp.* 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when I haue fought with the men, I will be ciuill with the Maids, and cut off their heads.

*Greg.* The heads of the Maids?

*Samp.* I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maidenheads, Take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Greg.* They must take it in sense, that feele it.

*Samp.* Me they shall feele while I am able to stand: And 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Greg.* 'Tis well thou art not fish: If thou hadst, thou hadst been poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the House of the *Montagues*.

*Enter two other Seruingmen.*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out: quarrell, I will backe thee.

*Greg.* How? Turne thy backe, and run.

*Sam.* Feare me not.

*Greg.* No marry: I feare thee.

*Sam.* Let vs take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

*Greg.* I will frowne as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay as they dare. I will bite my Thumbe at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

*Abra.* Do you bite your Thumbe at vs, Sir?

*Samp.* I do bite my Thumbe, Sir.

*Abra.* Do you bite your Thumbe at vs, Sir?

*Sam.* Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Greg.* No

*Sam.* [illegible]

*Greg.* [illegible]

*Abra.* [illegible]

*Sam.* [illegible]

*Abra.* [illegible]

*Sam.* [illegible] with Seruingmen.

*Gr.* Sa[illegible] Yes, [illegible].

*Abra.* Yes Sir.

*Samp.* Draw [illegible] my Maisters.

*Greg.* [illegible]

*Enter*

[illegible]

*Cap.* What [illegible] Sword? [illegible] a Sword.

[illegible] Enter Prince, with Attendants.

*Prince* [illegible] Peace, I say.

*Cap.* [illegible]

*Enter Capulet in his Gowne, and Lady Capulet.*

*Cap.* [illegible]

*Enter Montague and his Lady.*

*Prince* [illegible] Peace to this place,

Do you [illegible] Streets,

[illegible] Men out Beasts,

[illegible] from your veines.

[illegible] Partizans, and [illegible] old,

Cankred with [illegible] ece, to part your Cankred hate,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Speake [illegible]
*Ben.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

She's too farre, too witewis: fey too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me deſpaire
She'hath forſwornе to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead that liue to tell it now.
*Ben.* Be ruld by me, forget to thinke of her.
*Rom.* O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
*Ben.* By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
*Rom.* 'Tis the way to call (hers) exquiſit in queſtion more
These happy maskes that kiſſe faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire.
He that is ſtrucken blinde, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt:
Shew me a Miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her beauty ſerue but as a note
Where I may read who paſſ'd that paſſing faire.
Farewell, thou canſt not teach me to forget,
*Ben.* I'le pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt*
*Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*
*Capu.* But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keepe the peace.
*Par.* Of honorable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at odds ſo long.
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſuite?
*Capu.* But ſaying o're what I haue ſaid before,
My Child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
*Par.* Younger then ſhe are happy mothers made
*Capu.* And too ſoone marde are thoſe ſo early made.
The earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle Paris get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part,
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accuſtomed Feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Gueſt,
Such as I loue: and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do luſtie young men feele,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe: heare all, all ſee
And like her moſt whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view, of many, mine being one
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, go with me: go ſirrah, trudge about,
Through faire Verona, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are writ there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay. *Exit.*
*Ser.* Find them out whoſe names are writ here. It is written, that the Shoomaker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Pen, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are writ, & can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned) in good time.

*Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.*

*Ben.* Tut man, one fire burnes out another's burning,
One paine is leſſened by another's anguiſh
Turne giddie, and be holpen by backward turning,
One deſperate griefe cures with another's languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poyſon of the old will die.
*Rom.* Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
*Ben.* For what I pray thee?
*Rom.* For your broken.
*Ben.* Why Romeo are you mad?
*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is,
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and God-den good fellow.
*Ser.* God gi' god-den. I pray ſir can you read?
*Rom.* I mine owne fortune in my miſery.
*Ser.* Perhaps you haue learned it without booke.
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
*Rom.* Ay if I know the Letters and the Language.
*Ser.* Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.
*Rom.* Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters, Count Anſelme and his beauteous ſiſters, the Lady widdow of Vitruuio, Signior Placentio and his louely Neeces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vncle Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Roſaline and Liuia, Signior Valentio and his couſen Tybalt, Lucio and the liuely Helena.
A faire aſſembly: whither ſhould they come?
*Ser.* Vp
*Rom.* Whither?
*Ser.* To ſupper, to our houſe.
*Rom.* Whoſe houſe?
*Ser.* My Maſters.
*Rom.* Indeed I ſhould haue aſk'd you that before.
*Ser.* Now I'le tell you without aſking. My maſter is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the houſe of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. *Exit.*
*Ben.* At this ſame auntient Feaſt of Capulets
Sups the faire Roſaline whom thou ſo loues,
With all the admired beauties of Verona,
Go thither and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.
*Rom.* When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehood, then turne teares to fire,
And theſe who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretikes, be burnt for liers.
One fairer than my Loue? the all-ſeeing Sun
Ne're ſaw her match ſince firſt the world begun.
*Ben.* Tut you ſaw her faire none elſe being by,
Herſelfe poiſe with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales let there be weigh'd,
Your Ladies loue againſt ſome other Maid
That I will ſhow you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhow well that now ſhewes beſt.
*Rom.* I'le go along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

*Enter Lady of the houſe, Nurſe.*

*Lad.* Nurſe where's my Daughter? call her forth to me
*Nurſe.* Now by my Maiden-head at twelue yeares old I bad her come. What Lamb? what Ladie-bird? God forbid, where's this Girle? what Iuliet?

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Iuliet.* How now, who calls?
*Nurſe.* Your Mother.
*Iuliet.* Madam I am here, what is your will?
*Lad.* This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue awhile, we
must

[illegible] knowest
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Mer.* Tut, dun's the Mouse, the Constables owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
*Rom.* Nay that's not so.
*Mer.* I meane sir I delay,
We waft our lights in vaine, lights by day
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
*Rom.* And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.
*Mer.* Why may one aske?
*Rom.* I dreampt a dreame to night
*Mer.* And so did I.
*Rom.* Well what was yours?
*Mer.* That dreamers often lye.
*Rom.* In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.
*Mer.* O then I see Queene Mab hath been with you.
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes
In shape no bigger then an Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman
drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as
they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers: her
Traces of the smallest Spiders web: her collers of the
Moonshines watry beames: her Whip of Crickets bone,
the Lash of Philome: her Waggoner a small grey-coated
Gnat, not halfe so big as a round little Worme pickt
from the Lazie finger of a Maid: Her Chariot is an empty
Hasell-nut, made by the Ioyner Squirrell or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Fairies Coachmakers: & in this state she
gallops night by night, through Louers brains: and then
they dreame of Loue: On Courtiers knees that dreame on
Curtesies straight: ore Lawyers fingers who straight dreame on
Fees: ore Ladies lips, who straight on kisses dreame, which
oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their
breath with Sweetmeats tainted are. Sometime she gallops
ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he smells
out a suite: & sometime comes she with
a Tithe-pigs tayle tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames
another Benefice. Sometime comes she with
a Scuruy
neede, & then dreames he of cutting Forraigne
Breaches, Ambuscadoes, Spanish blades of
Healths fiue fadome deepe, and then
Pado he cepe drum ondrum
he starts, wakes and being thus frighted, swears a
prayer or two & sleepes againe. This same
plats the manes of Horses in the night, & bakes the
Elocks in foule sluttish haires, which once vntangled, much
misfortune bodes.
This is the Hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That presses them and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage
This is she.
*Rom.* Peace peace Mercutio peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.
*Mer.* True I talke of dreame,
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the freezing coldnes of the North
And being angred puffes away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.
*Ben.* This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late
*Rom.* I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the terme
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death,
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my suite. On lustie Gentlemen.
*Ben.* Strike Drum.
*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napkins.*

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away? He shift a Trencher, he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands and they vnwash'd too, 'tis a foule thing.
*Ser.* Away with the ioyne-stooles, remoue the Court cubbord, looke to the plate: good thou saue me a piece of Marchpane, and as thou louest me let the Porter let in *Susan Grindstone* and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I boy ready.
*Ser.* You are looked for and cal'd for, asked for and sought for, in the great Chamber.
1. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerely boyes, Be brisk awhile, and the longer liue take all.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter all the Maskers, and Torch-bearers.*

*Maior.*
1. Gentlemen, We come Gentlemen.
Lads ere we be seene, each man take a Cup of wine,
You shall not say me nay, Gentlemen come Masquers,
*Musicke plays, and they enter.*
Vere we merry? Gentlemen, I'le vnfold the cause of our comming.
Mercutio, thou consorts with vs to grace the Ladies vp
And then we'll dance the Reuels greet me no more.
And yet before that I could scarce forbid you me
Now will not Cozen, nor Cozen, nor
I'le tell you I repent that I am free of idle
Nay I'le be briefe, for you see light, you see
Where's my Masque?
2. Cup. Here stands the Torch,
1. Cup. Where's Vaumpan that we sent before,
'Tis neere the Cupboord. Sirrah fill vs a Cup of wine.
Come Pentyce you were wont to sing,
Some heire are twenty yeares, and then we Maske
2. Cup. 'Tis more, 'tis more, Some sixe and thirty for
His Sonne is thirty.
1. Cup. Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agone.
*Rom.* What Lady is that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
*Ser.* I know not sir.
*Rom.* O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright!
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewell in an Aethiops eare
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shewes:
The measure done, I'le watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart loue till now forsweare it sight,
For I ne'er saw true Beauty till this night.
*Tib.* This by his voice should be a *Montague*
Fetch me my Rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an Antique face,
To scorne and flout our Solemnity?
Now by the stocke and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
*Cap.* Why how now Kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?
*Tib.* Vncle this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnity this night.
*Cap.* Young *Romeo* is it?
*Tib.* 'Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
*Cap.* Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him
To be a vertuous and well gouerned youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the Towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
*Tib.* It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
Ile not endure him.
*Cap.* He shall be endured.
What goodman boy? I say he shall, goe too,
Am I the Master here, or you? goe too.
You'le not endure him? God shall mend my soule,
You'le make a Mutiny among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope? you'le be the man
*Tib.* Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.
*Cap.* Go too, go too,
You are a sawcie Boy: is't so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts: you are a Princox, go:
Be quiet, or more light, more light: for shame
Ile make you quiet, what cheerly my hearts.
*Tib.* Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit*
*Rom.* If I profane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.
*Iul.* Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands that Pilgrims hands do touch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kisse.
*Rom.* Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
*Iul.* I Pilgrim lips that they must vse in prayer.
*Rom.* O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (graunt thou) least faith turne to dispaire.
*Iul.* Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers sake.
*Rom.* Then moue not while my prayers effect I take
Thus from thy lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.
*Iul.* Then haue my lips the sinne that they haue tooke.
*Rom.* Sinne from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd
Giue me my sinne againe.
*Iul.* You kisse by the booke

*Nur.* Madam your Mother craues a word with you.
*Rom.* What is her Mother?
*Nurse.* Marrie Batchelor,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,
I Nurs'd her Daughter that you talkt withall.
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chinkes.
*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
*Ben.* Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.
*Rom.* I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.
*Cap.* Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why then I thanke you all
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night.
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fackie, we are short,
Ile to bed.
*Iuli.* Come hither, Nurse,
What is yond Gentleman.
*Nur.* The Son and heire of old *Tyberio*.
*Iuli.* What's he that now is going out at doore?
*Nur.* Marry that I think be young *Petruchio*.
*Iuli.* What's he that follows there that would not dance?
*Nur.* I know not.
*Iuli.* Go ask his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.
*Nur.* His name is *Romeo*, and a Montague,
The only Son of your great enemie.
*Iuli.* My only Loue sprung from my only hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue a loathed Enemie.
*Nur.* What's this? what's this?
*Iuli.* A Rime I learnt even now
Of one I danc'd withall.

*One calls within, Iuliet.*

*Nur.* Anon, anon:
Come, let's away, the Strangers all are gone.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That fair, for which Loue groand for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belou'd and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe supposed he must complaine,
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes.
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breathe such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meet her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them power, time meanes, to meete,
Tempring extremities with extreme sweete.

*Enter Romeo alone.*

*Rom.* Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

*Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.*

*Ben.* *Romeo*, my Cosen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
*Mer.* He is wise,
And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.
*Ben.* He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*.
*Mer.* Nay, Ile conjure too.

*After*

*Mer.* *Romeo* Humours Madman,Passion Lover,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime,and I am satisfied
Cry me but ay me Pronounce but Loue and day,
Speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so trim,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not,he stirreth not,he moueth not,
The Ape is dead,I must coniure him,
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead,and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote,Straight leg,and Quiuering thigh,
And the Demeanes that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.
*Ben.* And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him
*Mer.* This cannot anger him,it would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Some strange nature,letting it there stand
Till she had laid it,and coniured it downe,
That were some spight:
My inuocation is faire and honest,& in his Mistresse name
I coniure only but to raise vp him
*Ben.* Come,he hath hid himselfe among these Trees'
To be consorted with the Humorous night:
Blind is his Loue,and best befits the darke
*Mer.* If Loue be blind,Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistresse were that kinde of fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were,O that she were
An open,or thou a Poprin Peare,
*Romeo* good night,Ile to my Truckle bed,
This field bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?
*Ben.* Go then,for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found.
*Rom.* He iests at Scarres that neuer felt a wound:
But soft what light through yonder window breakes?
It is the East,and *Iuliet* is the Sunne
Arise faire Sunne and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire than she:
Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
Her Vestall liuery is but sicke and green,
And none but fooles doe weare it,cast it off.
It is my Lady,O it is my Loue,O that she knew she were,
She speakes,yet she vtters not a word,what of that?
Her eye discourses,I will answer it
I am too bold,'tis not to me she speakes
Two of the fairest Starres in all the Heauen,
Hauing some businesse,doe intreat her eyes,
To twinkle in their Spheres till they returne:
What if her eyes were there,they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As daylight doth a Lampe,her eyes in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand
That I might touch that cheeke.
*Iul.* Ay me.
*Rom.* She speakes.
O speake again bright Angell,for thou art
As glorious to this night being ouer my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white-vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie-pacing Clouds,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre
*Iul.* O *Romeo*,*Romeo*,wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not,be but sworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a Capulet.
*Rom.* Shall I heare more,or shall I speake at this?
*Iul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemie
Thou art thy selfe though not a *Montague*.
What's *Montague*? it is nor hand,nor foote,
Nor arme,nor face,nor any other part
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? that which we call a Rose
By any other word would smell as sweet,
So *Romeo* would were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes
Without that title *Romeo* doffe thy name
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe
*Rom.* I take thee at thy word
Call me but Loue,and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*
*Iul.* What man art thou,that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?
*Rom.* By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint,is hateful to my selfe
Because it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written,I would teare the word
*Iul.* My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of that tongues vttering,yet I know the sound
Art thou *Romeo*,and a Montague?
*Rom.* Neither faire Maid,if either thee dislike
*Iul.* How came'st thou hither,
Tell me,and wherefore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death,considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
*Rom.* With Loues light wings
Did I ouer-perch these Walles,
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do,that dares Loue attempt
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me
*Iul.* If they do see thee they will murther thee.
*Rom.* Alack there lies more peril in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords,looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmity
*Iul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here
*Rom.* I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me,let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged,wanting of thy Loue
*Iul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place
*Rom.* By Loue,that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell,and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot,yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore-washt with the farthest Sea,
I would aduenture for such Merchandize
*Iul.* Thou know'st the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme,faine,faine deny
What I haue spoke,but farewell compliment,
Dost thou Loue?I know thou wilt say I,

And w[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

We mocking our her naturall bosome find.
Many naturall many vertues excellent
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as Herbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
*Rom.* Good morrow Father.
*Fri.* Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young Son, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges sleepe will neuer lie.
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlie walke doth proclaime
Thou art vprous'd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.
*Rom.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
*Fri.* God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?
*Rom.* With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that name woe.
*Fri.* That's my good Son, but where hast thou bin then?
*Rom.* I tell thee ere thou aske it me agen
I haue been feasting with mine enemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded, both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physicke lies:
I beare no hatred blessed man, for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
*Fri.* Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Riddling confession, finds but riddling shrift.
*Rom.* Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how,
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
*Fri.* Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst Loue so dear
So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria* what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in waste,
To season Loue, that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy sighes from heauen clears,
Thy old groanes yet ringing in mine ancient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Or an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
*Rom.* Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*
*Fri.* For doting not for louing pupill mine
*Rom.* And bad'st me bury Loue.
*Fri.* Not in a grane,
To lay one in another out to haue.
*Rom.* I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow
The other did not so.
*Fri.* O she knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote that could not spell
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant be
For this alliance may so happy prooue,
To turne your households rancour to pure Loue
*Rom.* O let vs hence, I stand on sodaine haste
*Fri.* Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Where the deuill should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?
*Ben.* Not to his Fathers I spoke with his man
*Mer.* Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline* torments him so, that he will sure runne mad.
*Ben.* *Tybalt*, kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house.
*Mer.* A challenge on my life.
*Ben.* *Romeo* will answere it.
*Mer.* Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.
*Ben.* Nay he will answere the Letters Master how he dares being dared.
*Mer.* Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead: stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, run through the eare with a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-shaft: and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?
*Ben.* Why what is *Tybalt*?
*Mer.* More then Prince of Cats. Oh he's the Courageous Captaine of Complements. He fights as you sing prick-song, keepes time, distance, and proportion, he rests his minum, one two, and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silke button, a Duellist, a Duellist: a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.
*Ben.* The what?
*Mer.* The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these pardon-mee's, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.
*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dryed Herring. O Flesh, flesh how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench (marrie she had a better Loue to berime her) *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hero* and *Hero*, Hildings and Harlots, *Thisbie* a grey eie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your

French flop you gaue vs the the counterfait fairely last night.

*Romeo* Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

*Mer.* The flip, the flip, can you not conceiue?

*Rom.* Pardon *Mercutio* my bounefle was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain curtesie.

*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom* Meaning to curtsie.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

*Rom.* Pinke for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom* Why then is my Pumpe well flowred.

*Mer.* Sure wit, follow me this iest now, till thou hast worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worne, the iest may remaine after the wearing, solesingular.

*Rom* O single sol'd Iest,
Solly singular for the singularitie.

*Mer.* Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

*Rom* Swits and spurs,
Swits and spurs, or Ile cry a match.

*Mer* Nay, I am sure hee hath his wit, Goose chase, I am done. For I am sure hee hath more then the Wild Goose in one of thy wits, than I am sure I haue in my whole five. Was I with you there for the Goose?

*Rom.* Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

*Mer* I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

*Rom* Nay, good Goose bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharpe sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet Goose?

*Mer* O heres a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

*Rom* I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, a broad Goose.

*Mer.* Why is not this better now, than groaning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*, now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driueling Loue is like a great Natural, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

*Ben* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop my tale against the haire.

*Ben* Thou wouldst haue made me tell a tale.

*Mer* Obscene word, a word more made short, or I will come no more, for one thou mistakest, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

*Enter Nurse and her man*

*Rom* Heres goodly gear.
A sayle, a sayle.

*Mer* Two, and a Petticoate, and a Smockeare.

*Nur* Peter.

*Peter* Anon.

*Nur.* My fanne Peter.

*Mer* Good Peter to hide her face?
For her fanne is the fairer face?

*Nur.* God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

*Mer* God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

*Nur.* Is it good?

*Mer.* Thou hast it enough, vnlesse it be a bawdy hand of the Dyall now it stands on the pricke of Noone.

*Nur.* Out vpon you, what a man are you?

*Rom.* One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

*Nur.* By my troth it is said, for himselfe to mar, quoth he. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

*Romeo.* I can tell you, but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nur.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea is the worst well,
Very well tooke I faith, wisely, wisely.

*Nur.* If you be he sir,
I desire some confidence with you?

*Ben.* She will indite him to some Supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd a bawd. So ho.

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer* No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.
But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent.
*Romeo* will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

*Rom* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell ancient Lady:
Farewell, Lady, Lady, Lady.

*Exit Mercutio, Benuolio.*

*Nur.* I pray you sir, what saucie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

*Rom* A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, than he will stand to in a Month.

*Nur* And a speake any thing against me, I'le take him downe, & a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Iacks, and if I cannot, I will finde those that shall. Scurry knaue, I am none of his flurt gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer every knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

*Pet.* I saw no man vse you at his pleasure, if I had my weapon within my reach, or you my age, I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

*Nur* Now afore God I am so vext, that every part about me quiuers. Skurry knaue. I pray you sir a word, and as I told you at my house, I was bound to bid you enquire you out, what he bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fooles paradise, as they say it were a very grosse kind of behauiour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is young, & therefore, if you should deale doubly with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

*Nur* Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

*Nur* Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not marke me?

*Nur* I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman like offer. (afternoone,

*Rom* Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this
And there she shall at Frier *Laurence* Cell
Be shriu'd and married. Here is for thy paines.

*Nur* No truly sir not a penny.

*Rom.* Go too I say you shall.

*Nurse*

*Nur.* This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.
*Ro.* And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trustie and I'le quite thy paines.
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.
*Nur.* Now God in heauen blesse thee harke you sir.
*Rom.* What saist thou my deare Nurse?
*Nurse.* Is your man secret, did you neare heare say two may keepe counsell, putting one away.
*Ro.* Warrant thee my man as true as steele.
*Nur.* Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard: but the good soule had as leeue see a Toade, a very Toade as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but I'le warrant you, when I say so, she lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world. Doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?
*Rom.* I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.
*Nur.* A mocker that's the dogs name. *R* is for the no. I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it.
*Rom.* Commend me to thy Lady.
*Nur.* I a thousand times. *Peter*?
*Pet.* Anon
*Nur.* Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Iul.* The clocke strook nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him that's not so.
O she is lame, Loues Heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glides than the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils:
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me: but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse.*

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.
*Nur.* *Peter* stay at the gate.
*Iul.* Now good sweet Nurse:
O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes, be sad yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sain't it much the sweeter was,
By saying it to me, with such sowre a face.
*Nur.* I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?
*Iul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake good good Nurse speake.
*Nur.* Iesu what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
*Iul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou doest make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and I'le stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is good or bad?
*Nur.* Well you haue made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man. *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better than any mans, yet his legges excell all mens, and for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesie but I'le warrant, as gentle as a Lambe. Go thy way wenches, serue God. What haue you dined at home?
*Iul.* No, no: but all this did I know before.
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?
*Nur.* Lord how my head aches, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a'tother side, ah my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.
*Iul.* I'faith I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet sweet sweet Nurse tell me what saies my Loue?
*Nur.* Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous. Where is your Mother?
*Iul.* Where is my Mother? why she is within,
Where should she be?
How odly thou repliest?
Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman
Where is your Mother?
*Nur.* O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
*Iul.* Here's such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?
*Nur.* Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
*Iul.* I haue.
*Nur.* Then hie you hence to Frier *Laurence* Cell,
There stayes a Husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
They'le be in scarlet straight at any newes.
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must clime a birds nest soone when it is darke.
I am the drudge and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go I'le to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
*Iul.* Hie to high fortune, honest Nurse, farewell. *Exeunt*

*Enter Frier and Romeo*

*Fri.* So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
*Rom.* Amen amen but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervaile the exchange of ioy
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
*Fri.* These violent delights haue violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

*Enter Iuliet.*

Here comes the Lady. O so light a foote
Will neare weare out the euerlasting flint,

A Louer may bestride the gossamers,
That idles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall: [illegible]
*Ben.* Good [illegible]
*Mer.* [illegible]
*Ben.* [illegible]
*Mer.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Brag of his horse? wrest Arithmetick?
[illegible]
But Romeo is belabored [illegible]
[illegible]
*Ben.* Come come, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Enter Mercutio and Benuolio.*

*Ben.* I [illegible]
[illegible]
And we meet, we [illegible]
[illegible]
*Mer.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Ben.* Am I like such a [illegible]?
*Mer.* Come, come [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible]
*Ben.* [illegible]
*Mer.* Nay, [illegible] we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou? why thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head has been beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lien asleepe in the Sunne: didst thou not fall out with a Taylor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbond? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?
*Ben.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

I haue it, and soon at your House at.
*Rom.* Dun's Gentleman the Prouerbe speeds are,
My very Friend, hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my Reputation staind
With *Tybalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath been my Cozen: O sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours Steele.
*Enter Romeo.*
*Ben.* O *Romeo, Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Clouds,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.
*Rom.* This day's blacke fate on mo daies doth depend,
This doat begins, or worse comes to end.
*Enter Tybalt.*
*Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
*Rom.* Alegon as Victor he triumphs still?
And *Mercutio* slaine?
Away to Heauen respective Lenitie,
And fire and Furie be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'st me, for *Mercutios* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both must go with him.
*Tyb.* Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
*Rom.* This shall determine that.
*They fight. Tybalt falls.*
*Ben.* *Romeo* away be gone,
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
*Rom.* O I am Fortunes foole.
*Ben.* Why dost thou stay?
*Exit Romeo.*
*Enter Citizens.*
*Cit.* Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
*Tybalt* that Murtherer, which way ran he?
*Ben.* There lies that *Tybalt*.
*Cit.* Vp sir go with me,
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.
*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wiues and all.*
*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
*Ben.* O Noble Prince, I can discouer all
The vnlucky Manage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy Kinsman braue *Mercutio*.
*Cap. wife.* *Tybalt*, my Cozen? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince! O Husband! O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman! Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of *Montague*.
O Cozen, Cozen.
*Prin.* *Benuolio*, who began this Fray?
*Ben.* *Tybalt* here slaine whom *Romeo* hand did slay,
*Romeo* that spoke him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure: all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly spleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Piercing steele at bold *Mercutio* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity

*Enter Iuliet.*
*In* Gallop apace you fiery footed Steedes,
Towards Phœbus mansion, such a Waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the West
And bring in Cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night
That runaway eyes may winke, and Romeo
Leape to these armes vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to do their Amorous rites,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind
It best agrees with Night. Come Night, come Romeo,
Come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe.
Come gentle night, come loued mournfull night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of Heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyed, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festiuall,

To an unpatient child that nauseous robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse
*Enter Nurse with cords.*
And she brings newes and every tongue that speaks
[illegible]
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
[illegible]
*Nur.* I, [illegible]
*Iul.* Aye, [illegible]
[illegible]
*Nur.* Aye, [illegible]
[illegible]
*Iul.* Can heauen be so enuious?
*Nur.* *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo, Romeo,*
Who euer would haue thought it? *Romeo.*
*Iul.* What deuil art thou,
That doest torment me thus? this torture should be roard
In hell. *Romeo* speake an infamous blot,
And that *Romeo* dead, is worse then he,
A sparke of heauen more precious farre then shine
[illegible]
I am not I, if there be such an I,
Or those eyes shut that make thee answere I.
[illegible]
Blisters, [illegible] by vaine or woe.
*Nur.* [illegible] eyes,
Can heauen finde out but such an euill place,
As one vnfit for heauen, deceiue so rare?
Poysonous shapes, to beautifull abode,
[illegible]
*Iul.* O [illegible]
Poore Booke of griefe, that all this while art mine
Vncarefull eyes, that ouer-looke this fact,
And [illegible] *Romeo* dead here
*Nur.* O [illegible]
[illegible]
*Iul.* What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* [illegible] and *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest [illegible] Lord
[illegible]
For who, is [illegible]
*Nur.* [illegible] *Romeo* banished,
*Romeo* [illegible]
*Iul.* O God!
Did *Romeos* hand, shed *Tybalts* blood
[illegible]
*Nur.* [illegible] with a flowing face.
*Iul.* [illegible] keepe so false a Caue?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

What is the Princes Doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand
That I yet know not?
*Fri.* Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes Doome
*Rom.* What less than Doomesday
Is the Princes Doome?
*Fri.* A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lippes,
Not bodied with [illegible]
*Rom.* Ha banishment? be merciful say death
For exile hath more terror in his looke
Much more than death: do not say banishment
*Fri.* Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide
*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell itselfe
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world,
And world-exile is death: then banished,
Is death mis-termd: calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me
*Fri.* O deadly sinne, O rude vnthankfulnesse!
Thy fault our Law calles death: but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is mercie, and thou seest it not.
*Rom.* 'Tis torture and not mercie: heauen is here
Where Iuliet liues: and euery Cat and Dog
And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not: More Validitie
More honourable state, more Courtship lies
In carrion Flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of faire Iuliets skin,
And steale immortall blessing from her lippes,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin:
This may flies do, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe-ground knife,
No sudden meane of death though neuer so meane,
But banished to kill me? banished?
O Friar the damned vse that word in Hell:
Howlings attends it: how hast thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absoluer and my Friend profest
To mangle me with that word banished?
*Fri.* Thou fond Mad man, heare me speake.
*Rom.* O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
*Fri.* Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweet milke, Philosophie
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
*Rom.* Yet banished? Hang vp Philosophie.
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a Iuliet,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
*Fri.* O then I see that Madmen haue no eares.
*Rom.* How should they,
When wise mens haue no eyes?
*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
*Rom.* Thou canst not speake of that thou dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, Iuliet thy Loue,
An houre before our marriage, what of these
Would'st thou haue done to driue Tybalt from his life,
That murdered your Cosin? which way now
Should Tybalt haue deserued your hand,
But that your hand taught his hand so much
To claime his owne desert?
*Fri.* Vnderstand well,
I stayed by thee after I heard that loud,
And drew my weapon, prompted by my seruice
To do the deed that fury had committed,
Which was indeed Tybalt, who slew Mercutio.
Who now the price of his dead valour is
Banishment: thou art happie Romeo,
Dost thou not heare? thy head is not yet off,
Nor yet the sentence that should bring it off,
Happie art thou: for the wrath of the graue Iudge
Is parted from thee, and the hideous doome
That threatned, comes clad in a milder shape,
As a faire Mayd comes to a doting Wooer,
Hiding blacke purposes with a smiling cheere.
Be happie then, and part not with a storme,
Thou canst not stay in Mantua, flie hence,
Be gone, liue there, till we can finde a time
To call home thy Loue, pardon thy deed,
And ten times more ioy meete you both in one,
Than all the sower aduantages of sorrow.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the Watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua,
Where thou shalt liue, till we can finde a time
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauie sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is coming.
*Nur.* O Lord I could haue stayd here all the night
To heare good counsell: O what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.
*Rom.* Do so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.
*Nur.* Here sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir,
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.
*Rom.* How well my comfort is reuiued by this.
*Fri.* Goe hence, good night, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the Watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguised from hence,
Sojourne in Mantua, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time
Euery good hap to you that chances here,
Giue me your hand, 'tis late, farewell good night.
*Rom.* But that a ioy past ioy calls out on me,
It were a griefe so breefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Scena

[illegible]

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo and Iuliet at a window.*

*Iul.* Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierc'd the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yon Pomgranate tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.
*Rom.* It was the Larke the herald of the Morne
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering Clouds in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day
Stands tip-toe on the mistie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.
*Iul.* Yond light is not daylight, I know it I.
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.
*Rom.* Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
Ile say yon grey is not the Iournings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cynthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes do beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome *Iuliet* wills it so.
How is't my soule? lets talke, it is not day.
*Iul.* It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweet Diuision;
This doth not so, for she diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too

Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunts-vp to the day
O now be gone, more light and light it growes
*Rom.* More light and light, more dark and dark our woes
*Enter Madam and Nurse.*
*Nur.* Madam.
*Iul.* Nurse?
*Nur.* Your Lady Mo[ther] is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
*Iul.* Then window let day in, and let life out.
*Rom.* Farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.
*Iul.* Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay husband, friend?
I must heare from thee euery day in the hower,
For in a minute there are many dayes:
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my Romeo.
*Rom.* Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings, loue, to thee.
*Iul.* O thinkst thou we shall euer meet againe?
*Rom.* I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
*Iul.* O God, I haue an ill Diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eyesight failes, or thou look'st pale.
*Rom.* And trust me, Loue, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinkes our blood. Adieu, adieu.
*Iul.* O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle Fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him back.
*Enter Mother.*
*La.* Ho Daughter are you vp?
*Iul.* Who is't that calls? It is my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?
What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
*Enter Mother.*
*Mo.* Why how now Iuliet?
*Iul.* Madam I am not well.
*Mo.* Euermore weeping for your Cozen's death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, I'de thinke it not make me glad.
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe shewes still some want of wit.
*Iul.* Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.
*La.* So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
*Iul.* Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.
*La.* Well Girle thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughtered him.
*Iul.* What Villaine Madam?
*La.* That same Villaine Romeo.
*Iul.* Villaine and he be many Miles asunder.
God pardon, I doe with all my heart,
And yet no man like he doth grieue my heart.
*La.* That is because the traitor liues.
*Iul.* I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozens death.
*La.* We shall haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, I'le send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
*Iul.* Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart for a kinsman vexed.
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it,
That Romeo should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozen
Vpon his body that slaughtered him.
*La.* Find you the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Girle.
*Iul.* And ioy comes well in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
*La.* Well Girle, thy kinsman Peare, thy Romeo,
*Iul.* Madam in happy time, what day is that?
*La.* Marry Madam, Thursday early morne,
The happy Bridegroome Peare shall goe to Rome.
*Iul.* He shall not here, till I see him.
*La.* Well then he shall not here, but I hope
I shall see him.
*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*
*Cap.* When the Sun sets the ayre doth drizzle dewe,
But for the Sunne-set of my Brother Sonne
It rayneth downe right.
How now Wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
*La.* I sir,
But she will none, she giues you thankes.
I would the foole were married to her graue.
*Cap.* Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thankes?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest?
Vnworthy as she is that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
*Iul.* Not proud you haue,
But thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankful euen for hate, that is meant Loue.
*Cap.* How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine ioynts gainst Thursday next,

To

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene-sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
*La.* Fie fie, what are you mad?
*Iu.* Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.
*Fa.* Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what; get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me
My fingers itch: wife we scarce thought us blest,
That God had lent us but this only Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her hilding.
*Nur.* God in heaven blesse her.
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.
*Fa.* And why my Lady wisedome hold your tongue
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.
*Nur.* I speake no treason.
Father, O God-eden,
May not one speake?
*Fa.* Peace you mumbling foole,
Utter your gravity o're a Gossips bowle
For here we need it not.
*La.* You are too hot.
*Fa.* Gods bread, it makes me mad
Day night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in company, still my care hath bin
To have her matcht, and having now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage
Of faire Demeanes, Youthful, and Nobly Allied,
Stor'd as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportioned as one could wish a man
And then to have a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, I'le not wed, I cannot love
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, I'le pardon you.
Graze where you will you shall not house with me
Looke to't, thinke on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, advise,
And you be mine, I'le give you to my friend
And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For by my soule I'le ne're acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good
Trust to't, bethinke you, I'le not be forsworne. *Exit.*
*Iul.* Is there a pitty sitting in the Clouds,
That sees into the bottome of my grief
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
*La.* Talke not to me, for I'le not speake a word
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit.*
*Iul.* O God!
Is no relenting? all these be prevented?
My Husband on earth, my faith in heaven,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Unles that Husband send it me from heaven,
By leaving earth, Comfort me counsell me.
Alacke alacke, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my selfe.
What? say'st thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, Nurse.
*Nur.* Faith here it is,
*Romeo* is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne're come backe to challenge you.
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie.
O he's a lovely Gentleman
*Romeo's* a dishclout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not so green, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
*Iul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?
*Nur.* And from my soule too,
Or else beshrew them both.
*Iul.* Amen.
*Nur.* What?
*Iul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
*Nur.* Marry I will, and this is wisely done.
*Iul.* Ancient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe have power to die. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Frier and Countie Paris.*

*Fri.* On Thursday sir? the time is very short.
*Par.* My Father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slacke his haste.
*Fri.* You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
*Par.* Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore have I little talkt of Love,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisedome, hasts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.
Now do you know the reason of this haste?
*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Par.* Happily met my Lady and my wife.
*Iul.* That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
*Par.* That may be must be Love, on Thursday next.
*Iul.* What must be shall be.
*Fri.* That's a certaine text.
*Par.* Come you to make confession to this Father?
*Iul.* To answer that I should confesse to you.
*Par.* Do not denie to him that you Love me.
*Iul.* I will confesse to you that I Love him.
*Par.* So will ye I am sure that you Love me.
*Iul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, than to your
*Par.* Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with

*Iul.* The teares haue got small victorie by that.
For it was bad enough before their spight.
*Par.* Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.
*Iul.* That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face
*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandred it.
*Iul.* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure, Holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
*Fri.* My leasure serues me pensiue daughter now.
My Lord you must intreat the time alone.
*Par.* God shield I should disturbe Deuotion,
*Iuliet*, on Thursday early will I rowse ye,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit Par.*
*Iul.* O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past cure, past helpe.
*Fri.* O *Iuliet*, I already know thy griefe
It strayns me past the compasse of my wits
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Count.
*Iul.* Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisedome, thou canst giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution wise
And with this knife, I'le helpe it presently.
God ioyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd
Shall be the Label to another Deede,
Or my true heart with treacherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experience time,
Giue me some present counsell or behold
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and Art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak I long to die
If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedy.
*Fri.* Hold daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather then to marry County *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copst with death himselfe to scape from it:
And if thou dar'st, I'le giue thee remedie.
*Iul.* O bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,
From off the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are, chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Ore-couered quite with dead men rattling bones,
With reekie shankes and yellow chapelesse skulls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will do it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue.
*Fri.* Hold then: go home, be merry, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: Wednesday is to morrow,
To morrow night, looke that thou lie alone,
Let not the Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber.
Take thou this Viall being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liu'st,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment
Shall stiffe and starke and cold appeare like death:
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes vncouer'd on the beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no vnconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
*Iul.* Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of feare.
*Fri.* Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolue, I'le send a Frier with speed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
*Iul.* Loue giue me strength,
And strength shall helpe afford.
Farewell deare father. *Exit*

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse and seruing men, two or three*

*Cap.* So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirra, goe hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
*Ser.* You shall haue none my Lord, for I can lick my fingers.
*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?
*Ser.* Marry sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot lick his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
*Cap.* Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnish'd for this time. What is my Daughter gone to Frier *Laurence*?
*Nur.* I forsooth.
*Cap.* Well may she thrift it to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.
*Enter Iuliet.*
*Nur.* See where she comes from shrift
With sad looke.
*Cap.* How now my headstrong,
Where haue you been gadding?
*Iul.* Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer ruld by you.
*Cap.* Send for the Count, go tell him of this,
I'le haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
*Iul.* I met the youthful Lord at *Laurence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.
*Cap.* Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,

This

That neat should be,let me see the County:
I marrie go I say,and fetch him hither
Now afore God,this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
*Iul.* Nurse will you go with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you think fit to furnish me to morrow?
*Mo.* No not till Thursday,there's time enough.
*Fa.* Go Nurse,go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.
*Exeunt Iuliet and Nurse.*
*Mo.* We shall be short in our prouision,
'Tis now neere night.
*Fa.* Tush I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well,I warrant thee wife
Go thou to *Iuliet* helpe to deck her sister,
Ile not to bed to night,let me alone
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth,well I will walke my selfe
To County *Paris* to prepare him vp
Against to morrow,my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaimed.
*Exeunt Father and Mother.*

*Enter Iuliet and Nurse*
*Iul.* I those attires are best,but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night
For I haue need of many Orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st is crosse and full of sin.
*Enter Mother.*
*Mo.* What are you busie,need you my help?
*Iul.* No Madam we haue cull'd such necessaries
As are behouefull,for our state to morrow.
So please you,let me now be left alone
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
In this so sodaine busines.
*Mo.* Good night:
Get thee to bed and rest,for thou hast need. *Exeunt.*
*Iul.* Farewell
God knowes when we shall meete againe
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of life.
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me
Nurse,what should she do here?
My dismall Scene,I needs must act alone.
Come Vial,what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No no,this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson,which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least this marriage should be dishonourable,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is,and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How,if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes
Or if I liue,is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte,an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*,yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd,where as they say,
At some houres in the night,Spirits resort:
Alacke,alacke,is it not like that I
So early waking,what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortals hearing them,run mad.
O if I walke,shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hideous feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
And in this rage,with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club,dash out my desperate braines.
O looke,me thinks I see my Cousins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon the Rapiers point:stay *Tybalt*,stay;
*Romeo*,*Romeo*,*Romeo*,here's drinke I drinke to thee.

*Enter Lady of the house,and Nurse*

*Lady.* Hold,
Take these keies,and fetch more spices Nurse.
*Nur.* They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie
*Enter old Capulet.*
*Cap.* Come stir,stir,stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung,'tis three a clocke.
Looke to the bakte meates,good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
*Nur.* Go you Cot-queane,go,
Get you to bed faith you'le be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
*Cap.* No not a whit,what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause,and ne're been sicke.
*La.* I you haue been a Mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.
*Exit Lady and Nurse.*
*Cap.* A iealous hood,a iealous hood,
Now fellow what there?
*Enter three or four with Spits,and logs,and baskets.*
*Fel.* I things for the Cooke sir,but I know not what.
*Cap.* Make haste,make haste,sirrah,fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*,he will show thee where they are.
*Fel.* I haue a head sir that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
*Cap.* Mas and well said,a merrie horson,ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head,good faith,good faith.
*Play Musicke.*
The County will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would,I heare him neere.
Nurse,wife,what ho?what Nurse I say?
*Enter Nurse.*
Go waken *Iuliet* go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*:hie,make haste,
Make haste,the Bridegroome,he is come already:
Make haste I say.
*Nur.* Mistris,what Mistris?*Iuliet*?Fast I warrant her she.
Why Lambe,why Lady?fie you slug-abed,
Why Loue I say?Madam sweet-heart:why Bride?
What not a word?You take your pennyworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke,for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little,God forgiue me,
Marrie and Amen,how sound is she a sleepe?

Because Master Romeo comes for you,
And he desires your house and company:
Exit.
And I hope it is not come to this,
Exit.

*Rom.* I Dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
And breathe such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiued, and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweet is Loue it selfe possest,
When but Loues shadowes are so rich in ioy?
*Enter Romeo.*
Newes from Verona, how now Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Fryer?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How fares my Iuliet? That I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
*Man.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepes in Capels Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke Poast to tell you this,
Pardon the bad newes I must haue told you.
*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me Inke and paper,
And hire Post Horses, I will hence to night.
*Man.* I do beseech you Sir haue patience,
Your looks are pale and wilde and do import
Some misaduenture.
*Rom.* Tush thou art deceiued,
Leaue me and do the thing I bid thee do,
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Fryer?
*Man.* No my good Lord.
*Exit Man.*
*Rom.* No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well Iuliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for meanes: O mischiefe thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with ouer-whelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meagre were his looks,
Sharpe misery had worne him to the bones:
And in his needy Shop a Tortoyse hung,
An Alligar stuft, and other Skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his Shelues
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho: Apothecary?
*Enter Apothecarie.*
*Apo.* Who calls so loud?
*Rom.* Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold there is forty Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-weary-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatall Cannons wombe.
*Apo.* Such mortall drugges I haue: but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he that vents them.
*Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fearest to die? famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe,
The world is not thy friend nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poore, breake it and take this.
*Apo.* My poverty, but not my will consents.
*Rom.* I pay thy poverty and not thy will.
*Apo.* Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.
*Rom.* There is thy gold worse poison to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou may'st not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food and get thee into flesh.
Come Cordiall, not poyson, goe with me
To Iuliets graue for there must I vse thee.
*Exeunt*
*Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.*
*Iohn.* Holy Franciscan Frier Brother, ho!
*Enter Frier Lawrence.*
*Law.* This same should be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*: what says *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.
*Iohn.* Going to find a barefoot Brother out,
One of our Order to associate me,
Here in this City visiting the sicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.
*Law.* Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?
*Iohn.* I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearfull were they of infection.
*Law.* Vnhappy fortune! by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice but full of charge,
Of deere import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.
*Iohn.* Brother Ile go and bring it thee
*Exit.*
*Law.* Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
She will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents.
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

And keepe cranky Fortune from Romeo come,
Poore vnluckie Louer, crossed as a Louer is,

Exit.

*Enter Paris and his Page.*

*Par.* Gyue me that Torch to hither, and stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene,
Vnder yond Yugh Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foote vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest something approach,
Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.

*Par.* Sweet flower with flowers thy bridall bed I strew,
O woe thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with teares distild by mone,
To grace the obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall Page be strewing of thy graue,
And weepe ore it, thy Parents monument,
Which I will decke with many a seuerall flower,
Which I will water with my teares and mone,
For thee, O Iuliet, therefore for thee,
With sweets and teares I euermore will weepe.

*Enter Romeo and Boy.*

*Rom.* Giue me that Mattocke and the Wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter early in the morning,
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light, vpon thy life I charge thee,
Whate're thou hearest or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course,
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring, a Ring that I must vse
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone,
But if thou iealous dost returne to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbes,
The time and my intents are sauage wilde,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then empty Tygers or the roring Sea.
*Boy.* I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.
*Rom.* So shalt thou shew me friendship. Take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
*Boy.* For all this same, I'le hide me hereabout,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to open,
And in despight, I'le cram thee with more food.

*Par.* This is that banisht haughtie Montague,
That murdred our Loues Cousin, with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Montague*,
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not another sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to fury: O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against myselfe,
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
*Par.* I do defie thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.
*Rom.* Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee Boy.
*Page.* O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
*Par.* O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with Iuliet.
*Rom.* In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutio's kinsman, noble Countie Paris,
What said my man when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should haue married Iuliet:
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad hearing him talke of Iuliet,
To think it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke,
I'le bury thee in a triumphant graue,
A graue? O no a Lanthorne, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Iuliet, and her beauty makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death
Haue they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquered, beauties ensigne yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Cousin. Ah deare Iuliet,
Why art thou yet so faire? shall I beleeue
That vnsubstantiall death is amorous,
And that the leane abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that I will still stay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallat of dim night
Depart againe: here, here will I remaine
With Worms that are thy Chamber maids: O here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest
And shake the yoake of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes look your last:
Arms take your last embrace: and lips O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateless bargaine to engrossing death.
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks thy Seasick weake Barke.
Heere's to my Loue. O true Apothecary,
Thy

I marrie them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Dooms-day, whose vntimely death
Banish'd the new made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pin'de.
You (to remoue that siege of Griefe from her)
Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce
To County *Paris*: Then comes she to me,
And with wilde lookes bad me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so tutor'd by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, writ I to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, *Friar Iohn*,
Was stayd by accident, and yesternight
Returned my Letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*:
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreate her come forth,
And bear this worke of Heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage
Her Nurse is priuy: And if ought in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some houre before his time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.
*Prince.* We still haue known thee for a holy man.
Where's *Romeos* man? What can he say to this?
*Bal.* I brought my Master news of Iuliets death,
And then in poste he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
*Prin.* Giue me the Letter, we will see anon.
Where is the Countie Seruant? Rise Sir Page.
*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue:
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did.
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away, to call the Watch.
*Prin.* This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a Poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault, to die, and lye with Iuliet.
Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Montague,
See what a scourge is laid vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue.
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.
*Cap.* O brother Montague, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters Iointure, for no more
Can I demand.
*Mont.* But I can giue thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That while Verona by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull Iuliet.
*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his Lady lie,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.
*Prin.* A glooming Peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished:
For neuer was a Story of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*.

*Exeunt omnes.*

G 3

FINIS.

# THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

## Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Marcer, at severall doores.*

*Poet.*

*Pain.*

*Iew.*

*Mer.*

*Poet.* Good day Sir.

*Pain.*

*Poet.* I am glad y'are well.

*Pain.*

*Poet.*

*Iew.*

*Mer.*

*Pain.*

*Poet.*

*Pain.*

*Iew.*

*Mer.*

*Poet.*

*Pain.*

*Poet.*

*Pain.*

*Poet.*

*Pain

With one man becken'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy Mount
To clime his happineſſe, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.
*Luc.* Nay ſir, but heare me on:
All theſe ow'n were his ere it were his late,
Some better then his valew on the moſt part
Follow his Armes, his Lands (to which reſidence
Name Sacred) all within the walls are his,
Make Sacred Even his ſtirrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.
*Pain.* I marry, what of theſe?
*Poet.* When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued, all his Dependants
Which labour'd after in the Mount to creepe,
Even on their knees and hands (let him but fall)
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
*Pain.* 'Tis common
A thouſand morall Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well
To ſhew Lord *Timon* that meane eyes have ſeene
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets ſound,*
*Enter Lord Timon addreſſing himſelfe curteouſly to*
*every ſeuerall.*

*Tim.* Impriſon'd is he ſay you?
*Meſ.* I my good Lord, five talents is his debt,
His meanes moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraite.
Your Honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.
*Tim.* Noble *Ventidius* well:
I am not of that Feather, to ſhake off
My Friend when he muſt need me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deſerues a helpe,
Which he ſhall have. Ile pay the debt, and free him.
*Meſ.* Your Lordſhip ever binds him.
*Tim.* Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſome,
And being enfranchiz'd bid him come to me,
'Tis not enough to helpe the feeble vp,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
*Meſ.* All happineſſe to your Honour. *Exit.*

*Enter an old Athenian.*
*Old.* Lord *Timon* heare me ſpeake.
*Tim.* Freely good Father.
*Old.* Thou haſt a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius*.
*Tim.* I have ſo: What of him?
*Old.* Moſt Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
*Tim.* Attends he here, or no? *Lucilius*
*Luc.* Heere at your Lordſhips ſeruice.
*Old.* This fellow heere, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt haue been inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerues an heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.
*Tim.* Well: what further?
*Old.* One only Daughter haue I, no Kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, o'th'youngeſt for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereſt coſt
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelfe haue ſpoke in vaine.
*Tim.* The man is honeſt.
*Old.* Therefore he will be *Timon*:
His honeſtie rewards him in it ſelfe,
It muſt not bear my Daughter.
*Tim.* Does ſhe loue him?
*Old.* She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levities in youth.
*Tim.* Loue you the Maid?
*Luc.* I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.
*Old.* If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſſe, I will chooſe
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And diſpoſſeſſe her all.
*Tim.* How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equall Husband?
*Old.* Three talents on the preſent, in future, all.
*Tim.* This Gentleman of mine
Hath ſerued me long:
To build his fortune, I will ſtrayne a little,
For 'tis my bounty. Take your Daughter,
Dowre his intention with this Indirect,
And it ſhall ſeeme as all the Gods had ſhar'd
To make him rich. Marry him to my Houſe,
Fall when I will, it ſhall not vex me.
*Old.* Moſt Noble Lord,
I owe me to this, or I'll never proſper.
*Tim.* Plight me your hand to ſee,
Make him know you may proſper
*Luc.* Sweet Lord, I'll take her, on her Lordſhips
Go not away. What haue you there, my friend?
*Pain.* A peece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.
*Tim.* Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the Naturall man,
For ſince Diſhonor Traffickes with Mans nature,
He is but out-ſide: Theſe pencill'd figures are
Euen ſuch as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you ſhall finde I like it: Wait attendance
Till you heare further from me.
*Pain.* The Gods preſerue ye.
*Tim.* Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We muſt needs dine together. Sir your Iewell
Hath ſuffer'd vnder praiſe.
*Iewel.* What my Lord, diſpraiſe?
*Tim.* A meere ſatiety of Commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vnclew me quite.
*Iewel.* My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maſters. Beleeue't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.
*Tim.* Well mock'd. *Enter Apemantus.*
*Mer.* No my good Lord, he ſpeakes the common tongue
Which all men ſpeake with him.
*Tim.* Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?
*Iewel.* We'll beare with your Lordſhip.
*Mer.* He'll ſpare none.
*Tim.* Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apemantus.*

fooles.

well wiee.

for Imen e

Alle.

Exeunt

Enter Lord Timon, the

Timon re-

ppy d'ral Ape-

Timon,
my Tailors age,

Take my loue,

Leaue

I gaue it freely euer, and there's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.
*Vint.* A Noble spirit.
*Tim.* Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first
To set a gloze on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis shewne
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.
1. *Lord* My Lord we alwaies haue confest.
*Apem.* Ho, ho, confest? Hah, hah, I smell you Knaues.
*Tim.* O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.
*Apem.* No, You shall not make me welcome
I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores.
*Tim.* Fie thou'rt a churle, ye haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.
They say my Lords, *Ira furor breuis est*,
But yond man is euer angry.
Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe,
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.
*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil *Timon*,
I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't.
*Tim.* I take no heede of thee. Th'art an Athenian, therefore welcome. I my selfe would haue no power, prythee let my meate make thee silent.
*Apem.* I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me, for I should ne're flatter thee. O you Gods! What a number of men eats *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieues me to see so many dip their meate in one mans blood, and all the madnesse is, he cheeses them in, too.
How dost thou Captaine?
*Alc.* Sick of the disease of flattery,
Nor am I much better for being so retir'd.
Too intimate with my selfe, too much alone.
Good morrow to thy Lordship.
*Tim.* I thank you Captaine.
*Alc.* Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I doe for your Honour?
*Tim.* Why no, but I thank you.
*Alc.* I hope it is not so low with your Honour, that you haue no meanes to imploy your friend?
*Tim.* I thank you, you shall not loose by me at any time.
*Alc.* My Lord, they are Thieues and Villaines, that will rob you deepe, that dare not take by the high way. Let me haue some imployment, my Lord.
1. *Lord* So haue we all, imployment my Noble Lord.
2. *Lord* And so haue I, my good Lord.
3. *Lord* Make it our request to you.
*Tim.* My Friends, I am not so vnfurnish'd, but I can finde time for you all. And you shall finde me apt enough to your employments, however, I giue you thankes before hand, for I thinke you meane to employ me.
*Alc.* Doubt it not worthy Lord.
*Tim.* Then I pray you, doe not doubt it, for my friends deserue it well at my hands. But why should I keepe you heere? Why should you attend me? You know not my disposition, you know not how vnworthy I am. I will tell you, my Lords, and Gentlemen, what you see in me at the worst. You may take my faults as you take pearles, vpon trust. Coyning my words, that I call'd my friends, I haue often wish'd my selfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you. We are borne to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our friends? O what a precious comfort 'tis, to haue so many like brothers commanding one anothers fortunes. O ioy, e'ne made away ere't can be borne: mine eyes cannot hold out water, me thinkes: to forget their faults, I drinke to you.
*Apem.* Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon*.
2. *Lord* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.
*Apem.* Ho, ho, I laugh to think that babe a bastard.
3. *Lord* I promise you, my Lord, you mou'd me much.
*Apem.* Much.

*Sound Tucket. Enter the Messengers of some three or four Lords, to Timon.*
*Let it in heere, gentle, willingly, and retire.*

*Tim.* What means that Trumpet? How now?

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* Please your Lordship, there are certaine Ladies most desirous of admittance.
*Tim.* Ladies? what are their wils?
*Ser.* There comes with them a forerunner my Lord, which bears that office, to signifie their pleasures.
*Tim.* I pray let them be admitted.

*Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his bounties taste the sweet best. Accept kindly the Maskers that thus like Apparitions come to greet thy welcome, and to make thy feasting more solemne.
Then taste to each all pleas'd from thy Table rise.
They only now come but to feast your eyes.
*Tim.* They're welcome all, let 'em haue kind admittance. Musicke make their welcome.
*Lu.* You see my Lord, how amply you're belou'd.
*Apem.* Hoyday,
What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.
They dance! They are madwomen,

*Enter a third Servant.*

How now? What news?

*3. Ser.* Please you, my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucius* entreats your company to-morrow, to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

*Tim.* He strives with me,

And ne'er can be secure, not with a fair Reward

*Flu.* What a strange Case is this?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and

Now he knows we have to see into this,

To shew how much he does us, is ten times

Before our faces: we could not hate him,

Unless we saw what he speaks: we must consider, Lord:

He knows the deed, and gives us pay for't: where

We have our Offices, and what can we

Know, or speak of this? Were I to tell

Only to Heaven and to him,

I am sure my Lord,

What

3 Lord. Why this is the world's soul,

Of his own fall he mourns, and leaves us to

Partake with him.

*Luc.* Hang him, we have enough.

*Tim.* Ho, my Lord!

*Luc.* Commend me to him,

*Tim.* Ho, my Lord!

I am not of that feather, to shake off

My friend when he must need me. I do know him

A gentleman that well deserves a help:

Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Luc.* Your Lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him:

You shall hear more anon.

*Luc.* Most honourable Man!

*Tim.* Are they all gone?

*1 Lord.* Will not my Lord dine with us?

*Luc.* Why this is the world's soul,

Of his own fall he mourns, and leaves us to

Partake with him.

*Luc.* Hang him, we have enough.

*Tim.* Nay, and you begin to pluck on Societe come, I am sworne not to you, farewell, & come with better Musicke *Exit*

*Apem.* So I will see you in better cheere ere long, thou'lt [illegible]
[illegible]
O, that men's eares should be
To Counterfeit, [illegible] *Exit*

*Enter* [illegible]

*Sen.* [illegible]
He [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible]
Of [illegible]
I want [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
Per [illegible]
Make [illegible]
And able [illegible]
Bastard [illegible]
Vnduly [illegible]
Call [illegible]
*Cap.* I say.

*Enter* [illegible]

*Cap.* I [illegible]
*Sen.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Come [illegible]
Prayes [illegible]
My Vtensyls [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Put [illegible]
A [illegible]
[illegible]
Low [illegible]
[illegible]
*Cap.* [illegible]
*Sen.* [illegible]
Take [illegible]
A [illegible]
*Cap.* I will [illegible]
*Sen.* Go. *Exeunt*

*Enter Steward with many Bills in his hand.*

*Stew.* No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor cleanse his flowing hospitality
With [illegible] nor [illegible] care
Of what is to continue. Never mind,
Was to be so: which payes for all? One feeles
What [illegible] before it comes, so plaine
I must be forc'd to [illegible] comming.
Vile [illegible]

*Enter three Creditors, I serv. and Caph.*

*Cap.* Good even *Varro*: what, you come for money?
*Var.* Is not your Master [illegible]
*Cap.* It is to you, [illegible]
*Hos.* It is so.

*Cap.* Would we were [illegible]
*Var.* I feare it
*Cap.* Heere comes the Lord.

*Enter Timon, and his Train.*

*Tim.* So soone as dreaming men of [illegible]
My [illegible] Welcome, what [illegible]
*Cap.* My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.
*Tim.* Dues? whose [illegible]
*Cap.* Of Athens heere my Lord.
*Tim.* Go to my Steward
*Cap.* Please your Lordship to [illegible] me
To morrow come to my [illegible]
My [illegible] I will [illegible]
I feel [illegible]
I know [illegible]
In [illegible]
*Tim.* Make not [illegible]
Importune me [illegible]
*Cap.* Nay then [illegible]
*Tim.* [illegible]
[illegible]
I [illegible]
*Cap.* Nay then [illegible]
*Tim.* [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
I [illegible]
[illegible]
Are [illegible]
[illegible]
Wherein you are [illegible]
*Cap.* Do my Friends [illegible]
*Stew.* I [illegible]

*Enter a third Creditor.*

*Cap.* Stay, stay, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Ant.* A [illegible]
[illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible]
*Ant.* Do [illegible]
[illegible]
*Ant.* Nay, stir [illegible]
[illegible]
*Ant.* Nay, and [illegible]
*Cap.* Where's the [illegible]
*Ant.* He has [illegible] the [illegible] Poore Rogues, and
[illegible]
*All.* [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible]
*All.* [illegible]
*Ant.* I [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
How does your Master?

*Exeunt*

*Foole* Shee's ne're a better go water to ice. Such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

*Ape.* Good, Gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Page* Looke you, here comes my Masters Page

*Page* Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wise company?

How dost thou my Lad?

*Ape* Would I might ride a Red mouth'd mouth that I might ever keep take-holds.

*Page* Perchance he commands me to see him ride on the finest Curtall o'th' Country, and how not shee's worth...

*Ape* Can'st thou ride?

*Page* No.

*Ape* Then will be a Leaping dyet on that day thou art... This is the Lord *Timons* Mule that *Timon* rides on. Can'st thou beare a load, and thou shalt be a Beast.

*Page* Then I should ever be a Dogge, and so shall finde Dogges meate...

Answer me, I say me *Exit*

*Ape* I feele your rusty Grace,

I doote I will powre some of it out. *Timons*

*Foole.* Will you ride me there?

*Ape* As I meet my Horse.

You shall see store of Vanities?

*Ape* I know every Cockscombe.

*Ape* So would I.

As good as to make it

Apace, and spur to it from hence I leave it.

*Foole* And so shall you see Vanity enough to be a Foole to his Servant. My Master is one, and I am sure I serve him. When comes he to see you? Marry, he comes to see his Friends, and spend his Money. His Friends are his Vanities, and his Money is his Vanity. So I serve my Master in wise, and am by that reason a Foole.

*Page* I cannot tell.

*Ape* Then hence, that we may account thee a Wise man and a Master of Arts, for not to know, thou shalt be no otherwise named

*Page* What is a Woman a Foole?

*Foole* A Woman is one that hath her sex from Heaven, and one of the best Creatures, keep Lent when the best Victuals are in the Market, and eates more than her husband can get all the Week. And he is a Foole that marries her, and he is a Foole that keeps not a Whore. He that keeps her shall have the worse bargaine, for he that keeps her will have as many Masters as she has Lovers, which may be a dozen a day, and he that marries her, marries them all: for each one partakes of the Harlot, and she grows to the common Hackney.

*Page* Why then every Man that hath a Penny is the Cuckold of a Foole.

*Foole* Not every Man that hath a Penny, but every Man that hath a Penny may be a Cuckold: For there are many Fooles that have Pennies, and they may be Cuckolds. Marry, not every Cuckold is a Foole, though every Foole be a Cuckold, and by your Office, you may be one.

*Page* Why, my Office?

*Foole* Why, your Master is a Foole, else he would not keep such a Knave as you.

*Enter second Servant.*

*Ape* Come, come, come Foole come

*Foole* I have no hast, stay at this Lowre, elder Brother, you Woman, you meet me at the Backdoore

*Ser* Pray you walke neere,

I have some speech with you. *Exeunt.*

*Tim* Let me know the worst, whereto tends the time

Have you cast up my state, all my debts,

That I may know what my expence

As I have been to meete.

*Ser* You would not heare me

At many leysures I propose.

*Tim* Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke,

When my indisposition put you backe,

And that unaptnesse made your minister

Thus to excuse your selfe.

*Ser.* O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid them before you, you would throw them off,

And say you found them in meere honestie,

When for some trifling present you have bid me

Returne so much, I have shooke my head and wept:

Yea 'gainst the Authority of manners pray'd you

To hold your hand more close. I did endure

Not seldome, nor no slight checkes when I have

Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,

And your great flow of debts. My dear Lord,

Though you are now (to you are yet now) deare to me,

The greatest of your having, lacks a halfe,

To pay your present debts.

*Tim* Let all my Land be sold.

*Ser* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,

And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues, the future comes apace:

What shall defence, where payment crost and ready

Now pleades exchange

*Tim.* To Lacedemon: I say my Land is spent.

*Ser* Out, alas, Lord, to wade through sea and word,

Were to run through, to put a girdle round

How quickely were it gone

*Tim* You tell me true

*Ser.* If you suspect my Husbandry or Faith,

Call me before the exactest Auditors

And set me on the proofe. So the Gods bless me,

When all our Offices have been oppressed

With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept

With drunken spilth of Wine, when every Room

Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with Minstrelsie,

I have retir'd me to a wastefull cocke,

And set mine eyes flow.

*Tim* Prythee no more.

*Ser* Heavens have I said the bounty of this Lord

How many prodigall mouthes have prais'd his sweete flesh

And made it proud. How many a breath

Is this day given to sing his goodnesse. Now

Of all these not one lookes on his estate.

How many goe by, and take of my Masters Groves,

And ne're looke once on him? Hardly shut the doore,

Or if they doe, sing by with some scorne,

Holding their course even by his window, as

By some old Beggar in the hollow edge

Of frozen Channell, looking through the bankes

With scraping Nailes, for Pitifull bleake Moldwarpe,

Have I seene these Parasites.

*Tim* Pray no more.

*Ser* No matter. I have observ'd the bounty of this Lord

How many prodigally puffe up his Sides and Pockets

Surfeiting the Gods bounty out of measure.

What many attend upon him, not *Timons*,

But Gold, that has attendants, which Gold is *Timons*

Guests. *Timon* No matter: Would it were no worse my fellow Lords:

Alas, that Heaven of hearts are great, but brittle Glasse,

That I account them blessings. For by these

Shall I try friends. You shall perceive

How you mistake my Fortunes.

I am wealthie in my Friends.

Within there, *Flaminius Servilius?*

*Enter*

Enter two servants.

1 Ser. My Lord is Lear.

2 Ser. I would speak with you, you, you,

what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'de.

*Luci.* How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

*Luci.* What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Deny'de that honourable man? There was very little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne part, I must needes confesse, I have receiv'd some small kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had he mistooke him and sent to me, I should ne're have denied his Occasion so many Talents.

*Enter Servilius.*

*Servil.* See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have sweat to see his Honour. My Honour'd Lord.

*Lucil. Servilius?* You are kindely met, sir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Servil.* May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent ——

*Lucil.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeered to that Lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

*Servil.* Has only sent his present Occasion now my Lord, requesting your Lordship to supply his instant use with so many Talents.

*Lucil.* I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

*Servil.* But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord. If his occasion were not vertuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Lucil.* Dost thou speake seriously *Servilius?*

*Servil.* Upon my soule 'tis true Sir.

*Lucil.* What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my selfe against such a good time, when I might have shewne my selfe Honourable? How unluckily it happened, that I should Purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deale of Honour? *Servilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do't: the more beast I say, I was sending to use Lord *Timon* myselfe, these Gentlemen can witnesse: but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honour will conceive the reason of mee, because I have no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you bestow me so farre, as to use mine owne words to him?

*Ser.* Yes sir, I shall. *Exit Servil.*

*Lucil.* I'le looke you out a good turne *Servilius*.
True as you said, *Timon* is growne indeede,
And with the breath indeed of Courtesie,
Exceeding poore of that: for his Fortune
Hath left him long.
2 Do you observe this *Hostilius*?
2 I do well.
3 Why this is the world's soule,
And just of the same piece
Is every Flatterers spirit. Who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
*Timon* has oft times fed his Friends:
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate: nay *Timons* money
Has payd his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Silver treads upon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man,
When he lookes out in an ungratefull shape;
He does deny him, (in respect of his)
What charitable men afford to Beggers.

3 Religion groanes at it.

1 For mine owne part, I never tasted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To marke me for his friend. Yet I protest,
For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me
I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the best halfe should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But I perceive,
Men must learne now with pitty to dispence,
For Policy sits above Conscience. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a third servant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.*

*Semp.* Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum!
'Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from Imprisonment. All these
Owe their estates unto him.
*Ser.* My Lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,
For they have all denied him.
*Semp.* How! have they denied him?
Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* denyed him,
And does he send to me? Three? Humh!
It shews but little love or judgement in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends (like Physitians)
Thrive, give him over? Must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for't,
But his Occasions might have woo'd me first:
For my owne love could never be but hir'd,
And that which springs from the end of the last bounty.
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That he'le not stirre, till he needs must come?
And I must serve us so too, as we do the Creditor,
Who swim in Baite and firme it with our Loves.
As we flatter those
Of whose estates we doubt.
Well, his Occasions might have met my eares,
And they should, for my owne credit sake.
I serve his Honour now, not his Necessity.
And honour parts, where need takes leave of purse.
Who sues to me in forme? but he, of us all
Has alwayes won his Voice on me by Service,
Therefore not ranckt with them, who long since almost
Have forfeited their Seats. This shewes ingratitude
Past hope of Pardon.

*Ser.* Excellent. Your Lordships a goodly Villain. The devill knew not what he did, when he made man politicke, he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will set him cleere. How fairely this Lord strives to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked? Like those, that under hote ardent zeale would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politicke love.
This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Save only the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberall course allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house. *Exit.*

*Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.*

*Var. man.* Well met, good morrow *Titus* & *Hortensius*

*Tit.* Troth like to you kinde *Varro*,
*Hor.* *Lucius*, what do we meet together?
*Luc.* I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.
For mine is money.
*Tit.* So is theirs, and ours.
*Enter* [illegible]
*Luc.* And Sir *Philotus* too.
*Phi.* Good day at once.
*Luc.* Welcome good brother.
What do you think the hower is?
*Phi.* Labouring for Nine.
*Luc.* So much?
*Phi.* Is not my Lord seene?
*Tit.* No yet.
*Phil.* I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seuen.
*Luc.* I beare my selfe inuited to your Lords Feast to night.
Y[ou]r selfe faire Sir, and the rest, are bid forth to supper.
Is't to be Ladies, Dice, with Feasting, and Reuelling?
*Tit.* Faith, Gentlemen, whatsoeuer Pastime we shall afford,
[illegible] present
Your Lord[ship]s euery houre.
*Luc.* I?
*Tit.* And Sir *Philotus* too.
*Luc.* Then time shall not be ouer-worne ere serued.
*Tit.* Almost ready, and it is diuers strokes of Nine.
*Luc.* How goes the world that men are growne so hot in their Affayres,
And euery houre in Councell?
*Tit.* Faith, Sir, Warres, and Contentions.
'Tis deepe Winter in the
Businesse my Lord of Warre, and Warre is wasteful.
And yet not so much Warre, as Creditors
[illegible]
*Luc.* [illegible]
*Luc.* Then Warre is a good thing, and the time of it.
*Tit.* Is't not strange, that euen in the midst of Warre,
And the Dominion of Enemies about vs,
*Enter* [illegible]
*Tit.* O[ne] of Lo[rd]s men.
*Luc.* I assume, for my Lord is readie
[illegible]
*Tit.* Now Lucullus?
*Luc.* Now Titus, what's the matter?
*Tit.* Your Lordship sent for some Money?
*Luc.* Hortensius hath it of me.
*Tit.* The Lord Timon hath the present vse of all his Treasure.
*Luc.* Why, he receiu'd but fifteene hundred Crownes.
*Tit.* But fifteene hundred Crownes? he hath eight thousand more in Ready Money.
And plate, and Jewels, whose worth will double the Heape.
*Luc.* Is't possible?
*Tit.* Is't not strange, that euen in the midst of Warre,
Peace should afford such store of Wealth,
And happiest Men, such aboundance?
*Luc.* I, but the answer is not seruile.
*Tit.* Seruile? as flatterie is now, and Gold
Your Lordship knowes the vse of either.
*Luc.* Why I know it to be good.
*Tit.* Your Honour euer did affect the Weightier Vertues.
*Luc.* Why, I hope my Seruant do's not call me Villaine for that.
*Tit.* I thinke not, but the Time is villanous,
To haue Good Men not call'd Knaues.
*Luc.* How? What does his cashier'd Worship mutter?
*2 Varro.* No matter what, he's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can speake broader, then he that has no house to put his head in? Such may raile against great buildings.
*Enter* [illegible]
*Tit.* O heere's *Seruilius*; now we shall know some answere.
*Ser.* I may beseech you Gentlemen, to repaire some other houre, I should derive much from't for assure you, my Lord takes worse then euer he did, and growes extreme melancholy.
*Luc.* May do's keepe me Chambers are not like,
And time bestowed euen to the leaues,
Me thinkes he should not pay his debts,
And neuer a cure way to the Gods.
*Seru.* Good Gods.
*Tit.* We cannot obserue too much for his honour.
*Enter* [illegible] my Lord, my Lord.
*Enter Timon in a rage.*
*Tim.* What are my doores opposed against my passage?
Haue I been ready at a becke to the first man that did salute me?
Ready to force him with Gifts before he wish'd?
To breathe his Asthma out with Sighes of Wine,
And Salt-water sorrow? Aroint thee Varlet.
*Enter* [illegible]
*Tim.* Me Lord?
*Luc.* My Lord, my Lord.
*Tim.* I will not heare of it.
*1 Var.* A word my Lord.
*2 Var.* A word Sir.
*Fla.* A word my Lord.
*Tim.* Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue me to the Girdle.
*Luc.* A word my Lord.
*Tim.* Cut my heart in summes.
*Tit.* Many debts?
*Tim.* I, euery my bloud.
*Luc.* Free them, Creditors, my Lord.
*Tim.* Lend me a fetter.
Will no man heare me?
*1 Var.* My Lord.
*2 Var.* My Lord.
*Tim.* Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.
*Exit Timon.*
*Hor.* I feare me, you haue displeas'd our Masters mighty choller.
Your businesse is not vnknowne to him, and conceiue you may with discretion do't, for his nature is comportable.
*Exeunt.*
*Enter* [illegible]
*Tim.* Flie to me, that my breath from mee the Plague
Might sicken Creditors. Dogges.
*Ser.* My Lord?
*Tim.* What should I for?
*Ser.* My Lord.
*Tim.* Behaue't so? My Steward?
*Ste.* Heere my Lord.
*Tim.* So hasty? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
*Lucius, Lucullus* and *Sempronius*. All,
I doe enforce thee to the Rascals.
*Ste.* O my Lord you only speake from your distracted soule, there's not so much left to furnish out a moderate Table.
*Tim.*

[illegible]

*Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meets them*

[illegible]

1 Sen. My Lo[illegible], you haue my voice, to[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
2 M[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Senate.
[illegible]
[illegible] Vertues
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Enter diuers Friends at seuerall doores.*

1 The good time of day to you, sir.

2 I also wish it to you. I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyed in, when wee encountred. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seeme in the triall of his seuerall Friends.

2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting.

1 I should, thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest inuiting, which many my neere occasions did vrge mee to put off, but he hath coniured mee beyond them, and I must needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I deale to my importunate businesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorie, when he sent to borrow of me, that my Prouision was out.

1 I am sicke of that grieefe too, as I vnderstand how all things go.

2 Euery man heares so, what would hee haue borrowed of you?

1 A thousand Peeces.

2 A thousand Peeces?

1 What of you?

2 He sent to me, ——— Heere he comes.

*Enter Timon and attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Euer at the best hearing well of your Lordship.

2 The Swallow follows not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.

*Tim.* Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay. Feast your eares with the Musicke awhile, if they will fare so harshly o'th Trumpets sound. We shall to't presently.

1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordship that I returned you an empty Messenger.

*Tim.* O sir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

*Tim.* Ah my good friend, what cheere?

*The Banket brought in.*

2 My most Honorable Lord I am e'ne sicke of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so vnfortunate a Beggar.

*Tim.* Thinke not on't sir.

2 If you had sent but two houres before.

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 All couered Dishes.

1 Royall Cheere I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeeld it.

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* banished?

*Seru. Alcibiades* banished?

3 Trebonius tells me so.

1 How? how?

2 I pray you vpon what?

*Tim.* My worthy Friends will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward.

2 This is the old man still.

3 Will holds: Will hold?

2 It does: but time will, and so.

3 I do conceiue.

*Tim.* Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as he would to the lip of his Mistris: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, sit. The Gods require our thankes.

*You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankefulnesse. For your owne gifts, make your selues prayed for: But reserue still to giue, least your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloued more then the Man that giues it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a Score of Villaines. If there sit twelue women at the Table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common Lag of People, what is amisse in them you Gods, make suit to haue it pardoned. For these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bleese them, and to nothing are welcome.*

Vncouer dogges, and lap.

*Some speake.* What does his Lordship meane?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better Feast neuer behold!

You knot of Mouth-friends! Smoke & luke-warme water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last,
Who stucke and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes off all, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villanie. Liue loath'd, and long
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times flyes,
Cap and Knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
Of Man and Beast the infinite Malady
Crust you quite o're. What dost thou go?
Soft, take thy Physicke first, thou shalt stay dinner.
Some neere Friends, necessary, borrow none
Vntill All thy Meate be cast. Be a Feast,
Worthy a Timon, and a welcome Guest
Enough to make a Athens neuer select hazard be
Counted an Enemie, and a Feast-stay. *Exit*

*Enter the Senators, with other Lords.*

1 How now my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Push! did you see my Cap?

4 I haue lost my Gowne.

1 He's but a mad Lord & nought but humors swayes him. He gaue me a iewell the other day, and now he has beate's on't now, on't what.

Did you see my Iewel?

2 Did you see my Cap.

3 Heere it is.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Let's make no day.

2 Lord *Timon* is mad.

3 I feel't vpon my bones.

4 One day he giues vs Diamonds next day stones.

*Exeunt the Senators.*

*Enter Timon.*

*Tim.* Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in those Wolues, dyet in the earth,
And feed'st Athens. Matrons turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children. Slaues and Fooles

Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Feasts.
Couert to Dames, and greene Virginity,
Doe of your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe, out-weare your Shoes,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, Steale,
Large-handed Robbers your grate Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, reserue thy Marriage bed,
Loue Mistris soft in Beasts. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the liu'd Grutch from thy old limping Sire,
Weight, beare out his times. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domestick awe, Night-rest, and Neighbourhood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees of Females, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion liue. Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lame as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
Creepe in the Minds and Marrowes of our youth,
That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,
And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie. Breath infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meerely poysonous. Nothing I'le beare from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
*Timon* will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and without. *Exit.*

*Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.*

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?
*Stew.* Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.
1 Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.
2 As we shall finde our backes
From our Companion, thrown into his grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue gaping Wounds with him
Like emptie purses pickt, and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease of all-shunn'd pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.
*Enter other Seruants.*
*Stew.* All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.
3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuery,
That see I by our faces. we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat. we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.
*Stew.* Good Fellowes all,
The latest of my wealth, Ile share among'st you.
Wherever we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put not all your hands. Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.
*Embrace and part seuerall wayes.*
O the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To haue his pompe, and all what State compounds,
But only painted, like his varnisht Friends?
Poore honest Lord, brought low by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodnesse. Strange vnusual blood,
When mans worst sinnes, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde as he?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still adore Men.
My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy chiefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
He's flung in rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends,
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,
Whilst I haue Gold, I'le be his Steward still. *Exit.*

*Enter Timon in the woods.*

*Tim.* O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarse is dividant, touch them with seuerall fortunes,
The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raise me this Beggar, and denude that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Beggar Native Honor.
It is the Pasture lards the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leane. who dares? who dares
In purest of Mannond stand vpright
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All is oblique;
There's nothing leuell in our curled Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Roots,
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his palate
With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white, foule, faire, wrong, right;
Base, Noble, Old, young, Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will plucke your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
Pluck stout mens pillowes from below their heads.

This

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th'accurst,
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house and vlcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damned Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that putst odds
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *Warre sounds afarre off.*
Ha? A Drum? Th'art hard now,
But yet I bury thee: I will go seeke
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand.
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades, with Drumme and Fire in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.*

*Alc.* What art thou there speake.
*Tim.* A Beast as thou art. I canker gnaw thy hart
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.
*Alc.* What is thy name? is it friendly that thou answerst to hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?
*Tim.* I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wish thou were a dogge,
That I might loue thee somthing.
*Alc.* I know thee well.
But in thy Fortunes am vnarm'd, and feare.
*Tim.* I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground gules, gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuil Lawes are statutes,
Then what should warre be? This still is more of euill,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.
*Phrin.* Thy phrynia
*Tim.* I will not know thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lipps againe.
*Alc.* How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?
*Tim.* As the Moone does, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Suns to borrow of.
*Alc.* Noble *Timon*, what friendly part may I do thee?
*Tim.* None, but to maintaine my opinion.
*Alc.* What is it *Timon*?
*Tim.* Promise me Friendship, but performe none:
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.
*Alc.* I haue forgot one of thy priuate angries.
*Tim.* True, I thinke thee but now.
*Alc.* Hearke, newes with you, a bottle of wine.
*Tim.* Art thou not returned with the whore and Parasites
*Timon.* To the Athenian Mason, whom the world
Voices so regardfully?
*Tim.* Art thou *Timandra*? *Timan.* Yes.
*Tim.* Be a whore still: they loue thee not that vse thee,
Giue them diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and Baths: bring downe rose-cheekt youth to the Tubfast, and the Diet.
*Timan.* Hang thee Monster.
*Alc.* Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth daily make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and griev'd
How cursed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour States
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.
*Tim.* I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
*Alc.* I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deare *Timon*.
*Tim.* How dost thou pitty him whom thy dost trouble,
I had rather be alone.
*Alc.* Why fare thee well:
Heere is some Gold for thee.
*Tim.* Keepe it, I cannot eate it.
*Alc.* When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.
*Tim.* Warr'st thou gainst Athens?
*Alc.* I haue begun to do it. Perhaps some
*Tim.* Do so, do so, I wish all well,
And send it carefully to the Gods confound them all by thy Conquest,
And then if they, when thou hast Conquer'd
*Alc.* Why me, *Timon*?
*Tim.* That by killing of Villaines
Thou wast borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold: Goe on, heeres Gold, goe on,
Be as a Planetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're some high-vic'd City, hang his poyson
In the sicke ayre: Let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habite only, that is honest,
Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke paps
That through the window barre the bruit side eyes,
Are not within the leaden reach of stones:
But set them downe horrible Traytors: spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fooles exhaust their mercy,
Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath positively bounded, the bleat for feare,
And spare not a iot remorse. Sweare against Obiects,
Put armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose proofe, nor yelles of Mothers, Maids nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confusion, and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.
*Alc.* Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giuest me,
Not all thy Counsell.
*Tim.* Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon thee.
*Both.* Giue vs some Gold good *Timon*, hast more?
*Tim.* Enough to make a Whore forsweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant: you are not Oathable,
Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare
Into strong shudders and to heauen's Agues
The Immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Be whores still: And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-coates: yet may your paines sixe monthes
Be quite contrary. And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter.
Weare them, betray with them: Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.
*Both.* Well, more Gold, what then?

Beseeche (illegible) for God
*Tim.* (illegible)
(illegible) Pharmacists
(illegible) Carpenters,
(illegible) Quarrellers,
(illegible) Note,
(illegible) bold
Sweet (illegible)
(illegible)
(illegible) Gold.
Do you (illegible) you,
(illegible)
*Tim.* Mercenaries, bring coyne
*Timon*
*Tim.* More (illegible) Wretches fell, I have gold
(illegible) you enough
(illegible) Seruants (illegible) Dogges, leaue
*Timon* (illegible)
*Tim.* (illegible)
(illegible)
(illegible) welcome
(illegible)
(illegible) thee away,
(illegible) *Timon*
*Tim.* (illegible)
(illegible)
(illegible)
(

Ile curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
To some thee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not beene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst beene a Knaue and Flatterer.
*Ape.* Art thou proud yet?
*Tim.* I, that I am not thee.
*Ape.* I, that I was no Prodigall.
*Tim.* I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
I'ld giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.
*Ape.* Heere, I will mend thy Feast.
*Tim.* First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.
*Ape.* So I shall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine
*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.
*Ape.* What would'st thou haue to Athens?
*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlewind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.
*Ape.* Heere is no vse for Gold.
*Tim.* The best, and truest:
For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme.
*Ape.* Where lyest a nights *Timon*?
*Tim.* Vnder that's aboue me
Where feed'st thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?
*Ape.* Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
where I eate it.
*Tim.* Would poyson were obedient, & knew my mind
*Ape.* Where would'st thou send it?
*Tim.* To sawce thy dishes.
*Ape.* The middle of Humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eate it.
*Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.
*Ape.* Do'st hate a Medler?
*Tim.* I, though it looke like thee.
*Ape.* And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y' should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?
*Tim.* Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know belou'd?
*Ape.* My selfe.
*Tim.* I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.
*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest
compare to thy Flatterers?
*Tim.* Women nearest, but men: men are the things
themselues. What would'st thou do with the world *A-*
*pemantus*, if it lay in thy power?
*Ape.* Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.
*Tim.* Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.
*Ape.* I *Timon*.
*Tim.* A beastly Ambition, which the Gods grant
thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,
& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse:
wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seaz'd by the Leo-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spotter of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not ob-
iect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
seest not thy losse in transformation.
*Ape.* If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Haue hit vpon it heere:
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.
*Tim.* How has the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie.
*Ape.* Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter.
The plague of Company light vpon thee
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what else to do,
Ile see thee againe.
*Tim.* When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus*.
*Ape.* Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.
*Tim.* Would thou were cleane enough
To spit vpon.
*Ape.* A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse.
*Tim.* All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure.
*Ape.* There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'st
*Tim.* If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands.
*Ape.* I would my tongue
Could rot them off.
*Tim.* Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me.
That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee.
*Ape.* Would thou would'st burst.
*Tim.* Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee.
*Ape.* Beast.
*Tim.* Slaue.
*Ape.* Toad.
*Tim.* Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere necessities vpon't:
Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Foame of the Sea may beate
Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sonne and sire: thou bright defiler
Of *Hymens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer young fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow
That lyes on Dians lap.
Thou visible God,
That soudrest close Impossibilities,
And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tonque

To cleere purpose. O thou touch of hearts,
Think thy instinct and thy voyce towards Vertue
Set them to execution, and the Beasts
May haue in time a worthy Empire.
*Ape.* Would they could so.
but neuer shall we see it while we Curse
Men are not to be trusted to thereby
*Tim.* Thou singst coole
*Ape.* I.
*Tim.* Thy Lucke I pray thee.
*Ape.* Lucke, we touch not money.
*Tim.* Long may it so, and long may I am quit.
*Ape.* Nothing but Vnkindnesse,
Fate *Timon*, and abhorre them. *Exit Apeman.*

*Enter the Thieues.*

1 Where should the honest Gods haue their seate? Is some poore Fragment, some slender Ort of his remayning? the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, driues him into this Melancholy.
2 It is noted
He hath a noble Nature
1 Let vs make readie vpon him, I feare not so't, how simply is he easily set vpon? how coactiue may we be tolde, how shun it?
2 True: for he beares it not about him
1 Is not this he?
*All.* Where?
2 It is his description.
3 I know him
*All.* Saue thee *Timon*
*Tim.* Now Theeues.
*All.* Soldiers not Theeues
*Tim.* Both too, and Women's Sonnes
*All.* We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want
*Tim.* You that are honest, what lacke you?
Want? Why want?
Rocks, Caues, Woods,
Are Beasts and Birds & Flies,
Rob one another. There's more Gold: Cut Throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Arms go,
Breake open Shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeues do lose it: steale lesse for this I giue you,
And gold confound you howsoere. Amen.
3 Hath not thy Steward spoke to vs all?
4 He wants my Art greatly to flatter him.
1 Is in the malice of mankinde, that no thing setles vs more to Theeuery, then our Masters.
2 He cannot scape vs as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.
1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. *Exit Theeues.*

*Enter the Steward to Timon*

*Stew.* O you Gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decayed garrisons. O Monument
And wonder of good deedes, euilly bestowed
What an accurst an ostent has deprau'd made?
What viperous ingratitude raigne in the wretches,
Whom certaine Nobler natures, o'ercome deeds.
How rare does meeete with something strange
When man was wisht to loue his Enemies
Grant may not follow, and rather doo
Forbid that which they praise in heauen, I pray them
Hasten, the night's eye, I will preserue my selfe
Vnto my age as my Lord, to whose summe will my Loue
My decere Master.
*Tim.* Away what art thou?
*Stew.* Haue you forgot me Sir?
*Tim.* Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man
I haue forgot thee.
*Stew.* An honest poore seruant of yours
*Tim.* Then I know thee not.
I neuer had honest man about me, all
I kept were knaues to serue in meate to Villaines
*Stew.* The Gods are witnesse,
Neuer did poore Steward weare a truer griefe
For his vndone Lord, than my eyes for you.
*Tim.* What, dost thou weepe?
Come nearer then I loue thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Lust and Laughter. pittie sleeping
Strange times, that weepe with laughing, not with weeping.
*Stew.* I beggd of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my greefe, and whether this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still.
*Tim.* Had I a Steward
So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?
It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime
One honest man. Mistake me not, but one
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.
How fain would I haue hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'st thy life. But all saue thee,
I fell with Curses.
Me thinkes thou art more honest now, than wise:
For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou

You might haue sooner got another Seruice:
For many so arriue at second Masters,
Vpon their first Lords neck. But tell me true,
(For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure)
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Gifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?
*Stew.* No my most worthy Master, in whose breast
Doubt and Suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You should haue fear'd falce times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I show, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
Duty, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
Care of your food and liuing, and beleeue it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourselfe.
*Tim.* Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my misery
Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men.
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou releeue the beggar. Giue to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases licke vp their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thriue.
*Stew.* O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.
*Tim.* If hence thou art'st Curses
Stay with thy selfe, wer't thou art blest and free:
Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee. *Exit*

*Enter Poet, and Painter.*

*Pain.* As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
where he abides.
*Poet.* What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That he's so full of Gold?
*Painter.* Certaine.
*Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra's*
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poore straggling Souldiers with great quantity.
'Tis said, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty summe.
*Poet.* Then this breaking of his,
Has beene but a Try for his Friends?
*Painter.* Nothing else:
You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flourish with the highest.
Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues
To him, in this supposed distresse of his.
It will shew honestly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purposes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iust and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.
*Poet.* What haue you now
To present vnto him?
*Painter.* Nothing at this time
But my Visitation: onely I will promise him
An excellent Peece.
*Poet.* I must serue him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.
*Painter.* Good as the best.
Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th'Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vse.
To Promise is most Courtly and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sickenesse in his iudgement
That makes it.

*Enter Timon from his Caue.*

*Timon.* Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As is thy selfe.
*Poet.* I am thinking
What I shall say I haue prouided for him.
It must be a personating of himselfe.
A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,
With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.
*Timon.* Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I haue Gold for thee.
*Poet.* Nay let's seeke him.
Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.
*Painter.* True:
When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.
*Tim.* I'th'ere you: it may turne:
What a Gods Gold that, it is worshipt
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Foame,
Set'st admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey.
How now? meet them
*Poet.* Hayle worthy *Timon*
*Pain.* Our late Noble Master.
*Timon.* Haue I once liu'd
To see two honest men?
*Poet.* Sir
Hauing often of your open Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Nobleneſſe gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer
The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.
*Timon.* Let it go,
Naked men may see't the better.
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seene, and knowne.
*Pain.* He, and my selfe
Haue trauail'd in the great showre of your guifts,
And sweetly felt it.
*Timon.* Ay, you are honest men:
*Painter.* We are hither come
To offer you our seruice.
*Timon.* Most honest men:

Why

Why how shall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
*Both.* What we can do,
We'le do to do you seruice.
*Tim.* Y'are honest men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.
*Pain.* So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
*Timon.* Good honest men. Thou drawst a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most liuely.
*Pain.* So, so, my Lord.
*Tim.* E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swels with stuffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much paines to mend.
*Both.* Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.
*Tim.* You'l take it ill.
*Both.* Most thankefully, my Lord.
*Timon.* Will you indeed?
*Both.* Doubt it not worthy Lord.
*Tim.* There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.
*Both.* Do we, my Lord?
*Tim.* I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-vp-Villaine.
*Pain.* I know enough, my Lord.
*Poet.* Nor I.
*Timon.* Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.
*Both.* Name them my Lord, let's know them.
*Tim.* You that way, and you this.
But two in Company:
Each man apart, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not reside
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that;
Out Rascall dogges. *Exeunt*

*Enter Steward, and two Senators.*

*Stew.* It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon*:
For he is set so only to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.
*1. Sen.* Bring vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with *Timon*.
*2. Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Griefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chance it as it may.
*Stew.* Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

*Enter Timon out of his Caue.*

*Tim.* Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd.
For each true word, a blister, and each falsse
Be as a Cauterizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.
*2.* Worthy *Timon*.
*Tim.* Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.
*1.* The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.
*Tim.* I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
*1.* O forget
What we are sorry for our selues in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vse and wearing.
*2.* They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth seldome
Play the recanter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,
And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
Euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.
*Tim.* You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile bewcepe these comforts, worthy Senators.
*1.* Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Liue with Authoritie: so soone we shall driue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.
*2.* And shakes his threatning Sword
Against the walles of *Athens*.
*1.* Therefore *Timon*.
*Tim.* Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th'Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warres
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speakes it,

In

I'e pity of our aged, and our youth
I cannot choose but excuse thy outrages,
And let it be with thee as with wise Physitians,
When they have hearts to mourn. I know my Lord,
There's not a whittle, in the unruly Camps,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the Prosperous Gods,
As Thieves to Keepers.
*Stew.* Stay not all answer me.
*Tim.* Do you hear sir?
I will hear you speak.
Once more hear me sir.
Against the Walls of Athens, well, and fair,
Be this immediately done,
And hear me speedily.
1 We will sir.
*Tim.* Be mercifull before Execution,
One word more, for missing of your Supper,
Ascend to your offices.
1 I have sir.
*Tim.* Come, shall I entreat one word with you?
1 This will make every man my enemy, pardon me there-
fore sir.
2 And detest your service. *Tim.* Happy Athens
In this appears,
And these tokens of love,
Are pretty, and plausible. Ambitious,
For what are not fierce Wolves, and Bears capable,
In a Province of Barbarism, and Lines of Snow,
I am sorry that I have not time to wrong thee with
2 Excellent speed. *Tim.* Such a Wit, and yet a Fool!
That makes his Gift, more than is his Jobbe,
And shuts up in Measure, my Alone Acquaintance,
Of my Lord Lucullus, let him entertain
Some Worthy Friend of his, for me an Embleme
Of his own State, his Humorous Lord-ship,
And flatter him a little. Hang his Meat,
Apparrell, Fire, Table, Expence. All is spent,
That shall Timon, have from him. It stains me sorely,
To follow that Lord, whom I would not follow now,
That Timon fully knows. Let him but fall,
Not one accompanying his declining foot-step,
But shall Pursue him.
*Tim.* Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting Mansion
Upon the Beached Verge of the Salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come,
And let my graved Tombe fast be a Fountaine
Lapt, in the Marry ripple of the Ocean end.
Where's a Sea daily Plague, to Athens sake,
Curses enough, you have, and Drops enough,
Then, Destruction fall on your Tongues, and Eyes.
*Exit Timon*
1 His discontents are unremediably coupled to Na-
ture.
2 Our Horses shall eat no Hay, nor our Dogs bread.
And frame we Cudgels, to make Creatures
Incorrigible.
1 It requires swift foot. *Exeunt*

*Enter two other Servants with a Senator.*

1 I thought no less, it's strongly Rumored yesterday
As firmly as they report

*Sen.* I have spoke the least.
Besides his expedition promises present approach.
2 We stand much hazard if they bring not *Timon*
*Mes.* I met a Courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* Camp to Athens,
With letters of unlucky signification,
Which if they speak according to the purport
I fear the Serious Cause of your Grief,
Will be thought a Jest.

*Enter the other Senators.*

1 Here come our Brothers.
3 No more of *Timon*, it is a lost Theame,
The very Princes of Athens are downe bending
Their Spirits to Death.
Our Letters are to the same effect. *Exeunt*

*Enter a Souldier with Mes. before Timon.*

*Sol.* By all desires whom here I come to please.
What comfort speaks our Noble Master?
*Tim.* Speak
Such Breath as fits his Faith, to every Man,
Dost you see my Grave where I intend to bury
Lamented and accompanied with Teares,
Thou'rt welcome,
And not a Mourner. *Exit*

*Enter another Senator with Mes. before Timon.*

*Sen.* Put forth to seek me out, and bring to the Gates,
Whom I could wish were Dogs, and Kennell'd
*Tim.* Here's a Letter sent
From Lord *Alcibiades*, full of unkind Sense,
Such Smiles, as Rich Men give Timon, before
The Getting of Sicknesse, Hope, or Flattery
Seals in Ingratitude the very Seale
And force him with his Power to Crush our Old Limbes
Ungratefull Man, who with a Banquet keepes
Thy Guests, and Friends from Starving.
Thy Lips rot off,
And thy Tongue be tied, that thy Voice shall make
No more Requests to Athens. Him Pluto, Power,
Who cares for those that Thou neglect'st? Forget
All Men, and Dyet in Mistrust
1 Hum, Hum.
2 Do you hear Captaine?
Some Comfort from this Letter.
Performance is Curse-sick, which defies the Search
Of Every Balme. I did not think to see you
Since I might serve no longer.
1 No matter sir,
What you have sent to me.
*Tim.* Well, well, well.
1 Leaves are Leaves, and Summer Friends. The Flowre
That's full of Leaves, you see this Winter.
Of Monstrous Friendship, behold our Lord
The Swallow Followes not Winter more, than we.
Will Fly with him, that Flies
And make a Season for him,
2 We must Winter
Too from our Countries. Our Cause lies
Remember'd. Not Unfeasible, but Risque
We must not stand by, nor abide
The Fall of that's to Ruine.
1 The Sea's our Course,
We are not exempted by their hands, from whom
You must expect your Fortunes. Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Troppees, & Seconds should take
For private Faults in them.
2 Nor are they living

Who

Who were the motiues that you firſt went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in exceſſe)
Hath broke their hearts. March Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deſt'nd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
Let dye the ſpotted.

1 All haue not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle and thoſe Kin
Which in the boſome of our wrath (kil'd
With thoſe that haue offended. Like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt inforce it with thy ſmile,
Then hew to't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampyr'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou't enter friendly.

2 Throw thy Glooue,
Or any Token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt vſe the wars as thy redreſſe,
And not as our Confuſion. All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue ſeal'd thy full deſire.

*Alc.* Then there's my Gloue,
Deſcend and open your vncharg'd Ports,
Thoſe Enemies of *Timons* and mine owne
Whom you your ſelues ſhall ſet out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſſe his quarter, or offend the ſtreame
Of Regular Iuſtice in your Cities bounds,
But ſhall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heau'ſt anſwer.

*Both.* 'Tis moſt Nobly ſpoken.

*Alc.* Deſcend, and keepe your words

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſ.* My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Graueſtone, this Inſculpture which
With wax I brought away: whoſe ſoft Impreſſion
Interpreſs for my poore ignorance.

*Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.*

*Heere lies a wretched corſe, of wretched Soule bereft,*
*Seek not my name: A Plague conſume you wicked Caitifs left:*
*Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,*
*Paſſe by, and curſe thy fill, but paſſe and ſtay not here thy gate.*
These well expreſſe in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorr'dſt in vs our humane griefes,
Scorn'dſt our Braines flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall, yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whoſe Memorie
Hereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vſe the Oliue, with my Sword
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes ſtrike. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

# THE ACTORS NAMES.

TIMON of *Athens.*
*Lucius,* And
*Lucullus,* two Flattering Lords.
*Apemantus,* a churlish Philosopher.
*Sempronius* another flattering Lord.
*Alcibiades,* an Athenian Captaine
*Poet.*
*Painter.*
*Jeweller.*
*Merchant.*
*Certaine Senatours.*
*Certaine Maskers.*
*Certaine Theeues.*

*Flaminius,* one of *Tymons* Seruants.
*Seruilius,* another
*Caphis.*
*Varro.*
*Philo.*
*Titus.*
*Lucius.*
*Hortensius.* } Seuerall Seruants to Lyers.
*Ventigius* one of *Tymons* false Friends.
*Cupid.*
*Sempronius.*
*With diuers other Seruants,*
*And Attendants.*

# THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

## Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Flauius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.*

*Flauius.*

HEnce home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

*Car.* Why Sir, a Carpenter.

*Mur.* Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
You, sir, what Trade are you?

*Cob.* Truly sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobler.

*Mur.* But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*Cob.* A Trade sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe Conscience; which is indeed sir, a Mender of bad soules.

*Cob.* What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade?

*Cob.* Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out sir, I can mend you.

*Mur.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou sawcy Fellow?

*Cob.* Why sir, Cobble you.

*Flau.* Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

*Cob.* Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Awle: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am indeed sir, a Surgeon to old shoes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke.

*Flau.* But wherefore art not in thy Shop today?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*Cob.* Truly sir, that they may weare out their shoes, to get themselues more worke. But indeede sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

*Mur.* Wherefore reioyce?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheeles?
You blockes, you stones, you worse then senseless things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft
Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes, yea to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate
The liue long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes,
To heare the replication of your sounds
Made in her Concaue Shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer Pompeyes blood?
Be gone.
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

*Exe.* Go, go good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banke, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See whether their basest mettle be not moued,
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltinesse.
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do find them deckt with Ceremonies.

*Mur.* May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercal.

*Flau.* It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with Cæsars Trophees. Ile about,
And driue away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare aboue the view of men,
And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnesse. *Exeunt*

*Enter Cæsar, Antonie for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flauius.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia.

*Casca.* Peace ho, Cæsar speakes.

*Cæs.* Calphurnia.

*Calp.* Heere my Lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius way,
When he doth run his Course. Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar my Lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not in your speed Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say,
The barren touched in this holy Chace,
Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, Do this, it is performed.

*Cæs.* Set on, and leaue no Ceremonie out.

*Sooth.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Ha? Who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still: peace yet againe.

*Cæs.* Who is it in the Presse that calls on me?
I heare a Voyce, more sharper than doth please
The dulled eare of Cæsar, crying Cæsar.
Speake, Cæsar is turn'd to hearke.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A Soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me, let me see his face.

*Cas.* Fellow come from the Throng, look vpon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speake once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.

*Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brutus and Cassius.*

*Cas.* Will you go see the Order of the Course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* I pray you do.

*Bru.* I am not Gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in Antonie.
Let me not hinder Cassius your desires,
I'le leaue you.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes that gentlenesse
And shew of Loue as I was wont to haue:
You beare too stubborne and too strange a hand
Ouer your Friend that loues you.

*Bru.* Cassius,
Be not deceiued: If I haue veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my countenance
Merely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to my selfe,
And not dependant on the generall world:
Therefore these griefes of mine, being dayly swallowed
Must needes be outward flow'd, as fountaine Issue
Is bounded in with Bankes of Flint.
I am glad that my weake words
Haue hurt your passion: (mouing like as much
Vpon the Tryall, that the losse of Life
Yours and mine speake of) I do beare me strangely.
Tell me good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Bru.* No Cassius: for the eye sees not it selfe,
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis iust:
And it is very much lamented Brutus,
That you haue no such Mirrors as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your Shadow. I haue heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortall Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning vnderneath this Age's yoake,
Haue wish'd that Noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me Cassius,
That you would haue me seeke into my selfe
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore good Brutus, be prepared to heare:
And since you know you cannot see your selfe
So well as by reflection, I your Glasse
Will modestly discouer to your selfe
That of your selfe which yet you know not of.
And be not iealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vse
To stale with ordinary oathes my Loue
To every new Protester: if you know
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them, or if you know
That I professe my selfe in banqueting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish, and Shout.*

*Bru.* What meanes this Shouting? I do feare the people
Choose Cæsar for their King.

*Cas.* Ay, do you feare it?
Then must I think you would not haue it so.

*Bru.* I would not Cassius, yet I loue him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one Eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I loue
The name of Honor more than I feare Death.

*Cas.* I know that Vertue to be in you Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward fauour.
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this Life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as liue to be
In awe of such a thing as I my selfe.
I was borne free as Cæsar, so were you:
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he:
For once vpon a raw and gustie day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar said to me, Dar'st thou Cassius now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder point? Vpon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The

As

As a ſicke Girle. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the Maiſticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.

*Shout Flourish*

*Bru.* Another generall ſhout?
I do beleeue, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.
*Caſſ.* Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Colloſſus, and we petty men
Walke vnder his huge legges and peepe about
To finde our ſelues dishonourable Graues.
Men at ſometime, are Maſters of their Fates:
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our ſtarres,
But in our ſelues, that we are vnderlings.
*Brutus* and *Cæſar*: what ſhould be in *Cæſar*?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, Yours is as fayre a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
*Brutus* will ſtart a Spirit as ſoone as *Cæſar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our *Cæſar* feede,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of Noble bloods.
When went there by an Age, ſince the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompaſt but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and roome enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
As eaſily as a King.
*Bru.* That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me to, I haue ſome aime:
How I haue thought of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount hereafter. For this preſent,
I would not ſo (with loue I might entreat you)
Be any further moued. What you haue ſaid,
I will conſider: what you haue to ſay
I will with patience heare, and find a time
Both meete to heare, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
*Brutus* had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himſelfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder theſe hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.
*Caſſi.* I am glad that my weake words
Haue ſtrucke but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

*Enter Cæſar and his Traine.*

*Bru.* The Games are done,
And *Cæſar* is returning.
*Caſſ.* As they paſſe by,
Plucke *Caſca* by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his ſowre faſhion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
*Bru.* I will do ſo: but looke you, *Caſſius*,
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſars* brow,
And all the reſt, looke like a chidden Traine,
*Calphurnias* Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with ſuch Ferret and ſuch fiery eyes
As we haue ſeene him in the Capitoll,
Being croſt in Conference, by ſome Senators.
*Caſſ.* *Caſca* will tell vs what the matter is.
*Cæſ.* *Antonio*.
*Ant.* *Cæſar*.
*Cæſ.* Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and ſuch as ſleepe a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a leane and hungry looke
He thinkes too much: ſuch men are dangerous.
*Ant.* Feare him not *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.
*Cæſ.* Would he were fatter: but I feare him not:
Yet if my name were liable to feare,
I do not know the man I ſhould auoyd
So ſoone as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reades much,
He is a great Obſeruer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou doſt *Antony*: he heares no Muſicke.
Seldome he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelfe, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be moued to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at heart's eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater than themſelues,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feard,
Than what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'ſt of him.

*Exeunt Cæſar and his Traine.*

*Caſk.* You pull'd me by the cloake, would you ſpeake
with me?
*Bru.* I pray thee tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæſar* lookes ſo ſad.
*Caſk.* Why you were with him, were you not?
*Bru.* I ſhould not els be glad to know of it.
*Caſk.* Why there was a Crowne offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the backe of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a ſhouting.
*Bru.* What was the ſecond noyſe for?
*Caſk.* Why for that too.
*Caſſ.* They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?
*Caſk.* Why for that too.
*Bru.* Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?
*Caſk.* I marry was't, and he put it by thrice, euery time gentler than other, and at euery putting by, mine honeſt Neighbours ſhouted.
*Caſſ.* Who offer'd him the Crowne?
*Caſk.* Why *Antony*.
*Bru.* Tell vs the manner of it gentle *Caſca*.
*Caſk.* I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meere foolerie, I did not marke it. I ſaw *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then he offered it to him againe: then he put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by: and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapt their chopt hands, and threw vp their ſweaty Nightcappes, and vttered ſuch a deale of ſtinking breath because *Cæſar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had almoſt choakt *Cæſar*: for he ſwounded, and fell downe at it. And for mine owne part, I durſt not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receiuing the bad Aire.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous Night;
And thus vnbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the cross blew Lightning seem'd to open
The breast of Heaven, I did present my selfe
Euen in the aime and very flash of it.
*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heauens?
It is the part of men to feare and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods by tokens send
Such dreadful Heraldes to astonish vs.
*Cask.* You are dull Casca,
And those sparkes of life that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vse not:
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And cast your faces vpon your wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kinde,
Why Old men, fooles, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and preformed Faculties,
To monstrous quality: why you shall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.
Now could I (Casca) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadful Night,
That thunders, lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lion in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier than thy selfe or me,
In personall action, yet prodigious grown,
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.
*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you meane, is it not, *Cassius*?
*Cassi.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes and Limbes like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are Gouernd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoake, and sufferance shewes vs Womanish.
*Casca.* Indeed, they say the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish Cæsar as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In euery place, saue here in Italy.
*Cassi.* I know where I will weare this Dagger then,
Cassius from bondage will deliuer Cassius:
Therein yee Gods, you Tyrants do not erre.
Now Stone-walls can be ouergone by Stone,
And Lyon, Bull, and Beare, (alike seuere)
Are seuerally inclos'd: yea the brainsick rage,
And shake the yoake by spurning at the Starres,
Else none of vs had eyes to see the way.
Out of the fatall Consequence of this,
Assume much honour, and a happy death,
Is fairely wrapt vp.
*Cassius*, from bondage will deliuer *Cassius*:
Were I a common laughter, or a thing
Euery man mockt, as Cynicall *Diogenes*,
That rate not words against a Tyrants teeth,
Say I loue *Brutus*, and I am prou'd by him,
As well as *Cæsar* is: Now in the Names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our Cæsar feede,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talkt of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and roome enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would haue brook'd
Th'eternall Deuill to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.
*Bru.* That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous,
What you would worke me to, I haue some aime,
How I haue thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not (so with loue I might entreat you)
Be any further mou'd. What you haue said,
I will consider: what you haue to say,
I will with patience heare, and find a time
Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Than to repute himselfe a Sonne to Rome
Vnder these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.
*Cassi.* I am glad that my weake words
Haue stird but blinde Passion in you, *Brutus*,
His blindnesse makes the stronger his Aduantage.
Enter Cæsar.
*Bru.* Stand close awhile, for heere comes one in haste.
*Cassi.* 'Tis Cæsar I mark how Lambent Caska
Begins and ends every sentence with a iest.
*Casca.* I tell thee what, *Marcus Cicero* (as they call him)
*Cassi.* No more of that, he is a Scholler.
Tell me, Antonius, and the other gay Companion,
*Casca.* Very well.
What was't that displeas'd Cæsar so?
I was sorry to see it: shall I see the next time?
*Casca.* Ay, marry shall you.
*Cassi.* Then place your selfe in the way of Brutus,
Portia's Husband, to know the reason of it.
*Bru.* Antonius, and Trebonius gone?
*Casca.* Ay, marry, *Marcus Cicero* and other gone
To take their places at the Theater,
And I am sent to tell you what I saw.
*Cassi.* Then leaue vs, you will see more ere long.
*Casca.* Exit Casca.
Come, Casca you and I will yet ere night,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter yeelds him ours.
*Casca.* O, they sit high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare offence in vs,
His Countenance (like richest Alchymie)
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.
*Cassi.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited. Let vs go,
For it is after Noone, and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
*Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus.

*Enter Brutus in his Orchard.*

*Brut.* What Lucius hoe?
I cannot by the progresse of the Starres,
Giue guesse how neere to day. Lucius, say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so much.
When Lucius when? awake I say, what Lucius?
*Enter Lucius.*
*Luc.* Cal'd you my Lord?
*Brut.* Get me a Taper in my Study Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
*Luc.* I will my Lord. *Exit.*
*Brut.* It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues wary walking. Crowne him that,
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse is, when it disioynes
Remorse from Power. And to speake truth of *Cæsar*,
I haue not known when his affections sway'd
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proofe,
That Lowlinesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber-upward turnes his face:
But when he once attaines the vpmost round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
Then lest he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus, that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpents Egge,
Which hatcht, would as his kind grow mischieuous:
And kill him in the Shell.
*Enter Lucius.*
*Luc.* The Taper burneth in your Closet Sir.
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to bed.
*Gives him the Letter.*
*Brut.* Get you to bed againe, it is not Morrow Lucius:
Is not to morrow, boy, the first of March?
*Luc.* I know not, Sir.
*Brut.* Looke in the Kalender and bring me word.
*Luc.* I will Sir. *Exit.*
*Brut.* The Exhalations whizzing in the Ayre,
Giue so much light that I may read by them.
*Opens the Letter and reades.*
Brutus thou sleep'st: awake, and see
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I peece it out:
I must emend: my Ancestors did from the streets of Rome
Expell Tarquin, when he was call'd King.
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated
To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receiu'st
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.
*Enter Lucius.*
*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.
*Knocke within.*
*Brut.* 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I haue not slept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The Genius, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in Councell; and the State of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.
*Enter Lucius.*
*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.
*Brut.* Is he alone?
*Luc.* No, Sir, there are moe with him.
*Brut.* Do you know them?
*Luc.* No Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discouer them,
By any marke of favour.
*Brut.* Let 'em enter.
They are the faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous Brow by Night,
When euils are most free? O then by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seeke none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
For if thou path, thy Natiue semblance on,
Not Erebus it selfe were deepe enough
For thee to stalke vnseene.
*Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus and Trebonius.*
*Cas.* I think we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?
*Brut.* I haue been vp this houre, awake all Night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
*Cas.* Yes, euery man of them, and no man here
But honors you, and euery one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
*Brut.* He is welcome hither.
*Cas.* This *Decius Brutus*.
*Brut.* He is welcome too.
*Cas.* This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus Cimber*.
*Brut.* They are all welcome.
What watchful Cares do interpose themselues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?
*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? *They whisper.*
*Decius.* Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake here?
*Casca.* No.
*Cin.* O pardon Sir, it doth: and you grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.
*Casca.* You shall confesse that you are both deceiu'd.
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weighing

We gliding the youthful Season of the yeare,
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
Him first presents it selfe, and he comes on East
Stands as the Capitol directly here.
*Bru.* Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.
*Cas.* And let vs swear our Resolution.
*Bru.* No, not an Oath: If not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse:
If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
And euery man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But those sports
(As I am sure they do) bear fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Country, Countrymen
What need we say our grudge, but our owne eyes
Will leach vs to a tyrant, and his fits
Before a Crow or Dawe? What need we Bond,
The secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous,
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt: but do not stayne
The euen Vertue of our Enterprize.
Nor th'Insuppressiue Mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When euery drop of blood
That euery Romane bleeds, is Noble Cæsars,
If he doe breake the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.
*Cas.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with vs.
*Casca.* Let vs not leaue him out.
*Cin.* No, by no meanes.
*Metel.* O let vs haue him: for his Siluer hayres
Will purchase vs a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his iudgement rul'd our hands:
Our youths and wildnesse shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity.
*Bru.* O name him not: let vs not break with him,
For he will neuer follow anything
That other men begin.
*Cas.* Then leaue him out.
*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.
*Decius.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only *Cæsar*?
*Cas.* *Decius* well vrg'd: I think it is not meet,
*Marke Antony*, so well beloued of *Cæsar*,
Should outliue *Cæsar*: we shall find of him
A shrewd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improue them, may well stretch so farre
As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.
*Bru.* Our course will seeme too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbes
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards
For *Antony* is but a Limbe of *Cæsar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Caius*.
We all stand vp against the Spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the Spirit of men there is no blood.
O that we then could come by *Cæsars* Spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! But (alas)
*Cæsar* must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an act of rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him,
For he can do no more then *Cæsars* Arme,
When *Cæsars* head is off.
*Cas.* Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Cæsar*,
*Bru.* Alas, good *Cassius*, do not thinke of him:
If he loue *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himselfe: take thought and die for *Cæsar*.
And that were much he should, for he is giuen
To sports, to wildnesse, and much company.
*Treb.* There is no feare in him: let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this hereafter.
*Clocke strikes.*
*Bru.* Peace, count the Clocke.
*Cas.* The Clocke hath stricken three.
*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.
*Cas.* But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the maine opinion he held once
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies.
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.
*Dec.* Neuer feare that: if he be so resolu'd,
I can o'reway him: for he loues to heare
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with trees,
And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He sayes he does, being then most flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
*Cas.* Nay, we will all of vs be there to fetch him.
*Bru.* By eight o'clocke, and that's the vttermost.
*Cin.* Be that the vttermost, and fayle not then.
*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth beare Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you haue thought of him.
*Bru.* Now good Metellus, go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.
*Cas.* The morning comes vpon's:
We'll leaue you, *Brutus*.
And friends disperse your selues, but all remember
What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.
*Bru.* Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyred Spirits and formall Constancie,
And so good morrow to you euery one. *Exeunt*

*Manet Brutus*

Boy, *Lucius*. Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the honey-heauy Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,

Which

[illegible]

*Enter Portia.*

*Por.* I pray my Lord.

*Bru.* Why dost thou come so before the you now?

[illegible]

[illegible]

*For.* [illegible] *Knocke*

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

*neere Cæsar, leaue all else to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus loues not Cæsar thus much warnes Artemidorus. Here is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you. Security gates way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods, defend thee.*

Thy Louer, *Artemidorus.*

Heere will I stand till Cæsar passe along,
And as a Suitor will I giue him this.
My heart laments, that vertue cannot liue
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st liue;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contriue. *Exit*

*Enter Portia and Lucius.*

*Por.* I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
*Luc.* To know my errand Madam.
*Por.* I would haue had thee there, and here againe
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'tweene my Heart and Tongue!
I haue a Man's mind, but a Woman's might.
How hard it is for Women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?
*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne you, and nothing else?
*Por.* Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what Suitors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?
*Luc.* I heare none Madam.
*Por.* Prythee listen well.
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitoll.
*Luc.* Sooth Madam I heare nothing;

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come neere Boy, whom way hast thou bin?
*Sooth.* At mine owne house, good Lady.
*Por.* What is't a clocke?
*Sooth.* About the ninth houre Lady.
*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitoll?
*Sooth.* Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.
*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
*Sooth.* That I haue Lady, if it will please Cæsar
To think it meet that I should woe for me.
I will beseech him to voutsafe me.
*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harme's intended towards him?
*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I feare may chance.
Good morrow to you. Heere the street is narrow:
The throng that followes Cæsar at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'le get me into a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great Cæsar as he comes along. *Exit*
*Por.* I must go in.
Ay me! how weake a thing
The heart of Woman is! O *Brutus*,
The Heauens speede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Tertius.*

*Flourish.*

*Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* The Ides of March are come.
*Sooth.* Ay Cæsar, but not gone.
*Art.* Haile Cæsar. Read this Scedule.
*Dec.* *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.
*Art.* O Cæsar, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches Cæsar neerer. Read it great Cæsar.
*Cæs.* What touches vs our selfe, shall be last serv'd.
*Art.* Delay not Cæsar, reade it instantly.
*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?
*Pub.* Sirra, giue place.
*Cæs.* What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.
*Popil.* I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.
*Cæs.* What enterprize *Popilius*?
*Popil.* Fare you well.
*Bru.* What said *Popilius Lena*?
*Cæs.* He wish't to day our enterprize might thriue:
I feare our purpose is discouered.
*Bru.* Looke how he makes to Cæsar: marke him.
*Cæs.* *Casca*, be sodaine, for we feare preuention.
*Brutus*, what shall be done? If this be known,
*Cassius* or Cæsar never shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.
*Bru.* *Cassius*, be constant:
*Popilius Lena* speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
*Cæs.* *Trebonius* knowes his time, for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.
*Dec.* Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And presently prefer his suite to Cæsar.
*Bru.* He is addrest: presse neere and second him.
*Cin.* *Casca*, you are the first that reares your hand.
*Cæs.* Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That Cæsar and his Senate must redresse?
*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*
*Metellus Cimber* throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.
*Cæs.* I must preuent thee *Cimber*.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the law of Children. Be not fond
To think that Cæsar beares such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base Spaniel-fawning.
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I spurne thee like a Cur out of my way:
Know Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
*Met.* Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

To found more Rome, a greater Calphurne,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Bru.* You shall, *Marke Antony.*

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do, Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall.
Know you how much the people may be moou'd
By that which he will vtter?

*Bru.* By your pardon,
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsars* death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue, and by permission,
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall, I like it not.

*Bru.* *Marke Antony*, here take you *Cæsars* body:
You shall not in your Funerall speech, blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuise of *Cæsar*,
And say you do't by our permission:
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so,
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Antony.*

*Ant.* O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest Man
That euer liu'd in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby Lips
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of Men;
Domestike fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.
Blood and Destruction shall be so in vse,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of Warre.
All pitty choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Cæsars* spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry Hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede shall smell aboue the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Burriall.

*Enter Octauius Seruant.*

You serue *Octauius Cæsar*, do you not?

*Ser.* I do *Marke Antony.*

*Ant.* *Cæsar* did write for him to come to Rome.

*Ser.* He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæsar!*

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weepe.
Passion I see is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is *Octauius* Master comming?
Shall he make this good Progresse through the Lanes of Rome.

*Ser.* Pol. I haue my selfe
Heard him speake
Here amongst the dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for *Octauius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,

Thou

Thou shalt not backe, I am
at the Market place. There shall
I pray Cæsar on
I cannot
According
I pray
Lend me your hand.

*Enter*

*Enter*

*Pin.* We
*Luc.* Then to
Affing
As part the
I
I
And
O
1
2
3
I
came
vnarm'd, as
may
our
a
I
then, that
for
I
I
I
4

*Enter*

I
I
I

4. Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,
As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd
If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd or no:
For *Brutus* as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him:
This was the most vnkindest cut of all:
For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquish him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle muffling vp his face,
Euen at the base of *Pompeys* Statue
Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæsar* fell.
O what a fall was there my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whilst bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes
That shed vpon the garments of poore *Cæsar*.
Looke you heere,
Heere is himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.
1. O pitteous spectacle!
2. O Noble *Cæsar*!
3. O woefull day!
4. O traitors, Villaines!
1. O most bloody sight!
2. We will be reuenged: Reuenge
About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay.
Let not a Traitor liue.
*Ant.* Stay Countrymen.
1. Peace there: heare the Noble *Antony*.
2. We'll heare him, we'll follow him, we'll dy with him. (you vp
*Ant.* Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre
To such a bitter Flood of Mutiny.
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What priuate griefe they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loues my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:
For I haue neyther wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens blood: I only speake right on:
I tell you that which you your selues do know,
Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poore poore dum mouths
And bid them speake for me. But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Cæsar*, that should moue
The stones of Rome, to rise in Mutiny.
*All.* We'll Mutiny
1. We'll burne the house of *Brutus*.
3. Away then, come seeke the Conspirators.
*Ant.* Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake
*All.* Peace ho: heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.
*Ant.* Why Friends you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deseru'd your loues?
Alas you know not: I must tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.
*All.* Most true: the Will: let's stay and heare the Will.
*Ant.* Heere is the Will, and vnder *Cæsars* Seale.
To euery Roman Citizen he giues,
To euery seuerall man, seuenty fiue Drachmaes.

2. *Per*

2 *Ple.* Most Noble *Cæsar*, wee'l reuenge his death.
3 *Ple.* O Royall *Cæsar*.
*Ant.* Heare me with patience.
*All.* Peace hoe.
*Ant.* Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer, common pleasures
To walke abroad and recreate your selues.
Heere was a *Cæsar*! when comes such another?
1 *Ple.* Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.
Take vp the body.
2 *Ple.* Go fetch fire.
3 *Ple.* Plucke downe Benches.
4 *Ple.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
*Exit Plebeians.*
*Ant.* Now let it worke. Mischeefe thou art afoot,
Take what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* Sir, *Octauius* is already come to Rome.
*Ant.* Where is he?
*Ser.* He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsars* house.
*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.
*Ser.* I heard them say, you shall see in the Capitoll
Tomorrow, the Matters to be frolike and merry.
*Ant.* Well, I will thither straight: and willingly.
How I did mistake his purpose.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.*

*Cinna.* I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things vnluckily charge my fantasie.
I haue no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchelor?
2. Answer euery man directly.
1. I, and briefely.
4. I, and wisely.
3. I, and truly, you were best.
*Cinn.* What is my name? whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchelor? Then to answer euery man, directly and briefely, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchelor.
2. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marry: you'le bide me a bang for that. I feare, proceed directly.
*Cinna.* Directly I am going to *Cæsars* Funerall.
1. As a friend, or an Enemy?
*Cinna.* As a friend.
2. That matter is answered directly.
4. For your dwelling, briefely.
*Cinna.* Briefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3. Your name, sir, truely.
*Cinna.* Truely, my name is *Cinna*.
1. Teare him to peeces, he's a Conspirator.
*Cinna.* I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4. Teare him for his bad Verses, teare him for his bad Verses.
*Cinn.* I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
3. Teare him, teare him. Come, Brands, ho, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* house, and some to *Casca*, some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
*Exeunt omnes Plebeians.*

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Antony, Octauius, and Lepidus.*

*Ant.* These many then shall die, their names are prickt.
*Oct.* Your brother no doubt will die: consent you *Lepidus*?
*Lep.* I do consent.
*Oct.* Prick him downe *Antony*.
*Lep.* Vpon condition Publius shall not liue,
Who is your sister *Marcus Antony*.
*Ant.* He shall not liue, looke with a spot I damne him.
But *Lepidus*, go you vnto *Cæsars* house,
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.
*Lep.* What, shall I find you heere?
*Oct.* Or heere, or at the Capitoll.
*Exit Lepidus.*
*Ant.* This is a slight vnmeritable man,
Meet is he boy'd and sent to shake the rabble,
And beare the Beare for him. Hauing made vse
Of him, as of a Beast we lou'd to ride,
Not fit to sound within our Princely Counsels,
I say *Octauius*, being wrought to wrath,
(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares
And graze in Commons.
*Oct.* You may do your will,
But he's a tried and valiant Souldier.
*Ant.* So is my Horse *Octauius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Prouender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit.
And in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited fellow: one that feeds
On objects, Arts, and imitations,
Which out of vse and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octauius*,
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are leuying Powers, we must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,
And let vs presently go sit in Counsell,
How couerture marches may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.
*Octa.* Let vs do so: for we are at the stake,

Cæ. I feare not.
[illegible]
Cæ. What dreadful noise is this?
[illegible]
Cæ. Do [illegible], Love,
[illegible]
[illegible]
There is no fellowship in hell,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Fell Sorrow's Tribe, and [illegible]
From [illegible] hands, [illegible]
I may resolve on [illegible]
To you, or Gods, to pay my Loving,
Why yonder lyes the sweet [illegible]?
Shall I have it awes'd [illegible]?
[illegible] Mercy, shunn'd, awes not [illegible],
I take the Gain [illegible] from their Graves,
Be gone, Circle with your [illegible],
Dash him to pieces.
Cæ. [illegible].
Luc. You call.
Cæ. I could not [illegible]
[illegible] answer'd, [illegible] my Love
After the wicked deed [illegible].
Lucius [illegible].
Bru. Fear not, tender-hearted [illegible],
Cæ. You love me not.
Bru. [illegible] like your faults
Cæ. A sick Eye cannot see such Sights
Luc. All [illegible] would not, then [illegible] appeare
As [illegible]
Cæ. Come hither, sirrah, [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
Hast [illegible]
Cæ. Nor [illegible],
[illegible] Note-book last night at midnight?
Look [illegible]
Luc. Not so, my Lord.
Cæ. I must hold [illegible]
Bru. Let me see, let me see, is't not the fourteenth?
Cæ. You have some sick [illegible]
Bru. Nothing, my Lord.
Cæ. Sick men can [illegible]
Bru. Hercules, sir, [illegible]
Cæ. What is't a Paper?
Bru. I know not, sir.
Cæ. What, so heedfull with the Noble Brutus?
Bru. Lucius, a Bill of [illegible].
Cæ. Will he [illegible]?
Bru. Lucius.
Cæ. Ha, Lucius!
Luc. I found it in his Closet, 'tis his [illegible].
Cæ. Let me see the Writing.
Bru. The matter is not [illegible].
Cæ. Yet I prithee.
Bru. Pardon me, Cæsar, for my Honour
Is not to look on [illegible].
Cæ. Then I will read it.
Bru. Then I will read it.
Cæ. Let me see, let me see.
Bru. Cæsar, thou shalt not have

*Mes.* [illegible] Letters of the State are Tender
*Bru.* [illegible]
*Mes.* Pompey is [illegible]
*Octauius, Antony, and Lepidus*
Haue put to death an hundred Senators.
*Bru.* Therein my Letters (if we heare) agree.
Marke Antony is there, and Brutus wife?
Is he not prouided, or hath he gone
*Cæs.* Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
*Bru.* No Messala.
*Mes.* Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
*Bru.* Nothing Messala.
*Mes.* That me thinkes is strange.
*Bru.* Why aske you?
Heare you ought of her, in yours?
*Mes.* No my Lord.
*Bru.* Now as you are a Romane tell me true.
*Mes.* Then like a Romane, bearе the truth I tell:
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.
*Bru.* Why farewell Portia. We must die Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I haue the patience to endure it now.
*Mes.* Euen so great men great losses should endure.
*Cæs.* I haue as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not beare it so.
*Bru.* Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.
*Cæs.* I do not thinke it good.
*Bru.* Your reason?
*Cæs.* This it is.
'Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs:
So shall he waste his means, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himselfe offence, whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.
*Bru.* Good reasons must of force giue place to better.
The people 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they haue grudged vs Contribution.
The Enemie, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number vp,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encouraged:
From which aduantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our backe.
*Cæs.* Hearken no more Brother.
*Bru.* Vrge it no more. You shall offend him else.
If he should stand and hold his purpose forth,
Our Army lies ranged nigh, our Coast is cheape,
Our men are wanting rather than our need,
Must be supplied, our Numbers encreased:
Which standing full, and fresh before the Enemie,
Whilst we lie raw and wearie, shall discomfort
Our Men, our Armes, our Cause, our Reputation.
*Cæs.* Then with your will go on, we will along
Our selues, and meet him at *Philippi*.
*Bru.* The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,
And Nature must obey Necessitie,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
*Cæs.* No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we rise and hence.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Bru.* Lucius my Gowne. Farewell good Messala,
Good night Titinius. Noble Noble Cassius,
Good night and good repose.
*Cæs.* O my deere Brother,
This was an vnkind beginning of the night
We should haue found in one another
Let it not Brutus.

*Enter Lucius with the Gowne.*

*Bru.* Every thing is well.
*Cæs.* Good night my Lord.
*Bru.* Good night good Brother.
*Tit. Mes.* Good night Lord Brutus.
*Bru.* Farewell euery one. *Exeunt*
Giue me my Gowne. Where is my Taper?
*Luc.* Here it is in the Tent.
*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ouer-watch'd.
Call Claudio and some other of my men,
Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.
*Luc.* Varro and Claudio.

*Enter Varro and Claudio.*

*Var.* Calls my Lord?
*Bru.* I pray you sirs, lie in my Tent and sleepe,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On businesse to my Brother *Cæsar*.
*Var.* So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.
*Bru.* I will not haue it so. I haue downe good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.
Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so.
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
*Luc.* I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.
*Bru.* Beare with me good boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canst thou hold vp thy heauy eyes a while,
And touch thy Instrument a strooke or two?
*Luc.* I my Lord, an't please you.
*Bru.* It does my Boy
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
*Luc.* It is my duty Sir.
*Bru.* I should haue found in thee a hearty will,
Thou should'st find Youth would lacke for a time of rest.
But watch your leisure, gentle Lucius will do.
I know young bloods looke for a time of rest.
*Luc.* I haue slept my Lord already.
*Bru.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe.
I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,
I will be good to thee.

*Musicke, and a Song.*

This is a sleepy Tune. O Murderous Slumber!
Layest thou thy leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
That playest heere Musicke? Good night to thee.
I will not haue thee wrong'd so much to wake thee.
If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me see, let me see. Is not the Leaues turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha? Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes vpon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?
Speake to me, what thou art.
*Ghost.* Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*.
*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost*

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt come at *Philippi*.
*Brut.* Well then I shall see thee againe?
*Ghost.* I, at *Philippi*
*Brut.* Why I will meet thee at *Philippi*.
Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest,
Ill Spirit would hold more talke with me.
*Boy. Lucius, Varrus, Claudius, Sirrah Volumnius.*
*Claudius.*
*Luc.* The strings my Lord are false.
*Brut.* He thinks he still is at his Instrument,
*Lucius* awake
*Luc.* My Lord
*Iras.* Did'st thou dreame *Lucius* that thou so cri'dst out?
*Luc.* My Lord, I know not I am sure, I did cry.
*Brut.* Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing
*Luc.* Nothing my Lord
*Brut.* Sleepe againe *Lucius*. Sirrah *Claudius*, fellow,
Thou. Awake
*Var.* My Lord
*Clau.* My Lord.
*Brut.* Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?
*Both* Did we my Lord?
*Brut.* I saw you rise both.
*Var.* No my Lord, I saw not you.
*Clau.* Nor I my Lord.
*Brut.* Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.
*Both* It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Octauius, Antony, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now *Antonie*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:
It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.
*Ant.* Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull brauery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage:
But 'tis not so.
*Enter a Messenger*
*Mes.* Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
*Ant.* *Octauius*, leade your battell softly on
Vpon the left hand of the even field.
*Oct.* Vpon the right hand I, keepe you the left.
*Ant.* Why do you crosse me in this exigent.
*Oct.* I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March*

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would haue parley.
*Cas.* Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.
*Oct.* *Marke Antonie*, shall we giue sign of battell?
*Ant.* No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.
*Oct.* Stirre not vntill the Signall.
*Bru.* Words before blowes: will you answer to Conference?
*Oct.* Not that we loue words better, as you do.
*Bru.* Good words are better then bad strokes *Octauius*.
*Ant.* In your bad strokes *Brutus* you giue good words
Witnesse the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,
Crying *Long liue, hayle Cæsar*.
*Cas.* *Antonie*,
The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leaue them Hony-lesse.
*Ant.* Not stinglesse too.
*Bru.* O yes, and soundlesse too:
For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antonie*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
*Ant.* Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:
You shew'd your teeth like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feete,
Whilst damned *Casca*, like a Cur behinde
Strooke *Cæsar* on the neck. O you Flatterers.
*Cas.* Flatterers: Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might haue rul'd.
*Oct.* Come, come the cause: If arguing make vs sweat,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops.
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When think you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Never till *Cæsars* three and thirty wounds
Be well auenged, or till another *Cæsar*
Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
*Bru.* *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.
*Oct.* So I hope.
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
*Bru.* O if thou were the Noblest of thy Straine,
Young man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.
*Cas.* A peeuish schoole-boy, worthless of such Honour
Ioyn'd with a Masker and a Reueller.
*Ant.* Old *Cassius* still.
*Oct.* Come *Antonie*, away:
Defiance *Traitors*, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the field,
If not, when you haue stomackes.
*Exit Octauius, Antony, and Army*
*Cas.* Why now blow wind, swell billow,
And swimme Barke
The storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.
*Bru.* Ho *Lucilius*, harke a word with you.
*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*
*Luc.* My Lord.
*Cas.* *Messala.*
*Mes.* What saies my Generall?
*Cas.* *Messala*, this is my birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Messala*
Be thou my witnesse that against my will,
(As Pompey was) am compell'd to set
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,

Who

W[illegible] Pin[illegible] letters consequences,
I[illegible] M[illegible] euidence stirre vp Octauius and Rome,
And [illegible] Crowe, [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] lookes,
[illegible] are crept into the bosome of the time
[illegible] but [illegible]
Our [illegible] to [illegible] Gods.
[illegible]
[illegible]
For [illegible]
To meete [illegible],
*Enter Lepidus.*
[illegible]
[illegible] Newes, Newes from Rome,
[illegible] what newes
[illegible] vpon our downes to day
[illegible]
[illegible] newes, that stirres vs all.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Where stood you when you heard the death
[illegible] Caska first, Brutus for the death
[illegible] Brutus beloued Cæsar, and he,
For [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] among my late [illegible],
To say the [illegible] of some high Planets,
That [illegible]
*Lep.* I [illegible], I [illegible],
You are [illegible] to [illegible] Triumph
Through the streets of Rome.
*Lep.* No, [illegible]
Take not [illegible] Rome.
[illegible] with [illegible] to Rome,
He bears too great a [illegible] Brutus same day
Mark [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
If we [illegible],
I feare, [illegible]
*Bru.* [illegible] Cæsar might know
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Come away. *Exeunt*

*Manet* *Enter Brutus and Messala.*

[illegible], [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible]
*Enter Antonius*
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], [illegible]. *Exeunt*

*Manent* *Enter Cassius and Titinius.*

*Cas.* Oh [illegible] *Titinius*, looke, [illegible]
My [illegible]
[illegible]
I flew the Coward, and [illegible]
*Tit.* O [illegible], *Brutus* gaue the word too early,
Who [illegible]
To [illegible]
With [illegible]

*Enter Pindarus.*

*Pin.* Flye further off my Lord, flye further off,
*Mark Antony* is [illegible] my Lord,
Therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.
*Cass.* This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*,
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?
*Tit.* They are, my Lord.
*Cass.* *Titinius*, if thou lou'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes are Friend or Enemy.
*Tit.* I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*
*Cass.* Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was euer thicke; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what, thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My [illegible] are [illegible], Sirra, what newes?
*Pin.* [illegible] Oh my Lord
*Cass.* What newes?
*Pin.* *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him
Now *Titinius*. Now some light. Oh he lights too.
He's ta'ne. *Showt.*
And hee's, they shout for ioy.
[illegible] Come downe, behold no more
[illegible], [illegible] too long,
To see thy [illegible] thy face

*Enter Pindarus*

Come hither Sirra. In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,
That whatsoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now keepe thine oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through Cæsars bowels, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer. Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword. Cæsar, thou art reuenged,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.
*Pin.* So, I am free,
Yet would not so haue beene
Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius*,
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where euer Roman shall take note of him.

*Enter Titinius and Messala.*

*Mes.* It is but change *Titinius*; for *Octauius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.
*Tit.* These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.
*Mes.* Where did you leaue him,
*Tit.* All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman on this Hill.
*Mes.* Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?
*Tit.* He lies not like the Liuing. Oh my heart!
*Mes.* Is not that he?
*Tit.* No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne
As in thy red Rayes thou dost sinke to night,

So

[illegible] By your leaue Gentles, let him go with vs.
[illegible] Let vs be carefull what we do, for Cæsars sake.
Brutus, your eye is pale.
Cassius, your eyes burne.
Many eminent men turne their eyes,
And looke pale with this dreadfull Enterprize,
Like Gods assembled in the Capitoll,
Staying the fall of some graue Monarchy,
Shrinking his thrond with Agues, as I Marke Antony,
Our Arme contracted, euen to such a pitch,
As his strooke Enuie seeming to strike,
Long and displeasing stroke, our Bones would rest,
That but a moment, euen in length of time:
So our great Deed, like mightie Ordinance,
Which doth not onely beate the Eare of Heauen,
But with the Eccho backe into the Earth,
Seemes to shake the Center. Can it be said,
Our Power is Murder?

*Cas.* Stoop then and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In States vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompeyes Basis lyes along,
No worthier than the dust?

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the Knot of vs be call'd
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* I, euery man away:
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heeles
With the most Noble Blood of all this day.

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here? A Friend of Antonies.

*Ant.* Thus like the Romans bow to the Stout Beast,
And humbly greet thee, mighty Cæsar.
Would I had but the gifts of Eloquence,
To finde such Speech, to wrap my Mind in Sense,
As might well moue this dead man to returne,
And tell the Cruell Issues of this Deed,
Did not the Riddle fright me from my Wits.
That I must die here, and liue hence, by Truth I will not.
Of all the Wounds with which my Eyes behold me,
None so poore, as do call for such a Man.
Shrinke me, you Romane Vassailes, and hurt me not,
Your Enemies, and mine, their Sword and Charge
Stood all aloofe from the Entrailes of their Lord.

*Bru.* Or if you did, your Power was limited,
By our Superior Power, we were your Fellowes
Then, in your Sorrow, not your Seruants, Sorrow.

*Ant.* That's all I seeke:
And am moreouer suitor, that I may
Produce his Body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

*Bru.* You shall Marke Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do: Do not consent
That Antony speake in his Funerall.
Know you how much the People may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter?

*Bru.* By your pardon,
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsars death:
What Antony shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsars Funerals
Should haue all Rites and Lawfull Ceremonies.
It shall aduantage more than do vs wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall, I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here take you Cæsars Body.
You shall not in your Funerall Speech blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission,
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my Speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so,
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the Body then, and follow vs.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Manet Antonius.*

*Ant.* O pardon me thou bleeding peece of Earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest Man,
That euer liu'd in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy Wounds now do I Prophesie,
Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby Lippes,
To begge the Voice and Vtterance of my Tongue,
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of Men;
Domestick Fury, and fierce Ciuill Strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and Destruction shall be so in vse,
And dreadfull Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of War,
All pitty choakt with Custome of Fell Deeds:
And Cæsars Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines with a Monarchs Voice
Cry Hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule Deed shall smell aboue the Earth
With Carrion Men, groaning for Burriall.

*Enter Octauio's Seruant.*

You serue Octauius Cæsar, do you not?

*Ser.* I do Marke Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Ser.* He did Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Then in a Letter
Thus my Lamenting Tongue shall boldly speake
To him my Thoughts.
Cæsars Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines with a Monarchs Voice
Cry Hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule Deed shall smell aboue the Earth
With Carrion Men, groaning for Burriall.
You serue Octauius Cæsar, do you not?
I do Marke Antony.
Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
He did Mark Antony.
Then in a Letter
Thus my Lamenting Tongue shall boldly speake
To him my Thoughts.
Come I pray you,
What dangerous Edge I finde vnder your Cloake,
Euen from the Nape, to the Point of the Sword?
Looke you how many Shrinkings there are drawne,
In Cæsars Mantle. Good Friends speake the truth,
Was this most Bloody Accident done
Through Treason, or no?

*Ser.* Treason Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Treason, saist thou?
Why then I haue a Taske to do.
Thou look'st like an honest man.

*Ser.* I hope I am so Sir,
In Seruing my Master to Reuenge his Death.

*Ant.* Thou do'st not liue the lesse for that good Minde.
Octauius is already come to Rome.

*Ser.* He is Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Ser.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsars House.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:
He beares very strange Affections
Of his Fathers Murder, and I do perceiue
He will much thanke me for the Death of Brutus.

*Ser.* I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some Notice of the People,
How I had mou'd them. Bring me to Octauius.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to night that I did Feast with Cæsar,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie.
I haue no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.

*1. Ple.* What is your Name?

*2. Ple.* Whither are you going?

*3. Ple.* Where do you dwell?

*4. Ple.* Are you a Married man or a Batchelor?

*2. Ple.* Answer euery man directly.

*1. Ple.* I, and briefely.

*4. Ple.* I, and wisely.

*3. Ple.* I, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my Name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a Married man or a Batchelor?
Then to answer euery man directly and briefely, wisely and truly:
Wisely I say I am a Batchelor.

*2. Ple.* That's as much as to say they are fooles that marry:
You'le beare me a bang for that I feare. Proceed directly.

*Cin.* Directly I am going to Cæsars Funerall.

*1. Ple.* As a Friend or an Enemy?

*Cin.* As a Friend.

*2. Ple.* That matter is answered directly.

*4. Ple.* For your Dwelling, briefely.

*Cin.* Briefely I dwell by the Capitoll.

*3. Ple.* Your Name Sir truly.

*Cin.* Truly my Name is Cinna.

*1. Ple.* Teare him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the Poet, I am Cinna the Poet.

*4. Ple.* Teare him for his bad Verses, teare him for his bad Verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the Conspirator.

*4. Ple.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna, pull but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.

*3. Ple.* Teare him, teare him: Come, Brands, Firebrands: to Brutus, to Cassius, burne all: some to Decius house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius: away, go.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

# THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

## Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

## Scena Secunda.

*Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.*

*King.* What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
*Mal.* This is the sergeant,
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
'Gainst my Captivity: Hayle brave friend,
Say to the King the knowledge of the broyle,
As thou didst leave it.
*Cap.* Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together
And choake their Art: The merciles Macdonell
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme upon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supplied,
And Fortune on his damned Quarrey smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that Name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution,
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the Slaue:
Which ne're shook hands, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he vnseam'd him from the Nauell to the Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

*King.* O valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!
As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflexion
Shipwracking Storms and direfull Thunders breake,
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Justice had with Valour armed
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord surveying vantage,
With furbisht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
*Cap.* Dismay'd not this
Our Captaines Macbeth and Banquo?
*Sold.* Yes:
As Sparrowes, Eagles; or the Hare, the Lyon.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled Stroakes vpon the Foe.
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.
But I am faint, my Gashes cry for helpe.
*King.* So well thy words become thee, as thy Wounds,
They smack of Honour both: Goe get him Surgeons.
Enter Rosse and Angus.
Who comes here?
*Mal.* The worthy Thane of Rosse.
*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes? So should he looke
That seemes to speake things strange.
*Rosse.* God saue the King!
*King.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?
*Rosse.* From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flout the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with Selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victory fell on vs.
*King.* Great happinesse.
*Rosse.* That now
Sweno, the Norweyes King, craues composition,
Nor would we deigne him Burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at Saint Colmes Inch
Ten thousand Dollars to our generall vse.
*King.* No

*King.* No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceiue
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
*Rosse.* I'le see it done.
*King.* What he hath wonne, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
*Exeunt.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1. Where hast thou been Sister?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Sister where thou?
1. A Sailors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tyger:
But in a Sieue Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
I'le do, I'le do, and I'le do.
2. Ile giue thee a Wind.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th Ships nauigable.
And I will drayne him dry as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Penthouse Lid.
He shall liue a Man forbid:
Weary Sennights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Heere I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
*Macbeth* doth come.
All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*

*Macb.* So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.
*Banq.* How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So withered, and so wilde in their attire,
That looke not like th'inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Vpon her Skinny Lips: You should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
*Macb.* Speake if you can: What are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee Thane of Glamis.
2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee Thane of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.
*Banq.* Good Sir, why do you start, and seeme to feare
Things that do sound so fayre? I'th' name of Truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther beg nor feare
Your fauours, nor your hate.
1. Hayle
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all hayle *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.
1. Banquo and *Macbeth*, all hayle
*Macb.* Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more.
By Sinells death I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor liues
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of Belecue,
No more that Thane of Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*
*Banq.* The Earth hath bubbles as the Water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?
*Macb.* Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted as breath into the Wind.
Would they had stayd.
*Banq.* Were such things here as we do speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?
*Macb.* Your Children shall be Kings.
*Banq.* You shall be King.
*Macb.* And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
*Banq.* To the selfe-same tune, and words. Who's here?

*Enter Rosse and Angus.*

*Rosse.* The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' selfe-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and euery one did beare
Thy praises in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
*Angus.* We are sent
To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Only to harbor thee to his sight,
Not pay thee.
*Rosse.* And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In

In which addition, hayle to thee worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.
*Banq.* What, can the Deuill speake true?
*Macb.* The *Thane* of Cawdor liues
Why doe you dreſſe me in borrowed Robes?
*Ang.* Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement bears that Life,
Which he deſerues to looſe.
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of Norway,
Or did line the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage, or that with both he labour'd
In his Countries wracke, I know not.
But Treaſons Capitall, confeſſ'd, and prou'd.
Haue ouerthrowne him.
*Macb.* Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
Do you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings,
When thoſe that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſſe to them?
*Banq.* That trauell'd with vs,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Beſides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange
And oftentimes to win vs to our harme,
The inſtruments of Darkneſſe tell vs Truths,
Win vs with honeſt Trifles, to betray's
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
*Macb.* Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen.
This ſupernaturall ſoliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good.
If ill, why hath it giuen me earneſt of ſucceſſe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good, why doe I yeeld to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth vnfixe my heire,
And make my ſeated Heart knock at my ribbes,
Againſt the vſe of Nature? Preſent Feares
Are leſſe then horrible Imaginings.
My Thought, whoſe Murther yet is but fantaſticall,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of Man,
That Function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
*Banq.* Looke how our Partner's rapt.
*Macb.* If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my ſtirre.
*Banq.* New Honors come vpon him
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aide of vſe.
*Macb.* Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughſt Day.
*Banq.* Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay vpon your leyſure.
*Macb.* Giue me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are regiſtred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
To read them.
Let vs toward the King: think vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs ſpeake
Our free Hearts each to other.
*Banq.* Very gladly.
*Macb.* Till then enough.
Come friends. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Attendants.*

*King.* Is execution done on Cawdor, or
Are not thoſe in Commiſſion yet returned?
*Mal.* My Liege, they are not yet come backe,
But I haue ſpoke with one that ſaw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſſe Pardon
And ſet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. He dy'de
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſſe Trifle.
*King.* There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute Truſt.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe and Angus.*

O worthieſt Couſin,
The ſinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauy on me: Thou art ſwifter then
That ſwift Wing of Recompence is ſlow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou had'ſt leſſe deſerued,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment,
Might haue been mine: only I haue left to ſay,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
*Macb.* The ſeruice and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it ſelfe.
Your Highneſſe part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children and Seruants: which do but what they ſhould,
By doing euery thing ſafe toward your Loue
And Honour.
*King.* Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſſe deſerued, nor muſt be known
No leſſe to haue done ſo: Let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.
*Banq.* There if I grow,
The Harueſt is your owne.
*King.* My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulneſſe, ſeeke to hide themſelues
In drops of ſorrow. Sonnes, Kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate vpon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muſt
Not vnaccompanied, inueſt him only,
But ſignes of Nobleneſſe, like Starres, ſhall ſhine
On all deſeruers. From hence to Inuernes,
And bind vs further to you.
*Macb.* The reſt is Labor, which is not vſed for you:
Ile be my ſelfe the Herbenger, and make glad
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.
*King.* My worthy Cawdor.
*Macb.* The Prince of Cumberland: that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall downe, or elſe o're-leape,

Lay on my Walls no Anes, Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires.
The Eye wink at the Hand, yet let that be,
Which the Eye fears, when it is done to see. *Exit*
*King.* This Castle hath a pleasant seate, *Banquo.* he is no leſſe valiant,
And to his commendations, I am fed
It is a Banket to me. Let's after him.
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome
It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.*

*Lady.* They met me in the day of ſucceſſe: and I haue learn'd by the perfect'ſt report, they haue more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelues Ayre, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſiues from the King, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor by which Title before, theſe weyward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with Haile King that ſhalt be. This haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſſe) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of reioycing, by being ignorant of what Greatneſſe is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy hart, and farewell.
Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindneſſe,
To catch the neereſt way. Thou would'ſt be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illneſſe ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily: would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly winne.
Thou'ldſt haue great Glamys that which cryes,
Thus thou muſt doe, if thou haue it,
And that which rather thou do'ſt feare to doe,
Then wiſh'd ſhould be vndone. Hight thee hether,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine eare,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſicall ayde doth ſeeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Meſſenger*
What is your tidings?
*Meſſ.* The King comes here to Night.
*Lady.* Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? who were ſo,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.
*Meſſ.* So pleaſe you, it is true: our Thane is comming
One of my fellowes had the ſpeed of him:
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Then would make vp his Meſſage.
*Lady.* Giue him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Meſſenger.*
The Raven himſelfe is hoarſe,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnſex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Cruelty: make thicke my blood,
Stop vp th'acceſſe and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect and it. Come to my Womans Breſts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-euer in your ſightleſſe ſubſtances,
You wait on Natures Miſchiefe. Come thicke Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife ſee not the Wound it makes
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feele now
The future in the inſtant.
*Mach.* My deareſt Loue,
*Duncan* comes here to Night.
*Lady.* And when goes hence?
*Mach.* To morrow, as he purpoſes.
*Lady.* O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow ſee.
Your Face my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
May reade ſtrange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like the innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Muſt be prouided for: and you ſhall put
This Nights great Buſineſſe into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue ſolely ſouereigne ſway, and Maſterdome.
*Mach.* We will ſpeake further.
*Lady.* Only looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare.
Leaue all the reſt to me. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Sexta.

*Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus and Attendants.*

*King.* This Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat,
The ayre nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelfe
Vnto our gentle ſenſes.
*Banq.* This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Martlet does approue,
By his lou'd Manſonry, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttreſſe, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they moſt breed, and haunt, I haue obſerued
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*
*King.* See, ſee, our honor'd Hoſteſſe.
The Loue that followes vs, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.
*Lady.* All our ſeruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and ſingle Buſineſſe, to contend
Againſt thoſe Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maieſtie loades our Houſe
For thoſe of old, and the ſeuere Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we reſt your Hermites.

*King* Where's

*King.* Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We course him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purueyor. But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holpe him
To his home before vs. Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.
*La.* Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themselues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.
*King.* Giue me your hand,
Conduct me to mine Host: we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hostesse. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Septima.*

*Hoboyes. Torches.*

*Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Seruice ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If th'Assassination
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter. This euen-handed Iustice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Chalice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then as his Host,
Who should against his Murderer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his faculties so meeke; hath been
So clere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking-off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, horsed
Vpon the sightlesse Curriers of the Aire,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares shall drowne the wind. I haue no Spurre
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleapes it selfe,
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
*La.* He has almost supt: why haue you left the chamber?
*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?
*La.* Know you not, he has?
*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.
*La.* Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dress'd your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to looke so greene and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy loue. Art thou afear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Adage.
*Macb.* Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
*La.* What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themselues, and that their fitnesse now
Does vnmake you. I haue giuen Suck, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would while it was smiling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Boneless Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you haue done to this.
*Macb.* If we should faile?
*La.* We faile?
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not faile. When *Duncan* is asleepe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Journey
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine and Wassell so conuince,
That Memorie the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the receit of Reason
A Limbeck only: when in Swinish sleepe
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
The vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.
*Macb.* Bring forth Men-Children only;
For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with Blood those sleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue done't?
*Lady.* Who dares receiue it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor roare,
Vpon his Death?
*Macb.* I am settled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False face must hide what the false Heart doth know.
*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.*

*Banq.* How goes the Night, Boy?
*Fleance.* The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock.
*Banq.* And she goes downe at Twelue.
*Fleance.* I take't, 'tis later Sir.
*Banq.* Hold, take my Sword: there's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repose.

*Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.*

Giue me my Sword: who's there?
*Mach.* A Friend.
*Banq.* What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kinde Hostesse,
And shut vp in measureless content.
*Mach.* Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the seruant to defect,
Which else should free haue wrought.
*Banq.* All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you they haue show'd some truth.
*Mach.* I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.
*Banq.* At your kind'st leysure.
*Mach.* If you shall cleaue to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.
*Banq.* So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,
I shall be counsail'd.
*Mach.* Good repose the while.
*Banq.* Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
*Mach.* Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vse.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The curtain'd sleepe. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecats Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquins ravishing sides, towards his designe
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.
*A Bell rings.*
I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Lady.*

*La.* That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'st good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeited Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.
*Enter Macbeth*
*Mach.* Who's there? what hoa?
*Lady.* Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I layd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?
*Mach.* I haue done the deed.
Didst thou not heare a noyse?
*Lady.* I heard the Owle scream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?
*Mach.* When?
*Lady.* Now.
*Mach.* As I descended?
*Lady.* I.
*Mach.* Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?
*Lady.* *Donalbaine.*
*Mach.* This is a sorry sight.
*Lady.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
*Mach.* There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.
*Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.
*Mach.* One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands.
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs.
*Lady.* Consider it not so deepely.
*Mach.* But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.
*Lady.* These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.
*Mach.* Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
*Macbeth* does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the ravell'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.
*Lady.* What do you meane?
*Mach.* Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
*Glamis* hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.
*Lady.* Who was it that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: go carry them, and smeare
The sleepie Groomes with blood.
*Mach.* I goe no more
I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done
Looke on't againe, I dare not.
*Lady.* Infirme of purpose
Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Childhood,
That feares a painted Deuill. If he bleed,
I'le guild the faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit*
*Knocke within.*
*Mach.* Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a heart so white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber
A little Water cleares vs of this deed
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.
*Mach.* To know my deed, *Knocke*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter a Porter.*

*Knocking within.*

*Porter.* Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue Napkins enow about you; here you'le sweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuils Name? Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against either Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Heauen: O come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose. Come in Taylor, here you may roste your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further: I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'euerlasting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

*Enter Macduff, and Lenox.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?
*Port.* Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cocke:
And Drinke Sir, is a great prouoker in three things.
*Macd.* What three things does Drinke especially prouoke?
*Port.* Marry Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine. Lechery Sir, it prouokes and vnprouokes: it prouokes the desire, but takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Lechery: it makes him, and marres him; it sets him on, and takes him off; it perswades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye, leaues him.
*Macd.* I beleeue Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.
*Port.* That it did, Sir, i'the very throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I think) made bold with him; but I shall neuer pay him againe.
*Macd.* Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes.
*Lenox.* Good morrow, Noble Sir.
*Mach.* Good morrow both.
*Macd.* Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?
*Mach.* Not yet.
*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almost slipt the houre.
*Mach.* I'le bring you to him.
*Macd.* I know this is a joyfull trouble to you.
But yet 'tis one.
*Mach.* The labour we delight in, Physicke paine.
This is the Doore.
*Macd.* Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
seruice. *Exit Macduff.*
*Lenox.* Goes the King hence to day?
*Mach.* He does: he did appoint so.
*Lenox.* The Night has been vnruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre;
Strange Schreenes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion and confus'd Euents,
New hatch'd toth' woful time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night:
Some say the Earth was feuorous,
And did shake.
*Mach.* 'Twas a rough Night.
*Lenox.* My young remembrance cannot parallell
A fellow to it.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue nor name thee.
*Mach. and Lenox.* What's the matter?
*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his Masterpeece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' building.
*Mach.* What is't you say? the Life?
*Lenox.* Meane you his Maiestie?
*Macd.* Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Do not bid me speake

See, and then speake your selues. Awake, awake,
*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*
Ring the Alarum Bell. Murther, and Treason,
*Banquo* and *Donalbaine*, Malcolme awake,
Shake off this Downie sleepe, Death's counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe. Vp, vp, and see
The great Doome's Image. *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
*Bell rings. Enter Lady.*
*Lady.* What's the businesse,
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.
*Macd.* O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake.
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.
*Enter Banquo.*
O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, Our Royall Master's murthered.
*Lady.* Woe, alas
What, in our house?
*Ban.* Too cruell, any where
Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

*Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time; for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

*Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.*

*Donal.* What is amisse?
*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.
*Macd.* Your Royall Father's murthered.
*Mal.* O, by whom?
*Lenox.* Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.
*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.
*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?
*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man
The expedition of my violent Loue
Outran the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Siluer skin, lac'd with his Golden blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wasteful entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade, their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?
*Lady.* Helpe me hence, hoa.
*Macd.* Look to the Lady.
*Mal.* Why are we silent? and in tongues, whose
Interest most it is to speake?
*Don.* What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.
*Mal.* Nor our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.
*Ban.* Looke to the Lady
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Malice.
*Macd.* And so do I.
*All.* So all.
*Macb.* Let's briefely put on manly readinesse,
And meet i'th Hall together.
*All.* Well contented. *Exeunt.*
*Mal.* What will you do?
Let's not consort with them:
To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
I'le to England.
*Don.* To Ireland, I:
Our separated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:
Where we are there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.
*Mal.* This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to auoid the aymc. Therefore to Horse,
And let vs not be dainty of leaue-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.
*Exeunt*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Rosse, with an Old man.*

*Old man.* Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange, but this sore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
*Rosse.* Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darkenesse does the face of Earth entombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it?
*Old man.* 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A Falcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.
*Rosse.* And *Duncans* Horses,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.
*Old man.* 'Tis said they eate each other.
*Rosse.* They did so:

To

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't
*Enter Macduffe.*
Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir, now?
*Mald.* Why see you not?
*Ross* Is known who is't can tell?
*Mald.* Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine
*Ross* Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?
*Mald.* They were suborned,
*Malcolme*, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suspition of the deed.
*Ross* 'Gainst Nature still!
Thriftlesse Ambition, that wilt rauen vp
Thine owne liues meanes! Then 'tis most like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*
*Mald.* He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be inuested.
*Ross.* Where is *Duncans* body?
*Mald.* Carried to *Colmekill*,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors
And Guardian of their Bones.
*Ross* Will you to Scone?
*Mald.* No Cosen, not I feare.
*Ross* Well I will thither
*Mald.* Well may you see things well done there: Adieu
Lest our old Robes sit easier then our new.
*Ross* Farewell, Father
*Old M.* God's benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.
*Exeunt omnes*

## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Banquo.*
*Banq.* Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady, Lenox, Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Heere's our chiefe Guest.
*La.* If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing vnbecomming.
*Macb.* To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And I request your presence.
*Banq.* Let your Highnesse
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For euer knit.
*Macb.* Ride you this afternoone?
*Ban.* I, my good Lord.
*Macb.* We should haue else desir'd your good aduice
(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)
In this dayes Counsell; but we'le take to morrow
Is't farre you ride?
*Ban.* As farre my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.
*Macb.* Faile not our feast.
*Ban.* My Lord I will not.
*Macb.* We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,
Craue your disposition. Get you gone,
Till you returne at Night.
Goes Fleance with you?
*Ban.* I my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.
*Macb.* I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let euery man be master of his time,
Till seuen at Night: to make societie
The sweeter welcome:
We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?
*Seruant.* They are, my Lord without the Palace Gate.
*Macb.* Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*
To be thus, is nothing: but to be safely thus
Our feares in *Banquo* stick deepe,
And in his Royalty of Nature reignes that
Which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wisedome that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose being I do feare: and vnder him,
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
*Marke Antonies* was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings
Vpon my head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For *Banquo's* Issue haue I fil'd my Mynde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
Only for them, and mine eternall Jewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
And champion me to th'vtterance.
Who's there?

*Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.*

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.
*Exit Seruant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
*Murth.* It was, so please your Highnesse.
*Macb.* Well then,
Now haue you consider'd of my speeches.

Know,

know, [illegible] times past,
Which [illegible] so much to make,
Which [illegible] might haue been our owne selfe,
This I make good to you, in our last Conference,
Past in probation with you
How you were borne in hand, how crost
The Instruments, who wrought with them,
And all things else that might
To halt a Soule and to a Nation dazzle,
Say, This deed [illegible]
1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to vs.
*Macb.* I did so
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so preposterous,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?
1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege
*Macb.* I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Curres, Showghes, Diuers Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clept
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him closed: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you haue a station in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say it,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart, and loue of vs,
Who weare our selues, and our enterprize,
Vnsure the Deed, were ecstasie.
2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am reckelesse what I do,
To spight the World.
1. *Murth.* And I another,
So weary with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
*Macb.* Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.
*Murth.* True, my Lord
*Macb.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That euery minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neere'st of Life: and though I could
With barefac'd power, sweepe him from my sight,
And bid mine eye be friend to what my hand
Will blindly execute, yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.
2. *Murth.* We shall my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.
1. *Murth.* Though our Liues—
*Macb.* Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Palace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke.
*Fleans*, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolue your selues apart,
Ile come to you anon.
*Murth.* We are resolu'd, my Lord.
*Macb.* Ile call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo* thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.*

*Lady.* Is *Banquo* gone from Court?
*Seruant.* I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.
*Lady.* Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.
*Seruant.* Madame, I will. *Exit.*
*Lady.* Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull joy.
*Enter Macbeth.*
How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
*Macb.* We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Malice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie.
*Duncane* is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,
Treason has done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Malice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.
*Lady.* Come on:
Gentle my Lord sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night
*Macb.* So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnsafe the while, that we must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.
*Lady.* You must leaue this
*Macb.* O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleans*

*Lady.* But

*Lady.* But in them Natures Copie's not eterne.
*Mach.* There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecats* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
*Lady.* What's to be done?
*Mach.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling Night,
Scarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing to the Rooky Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowze,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowze.
Thou marueil'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun make strong themselues by ill:
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter three Murtherers.*

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needes not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust.
1. Then stand with vs.
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approches
The subiect of our Watch.
3. Hearke, I heare Horses.
*Banquo within.* Giue vs a Light there hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee.
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th'Court.
1. His Horses goe about.
3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Palace Gate
Make it their Walke.

*Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.*

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis hee.
1. Stand to't.
*Ban.* It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
*Ban.* O, Treachery!
Flye good *Fleans*, flye flye flye,
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We haue lost
Best halfe of our Affaire.
1. Well, lets away, and say how much is done.
*Exeunt.*

## Scæna Quarta.

*Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Mach.* You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
*Lords.* Thankes to your Majesty.
*Mach.* Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host.
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
*Lad.* Pronounce it for me Sir to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.
*Enter first Murderer.*
*Mach.* See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
Both sides are even: heere Ile sit i'th'mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.
*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.
*Mach.* 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
*Mur.* My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
*Mach.* Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,
Yet he's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareil.
*Mur.* Most Royall Sir
*Fleans* is scap'd.
*Mach.* Then comes my Fit againe: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo* 's safe?
*Mur.* I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a Death to Nature.
*Mach.* Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lies, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selues againe. *Exit Murderer.*
*Lady.* My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis given, with welcome: to feede were best at home
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

*Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.*

*Mach.* Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.
*Lenox.* May't please your Highnesse sit.
*Mach.* Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pitty for Mischance.
*Rosse.* His absence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promise. Please your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

*Mach.*

*Macb.* The Table full.
*Lenox.* Heere is a place reserued Sir,
*Macb.* Where?
*Lenox.* Heere my good Lord
What is't that moues your Highneſſe?
*Macb.* Which of you haue done this?
*Lords.* What, my good Lord?
*Macb.* Thou canſt not ſay I did it: neuer ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.
*Rosſe.* Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſſe is not well
*Lady.* Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth: pray you keepe ſeat,
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
*Macb.* I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
*La.* O proper ſtuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Aire-drawne Dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan*. O, theſe flawes and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true feare) would well become
A woman's ſtory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam. Shame it ſelfe,
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done
You looke but on a ſtoole.
*Macb.* Prythee ſee there:
Behold, looke, loe, how ſay you:
Why what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeake too.
If Charnell houſes, and our Graues muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, backe, our Monuments
Shall be the Maws of Kytes.
*La.* What quite vnmans you thus.
*Macb.* I am aſham'd to ſhed thy cold bloud,
*La.* Fie for ſhame.
*Macb.* Bloud hath been ſhed ere now, i'th' olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and ſince too, Murthers haue been perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has been,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end. But now they riſe againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crowns,
And puſh vs from our ſtooles. This is more ſtrange
Then ſuch a murther is.
*La.* My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
*Macb.* I do forget
Do not muſe at me my moſt worthy Friends,
I haue a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then I'le ſit downe. Giue me ſome Wine, fill full.
*Enter Ghoſt.*
I drinke to the generall ioy o'th' whole Table,
And to our deere friend *Banquo*, whom we miſſe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirſt,
And all to all.
*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.
*Macb.* Auant, & quit my ſight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſſe, thy bloud is cold:
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
*La.* Think of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Cuſtome: 'Tis no other,
Only it ſpoyles the pleaſure of the time.
*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible ſhadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why ſo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you ſit ſtill.
*La.* You haue diſplac'd the mirth
Broke the good meeting, with moſt admir'd diſorder.
*Macb.* Can ſuch things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Euen to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
*Roſſe.* What ſights, my Lord?
*La.* I pray you ſpeake not: he growes worſe & worſe
Queſtions enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go, at once.
*Len.* Good night, and better health
Attend his Maieſty.
*La.* A kinde good night to all. *Exit Lords.*
*Macb.* It will haue Bloud they ſay:
Bloud will haue Bloud:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to ſpeake:
Augures and vnderſtood Relations, haue
By Magot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of Bloud. What is the night?
*La.* Almoſt at oddes with morning, which is which.
*Macb.* How ſay'ſt thou that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding.
*La.* Did you ſend to him Sir?
*Macb.* I heare it by the way: But I will ſend
There's not a one of them but in his houſe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Siſters.
More ſhall they ſpeake: for now I am bent to know
By the worſt meanes, the worſt, for mine owne good,
All cauſes ſhall giue way. I am in bloud
Step't in ſo farre, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcand.
*La.* You lacke the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleepe.
*Macb.* Come, we'l to ſleepe: My ſtrange & ſelfe-abuſe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hardineſſe.
We are yet but young indeed. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.*

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?
*Hec.* Haue I not reaſon (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And Liue a Man-[illegible] of your Charmes,
The close contriuer of all Harmes,
Was neuer [illegible] of my Sex,
Of them the glory must accrue
[illegible] vote, to you alone
[illegible] of Women-kinde,
[illegible] that [illegible] (as the rest do)
Loues fained owes, does not stay
But makes it haste Anon to obey,
And at the powre Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning: thou secret'st
Welcome to all the Skies
Your Veyle, and your Starres, from prying
Your Causes and ever, close vp
Euen for Asse Thus night [illegible]
Vntill that Nature, and that Deed
Gaue the wide World, and all that doe
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by Magicke Slights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprites,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'bout Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
As I am sure you know, Security
Is Mortals chiefest Enemie.

*Musicke, and a Song.*

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

*Sing within. Come away, come away &c.*

1 Come let's make vse of Time: Come shun the
Backe againe. *Exeunt*

## Scena Sexta.

*Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*

*Lenox.* My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret further: Only I say
Things haue been strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcome*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did grieue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too.
For 'twould haue angred any heart alue
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
He has borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his key,
(As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.
But peace, for from broad words, and 'cause he fayl'd
His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
*Macduffe* liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestowes himselfe?
*Lord.* The Sonnes of *Duncan*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liues in the English Court, and is receiu'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the malcontent of Fortune, nor
Takes from him ought respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the holy King vpon his aide
To make vp this [illegible] with his Powres,
Thereby, that Power [illegible] may make
Forth-with our Wayes: and Feasts
Giue to our Tables meate, Sleepe to our Nights;
Free from our Feasts and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honours:
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.
*Len.* Sent he to *Macduffe*?
*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute *Sir*, not I
The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
And hums, as who should say, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.
*Len.* And that well might
Aduise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance
His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Messadge ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.
*Lord.* Ile send my prayers with him. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1 Three the brinded Cat hath mew'd
2 Three, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd
3 Harpier cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poysond entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dayes and Nights has thirty one
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double toyle and trouble
Fire burne, and Caldron bubble
2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Caldron boyle and bake
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Caldron bubble.
3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd salt Sea-shark
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke
Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Eclipse:

Noise of Trumpets. Enter [illegible]
[illegible]
Or else worse tydings shall,
[illegible]
And poste with poste incounter thy Confines.
*Enter Rosse and Angus.*
Whence comest thou worthy Thane?
*Ross.* From Fife great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flout the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
*Norway* himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor
The Thane of Cawdor began a dismall Conflict,
Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with Selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on us.
*Dunc.* Great happinesse.
*Ross.* That now Sweno, the Norwayes King,
Craues composition:
Nor would we deigne him Burriall of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes Inch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.
*Dunc.* No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceiue
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet Macbeth.
*Ross.* Ile see it done.
*Dunc.* What he hath lost, Noble Macbeth hath won.
*Exeunt.*
*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, and Rosse.*
*Macb.* So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.
*Ban.* How farre is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So withered, and so wilde in their attire,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her Skinnie Lips: You should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
*Macb.* Speake if you can: What are you?
1 All hayle Macbeth, hayle to thee Thane of Glamis.
2 All hayle Macbeth, hayle to thee Thane of Cawdor.
3 All hayle Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter.
*Ban.* Good Sir, why do you start, and seeme to feare
Things that do sound so faire? I'th'name of Truth,
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great Prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge nor feare
Your fauours, nor your hate.
1 Hayle.
2 Hayle.
3 Hayle.
1 Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all hayle Macbeth and Banquo.
1 Banquo and Macbeth, all hayle.
*Macb.* Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By Sinells death I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor liues
A prosperous Gentleman; and to be King
Stands not within the prospect of belecfe,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence? or why
Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting? Speake, I charge you.
*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles as the Water has,
And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?
*Macb.* Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall, melted
As breath into the Windes. Would they had stayd.
*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?
*Macb.* Your Children shall be Kings.
*Ban.* You shall be King.
*Macb.* And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
*Ban.* To the selfe-same tune and words. Who's here?
*Enter Rosse and Angus.*
*Ross.* The King hath happily receiu'd, Macbeth,
The newes of thy Successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayses do contend
Which should be thine or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th'selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make,
Strange Images of Death. As thick as Tale
Came post with post, and euery one did beare
Thy Praises in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
*Ang.* We are sent
To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Only to harken for thy company,
To bring thee to him, and conduct thee safely
To see him for the present.
*Ban.* This I'le do.
*Macb.* Stay you, imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
Of Nothing can we feare? Answer me
Now what I aske you.
1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 We'l answer.
1 Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.
*Macb.* Call them, let me see them.
1 Sinells Issue (Posthume to Inheritance)
Hearbe-grow Giant stands vpon the Blasted Heath
With his Brow Gripe, and Firstlings of his Gleabe
Which interdicts inhabitance. Answer me
To what I aske you.
1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 We'l answer.
1 Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.
*Macb.* Call them, let me see them.
1 Sinells Issue (Posthume to Inheritance)
Hearbe-grow Giant stands vpon the Blasted Heath
With his Brow Gripe, and Firstlings of his Gleabe
From Murderers Gibbets, throw
Into the Flame.
*All.* Come in this kind.
Thy Selfe and Office deafe his Duller sense. *Thunder.*
1 *Apparition, an Armed Head.*
*Macb.* Tell me, thou vnknowne power.
1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his speech but say thou nought.
1 *Apparition, Macbeth, Macbeth*
Beware Macduffe, beware the Thane of Fife: dismisse me. Enough.
*He Descends.*
*Macb.* Whatere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harpt my feare aright. But one word more.
1 He will not stand to be commanded: Heere's another
More potent then the first. *Thunder.*
2 *Apparition, a Bloody Child.*
2 *Macb.* Had I three eares, I'de heare thee.
2 Be bloody, bold, and resolute
Laugh to scorne
The powre of man. For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Descend.*
*Macb.* Then liue *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not liue,
That may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder. *Thunder*
3 *Apparition, A Child Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*
What is this,
That rises like the issue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?
*All.* Listen, but speake not to't.
3 *Appar.* Be Lyon mettled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets or where Conspirers are.
*Macbeth* shall neuer vanquish'd be vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him. *Descends.*
*Macb.* That will neuer bee
Who can impresse the forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadements good!
Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac't *Macbeth*
Shall liue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbbs to know one thing: Tell me (if your Art
Can tell so much) Shall *Banquo* 's Issue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?
*All.* Seeke to know no more.
*Macb.* I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you. Let me know.
Why sinkes that Caldron? & What noise is this? *Hoboyes*
1 Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.
*All.* Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.
*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse in his hand.*
*Macb.* Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*. Down!
Thy Crowne does sceare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first.
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you shew me this? —— A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to'th'crack of Doome?
Another yet? A seuenth? Ile see no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold Balles and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?
1 I Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,
While you performe your Antique round.
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Musicke*
*The Witches Dance, and vanish.*
*Macb.* Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious houre,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*
*Lenox.* What's your Graces will.

*Macb.*

*Mach.* Saw you the Weyard Sisters?
*Lenox.* No my Lord
*Mach.* Came they not by you?
*Lenox.* No indeed my Lord.
*Mach.* Infected be the Aire whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?
*Len.* 'Tis two or three my Lord that bring you word.
*Macbeth.* [illegible]
*Mach.* Fled to [illegible]?
*Len.* I my good Lord,
*Mach.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'retooke
Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To Crowne my thoughts with Acts, be it thought & done:
The Castle of *Macduff* I will surprise,
Seize vpon Fife, give to the edge o'th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.*

*Wife.* What has he done, to make him fly the Land?
*Rosse.* You must have patience Madam.
*Wife.* He had none:
His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.
*Rosse.* You know not
Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.
*Wife.* Wisedom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loves vs not,
He wants the naturall touch: For the poore Wren
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle.
All is the feare, and nothing is the Love,
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.
*Rosse.* My dearest Coosin,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But float vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing vpon you.
*Wife.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherlesse.
*Rosse.* I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. *Exit Rosse.*

*Wife.* Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
*Son.* As Birds do Mother.
*Wife.* What with Wormes and Flyes?
*Son.* With what I get, I meane, and so do they.
*Wife.* Poore Bird,
Thou'dst never feare the Net nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
*Son.* Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for.
My Father is not dead for all your saying
*Wife.* Yes, he is dead
How wilt thou do for a Father?
*Son.* Nay how will you do for a Husband?
*Wife.* Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
*Son.* Then you'l buy 'em to sell againe.
*Wife.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet i'faith with wit enough for thee
*Son.* Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
*Wife.* I, that he was
*Son.* What is a Traitor?
*Wife.* Why one that sweares and lyes
*Son.* And be all Traitors, that do so?
*Wife.* Every one that do so, is a Traitor,
And must be hanged.
*Son.* And must they all be hang'd, that sweare and lye?
*Wife.* Every one.
*Son.* Who must hang them?
*Wife.* Why the honest men.
*Son.* Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
are Liars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
and hang vp them.
*Wife.* Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good sign, that I should quickly
have a new Father.
*Wife.* Poore prattler, how thou talk'st?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Bles you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere. Hence with your little ones.
To frighten you thus, Me thinkes I am too savage
To do worse to you were feare Cruelty,
Which is too nye your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger*
*Wife.* Whether should I flye?
I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harme? What are these faces?

*Enter Murtherers.*

*Mur.* Where is your Husband?
*Wife.* I hope in no place so vnsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
*Mur.* He's a Traitor
*Son.* Thou ly'st thou shagge-eard Villaine.
*Mur.* What you Egge?
Young fry of Treachery?
*Son.* He has kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.*

*Mal.* Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there
Weepe our sad bosomes empty.
*Macd.* Let vs rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelld out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
*Mal.* What I believe, Ile waile;
What know, believe, and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest, you have lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
You may discerne of him through me, and wisdome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appease an angry God.
*Macd.* I am not treacherous.
*Mac.* But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon.
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so.
*Macd.* I have lost my Hopes.
*Mac.* Perchance even there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Loue,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonors.
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatsoever I shall thinke.
*Macd.* Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs,
The Title, is affeer'd. Fare thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
*Mal.* Be not offended:
I speake not as in absolute feare of you.
I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrants head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poore Country,
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeede.
*Macd.* What should he be?
*Mal.* It is myselfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confineless harmes.
*Macd.* Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Deuill more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth*.
*Mal.* I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of every sinne
That has a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would o're-beare
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then such an one to reigne.
*Macd.* Boundlesse intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny. It hath beene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke.
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselues,
Finding it so inclinde.
*Mal.* With this, there growes
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Jewels, and this others House,
And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.
*Macd.* This Auarice
Sticks deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-seeming Lust, and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
*Mal.* But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Temperance, Stablenesse,
Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no relish of them, but abound
In the diuision of each seuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
Powre the sweet Milke of Concord into Hell,
Vproare the vniuersall peace, confound
All vnity on earth.
*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland.
*Mal.* If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I haue spoken.
*Macd.* Fit to gouerne? No not to liue. O Nation miserable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accurst,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de euery day she liu'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy felfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breft,
Thy hope ends here.
*Mal.* *Macduff*, this Noble paſſion
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoule
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuelliſh *Macbeth*,
By many of theſe traines, hath ſought to win me
Into his power, and modeſt Wiſedome pluckes me
From ouer-credulous haſte: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me, for eere no w
I put my ſelfe to thy Direction, and
Vnſpeake mine owne detraction. Here abiure
The taints and blames I laide vpon my ſelfe,
For ſtrangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forſworne,
Scarſely haue coueted what was mine owne,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No leſſe in truth, then Life. My firſt vnkindeſt ſpeaking
Was this vpon my ſelfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command
Whither indeed, before thy here approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting forth:
Now we'l together, and the chance of goodneſſe
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you ſilent?
*Macd.* Such welcome, and vnwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.
*Enter a Doctor.*
*Mal.* Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?
*Doct.* I Sir, there are a crew of wretched Soules
That ſtay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They preſently amend. *Exit.*
*Mal.* I thanke you Doctor.
*Macd.* What's the Diſeaſe he meanes?
*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the Euill:
A moſt miraculous worke in this good King,
Which often ſince my here-remaine in England,
I haue ſeene him do. How he ſolicites heauen
Himſelfe beſt knowes: but ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The mere deſpaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtampe about their necks,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange vertue,
He hath a heauenly gift of Prophecie,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeake him full of Grace.
*Enter Roſſe.*
*Macd.* See who comes here.
*Mal.* My Countryman: but yet I know him not.
*Macd.* My ever gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
*Mal.* I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.
*Roſſe.* Sir, Amen.
*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?
*Roſſe.* Alas poore Country,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue, where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once ſeene to ſmile:
Where ſighes, and groanes, and ſhrieks that rent the aire
Are made, not mark'd. Where violent ſorrow ſeemes
A Modeme extaſie. The Deadmans knell,
Is there ſcarce aſk'd for, who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
*Macd.* O Relation, too nice, and yet too true
*Mal.* What's the neweſt griefe?
*Roſſe.* That of an houres age doth hiſſe the ſpeaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.
*Macd.* How does my Wife?
*Roſſe.* Why well.
*Macd.* And all my Children?
*Roſſe.* Well too.
*Macd.* The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
*Roſſe.* No: they were at peace, when I did leaue 'em.
*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your ſpeech. How goes't?
*Roſſe.* When I came hither to tranſport the Tydings
Which I haue heauy borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes that were out,
Which was to my beliefe witneſſ'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our Women fight,
To doote their diſeaſes.
*Mal.* Be't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Soldier, none
That Chriſtendome giues out.
*Roſſe.* Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert aire,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
*Macd.* What concerne they,
The generall cauſe, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to ſome ſingle breſt?
*Roſſe.* No mind that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.
*Macd.* If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.
*Roſſe.* Let not your eares deſpiſe my tongue for euer,
Which ſhall a moſt poore Matron wound it ſelfe
That euer yet they heard.
*Macd.* Humh: I gueſſe at it.
*Roſſe.* Your Caſtle is ſurpriſ'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely ſlaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.
*Mal.* Merciful Heauen:
What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue ſorrow words, the griefe that do's not ſpeake,
Whiſpers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.
*Macd.* My Children too?
*Roſſe.* Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.
*Macd.* And I muſt be from thence! My wife kill'd too?
*Roſſe.* I haue ſaid.
*Mal.* Be comforted.
Let's make vs Medicines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.
*Macd.* He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? O Hell-kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Dam
At one fell ſwoope?
*Mal.* Diſpute it like a man.
*Macd.* I ſhall do ſo

But I must also feele it as a man
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinne, *Master*,
Teares were all stroke for euer. Nay, to this hour,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules. Heauen reioyce not now
*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut short all intermission. Front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my sword's length set him, if he scape
Heauen forgiue him too.
*Mal.* This time goes manly.
Come go we to the King, our Powre is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but your absence. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their instruments. Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long that neuer finds the Day. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I haue two Nights watch'd with you, but can perceiue no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

*Gent.* Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gowne vpon her, vnlocke her Closet, take forth paper, fold it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards seale it, and againe returne to bed, yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may, to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witnesse to confirme my speech.

*Enter Lady with a Taper.*

Lo you, heere she comes. This is her very guise, and vpon my life, fast asleepe. Obserue her, stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense are shut.

*Doct.* What is it she now do's?

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

*Lady.* Yet heere's a spot.

*Doct.* Heare her speake, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady.* Out damned Spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie my Lord, fie, a Soldier, and afeard? What need we feare who knowes it, when none can call our power to accompt: yet who would haue thought the old man to haue had so much blood in him.

*Doct.* Do you marke that?

*Lady.* The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be clean? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go too, go too:
You haue known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heauen knowes what she has known.

*Lady.* Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh.

*Doct.* What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

*Gent.* I would not haue such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well.

*Gent.* Pray God it be sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue known those which haue walk'd in their sleep, who haue dyed holily in their beds.

*Lady.* Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not so pale. I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried, he cannot come out on's graue.

*Doct.* Euen so?

*Lady.* To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

*Exit Lady.*

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foule whisp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets.
More needs she the Diuine, than the Physician.
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes vpon her. So good night:
My minde she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I thinke, but dare not speake.

*Gent.* Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English powre is neere led on by *Malcolme*, his Vncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them, for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.
*Ang.* Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.
*Cath.* Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?
*Len.* For certaine Sir, he is not. I haue a File
Of all the Gentry, there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many vnrough youths, that euen now
Protest their first of Manhood.
*Ment.* What does the Tyrant.
*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies.
Some say he's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.
*Ang.* Now does he feele
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts vpbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in loue. Now does he feele his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.
*Ment.* Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyle and start,
When all that is within him do's condemne
Itselfe, for being there?
*Cath.* Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Country purges,
Each drop of vs.
*Lenox.* Or so much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower and drowne the Weeds.
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Mach.* Bring me no more Reportes, let them fly all
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme?*
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer tagge with horrid feare, nor shake with feare.
*Enter Seruant.*
The Deuill Damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone!
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke?
*Ser.* There is ten thousand.
*Mach.* Geese Villaine?
*Ser.* Soldiers Sir.
*Mach.* Go prick thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counsellers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?
*Ser.* The English Force, so please you.
*Mach.* Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sicke at heart,
When I behold. *Seyton*, I say, this push
Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough, my way of life
Is fall'n into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to haue, but in their steed,
Curses not loud but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
*Seyton?*
*Enter Seyton.*
*Sey.* What's your gracious pleasure?
*Mach.* What Newes more?
*Sey.* All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.
*Mach.* Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.
Giue me my Armor.
*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.
*Mach.* Ile put it on.
Send out more Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor.
How does your Patient, Doctor?
*Doct.* Not so sicke my Lord,
As she is troubled with thicke-coming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.
*Mach.* Cure of that.
Can'st thou not Minister to a mynde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perilous stuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?
*Doct.* Therein the Patient
Must minister to himselfe.
*Mach.* Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe.
*Seyton*, send out. Doctor, the Thanes flye from me.
Come sir dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say.
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would scowre these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
*Doct.* I my good Lord, your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare something.
*Mach.* Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane
Till Byrnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.
*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and cleere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seward Macduffe, Seyward, Seuen Souldiers, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Souldiers Marching.*

*Malc.* Cosins I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That chambers will be safe.
*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.
*Siew.* What wood is this before vs?
*Ment.* The wood of Byrnane.
*Malc.* Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discouery
Erre in report of vs.
*Sould.* It shall be done.
*Siew.* We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure
Our setting downe before't.
*Malc.* 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and leſſe haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none serue with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
*Macd.* Let our iust Censures
Attend the true euent, and put we on

[illegible]

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Macbeth, [illegible] & Seruants, with Drumme and Colours.*

*Macb.* Hang our Banners on the outward walls,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Seemes bruited: Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I beg'e not. *Exit. Alarums.*

*Enter Malcolme and Seward.*

*Sey.* This way my Lord, the Castle gently rendred:
The Tyrants people on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.
*Malc.* We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.
*Sey.* Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt. Alarum.*

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Mach.* Why then is this part of Romane Fame, and the
On mine owne sword: Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better vpon them.

*Enter Macduffe.*

*Macd.* Turne Hell-hound, turne.
*Mach.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
*Macd.* I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can giue thee out. *Fight. Alarum.*
*Macb.* Thou loosest labour.
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
Wound with thy keenest Sword, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.
*Macd.* Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers wombe
Vntimely ripp'd.
*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Juggling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with vs in a double sence;
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. I'le not fight with thee.
*Macd.* Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th time.
Wee'l have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.
*Macb.* I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last: before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him that first cries hold enough.
*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*

*Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.*

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolme, Seward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.*
*Mal.* I would it were the good of your Noble Friends are
*Sey.* Some must go off: and yet (by these I see)
So great a day, as fits the Conquest.
*Mal.* Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Son.
*Ross.* Your Son my Lord, has paid a soldiers debt:
He only liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
*Sey.* Then he is dead?
*Ross.* Ay and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
*Sey.* Had he his hurts before?
*Ross.* I, on the front.
*Sey.* Why then, God's Soldier be he:
Had I as many sonnes as I have haires,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.
*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,
And that shall have it: he can speake, and die,
And speake of it: Now all my Cares are done,
Saue what is spoken, or done for memories.
Not those of mine, but our generall Ills,
Are heavy on me: Thus much for my selfe,
Figure it, and I stand both bound and vow'd
To all the Friends I have, to end the Tyrant,
And by his fall, to make a Kingdome happie.
*Sey.* Let vs rest our Royall Father heere,
And summon their best Councell to the Schoole:
Who are yet strangers here, but heare it said
They are call'd from farre, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.
*Flourish.* *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

# THE TRAGEDIE OF
## HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

### Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

*Bar.* Who's there?

*Fran.* Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold

*Bar.* Long liue the King

*Fran.* Barnardo?

*Bar.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully vpon your houre

*Bar.* 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed Francisco

*Fran.* For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart

*Bar.* Haue you had quiet Guard?

*Fran.* Not a Mouse stirring

*Bar.* Well, good night. If you do meet Horatio and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

*Fran.* I think I heare them. Stand: who's there?

*Hor.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And Leige-men to the Dane.

*Fran.* Giue you good night.

*Mar.* O farwell honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

*Fra.* Barnardo has my place: giue you good night. Exit Fran.

*Mar.* Holla Barnardo

*Bar.* Say, what is Horatio there?

*Hor.* A peece of him.

*Bar.* Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

*Mar.* What, has this thing appear'd again to night.

*Bar.* I haue seene nothing.

*Mar.* Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

*Hor.* Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

*Bar.* Sit downe awhile,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue seene.

*Hor.* Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

*Bar.* Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illume that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off, looke where it comes againe.

Enter the Ghost

*Bar.* In the same figure like the King that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a Scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

*Bar.* Looks it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

*Hor.* Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.

*Bar.* It would be spoke too.

*Mar.* Question it *Horatio*.

*Hor.* What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march? By Heauen I charge thee speake.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Bar.* See it stalkes away.

*Hor.* Stay: speake, speake I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Bar.* How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What think you on't?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this beleeue
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the King?

*Hor.* As thou art to thy selfe.
Such was the very Armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Polax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke hath he gone by our Watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

*Mar.* Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for implements of warre:
Why this impresse of shipwrights, whose sore taske
Does not diuide the Sunday from the weeke.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day
Who is't that can informe me?

*Hor.* That can I,

At least the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*; who by a Seal'd Compact
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeit (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seized of, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article design'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now Young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnseene prooued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there
Sham'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprise
That hath a Stomacke in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And terms Compulsatiue those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Source of this our Watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

*Enter Ghost againe.*

But soft, behold: Lo where it comes againe.
Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay illusion.
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,
Speake to me: If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me, speake to me:
If thou art priuy to thy Countries fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) O speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death,)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.
*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?
*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.
*Barn.* 'Tis heere.
*Hor.* 'Tis heere.
*Mar.* 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, inuulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious Mockerie.
*Barn.* It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.
*Hor.* And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearefull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the Morn
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine: and of the truth herein
This present Obiect made probation.
*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some say, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Sauiour's Natiuity is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and so gracious is that time.
*Hor.* So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eastward Hill.
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*. For vpon my life
This Spirit dumbe to vs will speake to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conueniently. Exeunt

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter the new King of Denmark, Queene the Queene, Hamlet, Counsellors, and Attendants with O- fficers.*

*King.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brother's death
The memory be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of Woe,
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queene,
The Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere with a defeated Ioy,
With an Auspicious, and a dropping Eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole,
Taken to Wife: nor haue we herein Barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along. For all, our Thankes.
Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth,
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with this dreame of his Aduantage,
He hath not fayled to pester vs with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

*Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.*

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who impotent and Bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppresse
His further gate herein. In that the Leuies,
The Lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his Subiect: and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearer hereof, to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more than the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
*Volt.* In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.
*King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

*Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.*

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?

You to vpbraide me? wil you [illegible] *Laertes*?
For, cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce: what would you haue good *Laertes*,
That drawes not one with Power to draw with you?
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
The hand more instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would you haue *Laertes*?
*Laer.* Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
*King.* Haue you your Fathers leaue? What saies *Polonius*?
*Pol.* He hath my Lord:
I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.
*King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And your best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?
*Ham.* A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.
*King.* How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
*Ham.* Not so my Lord, I am too much i'the Sun.
*Queen.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nyghtly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy vayled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
Passing through Nature to Eternity.
*Ham.* I Madam, it is common.
*Queen.* If it be;
Why seemes it so particular with thee.
*Ham.* Seemes Madam? Nay it is, I know not Seemes.
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake good Mother,
Nor Customary suits of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moodes, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truely. These indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that within which passeth show,
These but the Trappings and the Suites of woe.
*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in
Your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow: But to perséuer
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnesse: 'tis vnmanly greefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Mind impatient,
An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd.
For what we know must be, and is common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peeuish Opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cryed,
From the first Corse till he that died to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father: For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Here in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefe Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.
*Qu.* Let not thy Mother lose her prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.
*Ham.* I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.
*King.* Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as ourselfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouce the Heauens shall bruite againe,
Re-speaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
His Canon 'gainst Seale-slaughter. O God, O God
How weary stale flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it merely. That it should come to this
But two months dead: Nay, not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
*Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember? why she would hang on him,
As if increase of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on: and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't. Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like Niobe, all teares. Why she, euen she.
(O heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets.
It is not, nor it cannot come to good
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* Haile to your Lordship.
*Ham.* I am glad to see you well
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.
*Hor.* The same my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.
*Ham.* Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

*Mar-*

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you, good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge?*

*Hor.* A truant disposition good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your Enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant.
But what is your affaire in Elsenour?
We'l teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

*Hor.* My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

*Ham.* I pray thee doe not mocke me (fellow Student)
I think it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

*Ham.* Thrift thrift *Horatio*, the Funerall bakt-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio.*
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

*Hor.* O where my Lord?

*Ham.* In my mindes eye (*Horatio*)

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look vpon his like againe.

*Hor.* My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw? Who?

*Hor.* My Lord, the King your Father.

*Ham.* The King my Father?

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare, till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.

*Ham.* For Heauens loue let me heare.

*Hor.* Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
*Marcellus* and *Bernardo*, on their Watch
In the dead waste and middle of the night
Been thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Armed at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appeares before them, and with solemne march
Goes slow and stately. By them thrice he walkt,
By their oppressed and feare-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they distilled
Almost to Jelly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht.

*Ham.* Did you not speake to it?

*Hor.* My Lord, I did,
But answere made it none. Yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake.
But even then the Morning Cocke crew lowd,
And at the sound it shrunke in haste away,
And vanisht from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do liue my honoured Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?

*Both.* We do my Lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Both.* Arm'd, my Lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Both.* My Lord, from head to foote.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

*Ham.* What, look't he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay very pale.

*Ham.* And fixt his eyes vpon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would haue much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, very like. Stayd it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

*Both.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizly? no.

*Hor.* It was as I haue seene it in his life,
A Sable Siluered.

*Ham.* I will watch to Night, perchance 'twill walke againe.

*Hor.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it though Hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still.
And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues, so fare ye well.
Vpon the Platforme 'twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*

*Ham.* Your loue as mine to you, farewell.
My Father's Spirit in Armes! All is not well
I doubt some foule play, would the Night were come.
Till then sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelme them to mens eies. *Exit*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Laertes and Ophelia.*

*Laer.* My necessaries are imbarkt, Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is assistant, doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.

*Ophe.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in Blood;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting
The perfume and suppliance of a minute? No more.

*Ophe.* No more but so.

*Laer.* Think it no more:
For nature crescent does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulke, but as this Temple waxes,
The inward seruice of the Mind and Soule
Grows wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare, but you must feare

His greatest feare is what in vs thee lies,
For he is wise, is watch'd as the Lawes
Hee may not, as vnto his Person due,
Carue for himselfe, for on his choyce depends
The safety and health of this whole State,
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your Wisedome so farre to beleeue it,
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs,
Or lose your Heart, or your chaste Treasure open
To his vnmaster'd importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the rereward of your Affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes,
The Canker galles the infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.
*Ophe.* I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchman to my heart. But good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a puft and reckelesse Libertine
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his owne reede.
*Laer.* O, feare me not.

*Enter Polonius.*

I stay too long: but here my Father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
*Polon.* Yet here Laertes? Aboard, aboard for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sayle,
And you are staid for. There, my blessing with you,
And these few Precepts in thy memory
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But do not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each vnhatch'd, vnbreathed Companie. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare, but few thy voyce.
Take each mans censure, but reserue thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancie, rich not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man,
And they in France of the best ranke and station,
Are most select and generous chiefe in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loane oft loses both it selfe and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true,
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.
*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leaue my Lord.
*Polon.* The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend
*Laer.* Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.
*Ophe.* 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
*Laer.* Farewell. *Exit Laer.*
*Polon.* What is't *Ophelia* he hath said to you?
*Ophe.* So please you, something touching the L. *Hamlet.*
*Polon.* Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me;
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not vnderstand your selfe so clearely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?
*Ophe.* He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
*Polon.* Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
Vnsifted in such perilous Circumstance.
Do you beleeue his tenders as you call them?
*Ophe.* I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.
*Polon.* Marry I'le teach you, think your selfe a baby,
That you haue taken his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender your selfe more dearely;
Or not to crack the wind of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you tender me a foole.
*Ophe.* My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable fashion.
*Polon.* I fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
*Ophe.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.
*Polon.* I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the blood burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. From this time Daughter,
Be somthing scanter of your Maiesty
Then lately: Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not beleeue his vowes, for they are Brokers,
Not of that eye, which their inuestments show:
But meere implorators of vnholy Suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all
I would not, in plaine termes from this time forth,
Haue you so slander any moment leysure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke to't, I charge you, come your wayes.
*Ophe.* I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The Ayre bites shrewdly: it is very cold?
*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
*Ham.* What hower now?
*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelue.
*Mar.* No, it is strooke. (season,
*Hor.* I heard it not: it then draws neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.
What,

What does this meane my Lord?

*Ham.* The King is a wake to night, and takes

Keepes wassell, and the swaggering vpspring reeles,

And as he drayneth euery draught of Rhenish,

The Trumpets sound

*Hor.* Is it a custome?

*Ham.* I marry is't,

And to my mind though I am natiue here

And to the manner borne, it is a custome

More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

*Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes.

*Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee aires from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speake to thee: I'le call thee Hamlet,

King, Father, Royall Dane: O answer me:

Let me not burst in ignorance: but tell

Why thy canonized bones hearsed in death,

Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble iawes,

To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane,

That thou dead corse againe in complete steele,

Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,

Making night hideous? and we fooles of Nature

So horridly to shake our disposition,

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

*Mar.* Looke with what courteous action

It waues you to a more removed ground:

But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no meanes.

*Ham.* It will not speake; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not my Lord.

*Ham.* Why what should be the feare?

I do not set my life at a pins fee:

And for my soule, what can it do to that?

Being a thing immortall as it selfe:

It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the Flood, my Lord,

Or to the dreadfull Summet of the Cliffe,

That beetles o're his base into the Sea,

And there assumes some other horrible forme,

Which might deprive your Soueraignty of Reason,

And draw you into madnesse? thinke of it:

The very place puts toyes of desperation,

Without more motiue, into euery braine

That lookes so many fadoms to the Sea,

And heares it roare beneath.

*Ham.* It waues me still:

Go on, Ile follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go my Lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be ruled, you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,

And makes each petty Arture in this body

As hardy as the Nemean Lions nerue.

Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen,

By Heauen Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:

I say away: Go on, Ile follow thee.

*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Haue after, to what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

*Hor.* Heauen will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

From Worme-wood, from Worme-wood, and loue me truely.

Remember thee?

Yea, from the Table of my Memory,

Ile weare away all Records, all Formes, all Pressures past,

That youth and Obseruation copied there,

And thy Commandement all alone shall liue

Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,

Vnmixt with baser matter: yes, by Heauen.

O most pernicious woman!

*Ham.* Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!

My Tables, my Tables, meet it is I set it downe,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villaine:

At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke:

So Vncle there you are: Now to my word,

It is, Adieu, Adieu, remember me.

I haue sworne't.

*Hor.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Mar.* Lord Hamlet.

*Hor.* Heauen secure him.

*Ham.* So be it.

*Hor.* Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy: come, and come more,

Art thou there Truepenny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the Cellerage,

Consent to sweare.

*Hor.* Propose the Oath my Lord.

*Ham.* Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,

Sweare by my Sword.

*Ghost.* Sweare.

*Ham.* Hic & vbique? then we'le shift our ground:

Come hither Gentlemen,

And lay your hands againe vpon my Sword:

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard,

Sweare by my Sword.

*Ghost.* Sweare.

*Ham.* Well said Old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so fast?

A worthy Pioner: once more remoue good friends.

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.

There are more things in Heauen and Earth, Horatio,

Then are dreamt of in our Philosophy.

But come,

Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

How strange or odde some'er I beare my selfe,

As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet

To put an Antick disposition on:

That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall,

With Armes encombred thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase,

As well we know, or we could and if we would,

Or if we list to speake, or there be and if there might,

Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note

That you know ought of me: this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you,

Sweare.

*Ghost.* Sweare.

*Ham.* Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,

With all my loue I do commend me to you:

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is

May do t'expresse his loue and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,

But soft, me thinkes I eat the Mornings Ayre;
Brieflie sir me be [illegible] Steeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole
With iuice of cursed Hebenon in a Viol,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,
That swift as Quick-siluer it courses through
The natures [illegible] and Annealeth the Body,
And with a sodaine vigour doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into Milke.
The [illegible] blood [illegible],
And [illegible] Tetter barke about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my [illegible]
[illegible] was [illegible] Brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht;
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnaneald,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoeuer thou pursuest this Act,
[illegible] against thy Mother ought,
Leaue her to Heauen, and to those Thornes that [illegible]
In her owne [illegible] to prick and sting her.
Fare-well at once, remember me.
[illegible] Ear
[illegible] Ghost [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
Yea, [illegible] Meanes,
[illegible] Reuels,
And [illegible] meere wantonnesse,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Yea, [illegible] Maxims,
Retaine you all [illegible] yet, by Heauen
O most pernitious woman!
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables, meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villaine;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke:
So Vncle there you are, now to my word,
It is [illegible], [illegible] Remember.
*Hor.* [illegible] my Lord.
*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*
*Mar.* [illegible] *Hamlet*
[illegible]
*Mar.* [illegible]
[illegible] Lord.
[illegible]
[illegible] Lord?
*Hor.* [illegible]
*Ham.* [illegible]
*Hor.* [illegible] my Lord tell it.
*Ham.* No you'l reueale it.

*Hor.* Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.
*Mar.* Nor I, my Lord. (thinke?
*Ham.* How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be secret?
*Both.* I by Heau'n, my Lord.
*Ham.* There's neere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But he's an arrant knaue.
*Hor.* There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.
*Ham.* Why right, you are i'th'right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your businesse and desires shall point you:
For euery man hath businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile go pray.
*Hor.* These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
*Ham.* I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith heartily.
*Hor.* There's no offence my Lord.
*Ham.* Yes by Saint *Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
[illegible] to [illegible] Vpon [illegible]
[illegible] Gentlemen [illegible] you
[illegible] to know what is betweene vs,
Oster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore request.
*Hor.* What's my Lord? we will.
*Ham.* Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.
*Both.* My Lord, we will not.
*Ham.* Nay but swear't.
*Hor.* In faith my Lord not I.
*Mar.* Nor I my Lord in faith.
*Ham.* [illegible]
[illegible] me my Lord already.
[illegible]
(Ghost. [illegible] *vnder the Stage*
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Ham.* [illegible] my Lord.
[illegible] Nay but swear by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.
Sweare by my sword
(Ghost [illegible]
*Ham.* Aha boy, say'st thou so, art thou there truepenny? Come on, you heare this fellow in the Cellerage,
Consent to sweare.
*Hor.* Propose the Oath my Lord.
*Ham.* Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard,
Sweare by my sword.
(Ghost [illegible]
*Ham.* Hic & vbique? then we'l shift our ground. Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.
Sweare by my sword
(Ghost [illegible]
*Ham.* Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so fast? A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.
*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dreamt of in your Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde soe'er I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an Antick disposition on:)
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes encombred thus, or this head-shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;
As well we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,

That

## Act. Secund.

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
*Ophe.* No my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and denyed
His accesse to me.
*Pol.* That hath made him mad.
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iealousie:
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lacke discretion. Come go we to the King,
This must be knowne, which being kept close might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.*
*Cum alijs.*

*King.* Welcome deere *Rosencraus* and *Guildenstern*.
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
Since nor the exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I entreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And since so Neighbored to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.
*Qu.* Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show vs so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
*Ros.* Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.
*Guil.* But we both obey,
And heere giue vp our selues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.
*King.* Thankes *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildenstern*.
*Qu.* Thankes *Guildenstern* and gentle *Rosencraus*.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of you,
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
*Guil.* Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

*Queene.* Amen.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th'Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returned.
*King.* Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes
*Pol.* Haue I my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duine, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King
And I do think, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie
*King.* Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.
*Pol.* Giue first admittance to th'Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.
*King.* Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and source of all your Sonnes distempet.
*Qu.* I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o'erhastie Marriage.

*Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.*

*King.* Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends
Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother Norway?
*Volt.* Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polacke.
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand Crowns in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to employ those Soldiers
So leuied as before, against the Polacke:
With an entreaty heerein further shewne
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As heerein are set downe.
*King.* It likes vs well
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer and think vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well took Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l feast together.
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*
*Pol.* This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie should be, what Duetie is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tedious the foole, the mantles and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.
*Qu.* More matter, with lesse Art.
*Pol.* Madam I sweare I vse no Art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pitie,
And pitie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.

Mad

Mauleres gra[illegible] and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus, perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in the Dutie and Obedience of
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surueie

*The Letter.*

*To the Celestiall and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia*

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde Phrase: but you shall heare thus in her excellent white bosome, these

*Qu.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

*Doubt thou the Starres are fire,*
*Doubt that the Sunne doth moue:*
*Doubt Truth to be a Liare,*
*But neuer doubt I loue.*

*I haue not art to reckon my groanes: but that I loue thee best, O most best, beleeue it. Adieu.*

*Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shewed me.
And more aboue, hath his solicitings
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.

*King.* But how hath she receiued his Loue?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithfull and Honourable.

*Pol.* I would fain proue so. But what might you think?
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me what might you
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene here, think,
Had I plaid the Deske or Table-booke
Or giuen my heart a working, mute and dumbe
Or looked vpon this Loue with idle sight
What might you think? no I went round to worke,
And (my young Mistris) thus I did bespeake
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then I Precepts gaue her,
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulsed (a short Tale to make)
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakenesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse wherein now he raues,
And all we waile for.

*King.* Do you think 'tis this?

*Qu.* It may be very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that)
That I haue positiuely said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances lead me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, here
In the Lobby.

*Qu.* So he has indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not
And be not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

*King.* We shall try it.

*Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.*

*Qu.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

*Pol.* Away I do beseech you both away,
Ile board him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*
O giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my Lord?

*Ham.* I: for to be honest as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of two thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the Sunne breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th' Sunne. Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first, he said I was a Fishmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truely in my youth, I suffered much extremity for Loue: very neere this. I'le speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my Lord?

*Ham.* Betweene who?

*Pol.* I meane the matter you meane my Lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, Sir: for the Satyricall Rogue sayes heere, that old men haue grey Beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme, and that they haue a plentifull lacke of Wit, together with weake Hammes: All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleeue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe Sir, shall be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the Aire my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my Graue?

*Pol.* Indeed that is out o'th' Aire.
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And suddenly contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you

*Ham.* You cannot take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fooles.

*Pol.* You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

*Enter Rosencrane and Guildenstarne.*

*Ros.* God blesse you Sir.

*Guild.* Mine honoured Lord.

*Ros.* My most deare Lord.

*Ham.* My excellent good friends. How do'st thou *Guildenstarne*? Oh *Rosencrane*, good lads. How doe ye both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guild.* Happy in that we are not ouer happy on Fortunes cap: we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soales of her shooe?

*Ros.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour?

*Guild.* Faith her priuates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of Fortune? O most true: she is a strumpet. What's the newes?

*Ros.* None my Lord, but that the World's growne honest.

*Ham.* Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guild.* Prison my Lord?

*Ham.* Denmarke's a prison.

*Ros.* Then is the World one.

*Ham.* A goodly one, wherein there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons: Denmarke being one o'th worst.

*Ros.* We think not so my Lord.

*Ham.* Why then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space, were it not that I haue bad dreames.

*Guild.* Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meerely the shadow of a Dreame.

*Ham.* A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truely, and I hold Ambition of so aery and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our Beggers bodies, and our Monarchs and outstretcht Heroes the Beggers shadowes. Shall we to the Court: for by my fay I cannot reason.

*Both.* We'll waite vpon you.

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsonower?

*Ros.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thankes are too deare a halfepenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale iustly with me: come, come: nay speake.

*Guild.* What should we say my Lord?

*Ham.* Why any thing: But to the purpose, you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes which your modesties haue not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end my Lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our euer-preserued loue, and by what more deare a better proposer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

*Ros.* What say you?

*Ham.* Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

*Guild.* My Lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why: so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery of your secrecie to the King and Queene moult no feather. I haue of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercises: and indeed it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the Earth seemes to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you this braue o'erhanging firmament, this Maiestical Roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeares no other thing to me, than a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in forme and mouing how expresse and admirable! in action how like an Angell! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the Paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

*Ros.* My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did ye laugh then, when I said, Man delights not me?

*Ros.* To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue from you: we coted them on the way, and hither are they comming, to offer you Seruice.

*Ham.* He that plaies the King shall be welcome: his Maiesty shall haue tribute of me: the aduenturous Knight shall vse his foyle and target: the Louer shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle a'th sere: and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blanke Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

*Ros.* Euen those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

*Ham.* How chances it they trauell? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

*Ros.* I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so followed?

*Ros.* No indeed they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeauour keepes in the wonted pace. But there is Sir an Aerie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't: these are now the fa-

tadowes, and to be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselues to common Players (as it is most like, if our meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaime against their owne Succession?

*Rosin.* Faith there has been much to-do on both sides, and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to controuersie. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

*Ham.* Is't possible?

*Guil.* O there has been much throwing about of Braines.

*Ham.* Do the Boyes carry it away?

*Rosin.* I that they do (my Lord) Hercules and his load too.

*Ham.* It is not strange: For mine Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred Ducates a peece for his Picture in little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

*Flo.* (*within*) *For the Players.*

*Guil.* There are the Players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsonour: your hands, come: Th'appurtenance of Welcome is Fashion and Ceremony: Let me comply with you in this Garbe, lest my Extent to the Players (which I tell you must show fairely outward) should more appropriate to my Welcome then the Welcome to the Players. Welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother are deceiued.

*Guil.* In what my deere Lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad North North-West: when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be-met Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Hark you Guildenstern, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his Swadling-clouts.

*Rosin.* Happily he is the second time come to them: for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will Prophesie he comes to tell me of the Players: Mark it. You say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas indeed.

*Pol.* My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

When Roscius was an Actor in Rome—

*Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.

*Ham.* Buzze, buzze.

*Pol.* Vpon mine Honour.

*Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Asse——

*Pol.* The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Hiſtorie, Paſtorall, Paſtorall-Comicall, Hiſtorical-Paſtorall, Scene indiuidible, or Poem vnlimited: Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor Plautus too light for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the only men.

*Ham.* O Iephthah Iudge of Iſrael, what a Treaſure had'ſt thou?

*Pol.* What a Treaſure had he my Lord?

*Ham.* Why one faire Daughter and no more,

The which he lou'd paſſing well.

*Pol.* Still on my Daughter.

*Ham.* Am not I i'the right old Iephthah?

*Pol.* If you call me Iephthah my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue paſſing well.

*Ham.* Nay that followes not.

*Pol.* What follows then, my Lord?

*Ham.* Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to paſſe, as most like it was. The firſt rowe of the Pious Chanſon will ſhow you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

*Enter foure or five Players.*

You are welcome Maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well. Welcome good friends. O my old friend? Thy face is valanced ſince I ſaw thee laſt. Comeſt thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my young Lady and Miſtreſſe? By'lady your Ladyſhip is nearer Heauen than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a Chopine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not cracked within the ring. Maſters, you are all welcome. We'le e'ne to't like French Falconers, flie at any thing we ſee. We'le haue a ſpeech ſtraight. Come giue vs a taſte of your quality: come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

*1 Play.* What ſpeech my Lord?

*Ham.* I ever heard you ſay, a ſpeech once but ſung vnto me: I was one, for the Play I remember pleaſed not the Million, 'twas caviare to the Generall: but it was (as I receiued it, and others whoſe iudgements in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play, well digeſted in the Scenes, ſet downe with as much modeſtie as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there were no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter ſauoury, nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indict the Author of affectation, but called it an honeſt method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheeſly loued, 'twas Aeneas Tale to Dido, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of Priams ſlaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this line: let me ſee, let me ſee. The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian Beaſt——

*Pol.* 'Tis well, I'll haue thee ſpeake the reſt ſhortly.

*Ham.* Anon he finds him
Striking too ſhort at Greekes. His antique Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command. Vnequall match,
*Pyrrhus at Priam* driues, in Rage ſtrikes wide:
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerued Father falles. Then ſenſe of Ilium,
Seemd to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Baſe, and with a hideous craſh
Takes Priams Counſell. Pyrrhus bleared eyne
Vpon the Anuile of his Sword,
Which was deſcending on the Milke-white head
O Reuerend *Priam*, ſeeme but for Ayre to ſtricke

So

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Rackes stand still,
The bold Windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region: So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours tempred for proofe keene,
With lesse remorse then now the sword
Now falne on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you Gods,
In generall Synode take away her power,
Breake all the Spokes and Fellies from her wheele,
And boule the round Nave downe the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends.
*Pol.* This is too long.
*Ham.* It shall to the Barbers with your beard. Prythee say on. He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Bawdry, or he sleepes. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.
*1. Player.* But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene
*Ham.* The mobled Queene?
*Pol.* That's good. Mobled Queene is good.
*1. Play.* Run barefoot up and downe,
Threatning the flame
With bisson rheume. A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all o're-teemed loynes,
A blanket in the Alarum feare caught up.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State would Treason have pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselves did see her then
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make mal-worke
In generall Synode bake bloud,
(Vn. [illegible])
Who this had seene, with eyne impearled in teares,
And broken words.
*Pol.* I'leave you sir: even my selfe am dead a sixt time at the verie point of Pronouncing.
*Ham.* 'Tis well, I'le see thee speake out the rest, soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players well bestowd. Do you hear, let them be well vs'd, for they are the Abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liv'd.
*Pol.* My Lord I will vse them according to their desart.
*Ham.* Gods bodykins man, better. Vse every man after his desart, and who shall scape whipping. Vse them after your owne honour and dignity. The lesse they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.
*Exit Polon.*
Come sirs.
*Hor.* Right glad I am to see thee Lord. See you play the first or second Prologue.
*1. Play.* I my Lord.
*Ham.* Are you good enough? Tomorrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dozen or sixteene lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? Could ye not?
*1. Play.* I my Lord.
*Ham.* Very well. Follow that Lord and looke you mock him not. My good friends, I'le leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsonower?

*Exit Rosin.* Good my Lord *Exeunt.*

*Manet Hamlet*

*Ham.* Ile God buy ye. Now I am alone.
O what a Rogue and Peasant slave am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working all his visage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*!
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion
That I have? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled Rascall, peake
Like John a dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing. No, not for a King,
Upon whose property and most deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by the Nose? gives me the Lye i'th Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lack Gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaves offall, bloudy a bawdy villaine!
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindlesse villaine!
Why what an Asse am I? This is most braue,
That I, the Son of a dear Father murthered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,
A Scullion! Fye upon't! Foh. About my Braine.
I have heard that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been strooke so to the Soule, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther though it have no tongue, will speake
With most miraculous Organe. I'le have these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vncle. Ile observe his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I have seene
May be the Deuill, and the Deuill hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits
Abuses me to damne me. I'le have grounds
More Relatiue than this. The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.*

*King.* And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
*Rosin.* He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.
*Guil.* Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.
*Qu.* Did he receiue you well?
*Rosin.* Most like a Gentleman.
*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.
*Rosin.* Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
*Qu.* Did you assay him to any pastime?
*Rosin.* Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We o're-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of joy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.
*Pol.* 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.
*King.* With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To see him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.
*Rosin.* We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*
*King.* Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*: Her father and my selfe (lawfull espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene
We may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no,
That thus he suffers for.
*Qu.* I shall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.
*Ophe.* Madam, I wish it may.
*Pol.* *Ophelia*, walke you here. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues. Read on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliuesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do sugar o're
The deuill himselfe.
*King.* O 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Than is my deede to my most painted word.
O heauie burthen.
*Pol.* I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; ay there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouered Country, from whose Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Than flye to others that we know not of?
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And lose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.
*Ophe.* Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?
*Ham.* I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.
*Ophe.* My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.
*Ham.* No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.
*Ophe.* My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.
*Ham.* Ha, ha! Are you honest?
*Ophe.* My Lord.
*Ham.* Are you faire?
*Ophe.* What means your Lordship?
*Ham.* That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.
*Ophe.* Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce
than your Honestie?
*Ham.* I truely: for the power of Beautie will sooner
transforme Honestie from what it is to a Bawd, than the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
proofe. I did loue you once.
*Ophe.* Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue so.
*Ham.* You should haue beleeued me. For vertue
cannot so inoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loued you not.
*Ophe.* I was the more deceiued.
*Ham.* Get thee to a Nunnery. Why would'st thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better
my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my beck,
than I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
them shape, or time to act them in. What should such
fel-

*Enter Hamlet reading on a booke.*

*Ham.* [illegible]

*Ham.* [illegible]

*Ham.* [illegible]

*Hora.* [illegible]

*Ham.* [illegible]

*Hora.* [illegible]

*Ham.* [illegible]

*Hora

To feed, & cloath thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like abiurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faning? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyce,
And could of men distinguish her election
Hath seal'd thee for herselfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets and Rewards
Hath ta'en with equall thankes. And blest are those,
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes fingers,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core, ay in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comprises the neere Image
Of my Fathers death. What I told thee of,
When thou seest that Act a foot, even with
Even with the mine Vnkle. If his occulted guilt
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seene.
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Give him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.

*Hora.* Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and other Lords attended with Guard, bearing Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.*

*Ham.* They are coming to the Play, I must be idle:
Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Excellent I faith, of the Camelions dish: I eate the Ayre promise-crammed, you cannot feed Capons so.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now. My Lord, you played once i'th' Vniversity, you say?

*Polon.* That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

*Rosin.* I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

*Qu.* Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

*Ham.* No good Mother, here's Metall more attractive.

*Pol.* Oh ho do you marke that?

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lye in your Lap?

*Ophe.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

*Ophe.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Do you think I meant Country matters?

*Ophe.* I think nothing, my Lord.

*Ham.* That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs.

*Ophe.* What is my Lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Ophe.* You are merrie, my Lord?

*Ham.* Who I?

*Ophe.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* O God your only Jigge-maker. What should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother looks, and my Father died within's two Houres.

*Ophe.* Nay, 'tis twice two moneths my Lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a suite of Sables. O Heauens! die two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great mans Memorie may outlue his life halfe a yeare: But by'r Lady he must build Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, For O, For O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

*Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.*
*Enter a King and a Queene very lovingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes show of Protestation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Bancke of Flowers. She seeing him asleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres Poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, finds the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seemes to condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts his loue.* *Exeunt.*

*Ophe.* What means this, my Lord?

*Ham.* Marry this is Miching Mallecho, that means Mischeefe.

*Ophe.* Belike this show imports the Argument of the Play?

*Ham.* We shall know by these Fellowe: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.

*Ophe.* Will they tell vs what this show meant?

*Ham.* I or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

*Ophe.* You are naught, you are naught: Ile mark the Play.

*Enter Prologue.*
*For vs, and for our Tragedie,*
*Heere stooping to your Clemencie*
*We beg your hearing patiently.*

*Ham.* Is this a Prologue, or the Posie of a Ring?

*Ophe.* 'Tis briefe my Lord.

*Ham.* As Woman's loue.

*Enter King and the Queene.*

*King.* Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gone round,
Neptunes salt Wash and Tellus Orbed ground,
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in most sacred bands.

*Bap.* So many iourneys may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
For women's Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In

*Ham.* Sir, a whole History.
*Guild.* The King, sir.
*Ham* I sir, what of him?
*Guild.* Is in his retyrement, marvellous distempered.
*Ham.* With drinke Sir?
*Guild.* No my Lord, rather with choller.
*Ham.* Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.
*Guild.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wide from my affayre
*Ham.* I am tame Sir, pronounce.
*Guild.* The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you
*Ham.* You are welcome.
*Guild.* Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will doe your Mothers command ed: if not your pardon, and my returne shall be the end of my Businesse
*Ham* Sir, I cannot
*Guild* What my Lord?
*Ham* Make you a wholsome answere: my wits diseased. But sir, such answere as I can make, you shall command: or rather you say, my Mother therefore more anon to the matter. My Mother you say
*Rosin.* Then thus she layes: your behaviour hath strooke her into amazement, and admiration.
*Ham.* O wonderful Son, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?
*Rosin* She desires to speake with you in her Closset ere you go to bed
*Ham* We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with vs?
*Rosin.* My Lord, you once did love me.
*Ham.* So I do still, by these pickers and stealers
*Rosin.* Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your friend.
*Ham.* Sir I lacke Advancement.
*Rosin* How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?
*Ham.* I, but while the grasse grows, the Proverbe is something musty.

*Enter one with a Recorder.*

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you: why do you go about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toyle?
*Guild.* O my Lord, if my Duties be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.
*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?
*Guild.* My Lord, I cannot.
*Ham.* I pray you
*Guild* Believe me I cannot.
*Ham* I do beseech you.
*Guild.* I know no touch of it my Lord.
*Ham* 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventages with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you these are the stoppes.
*Guild.* But these cannot I command to any vtterance of harmony, I haue not the skill.
*Ham.* Why look you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon me; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie, you would sound me from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to be played on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you Sir.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Polon.* My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, and presently
*Ham.* Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape like a Camell.
*Polon.* By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.
*Ham.* Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.
*Polon.* It is backt'd like a Weazell.
*Ham.* Or like a Whale?
*Polon* Very like a Whale.
*Ham.* Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by
*Polon* I will say so *Exit.*
*Ham.* By and by, is easily said. Leaue me Friends
'Tis the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drinke hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now to my Mother
O Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not ever
The Soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome
I will speake daggers to her, but vse none,
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites,
How in my words soeuer she be shent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

*Enter King, Rosencrance and Guildensterne*

*King* I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.
*Guild* We will our selues prouide.
Most holy and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie
*Rosin* The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it safe, from most accidentall more,
That spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
Dies not alone: like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adioyned, which when it falles,
Each small annexment, petty consequence
Attends the boysterous Ruine. Neuer alone did the King sigh, but with a generall grone.
*King.* Arme you I pray you to this speedie Voyage,
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Which now goes too free-footed.
*Both.* We will attend vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closet.
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
*King.* Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is rancke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauen
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is past. But oh what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther?
That cannot be, since I am still possest
Of those effects for which I did the Murther
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition and my Queene.
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
And oft 'tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosome, black as death!
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Helpe Angels, make assay.
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'le do't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd, that would be scand'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his sole Sonne, do this same Villaine send
To heauen. Why this is Hire and Salary, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen.
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heauy with him, and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No
Vp sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke asleepe, or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That has no relish of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*
*King.* My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

*Enter Queene and Polonius.*

*Pol.* He will come straight
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene here.
Pray you be round with him.
*Ham.* (within.) Mother, mother, mother.
*Qu.* Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now Mother, what's the matter?
*Qu. Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.
*Ham.* Mother, you haue my Father much offended.
*Qu.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
*Ham.* Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
*Qu.* Why how now *Hamlet*! (Wicked)
*Ham.* What's the matter now?
*Qu.* Haue you forgot me?
*Ham.* No by the Rood not so.
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
*Qu.* Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge.
You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you?
*Qu.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe ho.
*Pol.* What ho, helpe, helpe, helpe.
*Ham.* How now a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
*Pol.* O I am slaine. *Kills Polonius*
*Qu.* O me, what hast thou done?
*Ham.* Nay I know not, is it the King?
*Qu.* O what a rash, and bloody deed is this?
*Ham.* A bloody deed almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
*Qu.* As kill a King?
*Ham.* I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is proofe and bulwarke against Sense.
*Qu.* What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me?
*Ham.* Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
Calls Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. O such a deed,

As

As from the body of Contraction plucker
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristful visage as against the doome,
Is thought-sicke at the act.
*Qu.* Ay me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.
*Ham.* Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
*Hyperions* curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what follows
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would step from this to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath cousned you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou can'st mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe, as actiuely doth burne,
As hot in paulters Web.
*Qu.* O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.
*Ham.* Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Stye.
*Qu.* O, speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet *Hamlet*
*Ham.* A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.
*Qu.* No more.

*Enter Ghost*

*Ham.* A King of shreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would your gracious figure?
*Qu.* Alas he's mad
*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That lapst in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? O say.
*Ghost.* Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*
*Ham.* How is it with you Lady?
*Qu.* Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with the incorporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. O gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?
*Ham.* On him, on him. Look you how pale he glares
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pitteous action you conuert
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
*Qu.* To who do you speake this?
*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?
*Qu.* Nothing at all, yet all that is I see
*Ham.* Nor did you nothing heare?
*Qu.* No nothing, but our selues
*Ham.* Why look you there. Looke how it steales away
My Father in his habite as he liued.
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*
*Qu.* This is the very coynage of your Braine.
This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.
*Ham.* Extasie!
My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I haue vttered: bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word; which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spred the Compost on the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue.
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe, and woe for leaue to do him good.
*Qu.* O *Hamlet*,
Thou hast clest my heart in twaine.
*Ham.* O throw away the worser part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue if you haue it not. That monster
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gaue him. So again good night.
I must be cruell, only to be kinde;
Thus bad begins and worse remaines behinde.
*Qu.* What shall I do?
*Ham.* Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
[illegible] you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
No in despight of Sense and Secrecie,
Unpegge the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.
*Qu.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breath
What thou hast said to me
*Ham.* I must to England you know that?
*Qu.* Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.
*Ham.* This man shall set me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.
*Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*
*Enter King.*
*King.* There's matters [illegible] sighes
The profound effects
Do [illegible] translate: Ile see we understand them.
Where is your Sonne?
*Qu.* Ah my good Lord, what I have seene to night?
*King.* What Gertrude? How does *Hamlet?*
*Qu.* Mad as the Seas and Winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier: in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseene good old man.
*King.* O heavy deed,
It had been so with us had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laide to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrained and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
*Qu.* To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Ore
Among a Mineral of Metalls base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.
*King.* O Gertrude, come away:
The Sunne no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed,
We must with all our Majesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
Ho Guildenstern?
Friends both go joyne you with some further ayde:
*Hamlet* in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,
And from his Mother Closset hath he drag'd him
Go seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haste in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come Gertrude, wee'l call up our wisest friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Safely stowed.
*Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.*
*Ham.* What noise? Who cals on *Hamlet?*
Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*
*Ro.* What have you done my Lord with the dead body?
*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kinne.
*Rosin.* Tell us where 'tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.
*Ham.* Do not believe it.
*Rosin.* Believe what?
*Ham.* That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spunge, what replication should be made by the Sonne of a King.
*Rosin.* Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?
*Ham.* I sir, that sokes up the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best service in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and Spunge you shall be dry again.
*Rosin.* I understand you not my Lord.
*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.
*Rosin.* My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.
*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the King is not with the body. The King, a thing ——
*Guild.* A thing, my Lord?
*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox and all after. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King.*

*King.* I have sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th'Offender scourge is weigh'd
But never the offence: to beare all smooth, and even,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*
How now? What hath befalne?
*Rosin.* Where the cold body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.
*King.* But where is he?
*Rosin.* Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.
*King.* Bring him before us.
*Rosin.* Hoa, *Guildensterne!* Bring in my Lord.

*Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.*

*King.* Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*
*Ham.* At Supper.
*King.* At Supper? Where?
*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine convocation of wormes are e'ating him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable service to dishes, but to one Table that's the end.
*King.* What dost thou meane by this?
*Ham.*

*Ham.* Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

*King.* Where's *Polonius.*

*Ham.* In heaven, send him thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

*King.* Go seeke him there.

*Ham.* He will stay till ye come. *Exit.*

*King.* Hamlet, this deed of thine for thine especiall safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'Associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

*Ham.* For England?

*King.* I *Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a Cherube that sees him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

*King.* Thy loving Father *Hamlet.*

*Hamlet.* My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man and wife is one flesh, and so my Mother. Come, for England. *Exit*

*King.* Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leanes on th'Affaire: pray you make haft.
And England, if my loue thou hold'st at aught,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs: thou mayst not coldly set
Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

*Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.*

*For.* Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do't, my Lord.

*For.* Go softly on. *Exit.*

*Enter Queene and Horatio.*

*Qu.* I will not speake with her.

*Hor.* She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode will needs be pitied.

*Qu.* What would she haue?

*Hor.* She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection, they aym at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeild them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure yet much vnhappily.

*Qu.* 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue to some great amisse,
So full of Artlesse iealousie is guilt,
It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

*Enter Ophelia distracted.*

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

*Qu.* How now Ophelia?

*Oph.* How should I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandall shoone.

*Qu.* Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

*Oph.* Say you? Nay pray you marke.
*He is dead and gone Lady, &c.*
*At his head a grasse-greene turfe, &c.*

*Enter King.*

*Qu.* Nay but Ophelia.

*Oph.* Pray you marke.
*White his shroud as the Mountaine Snow.*

*Qu.* Alas looke here my Lord.

*Oph.* *Larded all with sweet flowers,*
*Which bewept to the graue did go*
*With true-loue showres.*

*King.* How do ye, pretty Lady?

*Oph.* Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

*King.* Conceit vpon her father.

*Oph.* Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this:
*To morrow is Saint Valentines day,*
*All in the morning betime,*
*And I a Maid at your window,*
*To be your Valentine.*
*Then vp he rose, and don'd his clothes & dupt the chamber dore,*
*Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.*

*King.* Pretty Ophelia.

*Oph.* Indeed la, without an oath Ile make an end on't:
*By Gis and by Saint Charity,*
*Alack and fie for shame,*
*Young men will do't if they come to't,*
*By Cock they are to blame.*
*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,*
*You promis'd me to wed.*
*So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,*
*An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot chuse but weepe, to think they should lay him i'th cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach. Good night Ladies, Good night sweet Ladies, Good night, good night. *Exit.*

*King.* Follow her close,
Giue her good watch I pray you.
Oh this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. O Gertrude Gertrude,
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battalions. First, her Father slaine:
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts and whispers
For good *Polonius* death, and we haue done but greenly,
In hugger mugger to inter him: Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her selfe and her fayre Iudgement,

With [illegible] Pictures, or meere Beasts.
[illegible] as Arithmetic,
[illegible] coine Commixture,
Keepes [illegible], keepes in the Common ods,
[illegible] Leaues to [illegible] Feare
[illegible] Fathers death,
[illegible] to make Regard
[illegible] Vulgare
[illegible]. O [illegible] Instruments,
[illegible] Pieces,
Giues me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Qu.* A'le, What noyse is this?
*King.* Where are my Switzers?
Let [illegible] alone. What is the matter?
*Gent.* Saue your selfe, my Lord
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List
Eates not the Flats with more impitious haste
To [illegible] head,
Cries cheerely you Gentlemen, not like a Mob.
And as the [illegible] were but beg'd,
And [illegible], Custome not known,
The [illegible] Posts of Counsell, would,
Breake, eye of ewe *Laertes* breakes downe.
Cries Hands, and Feet, Captaines, and Councell cries the clouds,
*Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King.
*Qu.* How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
O this is counter you false Danish Dogges.
*Noyse within. Enter Laertes.*
*King.* The doores are broke
*Laer.* Where is this King? Sirs Stand you all without
*All.* No, let's come in.
*Laer.* I pray you giue me leaue.
*All.* We will, we will.
*Laer.* I thanke you, keepe the doore.
O thou vile King, giue me my Father
*Qu.* Calmely good *Laertes*
*Laer.* That drop of blood, that calmes
I shame the Father,
Crest like a Bastard on my Father, brow
Of my true Mother.
*King.* What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Gyant like?
Let him go *Gertrude*. Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenst. Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.
*Laer.* Where is my Father?
*King.* Dead.
*Qu.* But not by him.
*King.* Let him demand his fill.
*Laer.* How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To Hell Allegeance! Vowes to the blackest deuice,
Conscience and Grace to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.
*King.* Who shall stay you?
*Laer.* My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, I'le husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little

*King.* Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-Stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loser.
*Laer.* None but his Enemies
*King.* Will you know them then,
*Laer.* To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes.
And like the kinde Life-rendring Politician, Pelican
Repast them with my blood.
*King.* Why now you speake
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensibly in griefe for it,
It shall as leuel to your Iudgement pierce
As day does to your eye
*A noise within. Let her come in.*
*Enter Ophelia.*
*Laer.* How now? what noyse is that?
O heate dry vapour sup my Brayne, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen thy madnesse shall be payed by weight,
Till our Scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*
O Heauens, is't possible, a young Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.
*Oph.* They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beer,
*Hey no nony, nony, hey nony*
*And in his graue rain'd many a teare,*
*Fare you well my Doue.*
*Laer.* Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Reuenge
It could not move thus.
*Oph.* You must sing a downe, a downe, and you call him a downe-a. O how the wheele becomes it? It is the false Steward, that stole his Masters daughter.
*Laer.* This nothing's more then matter.
*Oph.* There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance.
Pray loue remember: and there is Pansies, that's for Thoughts.
*Laer.* A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitted.
*Oph.* There's Fennel for you, and Columbines: there's Rew for you: and here's some for me: we may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundayes: O you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Daysie: I would giue you some Violets, but they withered all when my Father dyed: They say he made a good end;
*For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy*
*Laer.* Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe.
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.
*Oph.* *And will he not come again,*
*And will he not come again?*
*No, no he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,*
*He never will come again.*
*His Beard as white as Snow,*
*All Flaxen was his Poll:*
*He is gone, he is gone and we cast away mone,*
*God a mercy on his Soule*
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*
*Laer.* Do you see this, you Gods?
*King.* *Laertes* I must common with your griefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

M[illegible] choice of w[illegible] your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Collateral hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioy'ntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.
*Laer.* Let this be so.
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall
No Trophee, Sword, or Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.
*King.* So you shall,
And where the offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

*Enter Horatio with an Attendant*

*Hora.* What are they that would speake with me?
*Ser.* Sailors Sir, they say they haue Letters for you.
*Hor.* Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

*Enter Sailor.*

*Sai.* God blesse you Sir.
*Hor.* Let him blesse thee too.
*Sai.* He shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter for you Sir. It comes from th' Ambassadors that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

*Reads the Letter*

HOratio *When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue these Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlike appointment gaue vs chace. Finding our selues too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the grapple, I boorded them. On the instant they got cleare of our Ship, so I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with me, like Thieues of Mercy: but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou would'st flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make the actions that you (and I) haue in hand grow dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance and Guyldenstone, hold their course for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

*He that thou knowest thine,*
Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit*

*Enter King and Laertes.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.
*Laer.* It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.
*King.* O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queene his Mother,
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conioyned to my life and soule,
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bowe againe,
And not where I had aym'd them.
*Laer.* And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,
Whose worth (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.
*King.* Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not think
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall heare more.
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine ——

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now? What Newes?
*Mes.* Letters my Lord from Hamlet.
This to your Majesty; this to the Queene.
*King.* From Hamlet? Who brought them?
*Mes.* Sailors my Lord, they say, I saw them not:
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiu'd them
Of him that brought them.
*King.* Laertes you shall heare them.
Leaue vs. *Exit Messenger.*
*High and Mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly eyes: when I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount the occasion of my sodaine and more strange returne. Hamlet.*
What should this mean? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
*Laer.* Know you the hand?
*King.* 'Tis Hamlets Character. Naked? And in a Postscript here he sayes alone. Can you deuise me?
*Laer.* I am lost in it my Lord. But let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.
*King.* If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?
*Laer.* If so be you shall not binde me either,
*King.* Then your owne peace. For the naked Prince
Returning through the perils of the Seas,
No more to England, I will worke him
To an exploit now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident. Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I haue seene my selfe, and serued against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebacke, but this Gallant

Had

Had witchcraft of his wit, or learned Spell,
And to such wonder doo copy his shape well,
As had he been incorpsed and demy-Natured
With the brave beast, he is all the sport would not
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of: what a Treason is here done?
*Laer.* A Norman was't?
*King.* A Norman.
*Laer.* Vpon my life *Lamound*
*King.* The very same.
*Laer.* The very Rapier and the Brooch indeed,
And gemme of all the Nation.
*King.* He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cryed out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the Scrimures of their Nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them: sir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming ore to play with him:
Now out of this.
*Laer.* What out of this, my Leige?
*King.* *Laertes* was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
*Laer.* Why ask you this?
*King.* Not that I think you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by time,
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
*Hamlet* comes back: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers Sonne indeed,
More then in words?
*Laer.* To cut his throat i'th' Church.
*King.* No place indeed should murther Sanctuarize,
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you do this, keepe close within your Chamber.
*Hamlet* returned shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads: he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbated, and in a pash of practise,
Requite him for your Father.
*Laer.* I will do't,
And for that purpose I'le annoint my sword.
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
*King.* Let's further think of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and means
May fit vs to our shape: if this should fayle;
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assayed: therefore this Project
Should haue a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proofe. Soft, let me see
We'll make a solemne wager on your commings,
That I am when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make you bowse more then vsuall drinke,
And that I call for drinke, I haue prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; now sweet Queene.

*Enter Queene.*

*Queen.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow: your Sisters drown'd *Laertes*
*Laer.* Drown'd! O where?
*Queen.* There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hoare leaues in the glassie streame
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name
But our cold Maids doe dead Mens fingers call them
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke: her clothes spread wide,
And Mermaid-like, awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
Pull'd the poore wretch from her melodious lay,
To muddy death.
*Laer.* Alas, then she is drown'd?
*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.
*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit*
*King.* Let's follow Gertrude
How much I had to do to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Clowners.*

*Clow.* I Ore-head her vnlesse she had ben confined to Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne saluation?
*Other.* I tell thee she is: therefore make her Grane straight: the Crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian buriall.
*Clow.* How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?
*Other.* Why 'tis found so.
*Clow.* It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot be else: for heere lies the point, If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act of Commission to offend, to offer, or commit: argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.
*Other.* Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.
*Clow.* Giue me leaue, heere lies the water: good: heere stands the man: good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he nill he, he goes, marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe. Argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.
*Other.* But is this law?
*Clo.* I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

*Other.*

*Other.* Will you ha the truth on's if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out o'Christian Buriall.

*Clo.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pitty that great folke should ha countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their even Christian. Come my Spade; there is no auncient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams* Profession.

*Other.* Was he a Gentleman?

*Clo.* He was the first that ever bore Armes.

*Other.* Why he had none.

*Clo.* What, art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* digg'd, could he digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe——

*Other.* Go too.

*Clo.* What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

*Other.* The Gallowes-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand Tenants.

*Clo.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may do well to thee. To't again, Come.

*Other.* Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

*Clo.* I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

*Other.* Marry, now I can tell.

*Clo.* To't.

*Other.* Mass I cannot tell.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.*

*Clo.* Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are aske this question next, say a Grave-maker: the houses he makes last till Doomesday. Go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

*Sings*

*In youth when I did love, did love,*
*me thought it was very sweete:*
*To contract O the time for a my behoue,*
*O me thought there was nothing meete.*

*Ham.* Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Grave-making?

*Hor.* Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sense.

*Clowne Sings*

*But Age with his stealing steps*
*hath caught me in his clutches:*
*And hath shipped me into the Land,*
*as if I had neuer been such.*

*Ham.* That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cains* iaw-bone, that did the first murther. It might be the Pate of a Politician, which this Asse now ore-offices; one that could circumuent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my Lord.

*Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a one's Horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

*Hor.* I, my Lord.

*Ham.* Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapelesse, and knocked about the Mazard with a Sexton's Spade, heere's fine Reuolution, and we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

*Clowne sings*

*A Pickaxe and a Spade a Spade,*
*For and a shrowding Sheete:*
*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,*
*for such a Guest is meete.*

*Ham.* There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why does he suffer this rude Knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouel, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? Hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to have his fine Pate full of fine dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more, ha?

*Hor.* Not a iot more, my Lord.

*Ham.* Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

*Hor.* I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes too.

*Ham.* They are Sheepe and Calues which seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow. Whose Grave's this Sir?

*Clo.* Mine Sir.

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,*
*for such a Guest is meete.*

*Ham.* I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

*Clo.* You lie out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours for my part. I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

*Clo.* 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou digge it for?

*Clo.* For no man Sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

*Clo.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*Clo.* One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the Knaue is? we must speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Peasant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

*Clo.* Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* I marry, why was he sent into England?

*Clo.* Why, because he was mad: hee shall recouer his wits there, or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* Why?

*Gen.* 'Tis not to be seene in him, there the men are as

*Hor.* How came he mad?

*Gen.* Very strangely they say.

*Ham.* How strange?

*Gen.* Faith e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Vpon what ground?

*Gen.* Why heere in Denmarke. I haue bin sixteene yeeres a boy time passes.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

*Gen.* I faith if he be not rotten before he die as we haue many pocky Coarses nowadayes, that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.

*Ham.* Why he, more then another?

*Gen.* Why sir, his hide is so tand with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your whoreson dead body. Heres a Scull now hath lien you i'th earth three and twenty yeares.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*Gen.* A whoreson mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you thinke it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*Gen.* A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a powr'd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull sir, was *Yorickes* Scull, the Kings Iester.

*Ham.* This?

*Gen.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick*! I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his backe a thousand times. And how abhorred my imagination is now? My gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft. Where be your Gibes now? Your Gambols? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on a Roare? Not one now, to mocke your owne Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that. Prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that my Lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou thinke *Alexander* looked o'this fashion i'th earth?

*Hor.* Euen so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? Pah.

*Hor.* Euen so my Lord.

*Ham.* To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No faith not a iot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it, as thus. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth into dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make Loame, and why of that Loame whereto he was conuerted might they not stopp a Beere barrell?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the Winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside, heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords, Attendants.*

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow, did with desperate hand,
For doe it owne life, 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and marke.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is *Laertes* a very Noble youth. Marke.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Priest.* Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd,
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command o're-swayes the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayer,
Shardes, Flints and Peebles, should be throwne on her
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites.
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of decent Burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

*Priest.* No more can be done.
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

*Laer.* Lay her i'th earth,
And from her fayre and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee churlish Priest,
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou lyest howling.

*Ham.* What the faire *Ophelia*?

*Queene.* Sweets to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maide)
And not haue strew'd thy Graue.

*Laer.* O terrible woer,
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most Ingenious sence
Depriued thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine Armes:
*Leapes in the grave.*
Now powre your dirt, vpon the liue and dead.
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
*Hamlet* the Dane.

*Laer.* The deuill take thy soule.

*Ham.* Thou prai'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not Spleenatiue and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseling feare. Away thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Qu. Hamlet Hamlet.*

*Gen.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme.
Vntill my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Qu.* O my Sonne what Theame?

*Ham.* I lou'd *Ophelia*, forty thousand Brothers
Could not (with all their quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Qu.* For loue of God forbeare him.

*Ham.* Come show me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocadile?

He

Ie doo'e. Doſt thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.
*Kin.* This is meere Madneſſe:
And thus a while the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Couplets are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
*Ham.* Heare you Sir:
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*
*Kin.* I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'l put the matter to the preſent push.
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue ſhall haue a liuing Monument.
An houre of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* So much for this Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumſtance.
*Hor.* Remember it my Lord?
*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me ſleepe; me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the Bilboes. raſhly,
(And prais'd be raſhneſſe for it) let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well,
When our deare plots do pauſe, and that ſhould teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
*Hor.* That is moſt certaine.
*Ham.* Vp from my Cabin
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Fingar'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnſeale
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio*,
O royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuize no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.
*Hor.* Is't poſſible?
*Ham.* Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leyſure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?
*Hor.* I beſeech you.
*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans ſeruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?
*Hor.* I, good my Lord.
*Ham.* An earneſt Conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare,
And ſtand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like Aſſes of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe Contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſſe,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſodaine death,
Not ſhriuing time allowed.
*Hor.* How was this ſeal'd?
*Ham.* Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subſcribd it, gaue't th' impreſſion, plac't it ſafely,
The changeling neuer knowne. Now, the ſubſequent day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was ſequent,
Thou know'ſt already.
*Hor.* So *Guyldenſterne* and *Rosencraus* go to't.
*Ham.* Why man they did make loue to this employment
They are not neere my Conſcience; their debate
Doth by their owne inſinuation
Grow out of nothing. Thou know'ſt *Alexanders* comes
Betweene the paſſe, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.
*Hor.* How was a King ſuch?
*Ham.* Does it not, thinkſt thee, ſtand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt betweene th' election and my hopes
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage, is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.
*Hor.* It muſt be ſhortly knowne to him from England
What is the iſſue of the buſineſſe there.
*Ham.* It will be ſhort,
The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Than to ſay one. But I am very ſorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelfe;
For by the image of my Cauſe I ſee
The Portraiture of his. He'le count his fauours
But ſure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring paſſion.
*Hor.* Peace, who comes heere?

*Enter young Oſricke.* (marke.

*Oſr.* Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to Denmarke.
*Ham.* I humbly thank you Sir, doſt know this waterflie?
*Hor.* No my good Lord.
*Ham.* Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings Meſſe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I ſaw ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.
*Oſr.* Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leyſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.
*Ham.* I will receiue it with all diligence of ſpirit; put your bonet to his right vſe: 'tis for the head.
*Oſr.* I thanke your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.
*Ham.* No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.
*Oſr.* It is indifferent cold my Lord, indeed.
*Ham.* Mee thinkes it is very ſoultry, and hot for my Complexion.

*Oſricke*

*Ofr.* Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soulry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter.

*Ham.* I beseech you remember.

*Ofr.* Nay in good earnest, for mine ease in good faith. Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Ofr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons, but well

*Ofr.* The sir King has wag'd with him six Barbary Horses against the which he has impon'd as I take it, six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the Carriages?

*Ofr.* The Carriages Sir, are the Hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more Germane to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides, I would it might be Hangers till then, but on: six Barbary Horses against six French swords their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this impon'd as you call it?

*Ofr.* The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits, He hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.

*Ham.* How if I answere no?

*Ofr.* I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall, if it please his Majestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me: let the Foyles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

*Ofr.* Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

*Ham.* To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

*Ofr.* I commend my duty to your Lordship.

*Ham.* Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's turne.

*Hor.* This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* He did Comply with his Dugge before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same Breede that I know the drossie age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trialls, the bubbles are out.

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my Lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so, since he went into France, I have been continually exercising: I shall win at the odds. but thou wouldst not think how ill all's heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gaine-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your minde dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defie augury, there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a Sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man has ought of what he leaues. What is't to leave betimes?

*Enter King, Queene Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.*

*King.* Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish't
With sore distraction. What I have done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roope in you awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse;
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*,
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
*Hamlet* is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o'r the house,
And hurt my Mother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my Revenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of known Honor,
I have a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name ungorged. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Give us Foyles. Come on.

*Laer.* Come one for me.

*Ham.* I'le be your foile *Laertes* in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th darkest night,
Stirre the fancy of your foile.

*Laer.* You mock me Sir.

*Ham.* No by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foyles yong *Osricke*,
Cousin *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

*Ham.* Very well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

*King.* I do not feare it,
I have seene you both
But since he is better, I have therefore oddes.

*Laer.* This is too heavy,
Let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well,
These Foyles have all a length. *Prepare to play.*

*Osricke.* I my good Lord

*King.* Set me the Stoopes of wine upon that Table.
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an Union shall he throw
Richer then that, which foure successive Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne have worne.

Give

Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
*Ham.* Come on sir.
*Laer.* Come on sir. *They play.*
*Ham.* One.
*Laer.* No.
*Ham.* Iudgement.
*Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.
*Laer.* Well, againe.
*King.* Stay, giue me drinke.
*Hamlet*, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup.
*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.*
*Ham.* Ile play this bout first, set by a-while
Come. Another hit, what say you?
*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confesse.
*King.* Our Sonne shall win.
*Qu.* He's fat, and scant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowses to thy Fortune, *Hamlet*.
*Ham.* Good Madam.
*King.* *Gertrude*, do not drinke.
*Qu.* I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
*King.* It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.
*Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
*Qu.* Come, let me wipe thy face.
*Laer.* My Lord, Ile hit him now.
*King.* I do not thinke it.
*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience.
*Ham.* Come for the third.
*Laertes*, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
*Laer.* Say you so? Come on. *Play.*
*Osr.* Nothing neither way.
*Laer.* Haue at you now.
*In scuffling they change Rapiers.*
*King.* Part them, they are incens'd.
*Ham.* Nay come, againe.
*Osr.* Looke to the Queene there ho.
*Ham.* They bleed on both sides. How is it my Lord?
*Osr.* How is't *Laertes*?
*Laer.* Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Osrick*,
I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treachery.
*Ham.* How does the Queene?
*King.* She swounds to see them bleede.
*Qu.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke,
O my deare *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyson'd.
*Ham.* Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treachery, seeke it out.
*Laer.* It is heere *Hamlet*.
*Hamlet*, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Vnnerued and venom'd: the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mother's poyson'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
*Ham.* The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
*Hurts the King.*
*All* Treason, Treason.
*King.* O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
*Ham.* Heere thou incestuous, murderous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
*Laer.* He is iustly seru'd.
It is a poyson temper'd by himselfe:
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
*Ham.* Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte,
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant, Death
Is strict in his Arrest) O I could tell you,
But let it be. *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liu'st, report me and my cause aright
To the vnsatisfied.
*Hor.* Neuer believe it,
I am more an Antike Roman than a Dane,
Heere's yet some Liquor left.
*Ham.* As th'art a man giue me the Cup.
I will go, by Heauen I will not.
O good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behinde me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Story.
*March afarre off, and shot within.*
What warlike noyse is this?

*Enter Osrick.*

*Osr.* Young *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from Poland
To the Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volley.
*Ham.* O I dye *Horatio*:
The potent poyson quite o're-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dies.*
*Hora.* Now cracke a Noble heart.
Good night sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why does the Drumme come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras with the Ambassadors with Drumme, Colours and Attendants.*

*Fort.* Where is this sight?
*Hor.* What is it ye would see?
If ought of woe or wonder cease your search.
*Fort.* This quarry cries on hauocke. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.
*Emb.* The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,

[illegible] to Canterbury [illegible] dead.
[illegible] how was this sealed?
*Hor.* Why, even in that was heauen ordinant.
[illegible] Not [illegible] sodaine,
[illegible] I had not [illegible] to thanke you:
[illegible] euer gaue commandement for their death.
[illegible] to vs to impeyson this bloodie question,
[illegible] on the Pallace Warres, and you from England
[illegible] Embassadors, that these Bootes
[illegible] on a stage be placed to the view,
[illegible] speake to yet vnknowing world,
[illegible] things came about. So shall you heare
[illegible] and vnnaturall acts,
[illegible] iudgements, casuall slaughters
[illegible] on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
[illegible] or purposes mistooke
[illegible] on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
*Fort.* Let vs haste to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me.
*Hor.* Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently performd,
Euen while mens minnes are wide,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.
*Fort.* Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally.
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the bodey; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are shot off.*

FINIS.

# THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Act I. Scæna I.

Kent

Duke of

Glou

Kent. I thought the King had more affected the Duke of

Glou. I cannot conceive you.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could, whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, Sir, a Son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have, Sir, a Son by Order of Law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:

Remember him hereafter as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The King is coming.

*Sound. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloucester.

*Glou.* I shall, my Lord.

*Lear.* Meane time we shall expresse our darker purpose.
Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawle toward death. Our son of *Cornwall*,
And you our no lesse louing Sonne of *Albany*,

*Cor.* Nothing.
*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.
*Cor.* Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth, I loue your Maiestie
According to my bond, no more nor less.
*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your fortunes.
*Cor.* Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me,
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, loue you, and most Honour you.
Why haue my Sisters husbands, if they say
They care for all the dower they haue?
That I will neuer haue, I neuer meant to take my portion, for my Father
Hauing once giuen me halfe, haue my Care, and Duetie,
Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.
*Lear.* But goest thou this to winne a Husband?
*Cor.* Nothing my Lord.
*Lear.* Nothing?
*Cor.* Nothing.
*Lear.* Speake againe.
*Cor.* Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth, I loue your Maiestie
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaime all my Paternall Care,
Propinquitie, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and relieued,
As thou my sometime Daughter.
*Kent.* Good my Liege.
*Lear.* Peace Kent,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nurserie. Hence and auoid my sight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Father heart from her, call France, who stirres?
Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albanie,
With my two Daughters Dowers, digest the third,
Let pride, which she cals plainnesse, marry her.
I do inuest you ioyntly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maiestie. Our selfe by Monthly course,
With reseruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turne. Only we shall retaine
The name, and all th'additions to a King: the sway,
Reuennew, execution of the rest,
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.
*Kent.* Royall *Lear*
Whom I haue euer honour'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Master followed,
As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.
*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawne, make from the shaft.
*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The Region of my heart: be Kent vnmannerly,
When Lear is mad, what would'st thou do old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall haue dread to speake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainnesse honour's bound,
When Maiestie falls to folly, reserue thy state,
And in thy best consideration checke
This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement,
Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reuerbe no hollownesse.
*Lear.* *Kent*, on thy life no more.
*Kent.* My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,
Thy safety being motiue.
*Lear.* Out of my sight.
*Kent.* See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.
*Lear.* Now by *Apollo*,
*Kent.* Now by *Apollo* King
Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.
*Lear.* O Vassall! Miscreant.
*Alb. Cor.* Deare Sir forbeare.
*Kent.* Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow
Vpon the foule disease reuoke thy guift,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou dost euill.
*Lear.* Heare me recreant on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou hast sought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durst neuer yet, and with strained pride,
To come betwixt our sentence, and our power,
Which nor our nature, nor our place can beare,
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome, if on the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,
This shall not be reuoked.
*Kent.* Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome liues hence, and banishment is here.
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
That iustly think'st, and hast most rightly said.
And your large speeches may your deeds approue,
That good effects may spring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adiew,
Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new. *Exit*

*Flourish. Enter Glester with France, and Burgundy Attendants.*

*Cor.* Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.
*Lear.* My Lord of *Burgundie*,
We first addresse towards you who with this King
Hath riuald for our Daughter, what in the least
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or cease your quest of Loue?
*Bur.* Most Royall Maiestie,
I craue no more than hath your Highnesse offer'd,
Nor will you tender lesse?
*Lear.* Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,
But now her prices are fallen. Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
*Bur.* I know no answer.
*Lear.* Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leaue her.
*Bur.* Pau-

*Bur.* Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in such conditions.
*Le.* Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
I'assent your loue a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch as vile Nature is asham'd
Almost t'acknowledge hers.
*Fra.* This is most strange,
That she whom euen but now was your obiect,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age
The best endeared, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of fauour. Sure her offence
Must be of such vnnaturall degree,
That monsters it, Or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint, which to beleeue of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.
*Cor.* I yet beseech your Maiesty
If for I want that glibnesse and oyly Art
To speake and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I'le do't before I speake, that you make works
It is no vicious blot, murther or foulnesse,
No vnchaste action or dishonored step
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath lost me in your liking.
*Lear.* Better thou had'st
Not been borne, then not t'haue pleas'd me better.
*Fra.* Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leaues the history vnspoke
That it intends to do. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloof from th'entire point. Will you haue her?
She is herselfe a Dowrie.
*Bur.* Royall King,
Giue but that portion which your selfe proposd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Duchesse of *Burgundie*.
*Lear.* Nothing: I haue sworne, I am firme.
*Bur.* I am sorry then you haue so lost a father,
That you must loose a husband.
*Cor.* Peace be with *Burgundie*,
Since that respects and Fortunes are his loue,
I shall not be his wife.
*Fra.* Fairest *Cordelia* that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My Loue should kindle to inflam'd respect.
Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of wat'rish *Burgundie*
Can buy this vnprizd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou loosest here a better where to finde.
*Lear.* Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:

*Come Noble Burgundy.*
*Fra.* Bid farewell to your Sisters.
*Cor.* The iewels of our Father, with washt eyes
*Cordelia* leaues you. I know you what you are,
And like a Sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
*Reg.* Prescribe not vs our duties.
*Gon.* Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you
At Fortunes almes. You haue obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.
*Cor.* Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper.
*Fra.* Come my faire *Cordelia*. Exit *France* and *Cor.*
*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I haue to say,
Of what most neerely appertains to vs both.
I think our Father will hence to night.
*Reg.* That's most certaine, and with you: next month with vs.
*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is, the obseruation we haue made of it hath not been little: he alwayes loued our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.
*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath euer but slenderly knowne himselfe.
*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash, then must we looke from his age to receiue not alone the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but therewithall the vnruly waywardnesse that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.
*Reg.* Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* banishment.
*Gon.* There is further compliment of leauetaking betweene *France* and him. Pray let vs hold our selues in that readinesse, which the busines craues. I feare his Daughter will scarce be welcome.
*Reg.* We shall further thinke of it.
*Gon.* We must do something, and i'the heate. Exeunt

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Bastard*

*Bast.* Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
My seruices are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations to deprive me?
For that I am some twelue or fourteene Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs
With Base? with baseness Bastardie? Base, Base?
Who in the lusty stealth of Nature take
More composition and fierce quality,
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Get tweene sleepe and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land,
Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard *Edmond*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word, Legitimate

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the base
Shall to'th'Legitimate. I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? prescribd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

*Bast.* So please your Lordship, none.

*Glou.* Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp that Letter?

*Bast.* I know no newes, my Lord.

*Glou.* What Paper were you reading?

*Bast.* Nothing, my Lord.

*Glou.* No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide it selfe. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need Spectacles.

*Bast.* I beseech you, Sir, pardon me: it is a Letter from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for so much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking.

*Glou.* Giue me the Letter, Sir.

*Bast.* I shall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:
The contents, as in part I vnderstand them,
Are to blame.

*Glou.* Let's see, let's see.

*Bast.* I hope for my Brothers iustification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.

*Glou. reads.* This policie and reuerence of Age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keepes our Fortunes from vs, till our oldnesse cannot relish them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe, till I waked him, you should enioy halfe his Reuenue for euer, and liue the beloued of your Brother, *Edgar*.
Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I waked him, you should enioy halfe his Reuenue? My sonne *Edgar*! Had he a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breed it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

*Bast.* It was not brought me, my Lord, there's the cunning of it: I found it throwne in at the Casement of my Closset.

*Glou.* You know the character to be your Brothers?

*Bast.* If the matter were good, my Lord, I durst swear it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine think it were not.

*Glou.* It is his.

*Bast.* It seemes his, but my Lord I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

*Glou.* Has he neuer before sounded you in this businesse?

*Bast.* Neuer, my Lord. But I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declining, the Father should be as Ward to the Son, and the Son manage his reuenue.

*Glou.* O Villaine, villaine! His very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, detested, brutish Villaine; worse then brutish! Go sirrah, seeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

*Bast.* I do not well know my L. Best had perhaps vpon some graue reason perswaded you to it.

*Glou.* But where is he?

*Bast.* Looke Sir, I'ld speake with him; but if you can finde him, pray you, finde him where, if you vnaduisedly proceed against him, may not only displace, but also make a great example of you.

*Glou.* Make your selfe inuisible, and search his Closset, the Booke is at hand, I will come to him, parts of this and my Brothers Letter, proue strange. Inuisible, and search? And a Booke? Ah Villaine! Where is he?

*Bast.* I thinke, my Lord, it were not conuenient you should finde him, vntill he hath pacified your Honour with your owne Sword, which I aduise you to take, or some other meane I will direct you to, by the which you may giue him his due, and winne your Noble Satisfaction. Your Honour knowes my Loue to your Lordship, and how farre I would not spare my selfe in any iust way of your Reuenge.

*Glou.* I thinke you do.

*Bast.* If your Honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, than this very Euening.

*Glou.* He cannot be such a Monster. *Edmond* seeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the businesse after your owne wisedome. I would vnstate my selfe, to be in a due resolution.

*Bast.* I will seeke him, Sir, presently: conuey the businesse as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

*Glou.* These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone portend no good to vs: though the wisedome of Nature can reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd by the sequent effects. Loue cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord; in Palaces, Treason; and the Bond cracked 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King falls from byas of Nature, there's Father against Child. We haue seene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow vs disquietly to our Graues. Find out this Villaine, *Edmond*, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the Noble and true hearted Kent banish'd, his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange.

*Exit.*

*Edg.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfeit of our owne behauiour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessity; Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and Treachers by Spherical predominance, Drunkards, Liars, and Adulterers by an enforc'd obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thrusting on. An admirable euasion of Whore-master man, to lay his Goatish disposition to the charge of a Starre! My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrsa Maior*, so that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should haue bin that I am, had the maidenlest Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my offending.

*Enter Edgar.*

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie: my cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sighe like *Tom o'Bedlam*. — O these Eclipses do portend these diuisions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

*Edg.* How now, Brother *Edmond*, what serious contemplation are you in?

*Bast.* I am thinking, Brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busie your selfe with that?

*Bast.* I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeede vnhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

*Edg.* The night gone by.

*Bast.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* I, two houres together.

*Bast.* Parted you in good termes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Bast.* Bethink your selfe wherein you may haue offended him: and at my entreaty forbeare his presence vntill some little time hath qualified the heate of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischiefe

chiefe of your person, it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my feare, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe armed.

*Edg.* Armed, Brother?

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best, I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seene and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

*Edg.* Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit*

*Edm.* I do serve you in this businesse.
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easie: I see the businesse.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit. *Exit*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Gonerill and Steward.*

*Gon.* Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

*Ste.* I Madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me every howre
He flashes into one grosse crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'le not endure it:
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe upbraides us
On every trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well: the fault of it I'le answer.

*Ste.* He's coming Madam, I heare him.

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I'de have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to our Sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I have said.

*Ste.* Well, Madam.

*Gon.* And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what growes of it, no matter, advise your fellowes so, I'le write straight to my Sister to hold my course: prepare for dinner. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Kent.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diminish or advance
My purpos'd purpose to the saying on,
Which I have rais'd: my banisht face, safe shape,
Hath pluckt all grace and manners from my fortunes,
And (which more than all the rest) my name:
Yet shall my deeds appeale for what I am,
If ought they doe, and in the fashion I'le intend.

*Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it ready. How now, what art thou?

*Kent.* A man Sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou professe? What would'st thou with us?

*Kent.* I do professe to be no lesse than I seeme, to serve him truely that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and speakes little, to feare judgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eate no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

*Lear.* If thou be'st as poore for a subject, as he is for a King, thou art poore enough. What would'st thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Who would'st thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Do'st thou know me fellow?

*Kent.* No Sir, but you have that in your countenance which I would faine call Master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services can'st thou do?

*Kent.* I can keepe honest counsell, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young Sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have yeares on my backe forty eight.

*Lear.* Follow me, thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner. Where's my Knave? my Foole? Go you, and call my Foole hither. You, you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

*Enter Steward.*

*Ste.* So please you ——— *Exit*

*Lear.* What says the Varlet with the Clotpole backe? Where's my Knave? my Foole? Go you, and call my Foole hither. You, you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

*Kent.* He answers you, my Lord, your Sonne's not so.

*Lear.* Why came not the slaue back to me when I call'd him?

*Kent.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not?

*Kent.* My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highnesse is not entertained with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also and your Daughter.

*Lear.* Ha? Say'st thou so?

*Kent.* I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highnesse wronged.

*Lear.* Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curiosity, then as a very pretence and purpose of unkindnesse: I will looke further into't. but where's my Foole? I have not seene him this two dayes.

*Knight.* Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir,

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call him my Foole: Oh you Sir, you, Come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

*Enter Steward.*

*Ste.* My Ladies Father.

*Lear.* My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue you whorson dogge, you slaue you curre.

*Ste.* I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy lookes with me you Rascall?

*Ste.* I'le not be strucken my Lord.

*Kent.* Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball player.

*Lear.* I thanke thee fellow, Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.

*Kent.* Come sir arise, away, I'le teach you differences away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry but a while, away, goe too, ha will you come, sir?

*Lear.* Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

*Enter Foole.*

*Foole.* Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

*Lear.* How now my pretty knaue how dost thou?

*Foole.* Sirra, you were best take my Coxcombe.

*Lear.* Why my Boy?

*Foole.* Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly, there take my Coxcombe: why this fellow ha's banisht two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nuncle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

*Lear.* Why my boy?

*Fool.* If I gaue them all my liuing, I'ld keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

*Foole.* Truth's a dogge must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when Ladie the brach may stand by'th'fire and stinke.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me.

*Foole.* Sirrah, Ile teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Foole.* Marke my Nuncle,

Haue more than thou showest,
Speake lesse than thou knowest,
Lend lesse than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learne more than thou trowest,
Set lesse than thou throwest;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a doore,
And thou shalt haue more,
Than two tens to a score.

*Kent.* This is nothing Foole.

*Foole.* Then 'tis like the breath of a vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing Nuncle?

*Lear.* Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Foole.* Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a Foole.

*Lear.* A bitter Foole.

*Foole.* Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

*Lear.* No Lad teach me.

*Foole.* Nuncle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes.

*Lear.* What two Crownes shall they be?

*Foole.* Why after I haue cut the egge i'th middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clouest thy Crownes i'th middle, and gau'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'st thy golden one away: o let me kisse that for that word.

Fooles had ne're leſſe grace in a yeere,
For wiſemen are growne foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

*Lear.* When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs ſirrah?

*Foole.* I haue vſed it Nuncle, ere ſince thou mad'ſt thy Daughters thy Mothers: for when thou gau'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt downe thine owne breeches, then they For ſorrow ranne,
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.
Pry'thee Nuncle keepe a Schoolemaſter that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

*Lear.* And you lie ſirrah, wee'll haue you whipt.

*Foole.* I marrie what am I, thou and thy daughters are, they'll haue me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kinde o'thing than a Foole, and yet I would not be thee Nuncle, thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th middle: heere comes one o'the parings.

*Enter Goneril.*

*Lear.* How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th frowne.

*Foole.* Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better than thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crut, nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheal'd Peacod.

*Gon.* Not only Sir this, your all-licenc'd Foole,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourely Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In rancke and not to be endured riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well known vnto you,
To haue found a ſafe redreſſe, but now grow fearefull
By what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not ſcape cenſure nor the redreſſes ſleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholeſome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſitie
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

*Foole.* For you know Nuncle, the hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

*Lear.* Are you our Daughter? (dome

*Gon.* I would you would make vſe of your good wiſ-
(Whereof I know you are fraught) and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

*Foole.* May

*Foole.* May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes the Horse?
Whoop Iugge I loue thee.
*Lear.* Do's any heere know me?
This is not *Lear*:
Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
*Foole. Lears* shadow
*Lear.* Your name, faire Gentlewoman?
*Gon.* This admiration Sir, is much o'th' savour
Of other your new prankes. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are Old and Reuerend, should be Wise.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne, Epicurisme and Lust
Makes it more like a Tauerne or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begges,
A little to disquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your Age,
Which know themselues and you.
*Lear.* Darkenesse, and Diseases.
Saddle my Horses: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Bastard, I'le not trouble thee,
Yet haue I left a daughter.
*Gon.* You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,
make Seruants of their Betters.

*Enter Albany.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, Speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-monster.
*Alb.* Pray Sir be patient.
*Lear.* Detested Kite, thou lyest.
My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard, support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?
Which like an Engine, wrench'd my frame of Nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all Loue,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.
*Alb.* My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moued you.
*Lear.* It may be so, my Lord.
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:
Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend
To make this Creature fruitfull.
Into her Wombe conuey sterilitie,
Dry vp in her the Organs of increase,
And from her derogate body, neuer spring
A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,
Create her child of Spleene, that it may liue
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.
Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt. That she may feele,
How sharper than a Serpents tooth it is,
To haue a thankleſſe Childe. Away, away. *Exit.*
*Alb.* Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?
*Gon.* Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:
But let his disposition haue that scope
As dotage giues it.

*Enter Lear.*

*Lear.* What fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?
*Alb.* What's the matter Sir?
*Lear.* I'le tell thee.
Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot teares, which break from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blasts and Fogges vpon thee:
Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curse
Pierce euery sense about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause againe, I'le plucke ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you loose
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I haue another daughter,
Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:
When she shall heare this of thee, with her nayles
She'le flea Wolues-head: and hath power to make
I haue cast off for euer. *Exit*
*Gon.* Do you marke that?
*Alb.* I cannot be so partiall *Goneril*,
To the great loue I beare you.
*Gon.* Pray you content. What *Oswald*, ho?
You Sir, more Knaue than Foole, after your Master.
*Foole.* Nuncle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Foole with thee.
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a Daughter,
Should sure to the Slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a halter,
So the Foole follows after. *Exit*
*Gon.* This man hath had good Counsell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politique, and safe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euery dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our liues in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.
*Alb.* Well you may feare too farre.
*Gon.* Safer than trust too farre:
Let me still take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath vttered I haue writ my Sister:
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I haue shew'd th'vnfitnesse.

*Enter Steward.*

How now *Oswald*?
What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?
*Stew.* I Madam.
*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And

And haſten your returne, no no, my Lord,
This [illegible]
[illegible]
You haue [illegible] welcome.
[illegible]
[illegible] ſhe
[illegible]
Stew. Nay then——
Bast. Wounds, I hope. *Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloſter with theſe Letters, acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

*Kent.* I will not ſleepe my Lord, 'till I haue deliuered your Letter. *Exit.*

*Fool.* If a Man's braines were in's heeles, were't not in danger of kibes?

*Lear.* I Boy.

*Fool.* Then I prythee be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlipſhod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Fool.* Shall Goſſips laugh at thee, for thou wert nimble, but not beſhrew me, but the laſt neate and furre boote, a Crabbed Man ſhould not make a Groome of his Dogges, and leaue himſelfe

*Lear.* [illegible]

*Fool.* [illegible] Oyſter-wenches offer?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* No indeed, for I can tell why a Snayle has a [illegible]

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why to put his head in, not to giue it away to his daughters, and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

*Lear.* I will forget my Nature, ſo kind a Father? Be my Horſes ready?

*Fool.* Thy Aſſes are gone about 'em. The reaſon why the ſeuen Starres are no more than ſeuen, is a pretty reaſon.

*Lear.* Becauſe they are not eight?

*Fool.* Yes indeed: thou would'ſt make a good Foole.

*Lear.* To take't againe perforce! Monſter Ingratitude!

*Fool.* If thou were my Fool Nuncle, I'd haue thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou ſhouldſt not haue been old, before thou hadſt beene wiſe.

*Lear.* O let me not be mad, not mad ſweet Heauen. Keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horſes?

[illegible] my Lord,

*Lear.* Come boy.

*Fool.* She that's a Maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a Maid long, vnleſſe things be cut ſhorter (*Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Baſtard, and Curan ſeuerally.*

*Baſt.* Saue thee Curan.

*Cur.* And your's I warrant me. How comes it that the Prince and my Father ſhould ſo ſuddenly take Horſe?

*Baſt.* How come you to that?

*Cur.* Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

*Baſt.* Not I: pray you what are they?

*Cur.* Haue you not heard of any warres toward, betwixt the Dukes of Cornwall and

*Baſt.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may then in time. Fare you well ſir. *Exit.*

*Baſt.* The Duke be here to night? The better, beſt, This weaues it ſelfe perforce into my buſineſſe, My Father hath ſet guard to take my Brother, And I haue one thing of a queaſie queſtion Which I muſt act: briefeneſſe and fortune worke. Brother, a word, deſcend: Brother I ſay,

[illegible] my Father watches: O Sir fly this place, [illegible] Warres out vpon thee? Vnpriuately attended by a Switzer? Let's ſee: Hum'd, and Switzer? Let's ſee: I heare my Father comming, pardon me, In cunning I muſt draw my Sword vpon you: Draw, ſeeme to defend your ſelfe, Now quit you well. Yeeld, come before my Father, Light hoa, here, Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, ſo farewell. *Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawne on me would beget opinion Of my more fierce endeauour: I haue ſeene drunkards Do more then this in ſport, Father, Father, Stop, ſtop, no helpe?

*Enter Gloſter, and Seruants with Torches.*

*Glo.* Now *Edmund* where's the villaine?

*Baſt.* Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharpe Sword out, Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone To ſtand's auſpicious Miſtris.

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Baſt.* Looke ſir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

*Baſt.* Fled this way ſir, when by no meanes he could

*Glo.* Purſue him, go after. By no meanes, what?

*Baſt.* Perſwade me to the murther of your Lordſhip.

*Glo.*

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainſt Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and ſtrong a Bond
The Child was bound to th' Father, Sir: in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I ſtood
To his vnnaturall purpoſe: in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, lanch'd mine arme;
But when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits
Bold in the quarrels right, roſe the deed encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made,
Full ſoone I was free from him, and he fled.

*Gost.* Let him ly farre
Not in this Land, leaſt he remaine vncaught
And found, diſpatch: the Noble Duke my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authority I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerue our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the ſtake:
He that conceales him death.

*Bast.* When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech
I threatned to diſcouer him; he replied
Thou vnpoliſhed Baſtard, (ſaid he) that I
I would ſtand by th' other, could'ſt thou
(As I ſtand not) throw doubt to my truth, valour, or worth in me
Make thy words faith'd? No, what I ſhould denie,
(As this I would, though thou did'ſt produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To my Inſcription, plot, and damned praiſe:
And that I'll make a ſtaffe to the world,
I hauing profits, might ſee the proſpect of my death
Were very preſſant and potent to effects
To make thee ſeeke it. *Tucket within.*

*Gon.* O ſtrange and faſtned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, ſaid he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not where he comes;
All Ports I'le barre: the Villaine ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend farre and neere, that all the Kingdome
May haue due note of him: and of my Land,
Loyall and naturall Boy, I'le worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now my Noble friend, ſince I came hither
(Which I can call but now) I haue heard ſtrange newes.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th' offender: how dooſt my Lord?

*Glo.* O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

*Reg.* What, did my Fathers Godſonne ſeeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

*Glo.* O Lady, Lady, ſhame would haue it hid.

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

*Glo.* I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

*Bast.* Yes Madam, he was of that conſort.

*Reg.* No marualle then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th' expence and waſt of his Reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my Siſter
Been well informd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourne at my houſe,
Ile not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*:
*Edmund*, I heare that you haue ſhewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

*Bast.* It was my duty Sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his practiſe, and receiu'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he purſued?

*Glo.* I my good Lord.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more
Be feard of doing harme, make your owne purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe: for you, *Edmund*,
Whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall be ours,
Nature's of ſuch deepe truſt, we ſhall much need
You we firſt ſeize on.

*Bast.* I ſhall serue you truely, however elſe.

*Glo.* For him I thanke your Grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to viſit you?

*Reg.* Thus out of ſeaſon, threading darke-eyed night:
Occaſions Noble *Corn.* of moment,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe.
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our Siſter,
Of differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwere from our home: the ſeuerall Meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch: our good old friend,
Lay comfort to your boſome, and beſtow
Your needful Counſaile to our buſineſſes,
Which craues the inſtant vſe.

*Glo.* I ſerue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flor. and.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Kent, and Steward ſeuerally.*

*Stew.* Good dawning to thee Friend: art of this houſe?

*Kent.* I.

*Stew.* Where may we ſet our horſes?

*Kent.* I'th' mire.

*Stew.* Prythee if thou lou'ſt me, tell me.

*Kent.* I loue thee not.

*Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why do'ſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow I know thee.

*Stew.* What do'ſt thou know me for?

*Kent.* A Knaue, a Raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three-ſuited-hundred pound, filthy worſted-ſtocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered, action-taking, whoreſon glaſſe-gazing ſuper-ſeruiceable finicall rogue: one Trunke-inheriting ſlaue: one that wouldſt be a Bawd in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knaue, beggar, Coward, Pandar, and the ſonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſillable of thy addition.

*Stew.* Why what a monſtrous Fellow art thou thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?

*Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two dayes ſince I tript vp thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for

for (th)ee (o)ppressed King. Is (it) the Moone (or) no, I'le make a
(spe)cial Meanin(g) of (yo)u, (Yo)u w(o)rship(ful) Cu(ck)old: I
ha(ue) (yo)u (ma)y, draw

*Stew.* Away, I have nothing to (do) with thee.

*Kent.* Draw you (Ra)scall, you come with Letters a-
(gai)nst the King, and (ta)ke Vanity the puppets part, a-
(gai)nst the (Co)mmaun(d). Draw you Rogue, or
(I'l)e (ca)rbonado your (Sh)anks, draw you Rascall, come
your waies.

*Stew.* Helpe (ho), murther, helpe.

*Kent.* (Str)ike you (sp)ar(ing) (sp)eake, (Vp) you neat
slaue, strike

*Stew.* Helpe (ho), murther, murther

*Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.*

*Bast.* How now, (wh)at's the matter? Part.

*Kent.* With (yo)u (go)od (ma)n Boy, (if) you (ple)ase, come,
(I'l) (fl)esh (yo)u, (co)me on (yo)ung Master

*Glo.* Weapons? (Ar)mes? (wh)at's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies (that) (str)ikes
(ag)aine, (wh)at is (the) matter?

*Reg.* The Messengers from our Sister and the King.

*Corn.* (Wh)at is your (di)fference, speake?

*Stew.* I am (sc)arce in breath (My) Lord.

*Kent.* (No) Marue(ll) you are (not), (wi)th your (va)lour,
you (ha)ue (su)ch (co)lour-(ki)lling (fa)ce, I (am) sure you
ha(ue) (so)me (an)ger-(th)reatning (le)tters (do)wne-(fa)ce
(ma)ster

*Corn.* I (am) (sa)re (th)ere (was) (no) (wa)y to make a man?

*Kent.* A (Tai)lor (ma)de (him), a (Ston)e cutter could
not (ha)ue (ma)de (him) (so), (th)ough (th)ey had (bin) but two
yeares (o)'th (tr)ade.

*Corn.* (Th)is (is) (so)me, (ho)w (wo)uld (you)?

*Stew.* (I) (ha)ue (ne)ither (wi)t (in) (my) (se)lfe (to) (sp)are
(at) (th)is (re)uerend (ag)e (to) (sa)y (no).

*Kent.* Thou (wo)rse (for) (th)y (o)wne, (it) (is) (ne)cessary (le)tter
(ma)ster (I) (ha)ue (ta)ken (sh)ame (o)'th (th)ee, (th)ou (ca)nst (ta)ke
(no) (de)light (in) (cu)rbing (yo)ur (tr)ue (re)uerence, (th)ou (ha)ue
(le)ft (re)uerence (no) (pl)ace, (th)ou (sh)ouldst (be) (ho)nest.
Spare my gray beard, you wagtaile?

*Corn.* Peace (Sir),

You beastly (Kn)aue, (kn)ow you (no) reuerence?

*Kent.* (Y)es (sir), (but) (an)ger (ha)th (pr)iuiledge.

*Corn.* (Wh)y (art) (th)ou (ang)ry?

*Kent.* (Th)at (s)uch (a) (th)ing (as) (th)ou (sh)ouldst (we)are a Sword,
(Wh)ose (co)ntents (sh)ould (be) (a) (go)ale (as) (sh)arpe (as) (it)
(is). (Th)at (e)uery (p)ricke (sh)ould (po)yson (e)uery (p)assion
(In) (th)e (s)ide (th)at (co)mmands (th)ee. (Th)y (ca)se, (th)y (ar)me
(Are) (bu)t (s)ixe (fo)ole (fe)ares (to) (th)e (w)ound (th)ou (ha)st (th)e
(Ma)ster (th)at (w)ill (ch)ide (th)ee (fo)r (a) (br)eaking (th)ee?
(Wh)ilest (sh)e (ca)ld (me) (ra)scall (fi)fty (ti)mes (I) (th)ought (to)
(ha)ue (he)ard (th)y (Ma)ster (so), (th)ou (ar)t (in) (th)ine (o)wne
(I)udgement (an) (ho)nest (m)ans (m)ate (to) (th)y (M)ister,
(En)ioyning (th)ee (to) (ha)te (all) (th)ose (th)at (lo)ue (him),
(Sw)ell (th)ee (as) (di)uerse (as) (th)ine (a)re (co)me (vn)to (I)?

*Corn.* (Th)is (is) (ab)ouue (all) (str)ange (Fl)ame,
(Th)at (be)side (th)y (o)wne (na)turall (br)each,
(In) (th)ose (co)nditions (wh)ich (I) (ca)n (no) (w)ise (ol)ow,
(Ca)n (ta)ke (no) (ac)cusation (o)'th (th)ee (gr)eeuing:
(Sa)y (th)ou (no) (th)is (is) (tr)ue?

*Kent.* (Th)ough (it) (sh)ould (th)un(d)er (ha)ue (sp)oke (it) (in) (my) (th)roate?
(I) (sh)ould (be) (ashamed) (to) (ha)ue (so) (th)ought (of) (it)?

*Corn.* (Ha)ue (I) (th)ought (by) (a) (re)gardant (str)ength (in) (co)nscience,
(I) (sh)ould (str)ike (him) (de)ad (ere) (I) (sp)eake (a) (sy)llable?

*Kent.* (Th)en (I) (sh)ould (ne)uer (ha)ue (ne)ed (to) (pl)ucke (off) (my) (co)at,
(Gi)ue (yo)u (co)untenance (en)ough (for) (th)is (ha)rsh (de)ed,
(To) (ha)rbour (m)ollifying (ag)es (to) (th)is (ba)sh (de)ed.

*Corn.* How (do)st (th)ou (kn)ow (th)is?

*Kent.* (Do) (I) (ca)re (to) (kn)ow (th)ine (ho)nest (fa)ce (to) (be) (ma)sked,
(Y)our (ha)rsh (de)ed (to) (be) (ha)rbour'd (fr)om (yo)ur (bl)ood (and) (fo)lly,
(Wh)ich (fa)ce (sh)ould (I) (kn)ow (an)other (th)ing (but) (th)e (sk)y,
(Im)pudent (an)d (sh)ameless?

*Corn.* (Wh)y (do)st (th)ou (ap)ply (all) (th)is (to) (I)?

*Kent.* (Th)eyes (are) (no) (m)ore (ag)ainst (th)e (D)ouble (N)ature (so) (m)ockt,
(Th)an (th)e (M)ust (be) (th)ey (sh)ould (ch)astise (th)emselues
(Fo)r (be)ing (in) (th)e (v)ery (f)act (I) (ha)ue (ha)rd (w)ords,
(Sw)ell (Ca)sses (n)ot (g)ood (th)em, (and) (th)y (h)ands (so)
(Th)at (li)e (I) (kn)ow (th)ee (n)ot (f)or (th)is (h)oary (h)aire,
(De)ny (to) (th)y (ch)in (th)ou (ly)'st (a) (h)ead (n)ot (to) (be) (k)nowne,
(Th)at (th)ou (d)ost (th)ese (th)ings (n)oble (Ly)ar (I) (h)ate (th)ee
(Y)ou (fl)attering (b)east (h)ow (n)ow (b)ow (to) (th)e (w)inde
(Th)at (bl)ows (y)ou (to) (b)etter (w)eather? (I) (sa)y (th)e (Sun) (sh)ines,
(I) (sa)y (I) (sp)eake (to) (th)y (Ma)ster (th)y (M)istris (h)eart (s)nowes
(Wh)en (th)ey (sm)oake (th)e (ai)re (d)oth (fr)eeze (th)em (b)itter (c)old:
(I) (sa)y (th)is (sl)ipper (k)naue (sh)ould (b)eare (d)own (a)ll (th)y (i)mpudence
(M)ore (r)icher (th)an (th)y (ta)rdy (t)ongue (l)ies (I) (sa)y (th)ere (is)
(B)ut (w)ords (a)re (n)ot (m)ine.

*Corn.* (Wh)y (th)ou (v)nmannerly (K)naue?

*Kent.* (Th)ere's (n)ot (a) (h)air (y)ours (d)enies (th)e (th)ing, (I) (h)aue (n)ot (s)eene
(N)or (f)eltred (y)our (h)eart (o)f (br)ow-(b)eating (w)ith (y)our (f)ace,
(N)or (h)eard (y)ou (to) (s)pur (y)our (h)onour (o)n (y)ou (s)ay (y)ou (h)ad (n)ot,
(A)nd (th)ou (a)rt (h)olden (g)oodman (p)easant (th)y (t)erme (is) (s)o (f)it,
(Th)at (th)ou (c)anst (n)ot (s)hunne (b)eing (s)tockt (a)nd (s)tockt (f)or (th)is,
(Th)ou (sh)alt (b)e (s)o (l)ong (t)ill (th)y (s)ixe (f)eete (r)un (o)n (th)y (h)eeles.

*Corn.* (Br)ing (th)e (s)tockes (f)orth (th)ere.

*Kent.* (Th)ou (sh)alt (n)ot (n)eed (th)e (l)ong (e)re (I) (ch)ide (th)ee (a)gaine,
(Th)at (I) (sh)ould (d)o (it) (at) (th)is (t)ime (and) (p)lace (on) (th)ee
(Is) (fr)om (th)e (p)urpose (of) (th)e (th)ing (I) (c)ame (f)or,
(In) (w)hich (I) (sh)all (n)ot (b)e (s)ene (th)y (s)hadow (p)asse,
(No) (m)ore (th)an (th)y (n)ose (th)y (t)ongues (a)nd (e)uery (p)assion
(In) (th)y (n)oble (p)arts (sh)ould (b)e (s)ubiect (to) (th)y (r)ashnesse,
(Th)y (t)emperance (to) (th)y (f)ullnesse (th)y (a)ge (to) (th)y (y)outh,
(Th)y (m)ercy (to) (th)y (c)holler (th)y (n)ature (to) (th)y (g)uise
(Th)y (d)utie (to) (th)y (b)reaches, (and) (I) (th)y (h)eed (be)seech (th)ee
(Th)at (s)ide (to) (m)oderate (and) (th)ou (n)ature (to) (d)uty
(Th)ou (a)rt (s)ent (h)ither (th)y (M)aster (a) (C)onduct (I) (k)now,
(A)nd (th)is (m)an (th)y (d)ispatch (I) (s)ee (th)e (w)ound (th)ou (m)ade.

*Corn.* (Co)me (my) (L)ord, (a)way.

*Glo.* (I) (am) (s)orry (f)or (th)ee (fr)iend, (t)is (th)e (D)uke (p)leasure,
(Wh)ose (d)isposition (a)ll (th)e (w)orld (w)ell (k)nowes
(Wi)ll (n)ot (b)e (r)ub'd (n)or (st)opt, (I)'le (e)ntreat (f)or (th)ee.

*Kent.* (Pr)ay (d)o (n)ot (Sir), (I) (h)aue (w)atch'd (a)nd (t)raueld (h)ard,
(Sl)eepe (o)ne (h)ower (I) (sh)all (b)eg (o)f (y)ou, (th)e (r)est (r)emaines,
(Li)ke (a) (g)ood (m)ans (f)ortune (m)ay (g)row (o)ut (at) (h)oniest

Gon-

Glue you good morrow.
*Glo.* The Duke is too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*
*Kent.* Good King, that must approue the common law,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st
To the warme Sun.
Approach a Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by it comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia
Who hath most fortunately been informed
Of my obscured course. And shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to giue
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage heauy eyes not to behold
This shameful lodging. Fortune good night,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* I heard my selfe proclaimed,
And by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard and most vnusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape
I will preserue my selfe: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That euer penury, in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast: my face I'le grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elfe all my hayres in knots,
And with presented nakednesse out-face
The Winds and persecutions of the sky.
The Country gaue me proofe and precedent
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strake in their numb'd and mortified Armes
Pins, Wodden prickes, Nayles, sprigs of Rosemarie
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes
Poore pelting Villages, Sheepcoates, and Mils
Sometime with lunatick bans, sometime with prayers
Inforce their charitie. Poore Turlygod, poore Tom,
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am. *Exit.*

*Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send backe my Messengers.
*Gent.* As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remoue.
*Kent.* Hayle to thee Noble Master.
*Lear.* Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
*Kent.* No my Lord.
*Foole.* Ha, ha, he wears Cruell Garters. Horses are tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by the neckes, Monkeys by the loynes, and Men by the legs: when a man ouer-lustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.
*Lear.* What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistooke
To set thee here?
*Kent.* It is both he and she
Your Son and Daughter.
*Lear.* No.
*Kent.* Yes.
*Lear.* No I say.
*Kent.* I say yea.
*Lear.* By *Iupiter* I sweare no.

*Kent.* By *Iuno*, I sweare I.
*Lear.* They durst not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther
To do vpon respect such violent outrage
Resolue me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserue, or they impose this vsage,
Coming from vs.
*Kent.* My Lord when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth
From *Goneril* his Mistris, salutations;
Deliuer'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read, on those contents
They summon'd vp their meiney, straight tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting here the other Messenger,
Whose welcome (I perceiue) had poyson'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew,
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespasse worth
The shame which here it suffers.
*Foole.* Winters not gone yet, if the wilde Geese fly that way.
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key to the poore.
But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolours for thy Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.
*Lear.* O how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, downe thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below. Where is this Daughter?
*Kent.* With the Earle sir here within.
*Lear.* Follow me not,
Stay here. *Exit.*
*Gent.* Made you no more offence?
*Kent.* Neither.
*Foole.* Why, Fellow there's no more shall come in a Nunckle, then a Shell is to a Snaile, or a Lobster to a Crab, or a Wise man to a Gentleman more then one.
*Kent.* Why, Foole?
*Foole.* Why, to make him such fooles for that parts out of the rest of his Reason: Sirra, you were best take my Coxcombe.
*Kent.* Why, Foole?
*Foole.* Why, for taking one's part that's out of fauour: nay and thou can'st not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there take my Coxcombe: why this fellow has banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? Would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.
*Lear.* Why my Boy?
*Foole.* If I gaue them all my liuing, I'ld keepe my Coxcombes my selfe. There's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.
*Lear.* Take heed Sirra, the whip.
*Foole.* Truth's a dog must to kennell, he must be whipt out, when Ladie the Brach may stand by the fire and stinke.
*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me.
*Foole.* Sirra, Ile teach thee a speech.
*Lear.* Do.
*Foole.* Marke it Nunckle:
Haue more then thou showest,
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou shalt haue more
Then two tens to a score.
*Kent.* This is nothing Foole.
*Foole.* Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't. Can you make no vse of nothing Nunckle?
*Lear.* Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.
*Foole.* Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a Foole.
*Lear.* A bitter Foole.
*Foole.* Do'st know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one?
*Lear.* No Boy.
*Foole.* Why, after I haue cut the egge i'the middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge. When thou clouest thy Crowne i'the middle, and gau'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the durt. Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'st thy golden one away. When thou gau'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine breeches,

*Lear.* Deny to speake with me?
They are ficke, they are weary,
They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.
*Glo.* My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne course.
*Lear.* Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloster*, *Gloster*,
I'ld speake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.
*Glo.* Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them so.
*Lear.* Inform'd them? Do'st thou vnderstand me man.
*Glo.* I my good Lord.
*Lear.* The King would speake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, ser-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and bloods (uice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that ——
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound we are not our selues,
When Nature being oppreſt, commands the mind
To suffer with the body, Ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore
Should he sit heere? This act perswades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practise only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Go tell the Duke, and's wife, I'ld speake with them:
Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it cry sleepe to death.
*Glo.* I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
*Lear.* Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But down.
*Fool.* Cry to it Nuncle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when she put em i'th' Paste aliue, she knapt em o'th coxcombs with a ſtick, and cryed downe wantons, downe, 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his Horſe buttered his Hay.

*Enter Cornewall, Regan, Gloſter, Seruants.*
*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.
*Corn.* Haile to your Grace. *Kent here ſet at liberty.*
*Reg.* I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.
*Lear.* *Regan*, I think you are. I know what reaſon
I haue to think ſo, if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mothers Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adulteresſe. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Sisters naught: oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou'lt not beleeue
With how depraue'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.
*Reg.* I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſcant her duetie.
*Lear.* Say? How is that?
*Reg.* I cannot thinke my Sister in the leaſt
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue reſtrained the Riots of your Followers,
Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.
*Lear.* My curſes on her.
*Reg.* O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcernes your ſtate
Better then you your ſelfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sister, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.
*Lear.* Aske her forgiueneſſe?
Do you but marke how this becomes the houſe?
Deere daughter, I confeſſe that I am old;
Age is vnneceſſary: on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchſafe me Raiment, Bed, and Food.
*Reg.* Good Sir, no more: theſe are vnſightly trickes:
Returne you to my Sister.
*Lear.* Neuer *Regan*:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, ſtrooke me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingrateſull top! ſtrike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lameneſſe.
*Corn.* Fye ſir, fie.
*Lear.* You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
To fall, and blaſter
*Reg.* O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh moode is on.
*Lear.* No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not giue
Thee o're to harſhneſſe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in conclusion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curteſie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th Kingdome haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd
*Reg.* Good Sir, to'th'purpoſe. *Tucket within.*
*Lear.* Who put my man i'th'Stockes?
*Enter Steward.*
*Corn.* What Trumpet's that?
*Reg.* I know't, my Siſters: this approues her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoone be heere. Is your Lady come?
*Lear.* This is a Slaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the ſickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
*Corn.* What meanes your Grace?
*Enter Gentill.*
*Lear.* Who ſtocke my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'ſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience; if you your ſelues are old,
Make it your cauſe. Send downe, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
*Gen.* Why not by'th'hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage termes ſo.
*Lear.* O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th'Stockes?
*Corn.* I ſet him there, Sir: but his owne Diſorders

Deſerue'd

Deserued much lesse aduancement.
*Lear.* You? Did you?
*Reg.* I pray you hauing heare being weake, seeme so.
[illegible] expectation of your Mouth
You will reuolue and [illegible] with my Sister,
Dismisse [illegible] your traine, come then to me,
I am [illegible] out of that prouision
Which shall be needful for your entertainement.
*Lear.* Returne to her? And fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity o'th' ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the Hot-blooded France, that dowerlesse tooke
Our youngest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote. Returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter
To this detested groome.
*Gon.* At your choice Sir.
*Lear.* I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child, farewell:
We'll no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needes call mine. Thou art a Boile,
A plague-sore, an imposthume in my blood,
Who hast but power to shame me. Hate him not,
I can chide, not curse. He not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging Ioue,
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leysure,
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred Knights.
*Reg.* Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sister,
And execute what she desires to your [illegible]
Must be content to think you old, and so,
But she knowes what she doth.
*Lear.* Is this well spoken?
*Reg.* I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.
*Gon.* Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From those that she cals Seruants, or from mine?
*Reg.* Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,
We could controll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twenty, to dismisse
My followers at once, and I will vse
So many, and my Louing thoughts to you.
*Lear.* I gaue you all.
*Reg.* And in good time you gaue it.
*Lear.* Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But kept a reseruation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With fiue and twenty, Regan said you so?
*Reg.* And speake't againe my Lord, no more with me.
*Lear.* Those wicked Creatures yet do look well fauour'd
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. He go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her Loue.
*Gon.* Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?
To follow in a house where twice so many
Haue a command to tend you?
*Reg.* What need one?
*Lear.* O reason not the need: our baser Beggers
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature more than Nature needs
Mans life is cheape as Beasts. Thou art a Lady,
If only to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You Heauens giue me that patience patience I need,
You see me here (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirre these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, fooles me not so much,
To beare it tamely, touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons water drops,
Staine my mans cheeke. No you vnnatural Hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall—— I will do such things,
What they are yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You thinke I'le weepe,
No, I'le not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping.
*Storme and Tempest.*
But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flawes
Or ere I'le weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad. *Exeunt Lear, Kent, Gentleman, Fool.*
*Corn.* Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.
*Reg.* This house is little, the old man and his people,
Cannot be well bestow'd.
*Gon.* 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
*Reg.* For his particular, I'le receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Gloster?
*Enter Gloster.*
*Corn.* Followed the old Knaue this way, but return'd
*Glo.* The King is in high rage.
*Corn.* Whether is he going?
*Glo.* He calls to horse, but will I know not whether.
*Corn.* 'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himselfe.
*Gon.* My Lord, entreat him by no meanes to stay.
*Glo.* Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do sorely ruffle; for many Miles about
There's scarce a bush.
*Reg.* O Sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themselues procure,
Must be their schoole-Masters. Shut vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt
To haue his eare abus'd, wisedome bids feare.
*Corn.* Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My Regan counsels well, come out o'th' storme. *Exeunt*

## *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, seuerally.*

*Kent.* Who's there besides foule weather?
*Gen.* One minded of the same with the King,

*Kent.* I know you. Where's the King?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or cease.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest
His heart-strooke iniuries.

*Kent.* Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrants of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany and Cornwall
Who haue (as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high?) Seruants, who seeme no leſſe,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath been seene,
Either in ſnuffes, and packings of the Dukes
Or the hard Rein which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King, or ſomething deeper,
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

*Gent.* I will not be the Diuell to say.

*Kent.* Nay do not.
For certain am I there is a friendly matter
(Vnder the meere out-walls, to speake with you)
What ſhall you offer Cordelia, (As I feare not but you ſhall finde the vantage)
And ſhew the Horſe you haue of her admit
That yet you are ignorant. The Iarres toward,
I will go ſeeke the King.

*Gent.* Giue me your hand,
Haue you no more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King (in which your paine
That way, I'le this) he that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Storme ſtill. Enter Lear and Foole.*

*Lear.* Blow winds & crack your cheeks, Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's ſpout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes
You Sulphurous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaning Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-ſhaking Thunder,
Smite flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Crack Nature moulds, all germaines ſpill at once
That make vngrateful Man.

*Foole.* O Nuncle Court holy-water in a dry house is better then this Rain-water out o' doore. Good Nuncle in, aske thy Daughter bleſſing, heere's a night pitties neither Wiſe-men nor Fooles.

*Lear.* Rumble thy fill, fire fall and Raine
Now ſaue the Winde and Raine haue my Daughters,
I taxe not you my Elements with vnkindneſſe.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children,
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Heere I ſtand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake and diſpiſed old man.
But yet I call you Seruile Miniſters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, gainſt a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

*Foole.* He that has a house to put's head in, has a good Head-peece.
The Cod-piece that will house before the head has any,
The Head and he ſhall Louſe: ſo Beggers marry many.
The man yͤ makes his Toe what he his Hart ſhould make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake.
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but ſhee made mouthes in a glaſſe.

*Enter Kent.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Foole.* Marry heres Grace, and a Cod-peece, that's a Wiſeman, and a Foole.

*Kent.* Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not ſuch nights as these? The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction nor the feare.

*Lear.* Let the great Gods
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee vndiuulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iuſtice. Hide thee, thou Bloody hand;
Thou periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That are inceſtuous. Caytiffe to peeces ſhake
That vnder couert, and conuenient ſeeming
Haſt practiſ'd on mans life: Close pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadful Summoners grace. I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, then ſinning.

*Kent.* Alacke bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the Tempeſt
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe,
More harder then the ſtones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Denyed me to come in) returne, and force
Their ſcanted courteſie.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe. Where is this Straw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Neceſſities is ſtrange,
And can make vile things precious. Come, your Houell,
Poore Foole and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

*Foole.* He that has a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Muſt make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.

*Lear.* True Boy. Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*

*Foole.* This is a braue night to cool a Curtizan.
Ile ſpeake a Prophecie ere I go:
When Prieſts are more in word then matter,
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Suitors;
When euery Caſe in Law is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight,
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues,
Nor Cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When Vſurers tell their Gold i'th'Field,

And

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then shall the Realme of *Albion* come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who liues to see't,
That going shalbe vs'd with feet. (come.
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his

*Exit.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Gloster, and Bastard.*

*Glo.* Alacke alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall dealing: when I desired their leaue that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charged me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

*Bast.* Most sauage and vnnaturall.

*Glo.* Go too, say you nothing. There is diuision betweene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I haue receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I haue locked the Letter in my Closet, these iniuries the King now beares will be reuenged home, there is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and priuily relieue him: go you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued, If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no lesse is threatned me, the King my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

*Bast.* This Courtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that Letter too:
This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me
That which my Father loses, no lesse then all,
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.*

*Kent.* Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme still*
*Lear.* Let me alone.
*Kent.* Good my Lord enter here.
*Lear.* Wilt breake my heart?
*Kent.* I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.
*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storme
Inuades vs to the skin: so 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare:
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring Sea
Thou'dst meet the Beare i'th mouth. When the mind's free,
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Saue what beates there. Filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.
No, I will weepe no more. In such a night,
To shut me out? Powre on I will endure
In such a night as this? O *Regan*, *Goneril*,
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
No more of that.
*Kent.* Good my Lord enter here.
*Lear.* Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more: but I'le go in.
In, Boy; go first. You houselesse pouerty,
Nay get thee in. I'le pray, and then I'le sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, wheresoe're you are
That bide the pelting of this pitilesse storme,
How shall your houselesse heads and vnfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these? O I haue ta'ne
Too little care of this. Take Physicke Pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heauens more iust.

*Enter Edgar and Foole.*

*Edg.* Fathom and halfe, fathom and halfe, poore *Tom*.
*Foole.* Come not in here Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe me, helpe me.
*Kent.* Giue me thy hand, who's there?
*Foole.* A spirit, a spirit, he sayes his name's poore *Tom*.
*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i'th straw? Come forth.
*Edg.* Away the foule Fiend followes me: through the sharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, go to thy bed and warme thee.
*Lear.* Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?
*Edg.* Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom the foule Fiend hath led through fire, and through flame, and through Sword and Whirle-pooles, ore Bogges and Quagmires, that hath layd Knives vnder his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, set Ratsbane by his Porredge, made him proud of heart to ride on a Bay trotting Horse ouer foure inch'd Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor. Bless thy five Wits, *Tom*'s cold. O do de, do de, do de. Blesse thee from Whirle Winds, Starre-blasting, and taking. Do poore *Tom* some charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there, and there againe, and there. *Storme still.*
*Lear.* Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe?
Could'st thou saue nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all?
*Foole.* Nay he reserued a Blanket, else we had all beene wet.
*Lear.* Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o'er mens faults, fall on thy Daughters.
*Kent.* He hath no Daughters Sir.
*Lear.* Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd Nature
To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh?
Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot
Those Pelicane Daughters.
*Edg.* Pillicock sate on Pillicock hill, alow, alow, loo loo.
*Foole.* This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and Madmen.
*Edgar.* Take heed o'th foule Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not with

[illegible] Spaniels [illegible] Dogge, [illegible] Sweet-heart on [illegible] Tom a Bedlam.

*Lear.* What art thou fellow?

*Edg.* A Seruingman? I [illegible] heart and minde, [illegible] day, and night, [illegible] Gentlemens [illegible] Maisters [illegible] wore [illegible] swore as many [illegible] wiues, [illegible] Bed [illegible] Horse [illegible] Dog [illegible] Bed, [illegible] Sheepe [illegible] Wheele [illegible] Dog [illegible] Horse, Rogge [illegible] Lender [illegible] Prison [illegible] Sword, [illegible] Blood [illegible] Lechers [illegible] Horse [illegible] Boote, Hogge [illegible] Cat [illegible] Ware [illegible] Beggar [illegible] Woman [illegible] Mistris [illegible] Kersey [illegible] Mowse [illegible] Rat [illegible] Rug [illegible] Dogge [illegible] Loue [illegible] Hound [illegible] Purse [illegible] Hart [illegible] Ladies [illegible] Blanket [illegible] Horse [illegible] Traine [illegible] Shooe [illegible] Troth [illegible] Dice [illegible] Hell [illegible] Starre [illegible] Whore [illegible] Drab [illegible] Vomit [illegible] Nose [illegible] Pye [illegible] Placket [illegible] Pen [illegible] Beefe [illegible] Heele [illegible] Spider [illegible] Modo [illegible] Maho [illegible] Flibbertigibbet [illegible] Mopping [illegible] Mowing [illegible] Who [illegible] Foule [illegible] Fiend [illegible] Rides [illegible] Forth [illegible] Cocke [illegible] Horse [illegible] Halter [illegible] Woollen [illegible] Lendings [illegible] Knees [illegible] Hat [illegible] Ribbon [illegible] Neck [illegible] Liuer [illegible] Lilly [illegible] Table [illegible] Prayer [illegible] Curse [illegible] Cold [illegible] Sleepes [illegible] Maw [illegible] Bay [illegible] Salt [illegible] Sweare [illegible] Scene [illegible]

*Lear.* Thou wert better in a Graue, then to answer with thy vncouered body, this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke, the Beast no Hide, the Sheepe no Wooll, the Cat no perfume. Ha? Heere's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe: vnaccommodated man is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.

*Enter Gentleman with a Torch.*

*Fool.* Prythee Nuncle be contented, 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wilde field, were like an old Lecherous Mans heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Looke heere comes a Walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foule Flibbertigibbet: he begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke. He giues the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Harelip: Mildewes the White Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

[illegible] Swithold [illegible]
Hee [illegible] Night-Mare, [illegible]
[illegible] Lights, [illegible]
[illegible] Pathway [illegible]
*Kent.* How fares your Grace?
*Lear.* What's he?
*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seeke?
*Glou.* What are you there? Your names?
*Edg.* Poore [illegible] Tom, [illegible] Frogge, [illegible] Toad, [illegible] Lizard, [illegible] Newt, [illegible] Water [illegible] that [illegible] Cow-dung [illegible] Sallets, [illegible] Ditch, [illegible] Dead [illegible] Drinke, [illegible] Pelting [illegible] Mansion [illegible] Shunning [illegible] Hound [illegible] Whip [illegible] Three [illegible] Sixe [illegible] Horse [illegible] Beefe, [illegible] Swine [illegible] Rat [illegible] Ration, [illegible] Dog [illegible] Coate.
*Kent.* [illegible] Dearer,
[illegible] Friend, [illegible] Seuen [illegible] Yeares [illegible] Prayers [illegible] Sleepe [illegible] Lord, [illegible] Grace [illegible] Company?
*Edg.* [illegible] a Gentleman *Modo* [illegible].
[illegible] Sonne [illegible] my Lord, [illegible] growne [illegible]
*Edg.* Poore [illegible]
[illegible] Gentlewoman, my [illegible] cannot [illegible]

To obey [illegible] your daughters hard commands:
[illegible] command me to barre my doores,
[illegible] Tempest [illegible] take hold upon you,
[illegible] heare you cursed to come seeke you out,
And [illegible] you were both horse, and food to feede.
*Lear.* Thou'dst [illegible] like wat'rish Labourer,
What [illegible] dost [illegible]
*Kent.* Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into [illegible]
*Lear.* Let me [illegible] a word with this [illegible] learned Theban.
What is your [illegible]
*Edg.* How to prepare the Feend, and to kill Vermine.
*Lear.* Let me aske you one word in priuate.
*Kent.* Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His [illegible] begin [illegible]
*Glou.* Can'st [illegible] him? *Storme still*
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

*Corn.* True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of Glouceſter. Seeke out where thy Father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

*Bast.* If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully. I will perſeuer in my courſe of Loyalty, though the conflict be ſore betweene that, and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay truſt vpon thee: and thou ſhalt finde a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Sexta.

*Enter Kent and Glouceſter.*

*Glou.* Here is better then the open Ayre, take it thankefully. I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit.*

*Kent.* All the power of his wits, haue given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindneſſe.

*Enter Lear, Fool, and Edgar.*

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſſe. Pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

*Foole.* Prythee Nuncle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

*Lear.* A King, a King.

*Foole.* No, he's a Yeoman, that has a Gentleman to his Sonne: for he's a mad Yeoman that ſees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits come hiſſe vpon them.

*Edg.* Bleſſe thy five wits.

*Kent.* O pity! Sir, where is the patience now That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine?

*Edg.* My teares begin to take his part ſo much, They marre my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogges and all, Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart ſee, they barke at me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them. Auaunt you Curres: Be thy mouth or blacke or white, Tooth that poyſons if it bite: Maſtiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim, Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym: Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile, Tom will make him weepe and waile, For with throwing thus my head: Dogges leape the hatch, and all are fled, Do, de, de, de. Sessa. Come, march to Wakes and Faires, And Market Townes. Poore Tom thy horne is dry.

*Lear.* Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in Nature that make theſe hard-hearts. You, Sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are Perſian; but let them be chang'd.

*Enter Glouſter.*

*Kent.* Now good my Lord, lye here, and reſt awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtaines: ſo, ſo, we'l go to Supper i'th' morning.

*Foole.* And I'le go to bed at noone.

*Glou.* Come hither Friend.
Where is the King my Maſter?

*Kent.* Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

*Glou.* Good friend I prythee take him in thy armes, I haue o're-heard a plot of death vpon him: There is a litter ready, lay him in't, And driue towards Douer, friend, where thou ſhalt meete Both welcome and protection. Take vp thy Maſter, If ſhould ſtay halfe an houre, his life, with mine, Do what you will, thus much I muſt deſire you, That what we do, it be moſt ſpeedily.

*Kent.* Then be it ſo my good Lord. How do's the King?

*Glou.* Mad as the vext Sea, ſinging aloud, Againſt too narrow Rimes and Bounds of Hoſtile force, Which dare not touch him, what further will hee vſe, Then flight with him: So thinke the Caſtle vnſure, Till further ſettling.

*Kent.* Will't pleaſe your Lord, I'le ſtay.

*Glou.* Out of my ſorrow I am fooliſh, then I ſhall Euen the very Dragon my diſeaſe. Sir, I do beſeech you, Take you my Maſter.

*Kent.* Well, Sir, o'th' way.

*Glou.* Good friend I prythee take him, for my life, Be ſuſpitious of his gouernance.

*Kent.* Oppreſſed Nature ſleepes: This reſt might yet haue balmed thy broken ſinewes, Which if conuenience will not allow, Stand in aſſured loſſe. Take vp, take vp, And follow me, that will to ſome prouiſion Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Septima.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Baſtard, and Seruants.*

*Corn.* Poſt ſpeedily to your Lord, your Husband, ſhew him this Letter. The Army of France is landed. Seeke out the Traitor Glouceſter.

*Reg.* Hang him inſtantly.

*Gon.* Plucke out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leaue the puniſhment to vs. *Edmund*, keepe you our Siſter company: the reuenges we are bound to take vpon your Traiterous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduiſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Siſter, farewell my Lord of Glouceſter.

*Enter Steward.*

How now? Where's the King?

*Stew.* My Lord of Glouceſter hath conueyed him hence. Some fiue or ſix and thirty of his Knights Hot Queſtrits after him, met him at gate, Who, with ſome other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douer, where they boaſt To haue well armed Friends.

*Corn.* Get horſes for your Miſtreſſe.

*Gon.* Farewell ſweet Lord, and Siſter. *Exit.*

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell. Go ſeeke the Traitor Glouceſter, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs. Though well we may not paſſe vpon his life Without the forme of Juſtice, yet our power Shall do a curſie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not compraue.

*Enter Glouceſter, and Seruants.*

Wherefore bound? Who is the Traitor?

*Reg.* Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind faſt his corky armes.

*Glou.* What meanes your Graces? Good my Friends conſider you are my Gueſts: Do me no foule play, Friends.

*Corn.* Bind him I ſay.

*Reg.* Hard, hard. O filthy Traitor.

*Glou.* Vnmerciful Lady as you are, I'me none.

*Corn.* To this Chaire bind him, Villaine, thou ſhalt finde.

*Glou.* By the kinde Gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done To plucke me by the Beard.

*Reg.* So white, and ſuch a Traitor?

*Glou.* Naughty Lady,
These haires which you doſt ranſh from my chin Will quicken and accuſe thee. I am your Hoſt, With Robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours

You

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
*Corn.* Come Sir,
What Letters had you late from France?
*Reg.* Be simple answerd, for we know the truth.
*Corn.* And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?
*Reg.* To whose hands
You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.
*Glou.* I haue a letter, gessingly set downe
Which came from one that's of a newer part,
And not from one oppos'd.
*Corn.* Cunning.
*Reg.* And false.
*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the King?
*Glou.* To Douer.
*Reg.* Wherefore to Douer?
Was't thou not charg'd, at perill?
*Corn.* Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.
*Glou.* I am tyed to'th Stake,
And I must stand the Course.
*Reg.* Wherefore to Douer?
*Glou.* Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes; nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Anointed flesh stick Boarish fangs.
The Sea, with such a Storme as his bare head
In Hell-black night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key.
All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.
*Corn.* See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold the Chaire,
Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.
*Glou.* He that will think to liue till he be old,
Giue me some helpe. — O cruell! O you Gods!
*Reg.* One side will mocke another: th'other too.
*Corn.* If you see vengeance —
*Seru.* Hold your hand, my Lord:
I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Child:
But better seruice haue I neuer done you,
Than to bid this, which good manners shall
Hold my hand from speaking: Should it still
Proceed in his hot way, worse might ensue:
But beshrew me, the instances of Loue
Make me more bold.
*Corn.* How now, you dog?
*Seru.* If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?
*Corn.* My Villaine!
*Seru.* Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
*Reg.* Giue me my Sword. A Peasant stand vp thus?
*Seru.* O I haue ta'ne
Too much of your owne Law: (Hold your hand, my Lord)
A Dogge, a Bloud-hound: if I had my Sword,
I'ld not be stom'ack'd with a Father:
*Corn.* How dare my Dastard, my Cullion, Darely leaue?
Where is your Swords?
*Edmund* Why so thy Slaue, thy Foe?
To noble Anger.
*Reg.* Out, Treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: It was he
That made the ouerture of thy Treasons to vs,
Who is too good to pittie thee.
*Glou.* O my Follies! then Edgar was abus'd,
Kinde Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.
*Reg.* Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Douer. *Exit with Glouster*
How is't my Lord? How look'st you?
*Corn.* I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady,
Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill. *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt, Giue me your arme. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flattered, to be worst:
The lowest and most deiected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lyes not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.
*Enter Gloucester, and an Old man.*
But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.
*Old.* O my good Lord, I haue beene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.
*Glou.* Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
*Old.* You cannot see your way.
*Glou.* I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects
Proue our Commodities. O deere Son *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,
I'ld say I had eyes againe.
*Old.* How now? Who's there?
*Edg.* O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse than ere I was.
*Old.* 'Tis poore mad Tom.
*Edg.* And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst.
*Old.* Fellow, where goest?
*Glou.* Is it a Beggar-man?
*Old.* Madman, and beggar too.
*Glou.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'th last nights Storme I such a Fellow saw;
Which made me think a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him.
I haue heard more since.
As flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their sport.
*Edg.* How should this be?
Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,
Ang'ring it selfe and others. Blesse thee Master.
*Glou.* Is that the naked Fellow?
*Old.* I, my Lord.
*Glou.* Get thee away: If for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked Soule,
Which I'le intreate to leade me.
*Old.* Alacke sir, he is mad.

*Glou.* 'Tis the time plagues,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure
Above the rest, be gone.
*Oldm.* Ile bring him the best Parrel that I haue
Come on't what will. *Exit*
*Glou.* Sirrah, naked fellow.
*Edg.* Poore Tom's a-cold. I cannot daub it further.
*Glou.* Come hither fellow
*Edg.* And yet I must
Bleste thy sweete eyes, they bleede
*Glou.* Know'st thou the way to Douer?
*Edg.* Both stile and gate, Horse-way and foot-path.
poore Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless
thee good man's sonne from the foule Fiend.
*Glou.* Here take this purse, thou whom the heauens plagues
Hast not inuented to antoole: thou liu'st wretched
Make thee the happier. Heauens deale so still:
Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man
That slaues your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feele, feele your powre quickly.
So distribution should vndoe excesse,
And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?
*Edg.* I Master.
*Glou.* There is a Cliffe whose high and bending head
Looke fearefully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And I'le repayre the misery thou dost beare
With something rich about me: from that place,
I shall no leading need.
*Edg.* Giue me thy arme;
Poore Tom shall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Generall, Bastard, and Steward.*

*Gon.* Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now where's your Master?
*Stew.* Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd.
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He smil'd at it: I told him you were comming,
His answer was the worse: Of Glosters Treachery,
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he cal'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;
What like, offensiue.
*Gon.* Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not vndertake: He'le not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer. our wishes on the way
May proue effects. Backe *Edmund* to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters and conduct his powres
I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant
Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake
Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.
*Bast.* Yours in the ranges of death. *Exit.*
*Gon.* My most deere Gloster.
O, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans seruices are due,
My Foole vsurpes my bodie.
*Stew.* Madam, here comes my Lord.
*Enter Auany.*
*Gon.* I haue beene worth the whistle.
*Alb.* O Goneril,
You are not worth the dust which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.
*Gon.* Milke-liuer'd man,
That bear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning
Thine honour, from thy suffering.
*Alb.* See thy selfe diuell:
Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.
*Gon.* O vaine fellow.
*Enter a Messenger.*
*Mes.* Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Seruant going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.
*Alb.* Gloster's eyes.
*Mes.* A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his Sword
To his great Master, who threat-ened
Fell'd him, and with his sword it selfe vnarmed from dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
*Alb.* This shewes you are aboue
You Iustices that these our Natures
Scape your eyes vengeance. Bot (Opposite Gloster)
Lost he his other eye?
*Mes.* Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craues a speedy answer
'Tis from your Sister.
*Gon.* One way I like this well
But being widdow, and my Glosters wife,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not to be receiued, sealed, answered.
*Alb.* Where was his Sonne
When they did take his eye.
*Mes.* Come with my Lady hither.
*Alb.* He is not here.
*Mes.* No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.
*Alb.* Knowes he the wickednesse?
*Mes.* I my good Lord, 'twas he informed against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might haue the freer course.
*Alb.* Gloster, I liue
To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'dst the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.*

*Cor.* Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now
As mad as the vext Sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rancke Fenitar and furrow weeds
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,
Darnel,

Darnell, all the rancke weedes that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Century send forth;
Search every Acre in the high-grow'n field,
And bring it to our eye. What can man's wisedome
In the restoring his bereaued Sense, he that helpes him,
Take all my outward worth.
*Gent.* There is one reares Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.
*Corn.* All blest Secrets,
All you vnpublish'd Vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares; be aydant and remediate
In the Goodmans disposition of my Lord.
*Reg.* Leaue me a while.
I feare me that the holy-water Daughter
Doth with her pitty-full regard, repaire
Her Fathers ranke, and choyce-lost benefits
Stew. Newes Madam,
The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward.
*Corn.* 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about. Therefore great France
My mourning, and important teares hath pittied.
No blame can be but mine. Your Brother's pronounc't
For these affaires: Come hither Oswald, wait
Vpon my Lord.
*Reg.* Giue me your hand.
Haue you no more to say?
*Stew.* Few words, but to effect
More than all yet: That when he brings you who
Maintaines your Father, you not follow him
Vnto his threatned danger, but conduct
Your Sister presently. Giue me quick notice
How you shall giue me cause to send, or say.
*Reg.* Be sure of that: Farewell.
*Exeunt.*

## *Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Gloucester, and Edmund.*

*Glou.* Edmund, he sent this curtesie to thee?
*Stew.* I Madam.
*Glou.* He describes perfect here?
*Stew.* Madam, my Lord is very much alter'd.
Your Sister is the better Soldier.
*Glou.* Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?
*Stew.* No Madam.
*Glou.* What might import my Sisters Letter to him?
*Stew.* I know not Lord.
*Glou.* It is very strange.
*Edm.* And like a dreame affects me.
*Glou.* A Letter of this consequence, calls forth
Times, seasons, and reasons, to meete him here.
And I must not say these are the reasons:
The reasons are not the matter.
*Edm.* So please your Lordship,
I neuer knew my Father touch'd with greater griefe
Than hee did this day in your behalfe.
*Glou.* Ha? Letters, Traitors?
*Edm.* Hard and fearefull for your Lordship,
It did concerne my duty, and my loue
To send the Letter to your Lordship.
*Glou.* Edmund, where hast thou this Letter? Vrge not
My haste now, tell me what it speakes.
*Edm.* Pardon me Lord, it is hard Ambiguous betweene
Your Brother and him. Perchance his nature
Moues him to haue me keepe his Letters.
*Glou.* Thou no Letter Edmund?
*Edm.* Not that I know my Lord.
*Glou.* Thou didst neuer Edmund, nor no man else.
All this I see: And like a scribbled Peace-make,
Will I dissemble all. Read Edmund.
*Edm.* Sir, I shall find time till I effect your doubt.
*Glou.* And found dispatch. Where hast thou this Sword?
*Edm.* Sir, I know not well.
*Glou.* How now, how now, what newes?
*Stew.* So please your Lordship,
My Lady is delivered of a Son,
In this his Chamber.
*Glou.* My Sonne Edmund?
*Edm.* In this hand Madam.
*Glou.* I prethee conceale it.
*Stew.* I must not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my duty in this businesse.
*Edm.* Why Madam did she write this to Edmund?
*Glou.* Why might she not Edmund? why tell me that?
*Edm.* Some things I know not what. Ile loue thee much
Let me vnseale the Letter.
*Stew.* Madam I had rather——
*Edm.* I know your Lady does not loue her Husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,
She gaue strange eliads, and most speaking lookes
To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.
*Stew.* I Madam?

*Reg.* I speake in vnderstanding. Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do aduise you take it not:
My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I haue talk'd,
And more concernments haue we on my hand
Than for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this,
And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisedome to her.
So farre you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment falls on him, that cuts him off.
*Stew.* Would I could meet Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.
*Reg.* Farre to well.
*Exeunt*

## *Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.*

*Glou.* When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
*Edg.* You do climbe vp it now: Look how we labor.
*Glou.* Me thinkes the ground is eauen.
*Edg.* Horrible steepe.
Hearke, do you heare the Sea?
*Glou.* No truely.
*Edg.* Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.
*Glou.* So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter than thou did'st.
*Edg.* Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
*Glou.* Me thinkes y'are better spoken.
*Edg.* Come on Sir,
Here's the place: stand still. How fearefull
And dizzie 'tis, to cast one eye so low,
That the Crowes, and Chowes that wing the midway ayre
Show scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Samphire, dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger than his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on the vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I'le looke no more,
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
Topple downe headlong.
*Glou.* Set me where you stand.
*Edg.* Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.
*Glou.* Let go my hand.
Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
*Edg.* Now fare ye well, good Sir.
*Glou.* With all my heart.
*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it.
*Glou.* O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposeleſſe willes,
My ſnuffe, and loathed part of Nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out. If *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe him.
Now Fellow, fare thee well.
*Edg.* Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treaſury of life, when life it ſelfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought him parſ. Aliue, or dead?
How, you Sir: friend, heare you Sir, ſpeake.
Thus might he paſſe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?
*Glou.* Away, and let me dye
*Edg.* Had'ſt thou beene ought
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dſt ſhiuer'd like an Egge: but thou do'ſt breath:
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not, ſpeak'ſt, art ſound.
Ten Maſts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.
*Glou.* But haue I falne, or no?
*Edg.* From the dread Sommet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the ſhrill-gorg'd Larke ſo farre
Cannot be ſeene, or heard: Do but looke vp.
*Glou.* Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchednesſe depriu'd that benefit
To end it ſelfe by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
*Edg.* Giue me your arme.
Vp, ſo: How is't? Feele you your Leggs? You ſtand.
*Glou.* Too well, too well.
*Edg.* This is aboue all ſtrangeneſſe,
Vpon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?
*Glou.* A poore vnfortunate Beggar.
*Edg.* As I ſtood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thouſand Noſes,
Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:
It was ſome Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Think that the cleereſt Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.
*Glou.* I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it ſelfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould ſay
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.
*Edgar.* Beare free and patient thoughts.
*Enter Lear.*
But who comes heere?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne're accommodate
His Maſter thus.
*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himſelfe.
*Edg.* O thou ſide-piercing ſight!
*Lear.* Nature's aboue Art, in that reſpect. Ther's your Preſſe-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw me a Clothiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouſe: peace, peace, this peece of toaſted Cheeſe will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird. i'th' clout, i'th'clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.
*Edg.* Sweet Marioram.
*Lear.* Paſſe.
*Glou.* I know that voice.
*Lear.* Ha! *Goneril* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white haires in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To ſay I, and no, to euery thing that I ſaid I, and no too, was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words: they told me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Ague-proote
*Glou.* The tracke of that voyce, I do well remember
Is't not the King?
*Lear.* I, euery inch a King
When I do ſtare, ſee how the Subiect quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the ſmall gilded Fly
Do's lecher in my ſight. Let Copulation thriue
For Gloſters baſtard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lawful ſheets.
To't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond ſimp'ring Dame, whoſe face betweene her
Forkes preſages Snow; that minces Veruine, & do's ſhake
the head to heare of pleaſures name. The Fitchew, nor
the ſoyled Horſe goes too't with a more riotous appe-
tite. Downe from the waſte they are Centaures, though
Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-
rit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darke-
neſs, there is the ſulphurous pit; burning, ſcalding, ſtench,
conſumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce
of Ciuet; good Apothecary ſweeten my imagination:
There's money for thee.
*Glou.* O let me kiſſe that hand.
*Lear.* Let me wipe it firſt,
It ſmelles of Mortality.
*Glou.* O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall ſo weare out to naught.
Do'ſt thou know me?
*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough. doſt thou
ſquiny at me? No, doeſ't thy worſt blinde Cupid, Ile not
loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning
of it
*Glou.* Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not ſee.
*Edg.* I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.
*Lear.* Read.
*Glou.* What with the Caſe of eyes?
*Lear.* Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your
head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in a hea-
uy caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world
goes.
*Glou.* I ſee it feelingly.
*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how
yond Iuſtice railes vpon yond ſimple theefe. Hearke in
thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is
the Iuſtice, which is the theefe? Thou haſt ſeene a Far-
mers dogge barke at a Beggar?
*Glou.* I Sir.
*Lear.* And the Creature run from the Cur? there thou
might'ſt behold the great image of Authority: a Dogge's
obey'd in Office. Thou Rafcall Beadle, hold thy bloody
hand: why doſt thou laſh that Whore? Strip thy owne
backe, thou hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind for which
thou whip'ſt her. The Vſurer hangs the Cozener. Thro-
rough

rough taste [illegible] great Vices to preserve [illegible]
and [illegible]. Place [illegible] God and
the strong Lance of Iustice hurtlesse breakes. A [illegible]
ragged a Pigmie, [illegible]
none I shall [illegible], I [illegible]
who [illegible] the power to [illegible], Get thee
glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician
change thou those [illegible]
Boots. harder hearts, &c.

*Edg.* Pittie [illegible]
Reason in Madnesse.

*Lear.* [illegible] weepe my Fortune [illegible] eyes,
I know [illegible]
I [illegible]
I [illegible]
We [illegible]

*Gent.* Alacke [illegible]

*Lear.* [illegible] are come
To [illegible] I [illegible]
I were a [illegible]
A Troope of [illegible],
[illegible],
Then [illegible],

*Gent.* [illegible]
You [illegible],

*Lear.* [illegible]
The Nature [illegible]
You [illegible],
I am [illegible]

*Gent.* [illegible]

*Lear.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
I [illegible]
Come [illegible]

*Lear.* [illegible],
You [illegible] I
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] toward
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Stir [illegible]

*Exit.*

[illegible] from me,
Yet [illegible]

[illegible] to Fortunes blowes
[illegible] arrowes,
[illegible] me your hand,
[illegible]

The boysterous, and the conflicting Elements
To boot, and boot.

*Enter Steward*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize most happie
That eyelesse head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Briefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out
That must destroy thee
*Glou.* Now let [illegible] friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.

*Stew.* Wherefore, bold Peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,
Least that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.
*Edg.* Chill not let go Zir,
[illegible]
*Stew.* Let go Slaue, or thou dy'st.
*Edg.* Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore
volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life,
'twould not haue bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay
come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or
I'se try whether your Costard, or my Baton be the harder.
Chill be plaine with you.
*Stew.* Out dunghill.
*Edg.* Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor
your foyns.
*Stew.* Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse,
If ever thou wilt thriue, bury my body,
And [illegible] Letters vnspread vpon my [illegible] about me,
To [illegible] soonest [illegible] seeke him out
Vpon the [illegible] plaines. Giue me your hand, death.
Edg. [illegible] A most [illegible] Villaine,
[illegible]
As [illegible]
*Glou.* [illegible]
*Edg.* [illegible] left you
[illegible] the [illegible] of
My [illegible]
He [illegible] Dearnesse [illegible]
Let [illegible],
Like [illegible]
I [illegible]

*Reads the Letter.*

I Haue [illegible]. You haue [illegible] and
opportunities [illegible] of your wicked sister and [illegible] time and
place will [illegible] I [illegible]. If she
[illegible] the [illegible] I am [illegible] and her bed my
Gaole, from the [illegible] where [illegible], and [illegible]
[illegible] to your Lord and
Master.

Your (wife so I would say) affectionate seruant. Gonerill.

O [illegible] of Woman's [illegible],
As [illegible]
A [illegible] exchange my Brother: Heere in the sands
[illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible]
Of [illegible] and [illegible],
With [illegible]
Of [illegible] and [illegible], I can tell
*Glou.* The King is [illegible]
How [illegible]
That [illegible]
O my [illegible]? better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be seuer'd from my griefes,
*Drum afarre off*
And woes, by wrong imaginations loose

The

I acknowledge thee, Meſſenger:
Exit. Giue me your hand:
Exeunt. Sound a Sennet. Enter one bearing a Charge.
Come Father, I doe know you what you are, Exeunt

## Scena Septima.

Enter

Cor. O my good Lord,
How does his Maieſtie?
Lear. Oh Nurſe,
Cor. O you Kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed Nature,
Gent. Madam, comfort
Cor. O thy word
Gent. Be by good Madam,
Cor. Tell me, my Lord,
How does your Maieſty?
Lear. You muſt not aſke me take me out o'th' graue,
Thou art a Soule in bliſſe, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do ſcald like moulten Lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know: when did you dye?
Cor. Still, ſtill, farre wide.
Gent. He's ſcarce awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear. Where am I?
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I ſee this Man: yet I am doubtfull:
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a Spirit, I know.
Cor. Are you not ſenſible of your Darkneſſe?
Lear. Where did you die?
Cor. Madam, thou art mad.
Lear. I am mightily abuſed.
Cor. Will you walke?
Lear. Whither?
Cor. Will you walke?
Lear. Prethee away.
Cor. Alacke, alacke,

Exeunt

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter old Drummer and Souldiers, with

Yo

## Scena Secunda.

## Scena Tertia.

Ere they shall make vs weepe?
We'le see 'em starue first: come Exit
*Bast.* Come hither Captaine, hearke
Take thou this note, go to, ouer-take them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the times is, to be tender-minded
Do not become a Sword, thy great employment
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrue by other meanes
*Capt.* I'le do't my Lord.
*Bast.* About it: and write happy, when th'hast done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue set it downe. Exit Captaine.

*Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers*

*Alb.* Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
I do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.
*Bast.* Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Who, since as I haue wits to see, and feele,
The plot of Power, as doth eclipse my Father.
Which Approues him an intelligent partie
To the dislikes, and wants of the Kingdome,
Vpon which grounds this businesse did take his forme,
Since I haue carried him to the Castle, and his traine
Is dismiss'd from him, nothing vrg'd against him,
Were not the quality of his wrongs, his Age,
And those that were about him, mutinous Knights,
Whose reputations he himself did call downe,
And send into the Tempest. Lastly, but not least,
Vpon his owne confession.
*Alb.* I do assent to all this well done,
That we may more to your shame clear him, and you.
*Reg.* But in such iudgement, we craue the hearing
Of our Sister's cause.
*Alb.* Go you, call hither Edmund, and my Cousin Gloster.
Some Officers take you to my Daughter,
Her voice was euer soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in Woman. I kill'd the Slaue that was a-hanging thee.
*Capt.* 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.
*Alb.* Did I my Lord?
Then I did not know one of more worth
Either to kill, or hate, vpon no cause.
*Capt.* He cride out much, his wife view'd it greatly,
Shee's dead as we haue it.
*Alb.* Saue me Iudgement,
Twice then the Starres, and more by Heauen
Then Humane Accidents, foretold this businesse,
Which haue but worne vs all. Still you are in no certaine grace,
Almost forget your selfe, go after.

*Enter Edmund, Gloster, Regan, Soldiers*

*Reg.* Welcome my Lord, I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now where's your Master?
*Stew.* Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd.
I told him of the Army that was landed,
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming,
His answer was, the worse: of Gloster's Treachery,
And of the loyall seruice of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him,
What like, offensiue.
*Reg.* Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not vndertake: he'le not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May proue effects. Backe Edmund to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his Powres:
I must change names at home, and feigne the Queene
Of your Mistris Commandments. Hold, take my Ring.
*Bast.* My Seruice sworne, your Mistris shall be mine.
If on my Steed I gallop well, I'le breathe
Two Friends by Sword.
*Reg.* Only to her, and hers.
*Bast.* Commend me to her, and my Soule shall waite
On her Imperious Fortunes.

*Exeunt. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers*

*Gon.* Why is this reason'd?
*Alb.* Combine together 'gainst the enemie:
For these domestick, and particular broyles
Are not to question here.
*Gon.* Let vs then determine
With the ancient of warre on our proceedings.
*Alb.* I shall attend you presently at your Tent.
*Gon.* Sister, you'le go with vs?
*Reg.* No.
*Gon.* 'Tis most conuenient, pray you go with vs.
*Reg.* O ho, I know the Riddle: I will goe.

*Enter Edgar and Gloster*

*Edg.* If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.
*Alb.* I'le ouertake you: speake.
*Edg.* Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter.
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion that will proue
What is auouched there: if you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loue you.
*Alb.* Stay till I haue read the Letter.
*Edg.* I was forbid it.
When time shall serue, and I shall mine Auow,
Come, and my Meed hath an Inuitement,
A Trumpet shall be found: if not, my last
Is not with you.
Exit Edgar.
*Glo.* Know my name is lost,
By Treasons tooth bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary
I come to cope.
*Alb.* Which is that Aduersary?
*Edg.* What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloster?
*Edm.* Himselfe: what say'st thou to him?
*Edg.* Draw thy Sword
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do me Iustice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despight thy victor-Sword, and fire-new Fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from the extremest vpward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,

A-boh? Toad, spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme and my best spirits are bent
To proue vpon thy heart, whereto I speake,
Treason'd.
*Bast.* Inow e name I should aske thy name,
But since thy outside lookes so faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (some say of breeding breathes)
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule in Knighthood, and my Order sworne
Backe do I tosse these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
This sword of mine shall giue them instant way,
Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake.
*Alb.* Saue him, saue him. *Alarums. Fight.*
*Gon.* This is practise Gloster
By th'law of Warre thou wast not bound to answer
An vnknowne opposite thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd, and beguil'd.
*Alb.* Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold Sir,
Thou worse then any name, read thine owne euill.
No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.
*Gon.* Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can arraigne me for't? *Exit.*
*Alb.* Most monstrous! Oh know'st thou this paper?
*Bast.* Aske me not what I know.
*Alb.* Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her.
*Edg.* What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue I done,
And more, much more the time will bring to light.
To pay thee hate and terror to thy worth.
Thou art not vanquish'd but cozen'd and beguil'd,
Now gone thee
*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague vs:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
*Bast.* Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle I am heere
*Alb.* Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee or thy Father.
*Edg.* Worthy Prince I know't.
*Alb.* Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you known the miseries of your Father?
*Edg.* By nursing them my Lord. List a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so neere, (O our liues sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would hourely dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'assume a semblance
That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sau'd him from dispaire.
Neuer (O Father) reueal'd my selfe vnto him,
Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, ioy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.
*Bast.* This speech of yours hath moued me,
And shall perchance do good but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.
*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolue,
Hearing of this.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gen.* Helpe helpe! O helpe.
*Edg.* What kinde of helpe?
*Alb.* Speake man.
*Edg.* What meanes this bloody Knife?
*Gen.* 'Tis hot, it smokes, it came euen from the heart
o'——O she's dead.
*Alb.* Who dead? Speake man.
*Gen.* Your Lady Sir, your Lady: and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.
*Bast.* I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.
*Edg.* Here comes *Kent*.

*Enter Kent.*

*Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they alyue or dead;
*Exit Gentl. and Regans bodies brought out.*
This iudgement of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches vs not with pitty. O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners vrges.
*Kent.* I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night.
Is he not here?
*Alb.* Great thing of vs forgot.
Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's' *Cordelia*?
See'st thou this obiect *Kent*?
*Kent.* Alacke, why thus?
*Bast.* Yet *Edmund* was belou'd:
One other poysoned for my sake,
And after slew her selfe.
*Alb.* Euen so couer their faces.
*Bast.* I pant for life: some good I meane to do
Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,
(Be briefe in it) to'th Castle, for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:
Nay send in time.
*Alb.* Run, run, O run
*Edg.* To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Send thy token of reprieue.
*Bast.* Well thought on, take my Sword,
Giue it the Captaine.
*Edg.* Haste thee for thy life.
*Bast.* He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame vpon her owne dispaire,
That she for-did her selfe.
*Alb.* The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

*Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.*

*Lear.* Howle, howle, howle. O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd vse them so,
That Heauens vaulte should crack. She's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth. Lend me a Looking-glasse,

If

If that her breath will mist or stayne the stone,
Why then she lives.
*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?
*Edg.* Or image of that horror
*Alb.* Fall and cease.
*Lear.* This feather stirs, she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeeme all sorrowes
That ever I have felt.
*Kent.* O my good Master.
*Lear.* Prythee away
*Edg.* 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend
*Lear.* A plague upon you Murderors Traitors all,
I might have sau'd her, now she's gone for ever
*Cordelia*, *Cordelia*, stay a little. Ha
What is't thou saist? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee
*Gent.* 'Tis true (my Lord) it is so
*Lear.* Did I not fellow?
I have seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'the best: Ile tell you straight
*Kent.* If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold
*Lear.* This a dull sight, are you not *Kent*?
*Kent.* The same: your Seruant *Kent*,
Where is your Seruant *Caius*?
*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'le strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.
*Kent.* No my good Lord, I am the very man.
*Lear.* Ile see that straight.
*Kent.* That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
*Lear.* You are welcome hither.
*Kent.* Nor no man else
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters have fore-done themselues,
And desperately are dead
*Lear.* I so I think.
*Alb.* He knowes not what he sees, and vaine is it
That we present vs to him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Edg.* Very bootlesse
*Capt.* *Edmund* is dead my Lord.
*Alb.* That's but a trifle heere.
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applyed. For vs we will resigne,
During the life of this old Majesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote and such addition as your Honours
Have more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deseruings. O see, see.
*Lear.* And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat, haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there. *He dies.*
*Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord
*Kent.* Breake heart, I prythee breake.
*Edg.* Looke vp my Lord.
*Kent.* Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
*Edg.* He is gone indeed.
*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but vsurpt his life.
*Alb.* Beare them from hence our present businesse
Is generall woe. Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.
*Kent.* I have a journey Sir, shortly to go,
My Master cals me, I must not say no.
*Edg.* The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are yong,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

*Exeunt with a dead March*

I I 3

FINIS.

# THE TRAGEDIE OF

## Othello, the Moore of Venice.

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Your heart is burſt, you have ſhot out one your ſoule
Euen now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Arme, arme,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the deuill will make a grandſire of you.
Arme I ſay.
*Iag.* Nay, haue you not my word?
*Rod.* My money.
*Bra.* Patience good Sir.
*Iag.* Patience, hang lilly patience.
*Bra.* What tell me?
*Iag.* You are a ſenator.
*Bra.* This is ſome monſter of my houſe, on the
*Iag.* Do not beleeue that of me.
*Bra.* Rod. Sir.
*Iag.* I am one, if it thinke you fit to bee
So great with him, to haue him pluck'd.
*Bra.* Are, Diabolo, ho.
*Iag.* Do you not heare my Lord?
*Bra.* You are vile.
*Iag.* My Lord I am,
*Bra.* If partly I diſcerne what art, or what
*Iag.* Sir, you are—
*Bra.* My Lord, or Sir, I care not.
*Iag.* Very well, Sir.
*Bra.* Rod. Light a taper.
*Iag.* Sir, I am not bound to anſwer
Your Daughter is not married to you.
*Bra.*

The Law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.
*Oth.* Let him do his spight.
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (vnbonnetted) as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know Iago,
But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my vnhoused free condition
Put into Circumscription and confine,
For the Seas worth. But look, what lights come yond?

*Enter Cassio, with Iago, &c.*

*Iago.* Those are the Raskals that behaue the Moore,
You were best go in.
*Oth.* Not I, I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
*Iago.* By Janus, I take no
*Oth.* The Seruants of the Duke?
And my Lieutenant?
The good newes come the Night vpon you. (Friends,
Wherefore are Newes?)
*Iago.* The Duke do's greet you Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Euen on the instant.
*Oth.* What's the matter, think you?
*Cassio.* Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine.
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consulate are call'd vp,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Quests,
To search you out.
*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.
*Cassio.* Ancient, what makes he here?
*Iago.* Faith he to night hath boarded a Land Carract
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.
*Cassio.* I do not vnderstand.
*Iago.* He's married.
*Cassio.* To who?
*Iago.* Marry to ——— Come Captaine, will you go?
*Oth.* Haue with you.
*Iago.* Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.*

*Iago.* It is Brabantio. Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
*Oth.* Holla, stand there.
*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moore.
*Bra.* Downe with him, theefe.
*Iago.* You, Roderigo? Come Sir, I am for you.
*Oth.* Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with yeares, then with your Weapons.
*Bra.* O thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her
For I'le referre me to all things of sense,
(If in the course of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Darlings of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t'incurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the sooty bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. I'le haue it disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking:
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant,
Lay hold vpon him, if he goe or stirre
To vndergo it, at his peril.
*Oth.* Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answere this your charge?
*Bra.* To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.
*Oth.* What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him?
*Officer.* 'Tis true, most worthy Signior,
The Duke's in Counsell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.
*Bra.* How? The Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong as 'twere their owne.
For if such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond-slaues and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.*

*Duke.* There's no composition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.
*Duke.* And mine a Hundred forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine two Hundred.
But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,
(As in these Cases where the aymes reports,
'Tis oft with difference, yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.
*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull sense.
*Sailor within.* What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.
*Enter Sailor.*

*Officer.* A

*Officer.* A Messenger from the Gallies.
*Duke.* Now? What's the businesse?
*Sen.* The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo.*
*Duke.* How say you by this change?
1. *Sen.* This cannot be
By no assay of reason: 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
Th'importance of Cyprus to the Turke
And let our selues againe but understand,
That as it more concernes the Turke than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not such a ranke and distance
From the Head-maine, as Rhodes doth from Cyprus,
No more pertinent to vs, nor is likely
To do more hurt, (Iustly as we may
Esteeme our selues secure) than Rhodes might do,
We must not make scarre-fire with our State,
To fright vs from our watch: for our owne face,
Is more than any terror can present,
Must like be fear'd: and hence we should be slacke
To waken, as with labour, that sleepe
Whereto we are inuited, whiles we feare
Our selues to sleepe.
*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
*Officer.* Here are more Newes.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* The Ottomites reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there iniected yesterday on Cyprus
1. *Sen.* I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?
*Mes.* Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stemme
Their backward course, bearing with frame of purpose
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your noble and most Valiant Seruitour,
With his free duty recommends him to you.
*Duke.* Ye are assur'd you do but iest with vs.
*Mes.* Pardon me, I do not.
*Duke.* Why, I am certaine then to feare each part
Of my account: for I do iudge the Turke
Is surely mou'd.
1. *Sen.* If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskilfull,
To leaue that latest, which concernes him first,
Neglecting an attempt ripe: and prize
To wake, and wage a danger profitable,

[illegible] State Lawes for vse,
[illegible]
*Duke* Send for *Othello*
[illegible] I left no friend to stand vpon my [illegible]
[illegible] better Starre of my [illegible]
[illegible] cater-cousin'd with the Rusticke [illegible],
[illegible] Accident, and flood-gate, and breach,
[illegible] Antres vast, and Deserts idle,
[illegible] rough Quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was the Processe,
And of the Cannibals that each other eate,
The *Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house Affaires would draw her thence,
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure vp my discourse: which I obseruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentiuely. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffered. My Story being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes:
She swore, in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitty, 'twas wondrous pitty,
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lou'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Vpon this hint I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lou'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
Here comes the Lady, let her witnesse it.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
Than their bare hands.
*Bra.* I pray you heare her speake?
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Company,
Where most you owe obedience?
*Des.* My Noble Father,
I do perceiue here a diuided duty,
To you I am bound for life, and education,
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband,
And so much duty as my Mother show'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.
*Bra.* God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, than get it.
Come hither Moore,
I heere do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)
I am glad at soule, I have no other Childe,
For thy escape would teach me Tyranny
To hang Clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.
*Duke.* Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grize, or step may helpe these Louers.
When remedies are past the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischeefe on.
What cannot be preuented, when Fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe that spends a bootelesse griefe.
*Bra.* So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loose it not to say as we can lose.
He scores the water for a ship of stone,
That warres vpon his patience bootlesse Patience borrow.
His wounds that smile, do mocke the hand that maimes,
Than they are hurt by griefe: who quickly calls,
Being flowne to others, that haue power to stay.
But words are words; I never yet did heare
That the bruized heart was pierced through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to the Affaires of State.
*Duke.* The Turke with a most mighty Preparation makes for Cyprus. *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we haue there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a more souereigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloue of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborne, and boysterous expedition.
*Oth.* The Tyrant Custome most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flynty, and steele Couch of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Natiue and prompt Alacritie,
I finde in Hardnesse, and do vndertake
This present Warres against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accommodation and besort
As leuies with her breeding.
*Duke.* Why at her Fathers?
*Bra.* I will not haue it so.
*Oth.* Nor I.
*Des.* Nor would I there reside,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,
To my vnit doing, lend your prosperous eare,
And let me find a Charter in your voice
T'assist my simplenesse.
*Duke.* What would you *Desdemona*?
*Des.* That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

For Prauncing drum, and the man commands,
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (ho!)
As we to see the Vessell bear's enough,
And let the rough-out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the Main and th' Aerie blew,
An indistinct regard.
Gen. Come let's do so.
For every Minute is expectancie
Of more Arrivance

*Enter Cesario.*

Cesa. Thankes you the valiant of this warlike Isle,
That so approue the Moore. O let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I am lost in this dangerous Sea
Mon. Is he well shipt?
Cesa. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of very expert, and approued Allowance
Therefore my hopes (not surfeited to death)
Stand in bold Cure.
A Saile, a Saile, a Saile
Mon. What noise?
Cesa. The Townes empty on the Pyer to gaze:
Some Main-sailes we can discerne
Mon. See for the Cannons
Cesa. Pray heauen he be:
For so I count him, worth that welcome,
Enter Gentleman.
Gent. Newes friends our warres are done,
The Turkish Fleet
Mon. How? is this true?
Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa: Michael Cassio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for Cyprus
Mon. I am glad on't, 'tis a worthy Gouernor.
Cesa. But this same Cassio, though he speake of
Comfort touching the Master and the Ship,
And prizes the vnmeasurable Moore,
Euen till we make the Main and th' Aerie blew,
An indistinct regard.
Gent. Come let's do so.
For every Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriu

*Cas.* He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.
*Des.* Oh, but I feare
How lost you company?
*Cassio.* The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearke a Saile.
*Within.* A Saile, a Saile
*Gent.* They giue this greeting to the Cittadell
This likewise is a friend.
*Cas.* See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of Courtesie.
*Iago.* Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would haue enough.
*Des.* Alas: she has no speech.
*Iago.* Infaith too much
I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe:
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
*Æmil.* You haue little cause to say so.
*Iago.* Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wild-Cats in your Kitchens: Saints in your Injuries: Diuels being offended: Players in your Housewifery, and Housewiues in your Beds.
*Des.* Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.
*Iago.* Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.
*Æmil.* You shall not write my praise
*Iago.* No, let me not.
*Desde.* What would'st write of me, if thou should'st praise me?
*Iago.* Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
*Des.* Come on, assay
There's one gone to the Harbour?
*Iago.* I Madam.
*Des.* I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would'st thou praise me?
*Iago.* I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it plucks out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she is deliuer'd.
*If she be faire, and wise: faire, and wise, or fairenesse and wit,*
*The one for vse, the other vseth it.*
*Des.* Well prais'd:
How if she be Blacke and Witty?
*Iago.* *If she be blacke, and therto haue a wit,*
*She'le finde a white, that shall her blackenesse fit.*
*Des.* Worse, and worse.
*Æmil.* How if Faire, and Foolish?
*Iago.* *She never yet was foolish that was faire,*
*For euen her folly helpes her to an heire.*
*Desde.* These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh i'th'Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's Foule, and Foolish?
*Iago.* *There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,*
*But do's foule pranks which faire, and wise-ones do.*
*Desde.* Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it selfe?

*Iago.* *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,*
*Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud,*
*Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,*
*Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may,*
*She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,*
*Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie,*
*She that in wisedome neuer was a fraide,*
*To change the Cods head for the Salmons taile,*
*She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,*
*See Suitors following, and not looke behind:*
*She was a wight, (if euer such wights were)*
*Des.* To do what?
*Iago.* *To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.*

*Desde.* Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do not learne of him *Æmilia*, though he be thy husband. How say you *Cassio*, is not a Politician, and a peruerse Stickler?
*Cassio.* He speakes home (Madam) you may relish him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.
*Iago.* He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whisper. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a Fly as *Cassio*. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenantrie, it had been better you had not kist your three-hoo-gees so oft, which now may seeme some practice. Is it possible? very good: well kist, and excellent Courtesie: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Clister-pipes for your sake.
The Moore I know his Trumpet.
*Cassio.* 'Tis truely so
*Des.* Let's meete him, and receiue him
*Cassio.* Loe, where he comes.

*Enter Othello, and Attendants*

*Oth.* O, my faire Warriour.
*Des.* My deere *Othello*.
*Othe.* It giues me wonder great, as my content
To see you heere before me.
Oh my Soules ioy
If after euery Tempest, come such Calmes,
May the windes blow till they haue waken'd death
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne fate.
*Des.* The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts should encrease
Euen as our dayes do grow
*Othe.* Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stops me heere: it is too much of ioy.
And this, and this the greatest discords be
That ere our hearts shall make.
*Iago.* Oh you are well tun'd now: But I'le set downe the pegges that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

*Othe.* Come Iago, you to the Castle
Newes (friends) our Warres are done
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
(Honey) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I haue found great loue amongst them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine owne comforts. I prythee good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay and disembarke my Coffers
Bring thou the Master to the Citadell,
He is a good one, and his worthy deserts
Do challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at Cyprus.
*Exit Othello and Desdemona.*

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour. Come hither, if thou be'st valiant (as they say base men being in Loue, haue then a Nobility in their Natures, more than is natiue to them) list me. The Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: *Desdemona* is directly in loue with him.

*Rod.* With him? why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantasticall lies. To loue him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart beate it. Euen this may plucke on pitty. And what delight shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be againe to inflame it and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite, Loueliness in fauour, sympathy in Yeares, Manners and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate tenderwill will finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue, gorge, disrelish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice. Now sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vnforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as Cassio does? a knaue very voluble: no further conscionable, than in putting on the meere forme of Ciuill and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose Affection? why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue: a finder of occasion: that has an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Aduantages, though true Aduantage neuer present it selfe: A deuilish knaue: besides the knaue is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A pestilent complet knaue, and the woman has found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot beleeue that in her, she's full of most blest condition.

*Iago.* Blest fig's end: The Wine she drinkes is made of grapes. If she had been blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore: blest pudding. Didst not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes that I did: but that was but courtesie.

*Iago.* Lechery by this hand: an index, and obscure prologue to the History of Lust and foule thoughts. They met so neere with their lippes, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Roderigo*, when these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and main exercise th' incorporate conclusion. Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, I'le lay't vpon you. Cassio knowes you not. I'le not be farre from you. Do you finde some occasion to anger Cassio either by speaking too loud, or taxing his Duty beyond from what other course you please, which the time shall more fauourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir he is rash and very sodaine in Choller, and happily may strike at you: prouoke him that he may: for euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I shall then haue to prefer them. And the impediment most profitably remoued, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Citadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu. *Exit.*

*Iago.* That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleeue't:
That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, louing Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'll proue to *Desdemona*
A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peraduenture
I stand accomptant for as great a sinne)
But partly led to diet my Reuenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth like a poysonous Mineral, gnaw my inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am euen'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least into a Ielousie so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
I'le haue the *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore in the rancke garbe
(For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cap too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace and quiet,
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd,
Knauery's plaine face is neuer seene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Othello, Herald with a Proclamation.*

*Herald.* It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriued, importing the meere perdition of the Turkish fleete, euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man to what Sport and Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleasure should be proclaym'd. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of feasting from

present houre of fiue, till the Bel haue told eleuen
Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall Otello.
Exit.

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio and Attendants.*

*Othe.* Good *Michael*, looke you to the Guard to night.
Let's teach our selues the Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
*Cas. Iago* hath direction what to do
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to't.
*Othe. Iago* is most honest
*Michael* goodnight. To morrow with your earliest
Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'tweene me and you.
Goodnight. *Exit*

*Enter Iago.*

*Cas.* Welcome *Iago*, we must to the Watch
*Iago.* Not this houre Lieutenant, 'tis not yet ten o'th'cocke. Our Generall cast vs thus early for the loue of his Desdemona. Who let vs haue therefore a blame before him not yet made wanton the night with her and she is sport for *Ioue*.
*Cas.* She's a most exquisite Lady
*Iago.* And I'le warrant her full of Game.
*Cas.* Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.
*Iago.* What an eye she has?
Methinkes it sounds a parley to prouocation
*Cas.* An inuiting eye:
And yet me thinkes right modest.
*Iago.* And when she speakes,
Is it not an Alarum to Loue?
*Cas.* She is indeed perfection.
*Iago.* Well happies he to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of blacke *Othello*.
*Cas.* Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore, and vnhappie Braines for drinking. I could well wish Courtesie would inuent some other Custome of entertainment.
*Iago.* O they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.
*Cassio.* I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innouation it makes heere. I am vnfortunate in the infirmity and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more
*Iago.* What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants desire it
*Cas.* Where are they?
*Iago.* Heere, at the doore. I pray you call them in
*Cas.* I'le do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*
*Iago.* If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrell and offence
As my young Mistris dogge.
Now my sicke Foole *Roderigo*,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to night Caroused
Potts of Muscadine, to the sea-watch.
Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warre-like isle,
Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too

Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our *Cassio* in some Action
That may offend the Isle. But here they come

*Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.*

If Consequence do but approue my dreame,
My Boate sailes freely, both with wind and Stremme
*Cas.* Loue, these are they, haue seene worse then already
*Mon.* Good Lieutenant, I pray you not paint it, as I am a Souldier
*Iago.* Some Wine ho
*And let me the Canakin clinke, clinke,*
*And let me the Canakin clinke*
*A Souldiers a man,*
*A life's but a span,*
*Why then let a Souldier drinke.*
Some Wine boyes
*Cas.* Fore God, an excellent Song.
*Iago.* I learn'd it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your Germaine, and your swag-bellied Hollander, (Drinke hoa) are nothing to your English
*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?
*Iago.* Why, he drinkes you with facility your Dane dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Almaine: he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be filled
*Cas.* To the health of our Generall
*Mon.* I am for it Lieutenant, and I'le do you iustice
*Iago.* O sweet England
*And let me the Canakin clinke*
*Hee's that he was not borne in a Towne,*
*In that he was not christened in a Temple,*
*Hee's that he was not married within the fifth Commandement,*
*That he was not a Cuckold before he was wise,*
*Hee's that he was not a Cuckold before he was wise,*
*And let me the Canakin clinke.*
Some Wine ho.
*Cas.* Why this is a more exquisite Song, then the other
*Iago.* Will you heare't againe?
*Cas.* No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place that does those things. Well heauen is aboue all, and there be Soules must not be saued, and there be Soules must not be saued.
*Iago.* It's true, good Lieutenant
*Cas.* For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality: I hope to be saued
*Iago.* And so do I too Lieutenant.
*Cas.* I: but by your leaue, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our sinnes. Gentlemen, let's looke to our businesse. Do not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunke now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.
*Gent.* Excellent well
*Cas.* Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit*
*Mon.* To the Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the Watch.
*Iago.* You see this Fellow that is gone before,
He's a Soldier fit to stand by Cæsar,
And giue direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox,

[illegible] as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him
[illegible] Othello part a man,
[illegible]
[illegible] hand
*Mon.* But is he often thus?
[illegible] Tis evermore the prologue to his sleepe,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] man of
[illegible]
[illegible] appeare in Cassio,
[illegible]
*Enter Montano*
[illegible]
[illegible] go
[illegible]
pray you after them, go.
*Mon.* [illegible] that the Noble Moore
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
To the Moore
*Iago.* Not this houre Lieutenant,
I [illegible] would not mad
[illegible] But speake what note?
*Exeunt all but Iago &* Cassio.
*Cas.* You hedge you know not at
*Iago.* [illegible]
*Cas.* Why [illegible] my selfe
[illegible] to Drinke?
*Iago.* But one?
*Cas.* Do you call me prate, hedge?
*Iago.* No [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the Moore
[illegible] me, you shake
*Cassio.* Drunke?
*Iago.* Nay you may go to your Lady Mistris
Nay good Lieutenant, Alas Gentlemen
I speake no harme. Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*
Helpe Masters [illegible] a good [illegible] indeed.
[illegible]
The Towne will rise. Fie the Lieutenant,
You shall be all dismist for ever

*Enter Othello and Attendants*

*Oth.* What is the matter masters?
*Mon.* I feare my Lord, I am not to deale [illegible] He dies.
*Oth.* Hold for your lives.
[illegible] Lieutenant Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen
Have you forgot all place of sence and duty?
[illegible] passion can have power
[illegible]
[illegible] exclamations
[illegible] Barbarous, Brawle
[illegible]
[illegible] the Ottomites
[illegible] Mahon
[illegible]
From me, stand [illegible] What is the matter, Masters?
Honest *Iago* that looks dead with grieving,
[illegible] Can thou relate?
*Iago.* I know [illegible] friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like Bride and Groome
Devesting them for Bed: and then but now,
(As if some Planet had unwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breasts,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish oddes
And would in Action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
*Oth.* How comes it (*Michaell*, you are thus forgot?
*Cas.* I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
*Oth.* Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civill;
The gravitie, and stillnesse of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.
*Mon.* Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago*, can inform you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I aught
By me, that's said or done amisse this night,
Unlesse self-charitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selves, it be a sinne
When violence assailes us
*Oth.* Now by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (having my best judgement collied)
Assayes to lead the way. If I once stirre,
Or do but lift this Arme the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foule rout began. Who set it on,
And to what is appointed, is sillinesse,
Thought it had [illegible] with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me [illegible] Towne of warre,
Yea wilde, [illegible] fearefull be to [illegible] of feare,
To Manage private and domestick Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
'Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began it?
*Mon.* If partially Affin'd or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more, or lesse than Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.
*Iago.* Touch me not so neere,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael so;
Yet perswade my eye, to speake a thought
Some [illegible] wrong'd [illegible] Cassio
Was [illegible] Generall:
[illegible]
There comes a knowne evill that attorneyes me,
And [illegible] downe with me, and Sword
To [illegible] Souldier,
Stop [illegible] affaire entreats his owne
My [illegible] should plead
Death, I can answer, [illegible]
The Towne [illegible] (out of doore)
Or rather my [illegible] from their rather
For [illegible] and [illegible] swords,
And [illegible] Who can [illegible]
[illegible] When I came backe
[illegible] was beat [illegible] them asunder together
[illegible] and [illegible] they were
When you vouchsafe to [illegible] them.
[illegible]
[illegible] Men are Men. The best sometimes forget,
[illegible] did some harme to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet (soothly) Captaine [illegible]
From him that fled, some strange indignitie
Which patience could not passe.

*Oth.*

*Othe.* I know *Iago*
Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

*Enter Desdemona attended.*

Looke if my gentle Loue be not raysd vp.
Ile make thee an example.
*Des.* What is the matter Deere?
*Oth.* All's well. Sweeting,
Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off.
*Iago*, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vile brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Souldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

*Exeunt.*

*Iago.* What are you there? Come in, and giue some ayde.
*Cas.* I pray talke me to no body, I am hurt to the danger of my life.
*Iago.* Masty, these are the things we shall get by seruing drunkards.
*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O I haue lost my Reputation! I haue lost the immortall part of my selfe, and what remaines is bestiall. My Reputation, *Iago*, my Reputation.
*Iago.* As I am an honest man I thought you had receiu'd some bodily wound; there is more sence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing. You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a loser. What man, there are more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policie, then in malice, euen as one would beate his offending Gunne, to affright an Imperious Lion. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.
*Cas.* I will rather sue to be dispis'd of then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken a part, and so indirect an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrot? And squabble? Swagger? Sweare? And discourse fustian with ones owne shadow? O thou inuisible Spirit of Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuel!
*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your Sword? What had he done to you?
*Cas.* I know not.
*Iago.* Is't possible?
*Cas.* I remember a massie of things, but nothing distinctly; a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale away their Braines! that we should with ioy, pleasance, reuell and applause, transforme our selues to Beasts!
*Iago.* Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?
*Cas.* It hath pleas'd the deuell Drunkennesse to giue place to the deuell Wrath: one vnperfectnesse shewes me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.
*Iago.* Come, you are too seuere a Moraler. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen: but since it is as it is, mend it for your owne good.
*Cas.* I will ask him for my Place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast! O strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnblest, and the Ingredient is a Deuell.

*Iago.* Come, come good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it. And good Lieutenant, I think you think I loue you.
*Cas.* I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke!
*Iago.* You or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our Generall's Wife is now the Generall. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and denotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her help to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more than she is requested. This broken ioint between you and her Husband, entreate her to splinter. And my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your loue shall grow stronger than it was before.
*Cas.* You aduise me well.
*Iago.* I protest in the sincerity of Loue, and honest kindnesse.
*Cas.* I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning will I beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* to vndertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me.
*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.
*Cas.* Good night, honest *Iago*.

*Exit Cassio.*

*Iago.* And what's he then, that sayes I play the Villaine?
When this aduice is free I giue and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
All Seales and Symbols of redeemed sinne,
His Soule is so enfetter'd to her Loue,
That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the God,
With his weake function. How am I then a Villaine,
To counsell *Cassio* to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,
When diuels will the blackest sinnes put on,
They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole
Plies *Desdemona* to repaire his fortune,
And she for him pleades strongly to the Moore,
I'le powre this pestilence into his eare,
That she repeals him for her bodies Lust.
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall vndo her credit with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall enmesh them all.
How now *Roderigo*?

*Enter Roderigo.*

*Rodorigo.* I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills vp the Cry. My Money is almost spent, I haue been to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd. And I thinke the issue will

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Cassio, Musitians.*

*Exeunt*

*Enter Iago*

*Exit Clo*

*Enter Desdemona*

*Exeunt*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen*

*Exeunt*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Aemilia.*

*Exeunt*

I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, Ile perform it
To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience,
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
With Cassio's suite: therein shall I diuerty seruice,
Till I am setled in my full Office.
How gue thy cause away

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, and*
*Lodouico, Emilia, Cassio, and*
*Attendants.*

*Lod.* Madam, good morrow to
*Cas.* Mas. Desdemona
*Des.* Welcome
*Iago.* Mas. Lodouico, welcome,
Sir, welcome to Cyprus.
*Lod.* I thank you. *How does*
*Des.* Well, my good Lord.
*Oth.* Would it were Heauen!
*Iago.* Nothing my Lord: —Well, my Lord is
*Oth.* Was not
*Iago.* Cassio, my Lord
Saw them talke
Seeing you coming,
*Oth.* I do beleeue 'twas he
*Des.* How now
I haue bin talking with a Suitor here,
A man that comforts you my Lord
*Cas.* You were
*Des.* You were best
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
I haue no power to moue
Your best is not
Vnlesse the bitternesse of affliction
I am (blessed in your good will)
Good
*Oth.* Sweet
*Des.* Shall I
*Oth.* No
*Des.* Is my
Heere
*Iag.* Why
Oh, Desdemona
Desdemona
*Des.* My
*Oth.* Sweet
Sweet
Come
Is
Tell
Why
Is
*Des.* Why, this is not a boone:

'Tis as I should entreate you, wear your
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keep you
Or breath vnto you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne person. Nay,
Where I haue spoke any
I
And
Vpon
I
Or
Pray
Is
Or
Pray
Is
Why
Oh
Prithee
Is
Is
Come
Is
Is
Is

The worſt of words.
*Iago.* Good me Lord pardon me,
Though am bound to euery Act of me,
I am not bound to that All ſlaues are free to
Vſe my Thoughts? Why ſay they are vild and falſe?
Is where ſtraight Pooles were our eyes? One
Sometimes to this end Will ſend the worſer part,
Where vnbridled in
Keepe Leets, and Law-dayes, and in ſhort
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy Thoughts.
*Iago.* I do not know,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſſe
As I confeſſe it is my Nature pleaſure
To ſcan this thing no further: Leaue it vnknowne
Your wiſe, and your Lord, preſent no more trouble
Out of this fearefull, and vnſure obſeruance,
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honeſty, and Wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
*Oth.* What doſt thou meane?
*Iago.* Good name in Man, and Woman, deare my Lord
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules,
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh:
'Tis ſomething, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
*Oth.* Ile know my Thoughts.
*Iago.* You cannot if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whil'ſt 'tis in my cuſtodie.
*Oth.* Ha?
*Iago.* Oh, beware my Lord, of Iealouſie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monſter, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger.
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o're,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suſpects, yet ſtrongly loues?
*Oth.* O miſery.
*Iago.* Poore and Content, is rich and rich enough,
But Riches fineleſſe is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good Heauen, the ſoules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealouſie.
*Oth.* Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'ld make a Life of Iealouſie;
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpition? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolu'd. Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my Soule
To ſuch exſufflate, and blowne Surmiſes,
Matching thy Inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To ſay my Wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Plaies, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, there is moſt certaine
Nor, where I know am free from gentle motiues,
That ſhall not make me tricke or chaſe me out of Councels
For ſhe had eyes, and chooſe me. No *Iago*
Ile ſee before I doubt: when I doubt proue:
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealouſie.
I am glad of this: For now I ſhall haue reaſon
To ſhew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I ſpeake not yet of proofe
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſſio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of ſelfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke to't.
I know our Country diſpoſition well.
In Venice, they do let Heauen ſee the prankes
They dare not ſhew their Husbands.
Their beſt Conſcience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but keepe vnknowne.
*Oth.* Doſt thou ſay ſo?
*Iago.* She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.
*Oth.* And ſo ſhe did.
*Iago.* Why go too then:
Sheele ſo young could giue out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeele her Fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.
*Oth.* I am bound to thee for euer
*Iago.* I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirits:
*Oth.* Not a iot, not a iot.
*Iago.* Troth me, I feare it has
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do ſee y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to ſuſpition.
*Oth.* I will not.
*Iago.* Should you do ſo (my Lord)
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vilde ſucceſſe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
*Caſſio* my worthy friend
My Lord, I ſee y'are moou'd.
*Oth.* No, not much moo'd
I do not think but *Deſdemona* is honeſt.
*Iago.* Long liue ſhe ſo
And long liue you to thinke ſo.
*Oth.* And yet how Nature erring from it ſelfe.
*Iago.* I, there is the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may ſmell in ſuch, a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.
*Oth.* Farewell farewell:
If more thou doſt perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obſerue.
Leaue me *Iago*.
*Iago.* My Lord, I take my leaue
*Oth.* Why did I marry?
This honeſt Creature (doubtleſſe)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

*Iago* My Lord, I would I might entreat your Honor
To scant this thing no farther. Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure he fills it vp with great Ability:
Yet if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seene in that. In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.
*Oth.* Feare not my gouernment.
*Iago.* I once more take my leaue. *Exit*
*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty
And knowes all Qualities with a learned Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares, yet that's not much)
She's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. O Curse of Marriage
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Than keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague of Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse than the base,
'Tis destiny vnshunnable, like death.
Even then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes.

*Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.*

If she be false, Heauen mocks itselfe
Ile not beleeue't.
*Des.* How now, my deere Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you inuited, do attend your presence.
*Oth.* I am to blame.
*Des.* Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?
*Oth.* I haue a paine vpon my forehead, heere.
*Des.* Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.
*Oth.* Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone. Come, Ile go in with you. *Exit.*
*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.
*Æmil.* I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the token,
(For he coniures her, she will keepe it)
That she reckons as needfull as the eyes
To lose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
*Iago.* How now? What do you heere alone?
*Æmil.* Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.
*Iago.* You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing ——
*Æmil.* Ha?
*Iago.* To haue a foolish wife.
*Æmil.* Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that same Handkerchiefe.
*Iago.* What Handkerchiefe?
*Æmil.* What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*
That which so often you haue bid me steale.
*Iago.* Hast stolne it from her?
*Æmil.* No, but she let it fall by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being heere, tooke it vp.
Looke, heere it is.
*Iago.* A good wench, giue it me.
*Æmil.* What will you do with't, that you haue beene
So earnest to haue me filch it?
*Iago.* Why, what is that to you?
*Æmil.* If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giue't me againe. Poore Lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lacke it.
*Iago.* Be not acknowne on't,
I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me. *Exit Æmil.*
I will in Cassio's Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as Ayre,
Are to the iealous Confirmations strong
As proofes of Holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson:
Dangerous conceits, are in their Nature poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little Act vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphur. I did say so.

*Enter Othello.*

Looke where he comes. Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrops of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweet sleepe
Which thou owedst yesterday.
*Oth.* Ha, ha, false to me?
*Iago.* Why how now Generall? No more of that.
*Oth.* Auant, be gone. Thou hast set me on the Racke.
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.
*Iago.* How now my Lord?
*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolne houres of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me.
I slept the next night well, was free and merry.
I found not Cassio's kisses on her Lippes.
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all.
*Iago.* I am sorry to heare this.
*Oth.* I had been happy, if the generall Campe,
Pioners and all had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now for euer
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell Content,
Farewell the plumed Troope, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition Vertue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed and the shrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drum, the eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pompe and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours counterfet,
Farewell. Othello's Occupation's gone.
*Iago.* Is't possible my Lord?
*Oth.* Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it. Giue me the Ocular proofe,

Or

O by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou hadst better haue bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath.
*Iago.* Is't come to this?
*Oth.* Make me to see't, or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation bear no Hinge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life
*Iago.* My Noble Lord.
*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
*Iago.* O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. O wretched Foole,
That lou'st to make thine Honestie, a Vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O World,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no friend, sith Loue breeds such offence.
*Oth.* Nay, stay: thou should'st be honest.
*Iago.* I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,
And loses that it works for.
*Oth.* By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not;
I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not.
Ile haue some proofe. My name that was as fresh
As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not endure it. Would I were satisfied.
*Iago.* I see you are eaten vp with Passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
*Oth.* Would? Nay, and I will.
*Iago.* And may: but how? How satisfied my Lord?
Would you the supervision grossely gape on?
Behold her top'd?
*Oth.* Death, and damnation! Oh!
*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do see them bolster
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolues in Pride, and Foole as grosse
As Ignorance made drunke: But yet, I say,
If Imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.
*Oth.* Giue me a cause for this: Ile see't.
*Iago.* I do not like the Office:
But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd to't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is Cassio.
In sleepe I heard him say, Sweet *Desdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, O sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,
As if he pluck'd vp kisses by the roots,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry curs'd Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.
*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!
*Iago.* Nay, this was but his Dreame.
*Oth.* But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
*Iago.* And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly.
*Oth.* Ile teare her all to peeces.
*Iago.* Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?
*Oth.* I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.
*Iago.* I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day
See Cassio wipe his Beard with.
*Oth.* If it be that.
*Iago.* If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It speakes against her with the other proofes.
*Oth.* O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.
*Iago.* Yet be content.
*Oth.* O blood, blood, blood.
*Iago.* Patience I say: your minde may change.
*Oth.* Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Pontick Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,
Ne'r feels retyring Ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont:
Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neuer looke backe, nere ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I here engage my words.
*Iago.* Do not rise yet.
Witnesse you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witnesse that here *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged *Othello*'s Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse euer.
*Oth.* I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thankes, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio* 's not aliue.
*Iago.* My Friend is dead.
'Tis done at your Request.
But let her liue.
*Oth.* Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the fayre Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
*Iago.* I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt*
*Seqve*

## Scæna Quarta.

*Enter Desdemona, Æmilia and Clown.*

*Des.* Do you know sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

*Clow.* I dare not say he lies any where.

*Des.* Why man?

*Clo* He is a Souldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

*Des.* Go too, where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lye

*Des* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clo* I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

*Des* Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report

*Clo* I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions and by their answer.

*Des.* Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him, I have mooued my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

*Clo.* To do this is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo*

*Des* Where should I loose the Handkercheefe, *Æmilia?*

*Æmil.* I know not Madam

*Des* Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneſſe, As iealous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking.

*Æmil.* Is he not iealous?

*Des* Who, he? I think the Sunne where he was borne, Drew all such humours from him.

*Æmil.* Looke where he comes.

*Enter Othello.*

*Des* I will not leaue him now, til *Cassio* be Cal'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good Lady. Oh hardnes to diſſemble! How do you, *Desdemona?*

*Des* Well, my good Lord.

*Oth.* Giue me your hand This hand is moiſt, my Lady.

*Des* It hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulneſſe, and liberall heart: Hot, hot, and moyſt. This hand of yours requires A iequeſter from Liberty, Fasting, and Prayer, Much Castigation, Exercise deuout, For here's a young and sweating Deuil here That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A frank one.

*Des.* You may (indeed) say so, For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

*Oth* A liberall hand. The hearts of old gaue hands. But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speake of this? Come, now your promiſe.

*Oth.* What promiſe Chuck?

*Des* I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

*Oth.* I haue a salt and sorry Rheume offends me. Lend me thy Handkercheefe.

*Des.* Heere my Lord.

*Oth* That which I gaue you.

*Des.* I haue it not about me.

*Oth* Not?

*Des* No indeed, my Lord.

*Oth.* That's a fault. That Handkercheefe Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it, I would make her Amiable and subdue my Father Intirely to her loue. But if she lost it, Or made a Gift of it, my Fathers eye Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt After new Fancies. She dying gaue it me, And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd) To giue it her. I did so, and take heed on't, Make it a Darling, as precious as mine eye To loose it, or giue't away, were such perdition, As nothing else could match.

*Des* Is't possible?

*Oth* 'Tis true. There's Magicke in the web of it. A Sybill that had numbred in the world The Sunne to course two hundred compaſſes, In her Prophetick fury sowed the Worke The Wormes were hallowed that did breed the Silke, And it was dyde in Mummy, which the Skilfull Conſerued of Maidens hearts.

*Des.* Indeed? Is't true?

*Oth* Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.

*Des.* Then would to God that I had neuer seene't!

*Oth* Ha? wherefore?

*Des* Why do you speake so startingly and rash?

*Oth* Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is it out o'th' way?

*Des* Heauen blesse vs.

*Oth* Say you?

*Des* It is not lost, but what and if it were?

*Oth.* How?

*Des* I say it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch't, let me see't.

*Des* Why so I can, but I will'e not now: This is a trick to put me from my suite, Pray you let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.

*Oth* Fetch me the Handkercheefe, My minde misgiues.

*Des.* Come, come, you neuer meant a man so much.

*Oth.* The Handkercheefe.

*Des* A man that all his time Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue; Shar'd dangers with you.

*Oth* The Handkercheefe.

*Des.* I'faith you are too blame.

*Oth* Away. *Exit Othello.*

*Æmil.* Is not this man iealous?

*Des.* I ne'r saw this before Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkercheefe, I am most vnhappy in the loſſe of it.

*Æmil* 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes a man: They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food, They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full They belch vs.

*Enter Iago and Cassio.*

Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband

*Iago* There is no other way, 'tis she must doo't: And lo the happineſſe, go, and importune her.

*Des.*

*Des.* How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

*Cassio.* Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd
If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut my eyes vpon some other course
To fortunes Almes.

*Des.* Alas (most iniurious gentle *Cassio*)
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient
What I can do, I will: and more I will,
Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my Lord angry?

*Æmil.* He went hence but now
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Ranks into the Ayre,
And like the Deuill from his very Arme
Puff'st his owne Brother. And is he angry?
Something of moment then. I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *Exit*

*Des.* I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some vnhatch'd practise
Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath puddled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense
Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruancie
As fit the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule:
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse,
And he's Indicted falsely.

*Æmil.* Pray heauen it be
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no iealous Toy concerning you.

*Des.* Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

*Æmil.* But iealous soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous, for they're iealous. It is a Monster
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

*Des.* Heauen keepe that Monster from *Othello's* mind.

*Æmil.* Lady Amen.

*Des.* I will go seeke him. *Cassio* walke heere about
If I do finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thanke your Ladyship. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bianca.*

*Bian.* Saue you (Friend *Cassio*)

*Cassio.* What make you from home?
How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca*?
Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*
What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
Oh weary reckoning.

*Cassio.* Pardon me, *Bianca*.
I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*
Take me this worke out.

*Bian.* Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer friend,
To the felt-Absence now I feele a Cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

*Cassio.* Go too, woman
Throw your vilde guesses in the Diuels teeth,
From whence you haue them. You are iealious now,
That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;
No, in good troth *Bianca*.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?

*Cassio.* I know not neither.
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it copied:
Take it and go't, and leaue me for this time.

*Bian.* Leaue you? Wherefore?

*Cassio.* I do attend heere on the Generall,
And think it no addition nor my wish
To haue him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?

*Cassio.* Not that I loue you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not loue me,
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

*Cassio.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere. But Ile see you soone.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good. I must be circumstanc'd.
*Exeunt ambo.*

## *Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Othello, and Iago.*

*Iago.* Will you thinke so?

*Oth.* Thinke so, *Iago*?

*Iago.* What, to kisse in priuate?

*Oth.* An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harme?

*Oth.* Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisie against the Deuill:
They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
The Deuill their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

*Iago.* If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is Protectresse of her honor too:
May she giue that?

*Iago* Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the Handkercheife
*Othe.* By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it.
Thou saydst (oh it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Raueus ore the infectious house
Boading to all) he had my Handkercheife.
*Iago* I what of that?
*Oth.* That's not so good now.
*Iago* What if I had said I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as knaues be subtle and hacknie
Will say we thinke) how do we know the times,
Or worke vpon the blood, and set it downe,
Is nothing, but bare supposition yet
But they must out: Let
*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?
*Iago.* I cannot tell (my Lord) what you will haue it,
No more then he hath done, and more
*Oth.* What hath he said?
*Iago* Why that he did I know not what he did.
*Oth.* What, What?
*Iago.* Lye
*Oth.* With her?
*Iago* With her (on her what you will.)
*Oth.* Lye with her? Lye on her? (We say lye on her,
when they belye her) Lye with her, that's fulsome.
Handkercheife confession Handkercheife. To confesse and be hanged for his labour. First to be hanged
and then to confesse. I tremble at it. Nature would not
inuest herselfe in such shadowing passion without some
instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish.
Noses Eares and Lippes. Is't possible. Confesse? Handkercheife? O diuell. *Falls in a trance*
*Iago* Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaste Dames euen thus,
(All guiltlesse) meerely come to this, and all's gone. My Lord?
My Lord, I say *Othello*

*Enter Cassio*

How now *Cassio*?
*Cas.* What's the matter?
*Iago* My Lord is fallen into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit, he had one yesterday
*Cas.* Rub him about the Temples
*Iago* The Lethargie must haue his quiet course
If not he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse. Look he stirres.
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you.
How is it (Generall) haue you not hurt your head?
*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?
*Iago.* I mocke you not, by Heauen.
Would you would beare your fortune like a Man.
*Oth.* A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.
*Iago* There's many a beast then in a populous Citie,
And many a ciuil Monster.
*Oth.* Did he confesse it?
*Iago* Good Sir be a man
Think euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh 'tis the spight of Hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Couch:
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
*Oth.* O thou art wise, 'tis certaine.
*Iago* Stand you awhile apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ore-whelmed with your griefe
(A passion most resulting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shooed him away,
And laid good 'scuses vpon your Ecstasie,
Bad him anon returne and here speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scorns
That dwell in euery Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say but marke his gesture. Marry patience,
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleene,
And nothing of a Man.
*Oth.* Dost thou heare Iago,
I will be found most cunning in my patience,
But (dost thou heare) most bloody.
*Iago.* That's not amisse,
But yet keepe time in all. Will you withdraw?
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A huswife that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe bread, and cloth. It is a Creature
That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.
He when he hears of her, cannot refraine
From the excesse of laughter. Here he comes.

*Enter Cassio.*

As he shall smile *Othello* shall go mad:
And his vnbookish Ielousie must construe
Poore Cassies smiles, gestures, & light behauiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you now Lieutenant
The worser that you giue me the addition
Whose want euen kills me.
*Iago* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed?
*Cas.* Alas poore Caitiffe
*Oth.* Looke how he laughes already.
*Iago* I neuer knew woman loue man so.
*Cas.* Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me
*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughes it out.
*Iago* Do you hear Cassio?
*Oth.* Now he importunes him
To tell it o're. Go to, well said, well said.
*Iago* She gives it out that you shall marry her
Do you intend it?
*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha
*Oth.* Do you triumph Roman? do you triumph?
*Cas.* I marry. What? A customer? prythee beare
Some charity to my wit, do not think it so vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.
*Oth.* So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.
*Iago* Why the cry goes that you marry her.
*Cas.* Prythee say true
*Iago* I am a very villaine else.
*Oth.* Haue you scor'd me? Well.
*Cas.* This is the Monkies owne giuing out:
She is persuaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise

*Oth.* ...go becomes me now he begins the story.

*Cas.* ...not very seldom now she comes me in ...ce. I was the other day talking on the Sea-bank with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

*Oth.* Crying on mee re Cassio as it were his gesture imports it.

*Cas.* So hanging, and weeping upon me. So shakes, and pulls me, ha, ha, ha.

*Oth.* Now he tells how she plucked him to my Chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me looke where she comes.

*Enter Bianca.*

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew, marry a perfumed one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let me know you meane by calling me to you, do you take me for a stale? Where was you this morning?

*Cas.* ...

*Bian.* ...

*Oth.* ...

*Bian.* If you can come to supper to night you may: you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *Exit*

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* ...

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* Yes, I ...

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very fain speake with you.

*Cas.* ...

*Iago.* ...

*Oth.* ...

*Iago.* ...

*Oth.* ...

*Iago.* ...

*Oth

*Othe* Mistris,
*Des.* My Lord.
*Oth.* What would I you wi'sher, Sir?
*Lod.* Who I my Lord?
*Oth.* I, you did wish, that I would make her turne
Sir, she can turne, and turne, and yet go on
And turne again. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe
And she's obedient, as you'l not denie
Very well: proceed with the rest, I say.
*Lod.* Is this your Noble Moore, and his Wife?
*Des.* Cassio my Lord, better I were Dead
I do intreat, that we may sup with you
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates and Monkeys. *Exit*
*Lod.* Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? whose solid Vertue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
*Iago.* He is much chang'd.
*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?
*Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breath my censure
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.
*Lod.* What strike his wife?
*Iago.* Faith that was not well: yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.
*Lod.* Is it his use?
Or did the Letters worke upon his blood,
And new create this fault?
*Iago.* Alas, alas.
It is not honestie in me to speake
What I have seene and knowne. You shall observe him,
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.
*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. *Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Othello and Emilia.*

*Oth.* You have seene nothing then?
*Emil.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
*Oth.* Yes, and have seene those things.
*Emil.* I have not seene any.
*Oth.* Lodovico and he used to be familiar,
*Emil.* But then I saw no harme, and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made up betweene them.
*Oth.* What? did they never whisper?
*Emil.* Never my Lord.
*Oth.* Nor send you out o'th' way?
*Emil.* Never.
*Oth.* To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, or her Mask?
*Emil.* Never my Lord.
*Oth.* That's strange.
*Emil.* I durst my Lord to wager she is honest,
Lay downe my Soule at stake. If you think other,
Remove your thought: It doth abuse your bosome.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wives
Is foule as Slander.
*Oth.* Bid her come hither: go.
She says enough: yet she's a simple Bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle Whore
A Closet Lock and Key of villanous Secrets
And yet she'll kneele, and pray; I have seene her do't.

*Enter Desdemona and Emilia.*

*Des.* My Lord, what is your will?
*Oth.* Pray you Chuck come hither.
*Des.* What is your pleasure?
*Oth.* Let me see your eyes:
Look in my face.
*Des.* What horrible fancie's this?
*Oth.* Some of your Function Mistris,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry hem if any body come:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: nay dispatch. *Exit Emilia.*
*Des.* Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
*Oth.* Why what art thou?
*Des.* Your Wife my Lord, your true
And loyall Wife.
*Oth.* Come, swear it, damne thy selfe,
Lest being like one of Heaven, the Divels themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd,
Swear thou art honest.
*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.
*Oth.* Heaven truly knowes that thou art false as Hell.
*Des.* To whom my Lord? with whom? how am I false?
*Oth.* Ah Desdemon, away, away, away.
*Des.* Alas the heavy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motive of these teares my Lord?
If haply you my Father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: If you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.
*Oth.* Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very lips,
Given to Captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soule
A drop of Patience: but (alas) to make me
A fixed Figure, for the time of Scorne
To point his slow unmoving finger at,
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The Fountaine from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up: to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there
Patience thou young and rose-lipp'd Cherubin,
Ay there look grim as Hell.
*Des.* I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.
*Oth.* O I, as Summer Flies are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed
Who are so lovely fayre, and smell'st so sweete
That the Sense aches at thee, would thou hadst never
Never been borne.
*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
*Oth.* Was this faire Paper, this most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,

Commanded? Out of our publicke Commoner,
I should make very forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen stops the Nose at it, and the Moone winkes,
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meetes
Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What committed?
*Des.* By Heauen you do me wrong.
*Oth.* Are not you a Strumpet?
*Des.* No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
*Oth.* What not a Whore?
*Des.* No, as I shall be sau'd.
*Oth.* Is't possible?
*Des.* O Heauen forgiue vs.
*Oth.* I cry you mercy then,
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,
*Enter Æmilia.*
That liue the Exchequer to Saint *Peter*,
And keepe the gate of Hell. You you, I, you.
We haue done our course, there's money for your pains,
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit*
*Æmil.* Alas what does this gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? How do you my good Lady?
*Des.* Faith halfe asleepe.
*Æmil.* Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
*Des.* With who?
*Æmil.* Why, with my Lord, Madam?
*Des.* Who is my Lord?
*Æmil.* He that is yours, sweet Lady.
*Des.* I haue none: do not talke to me *Æmilia*,
I cannot weepe, nor answers haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
*Æmil.* Here's a change indeed. *Exit*
*Des.* 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so, very meete.
How haue I been behaue, that doctor'd is
This man? this hell?
*Iago.* How do you Madam, how do you?
*Æmil.* Good, good.
*Iago.* You are weeping.
*Æmil.* Alas, I know not.
*Iago.* Are you not wondrous sorry?
Good Madam, pardon me, I do beleeue you think me
Wicked indeed, to keepe his honour from
The vile embraces of a Barbarous Moore?
Come, swear it, damne thy selfe, lest being like one of Heauen,
The diuels themselues should feare to seize thee,
Sweare thou art honest.
*Des.* Heauen doth truly know it.
*Iago.* Heauen truly knowes that thou art false as Hell.
*Des.* To whom, *Iago*?
*Iago.* To thy Husband.
*Des.* I am none, nor euer will be *Iago*.
*Iago.* Oh good Lady.
*Des.* Prythee to bed, and call my Seruant hither.
*Iago.* Madam I will.
*Des.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
*Æmil.* Faith halfe asleepe.
*Des.* Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
*Des.* With who?
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And call thy husband hither.
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*Des.* 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so, very meete.
How haue I been behaue, that doctor'd is
This man? this hell?
*Iago.* How do you Madam, how do you?

*enter Iago and Æmilia.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?
*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach young Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie tasks:
He might haue chid me so, for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
*Iago.* What is the matter Lady?
*Æmil.* Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.
*Des.* Am I that name *Iago*?
*Iago.* What name fit for this Lady?
*Des.* Did he so take me for a common Drudge,
You should haue heard me say my Lord did say I was
*Æmil.* He call'd her whore a Begger in his drinke,
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.
*Iago.* Why did he so?
*Des.* I do not know, I am sure I am none such.
*Iago.* Do not weepe, do not weepe, alas the day.
*Æmil.* Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
*Des.* It is my wretched Fortune.
*Iago.* Beshrew him for't.
How comes this Trick vpon him?
*Des.* Nay Heauen doth know.
*Æmil.* I will be hang'd if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuis'd this Slander. I will be hang'd else.
*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
*Des.* If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.
*Æmil.* A halter pardon him.
And hell gnaw his bones
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What Likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,
Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow
O Heauens, that such companions thou'dst vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,
Euen from the East to the West.
*Iago.* Speake within doore
*Æmil.* O fie vpon them. Some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.
*Iago.* You are a Foole, go too.
*Des.* Alas *Iago*,
What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good friend, go to him, for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneele.
If ere my will did trespasse gainst his Loue,
Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any Sence
Delighted them in any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer will,
Though he doth shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement. Loue him dearely,
Comfort forsweare me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taint my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
It does abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the world's Mass of Vanity could make me
*Iago.* I pray you be content, 'tis but his humour
The businesse of the State do's him offence,
*Des.* If 'twere no other.
*Iago.* It is but so, I warrant.
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not at things that be wel.
*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia*

*Enter Rodorigo.*

How now *Rodorigo*?
*Rod.* I do follow heere
That I do feele not fayly weld me.
*Iago* What in the contrarie?
*Rodor.* Euery day thou dafts me with some deuise
*Iago*, and rackes, as it seemes to me now, keepe'st from
me all conueniencie, than suppliest me with the least aduantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I
haue foolishly suffred.
*Iago.* Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?
*Rodor.* I

*Rodor.* I haue heard too much, and your words and Performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most vniustly.

*Rod.* With naught but truth. I haue wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The iewels you haue had from me to deliuer *Desdemona* would haue preferred a Vestall. You haue told me she hath receiued them, and returned me expectations and comforts of liking in respect of louelinesse, and not iealousie.

*Iago.* Well, goe to, very well.

*Rod.* Very well, goe to? I cannot goe, man, nor 'tis not very well. By this hand I say it is very scurvy, and begin to finde my selfe fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rodor.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my selfe known to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my iewels, I will giue ouer my suit, and repent my vnlawfull solicitation; if not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You haue said now.

*Rod.* I, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Giue me thy hand, *Roderigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most iust exception, but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in my Affaire.

*Rod.* It hath not appear'd.

*Iago.* I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement. But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now than euer, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it: if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? Is it within reason and compasse?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especiall commission come from Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello*'s place.

*Rod.* Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O no, he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fare *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be lingred here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of *Cassio*.

*Rod.* How do you meane, removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello*'s place: knocking out his braines.

*Rod.* And that you would haue me to do.

*Iago.* I, if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune. If you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall between vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me. I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night growes to waste. About it.

*Rod.* I will consider of it.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. Exeunt

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble your selfe no further.

*Oth.* O pardon me, 'twill do me good to walke.

*Lodou.* Madam, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

*Des.* Your Honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walke sir? O *Desdemona*.

*Des.* My Lord.

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: looke it be done.

Exit.

*Des.* I will my Lord.

*Emil.* How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will returne incontinent,

And hath commanded me to go alone.

*Emil.* Desire me

*Des.* I would most gladly haue it so, *Emilia*,

Good night, good night: Heauen me such vses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

Exeunt

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this Bulke, straight will he come:

Dismisse your selfe well to this Gentleman,

And quickly draw him on to this Reuenge,

Stand not amaz'd at it, but go along

Where you shall heare me rayle in the wrong'st tearmes,

Euen to the disposition that I owe her,

And you shall see a fellow speaking Termes,

Which cannot choose but breed a working matter

Fit for your minde: goe, walke, call me to you straight.

*Rod.* Do it, as you shall finde me ready to the Act.

*Iago.* And what's he then that sayes I play the Villaine,

When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,

Proball to thinking, and indeed the course

To win the Moore againe? For 'tis most easie

The inclining *Desdemona* will re-copie him,

And my Lord calls him backe from Mauritania,

To set his Title on confirmed. Take me this worke out.

*Rod.* O heauen, how I do loue the Moore!

*Iago.* Come, go to bed, he hates me sore,

That daily shames me with his doltish will,

And in his office nightly wakes me ill.

Well, I must now to Cassio, and intreate him

To come to this place: harke, who's that knocks?

*Oth.* How now Lieutenant?

*Des.* The Moore of Venice!

*Iago.* Now sir, haue you sought me out at last?

*Rod.* Why, how now Ancient? Then we are betrayed.

*Iago.* Why, no matter for that, if it be done.

*Rod.* Will you go on afore?

*Iago.* I will.

*Emil.* Madam, see you how she walkes this way?

*Des.* I speake not how she should.

*Emil.* Beleeue me I thinke she doth.

*Des.* Good Gentlemen.

*Iago.* Sir, I will.

*Emil.* Come, my Lord.

*Oth.* Desdemona.

*Des.* My Lord.

*Oth.* Come hither.

*Des.* Good my Lord.

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes,

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

*Oth.* Some of your Function, Mistris,

Leaue procreants alone, and shut the doore,

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery: nay dispatch.

*Des.* Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I vnderstand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

*Oth.* Why what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife my Lord, your true

And loyall wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damne thy selfe,

Lest being like one of Heauen, the diuels themselues

Should feare to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd,

Swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heauen doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heauen truly knowes that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom my Lord? With whom? How am I false?

*Oth.* Ah Desdemon! away, away, away.

*Des.* Alas the heauy day! Why do you weepe?

Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?

If haply you my Father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay it vpon me: if my mother

Haue lost her child, I am as true as truth

To lose a father, that any act or thought

Of mine, that might instruct you qualification,

Or see, or thinke how I might proue vnkind

To this deere hand, whose knot I broke to make mine?

*Oth.* Were it my cue to fight, I should haue known it

Without a Prompter. Where will that day finde me,

And now of all times, thus to haue you speake

Of my reuolt? O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

*Des.* Alas the heauy day! That I do weepe,

Is to moue laughter to my selfe, that I am blam'd

Without the knowledge of my fault, let Loue not power

To snatch my words, my mourning, my dispaires,

Into the eares of cruelty. If she must die,

She'll sure speake to my wayling, O good my Lord,

I would haue had you seene and heard me speake,

Before you touch'd me: for to strike the sense

Of my poore heart with this immoueable grief,

Were to incur your temper, and my fate

Delighted them in any other forme:

Yet for I know compassion in its nature

Discouers lightly its effect, and hardnesse

Will worke like Mines, and blow it selfe with winde

To the confusion of her hauer: I may intreate you then

Let me but stay by you all night, this night,

Two houres, one houre, but the poore time I aske you,

Oth. What, what?

*Des.* Ay me, I am vndone.

*Oth.* Out, out, out.

*Des.* Why then Heauen haue mercy on me.

*Oth.* Now I do relent,

Thy confession is thy freedome.

*Des.* Do not kill me,

To day kill me, but not to night.

*Oth.* Well, do it, and beware of crying out.

*Des.* Sweet my Lord, kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.

*Oth.* Nay if you striue.

*Des.* But halfe an houre.

*Oth.* Being done, there is no pawse.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late.

*Emil.* My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.

*Oth.* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruell am yet merciful,

I would not haue thee linger in thy paine,

So, so.

*Emil.* What ho, my Lord, my Lord.

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* O good my Lord, I would speake a word with you.

*Oth.* Yes, 'tis *Emilia*, by and anon, she's dead,

'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death,

The noise was high, ha, no more moouing?

Still as the graue, shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirres againe, no, what's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speake to my wife,

My wife, my wife, what wife? I haue no wife,

O insupportable! O heauy houre!

Me thinkes it should be now a huge Eclipse

Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe

Should yawne at alteration.

*Emil.* I pray my Lord let me come speake with you.

*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O come in *Emilia*,

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw,

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

*Emil.* O my good Lord, yonder's foule murthers done.

*Oth.* What? now?

*Emil.* But now my Lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the Moone,

She comes more neere the Earth than she was wont,

And makes men mad.

*Emil.* *Cassio*, my Lord, hath killed a young Venetian

Call'd *Roderigo*.

*Oth.* *Roderigo* kill'd,

And *Cassio* kill'd?

*Emil.* No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murther's out of tune,

And sweet reuenge growes harsh.

*Des.* O falsely, falsely murthered.

*Emil.* Alas what cry is that?

*Oth.* That? what?

*Emil.* Out and alas that was my Ladies voice:

Helpe, helpe, ho, helpe. O Lady speake againe,

Sweet Desdemona, O sweet mistris speake.

*Des.* A guiltlesse death I die.

*Emil.* O who hath done this deed?

*Des.* Nobody, I my selfe, farewell:

Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell.

*Oth.* Why how should she be murthered?

*Emil.* Alas who knowes?

*Oth.* You heard her say her selfe, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so, I must needs report the truth.

*Oth.* She's like a liar gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that killed her.

*Emil.* O the more Angell she,

And you the blacker deuill.

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belye her, and thou art a deuill.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire,

To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.

*Oth.* Cassio did top her, ask thy husband else,

O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* I, with a Captaine: would he had not so prized her,

For she had eyes, and chose me. No, I must not waile her,

Her sinne is on her head.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* I say thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

*Emil.* If he said so, may his pernicious soule

Rot halfe a grain a day, he lies to the heart,

She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emil.* Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,

Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not halfe the power to do me harme,

As I haue to be hurt. O gull, O dolt,

As ignorant as dirt, thou hast done a deed

I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee known,

Though I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, ho, helpe,

The Moore hath killed my Mistris, murther, murther.

*Mon.* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.

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*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.

So get some cords, come bring away
Do not vex me for I will come
*Emil.* I do not care what the matter is
*Des.* It is Othello's pleasure our noble Moore
To have us make our present with the Senate
I will be glad of this night's stealing by him
*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed
*Des.* All's one, good Father how foolish are our minds?
*Emil.* Shall I go with you?
*Des.* No by no means.
*Iago.* Not long abode here, and goe you thither
Tell your Mistris of your entertainment
Perchance Emilia I will doo you that kinde
*Emil.* I warrant it grieves my husband
*Iago.* Well, well, 'tis no matter, tell her it is
One that do's speak your Lady horrible fondnesse
I pray you trouble her with no more
*Emil.* Nay she will not be troubled with me
It is a great pitie, that she should affect him so
*Iago.* Sir, I shall have you ere long
*Emil.* I know not what she should see in him
Indeed done Marry I know what I would not see for a
world's King, nor any stores at large of Jewels,
Pearles, Corals, or Lips, nor any price exceeding
as the wide world is, who would not make her husbands Cuckold to make him a Monarch I should venture
Purgatorie for't.
*Des.* Beshrew me if ever I do the like
For ever me ward
*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong
in your owne world and you might quickly make it right.
*Iago.* I do not think there is any such woman
*Emil.* Yes, a dozen and as deep as hell, as
well as I have the wit to know
For such faults as they are men would have
While she laid by, shall have the world to play,
And when she's angry know how to make amends,
Give husbands kisses for their pates, and chide
Why we have offices as you have hearts, we have needs,
Or else we do compt our selves for your neglects,
They see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sowre
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for our evils? Fie upon't
I think it is our fault. The ayre of heaven
I think it is. I know not well what to say
Yet some there be that imputation lay
Gainst us most rightly for our owne faults
Some fond thing by our owne insufficiencies
Or else unkindly quitting his unshapely bed
Or else we do deserve it, and maintain
Their wives are their business, or they owe them
Nothing but that which comes from their purses, Exeunt

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Iago and Roderigo*

*Iago.* Here stand behind this bulke
straight will he come
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be at thy elbow,
It makes us or it mars us, think on that,
And fixe most firme thy resolution.
*Rod.* Be nere at hand, may my heart stand
*Iago.* Content to be, & take it in good part
*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword he dies
*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young Quat almost to the sense
And he growes angry. Now whether he kill
Cassio, or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gaine. Now he provokes me,
I shall have reasonable cause of anger,
If Cassio do remaine, he hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore
May unfold me to him, there stand I in much peril.
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him coming.
*Enter Cassio*
*Rod.* I know his gate, 'tis he. Villaine thou dyest
*Cas.* That thrust had been enough to carry to
But I will make sure doubly enough
Base as my Coate is better than thou art
I will make proofe of thine
*Rod.* O I am slaine
*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever
Helpe ho, Murther, murther
*Enter Othello*
*Oth.* The voice of Cassio, Iago keeps his word
*Rod.* O Villaine that I am.
*Oth.* It is even so
*Cas.* O helpe ho, Light a Surgeon
*Oth.* 'Tis he, O brave Iago honest and just
That hast such noble sence of thy friends wrong
Thou teachest me. Minion your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies. Strumpet I come
Forth of my heart those charmes, thine eyes are blotted
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted
*Exit Othello*
*Enter Lodouico and Gratiano*
*Cas.* What ho, no watch? no passage?
Murther, Murther
*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance the voice is very direfull
*Cas.* O helpe
*Lod.* Hearke
*Rod.* O wretched Villaine
*Lod.* Two or three groane. It is a direfull cry,
It may be counterfeit. Let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more helpe
*Rod.* Nobody come then shall I bleed to death
*Enter Iago.*
*Lod.* Hearke
*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light and Weapons
*Iago.* Who's there?
Whose noise is this that cries on murther?
*Lod.* We do not know
*Iago.* Do not you heare a cry?
*Cas.* Here, here for heaven sake helpe me.
*Iago.* What's the matter?
*Gra.* This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.
*Lod.* The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.
*Iago.* What are you here, that cry so grievously?
*Cas.* *Iago?* O I am spoyl'd, undone by Villaines
Give me some helpe.
*Iago.* O me, Lieutenant
What Villaines have done this?
*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away
*Iago.* O treacherous Villaines
What are you there? come you and goe forth
*Rod.* O murder, murder
*Mon.* O villaine
*Iago* O damned Villaine!
*Rod.* O damned Iago! O damned Iago!
*Iago*
Who cries on murder?
How came you Sir?
What is the matter?
*Mon.* Why, Masters, have your Weapons drawne?
*Iago* Put vp your Swords,
My Lord is not needs of such Weapons:
Happily your wisedome may more charme
Your Masters patience, then your Sword hurts
Will you hence sir?
What is the matter, Masters?
Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieuing,
Speake who began this? on thy loue I charge thee.
*Iago.* I do not know:
Friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and scarce set downe to draw
As if some planet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds,
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it.
*Des.* How comes it Michael you are thus forgot?
*Cas.* I pray you pardon me, cannot speake.
*Iago* Come, come, the wine is strong,
And it doth affect you.
*Des.* Faire Iago, this is not this Gentlemans way.
*Iago.* Truely I thinke he hardly meanes well.
And hearts abruptly all
Would runne another flood to day and night:
This Sun see it vp on his Tent peg,
Ere the braue Beast can be awake againe
To do vs this warre.
*Mon.* Marke the fellow.
*Cas.* I do not find that thou deal'st iustly with me.
*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar Creature,
if it be well vs'd: exclaim no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I think you think I loue you.
*Cas.* I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke!
*Iago.* You or any man liuing may be drunke at some time,
man. I tell you what you shall do. Our Generall and his
wife are now talking of Deuotion, and you were best
go and make your peace with her.
*Cas.* I will ask him for my place.
*Iago.* Come, come, you are too angry.
Cassio, I loue you, but neuer more be Officer of mine.
Enter Roderigo.
Looke, if my Gentle Louer is not gone by him?
Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio,
Either by speaking too loud, or tainted
Or vnlesse the Bestowment of the place should
Displease the Moore, and Sweare I was driuen to't.
Well: Now he is my Competitor.
Now if this Suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed?
*Rod.* Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.
*Iago* Will you looke for him to night?
*Rod.* I, when he comes back from the Guard.
*Iago* Do but finde him, poure in his eare
Whatsoeuer you can make him apprehend
Against the Moore: For I feare he will
Vpon the first offer.
*Rod.* I go sir.
*Iago* Do it much you may.
*Rod.* I will incontinently drowne my selfe.
*Iago* Well, if you do, I will neuer loue you after.
Why, I confesse me thus farre profited.
*Rod.* Adieu.
*Iago* And what's he then that sayes I play the Villaine?
When this aduice is free I giue and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe. For 'tis most easie
Th'inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit. She's fram'd as fruitfull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
All seales and Symbols of redeemed sinne,
His soule is so enfetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the God
With his weake function. How am I then a Villaine
To counsell Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Diuinity of Hell!
When diuels will the blackest sinnes put on,
They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I do now: For whiles this honest foole
Plies Desdemona to repaire his fortune,
And she for him pleades strongly to the Moore,
I'le powre this pestilence into his eare,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall vndo her credit with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the net
That shall enmesh them all.
How now Roderigo?
*Rod.* I do follow the way you prescribe, but I am not
sorry I haue put my selfe into it.
*Iago* Wait, what is to be said? Put money, Roderigo?
*Rod.* I, I haue laid my selfe out.
*Iago* Why then thriue on that drift: Put money, Roderigo?
Merchants may looke blacke when Wrecks and Storms
Make poore aduentures good. But one cannot alter the
Clymate or Constellations of Starres, and say this or that
is the Moone or Starres, as the Prouerbe is not to be
done: you shall more command with yeares, then with
the Register and Prescription of Bookes: Thou know'st
we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft, and wit depends
on dilatory time. Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten
thee, and thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fayre against the Sun,
Yet fruits that blossome first, will first be ripe:
Content thy selfe awhile. In troth 'tis morning,
Pleasure and Action make the houres seeme short.
Retire thee, go where thou are billeted:
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gone. Two things are to be done,
My Wife must moue for Cassio to her Mistris:
I'le set her on my selfe a while apart,
And finde a time to sollicite my Moore.
Now I do loue her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, though peraduenture
I stand accountant for as great a sinne,
But partly led to diet my Reuenge,
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
Hath leapt into my Seate: the thought whereof
Doth like a poysonous Mineral gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can or shall content my Soule
Till I am euen with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore
At least into a Iealousie so strong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
I'le haue our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore in the rancke Garbe
(For I feare Cassio with my Nightcap too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me and reward me
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace and quiet
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd:
Knauery's plaine face is neuer seene till vs'd.

*Oth.*

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.
*Def.* If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
*Oth.* Humm.
*Def.* And yet I fear you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes roll so.
Why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: but yet I feele I feare.
*Oth.* Thinke on thy sinnes.
*Def.* They are loves I beare to you.
*Oth.* I and for that thou dyest.
*Def.* That death's vnnaturall that kills for louing.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
*Oth.* Peace and be still.
*Def.* I will so. What's the matter?
*Oth.* That handkerchiefe
Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to Cassio.
*Def.* No, by my life, and soule she neuer saw it.
Send for the man
*Oth.* Sweet Soule take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death bed.
*Def.* I but not yet to dye.
*Oth.* Presently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue nor choake the strong Conception
That I do groane withall. Thou art to dye.
*Def.* Then Lord haue mercy on me.
*Oth.* I say, Amen.
*Def.* And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd Cassio
But with such generall warrantie of heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
*Oth.* By Heauen, I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice
I saw the Handkerchiefe.
*Def.* He found it then,
I never gaue it him. Send for him hither,
Let him confesse a truth.
*Oth.* He hath confest.
*Def.* What, my Lord?
*Oth.* That he hath vs'd thee.
*Def.* How, vnlawfully?
*Oth.* I
*Def.* He will not say so.
*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopt,
Honest Iago hath tane order for't.
*Def.* O my fear interprets. What is he not dead?
*Oth.* Had all his haires been liues, my great Reuenge
Had stomacke for them all.
*Def.* Alas he is betrayd, and I vndone
*Oth.* Out strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
*Def.* O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
*Oth.* Downe strumpet
*Def.* Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night,
*Oth.* Nay if you striue
*Def.* But halfe an houre,
*Oth.* Being done, there is no pause
*Def.* But while I say one prayer.
*Oth.* It is too late. *Smothers her.*

*Emilia at the doore*

*Æmil.* My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord
*Oth.* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, so
*Æmil. within.* What hoa! my Lord, my Lord?
*Oth.* Who's there?
*Æmil.* O good my Lord, I would speake a word with you
*Oth.* Yes: 'Tis *Æmilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio's* death,
The noise was high. Ha! no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? were't good?
I think she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, she'l sure speake to my wife.
My wife, my wife! what wife? I haue no wife.
O insupportable! O heauy houre!
Me thinkes it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
*Æmil.* I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. O good my Lord.
*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O come in *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

*Enter Æmilia*

*Æmil.* O my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.
*Oth.* What now?
*Æmil.* But now, my Lord,
*Oth.* It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the Earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
*Æmil.* *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo*.
*Oth.* *Rodorigo* kill'd: and *Cassio* kill'd?
*Æmil.* No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
*Oth.* Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.
*Def.* O falsely, falsely murdered.
*Æmil.* Alas! what cry is that?
*Oth.* That? What?
*Æmil.* Out and alas! that was my Lady's voice.
Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe. O Lady speake againe,
Sweet Mistris, speake.
*Oth.* A guiltie deed.
*Æmil.* O who hath done this deed?
*Def.* Nobody; I my selfe, farewell
Commend me to my kinde Lord. O farewell.
*Oth.* Why how should she be murdred?
*Æmil.* Alas, who knowes?
*Oth.* You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.
*Æmil.* She said so: I must needs report the truth.
*Oth.* She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
*Æmil.* O the more Angell she, and you the blacker Deuel.
*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
*Æmil.* Thou do'st belye her, and thou art a Deuell
*Oth.* She was false as water.
*Æmil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. O she was heauenly true.
*Oth.* *Cassio* did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

*Æmil*

*Emil.* My Husband?
*Oth.* Thy Husband.
*Emil.* That she was falſe to Wedlocke?
*Oth.* I, with *Caſſio*. had ſhe beene true,
If Heauen would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chryſolite,
I'ld not haue ſold her for it.
*Emil.* My Husband?
*Oth.* I ſay ſhe that told me on her firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
*Emil.* My Husband?
*Oth.* What needs this iterance Woman?
I ſay, thy Huſband.
*Emil.* O Miſtreſs,
Villany has made mockes with loue,
My Husband ſay ſhe was falſe?
*Oth.* He Woman
I ſay thy Husband. Do'ſt vnderſtand the word?
My Friend, thy Huſband honeſt, honeſt Iago.
*Emil.* If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoule
Rot halfe a grain a day, he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargaine.
*Oth.* Ha?
*Emil.* Do thy worſt.
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Than thou was worthy her.
*Oth.* Peace, you were beſt.
*Emil.* Thou haſt not halfe the power to do me harme,
As I haue to be hurt. O Gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirt: thou haſt done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) ile make it known,
Though I loſt twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, ho, helpe.
The Moore has kild my Miſtreſs, Murther, murther.

*Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.*

*Mon.* What is the matter? How now Generall?
*Emil.* Oh, are you come *Iago*, you haue done well,
That men muſt lay their Murthers on your neck.
*Gra.* What is the matter?
*Emil.* Diſprooue this Villaine, if thou be'ſt a man:
He ſayes, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou did'ſt not, thou'rt not ſuch a Villaine.
Speake, for my heart is full.
*Iago.* I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himſelfe was apt, and true.
*Emil.* But did you euer tell him,
She was falſe?
*Iago.* I did.
*Emil.* You told a Lye, an odious damned Lye.
Vpon my Soule, a Lye, a wicked Lye.
She falſe with *Caſſio*?
Did you ſay with *Caſſio*?
*Iago.* With *Caſſio*, Miſtreſs?
Go too, charme your tongue.
*Emil.* I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to ſpeake,
My Miſtreſs heere lyes murthered in her bed.
*All.* O Heauens, forefend.
*Emil.* And your reports haue ſet the Murder on.
*Oth.* Nay ſtare not Maſters,
It is true indeede.
*Gra.* 'Tis a ſtrange Truth.
*Mont.* O monſtrous Acte.
*Emil.* Villany, villany, villany.
I thinke vpon't, I thinke I ſmell't: O villany,
I thought ſo then; I'le kill my ſelfe for griefe.
O villany, villany!
*Iago.* What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.
*Emil.* Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to ſpeake
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now.
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.
*Oth.* Oh, o', oh.
*Emil.* Nay lay thee downe and roare,
For thou haſt kild the ſweeteſt Innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
*Oth.* O ſhe was foule!
I ſcarce did know you Vncle: there lies your Neece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands haue newly ſtopt,
I know this acte ſhewes horrible and grim.
*Gra.* Poore *Deſdemon*!
I am glad thy Father's dead:
Thy Match was mortall to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turne,
Yea, curſe his better Angell from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
*Oth.* 'Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes
That ſhe with many a Solemne Vow,
And prayſe, reuoked me to lye on her.
And ſo ſhe did.
*Emil.* Why, ſtops vp the Aire.
Curſe his better Angell from his ſide,
And fell to reprobation.
*Oth.* 'Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes
That ſhe with many a Solemne Vow,
And prayſe, reuoked me to lye on her.
And ſo ſhe did.
*Emil.* Why, ſtops vp the Aire.
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.
*Emil.* O Heauen! O heauenly Powres!
*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.
*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out, I peace?
No, I will ſpeake as liberall as the North:
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, all, all cry againſt me,
Yet, all, I will ſpeake out.
*Iago.* Be wiſe, and get you home.
*Emil.* I will not.
*Gra.* Fye your Sword vpon a Woman.
*Emil.* O thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou ſpeak'ſt of
I gaue my Husband.
*Iago.* Villanous Whore!
*Emil.* She gaue it *Caſſio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giue't my Husband.
*Iago.* Filth, thou lieſt.
*Emil.* By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen.
O murderous Coxcombe! what ſhould ſuch a fooles
Do with ſo good a wife?
*Oth.* Are there no ſtones in Heauen,
But what ſerues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine!
*Gra.* The woman falls
Sure he hath kild his wife.
*Emil.* I, I: pray me by my Miſtreſſe ſide.
*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kild.
*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious Villaine: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather. He after that ſame villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue.

*Exit*
*Gra.*

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither
But every puny whipster gets my Sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
*Æmil.* What did thy Song bode Lady
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And die in Musicke. Willow, Willow, Willow.
Moore, shee would have died to morrow Moore,
Mine and my Mothers Maid, for her Mother cride
Poore Soule sate sighing by a Sycamore tree,
Sing all a greene Willow,
Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,
Sing Willow, Willow, Willow:
The fresh streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,
Sing Willow, Willow, Willow:
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willow, Willow, Willow:
Lay by these.
Sing Willow, Willow, Willow:
Prethee hie thee, he'le come anon.
Sing all a greene Willow must be my Garland.
Let nobody blame him, his Scorne I approve.
Nay that's not next. Hearke who is't that knocks?
*Des.* It's the wind.
*Oth.* I call'd my Love false Love; but what said he then?
Sing Willow, Willow, Willow:
If I court moe Women, you may couch moe men.
So get you gone, good night, mine eyes do itch,
Doth that bode weeping?
*Des.* 'Tis neither here nor there.
*Oth.* I have seene the day, that with this little arme,
Wilde Catt of Arabie,
Put out the eyes of the proud Commander,
Make mocks with the blood of the Turbond Heathen,
Man and Wife is one flesh, and one bed,
Nay, though thou prov'st as salt as Seamy Sow,
Or Sodomy Gomorrah, with all their Tribe,
Yet there's a heaven kisses the pollution.
Come swear it, damne thy selfe,
Lest being like one of Heaven, the Divels themselves,
Should fear to seize thee, therefore be double damn'd,
Swear thou art honest.
*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.
*Oth.* Heaven truly knowes that thou art false as Hell.
*Des.* To whom my Lord? with whom? how am I false?
*Oth.* Ah Desdemon, away, away, away.

*Enter Lodouico, Æmilia and Iago.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
*Oth.* That's he that was Othello: here I am.
*Lod.* Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.
*Oth.* I look down towards his feet, but that's a Fable,
If that thou be'st a Divell, I cannot kill thee.
*Lod.* Wrench his Sword from him.
*Iago.* I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.
*Oth.* I am not sorry neither, I'ld have thee live:
For in my sense, 'tis happiness to dye.
*Lod.* O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?
*Oth.* Why any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will,
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
*Lod.* This wretch hath part confest his Villany.
Did you and he consent in Cassios death?
*Oth.* Ay.
*Des.* Deere Generall, I never gave you cause.
*Oth.* I believe it, and I aske your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Devil,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.
*Iago.* Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speake word.
*Lod.* What not to pray?
*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.
*Oth.* Well thought on.
*Lod.* Sir,
You shall understand what hath befalne,
Which as I think, you know not. Here is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*,
And here another, the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertooke
By *Rodorigo*.
*Oth.* O Villaine.
*Cas.* Most heathenish and most grosse.
*Lod.* Now here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes
*Rodorigo* meant t'have sent this damned villaine:
But that belike *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.
*Oth.* O the pernicious Caitiffe,
How came you Cassio by that handkerchefe
That was my wives?
*Cas.* I found it in my Chamber:
And he himself confest but even now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
*Oth.* O Villaine!
*Cas.* There is besides in *Rodorigos* Letter,
How he upbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
*Iago* set him on.
*Lod.* You must forsake this roome, and go with us:
Your Power and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come away.
*Oth.* Soft you a word or two before you go.
I have done the State some service, and they know't
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice.
Then must you speake
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well:
Of one not easily jealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame. Of one whose hand
(Like the base Indian) threw a Pearle away
Richer than all his Tribe. Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting moode,
Drop teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this.
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smote him, thus.
*Lod.* O bloody period.
*Gra.* All that is spoke is marr'd.
*Oth.* I kist thee ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye upon a kisse.

*Cas* Th s d d Ieare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart
*Lod* Oh Spartan Dogge
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea.
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed
This is thy worke
The Object poyzons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine.
The Time, the Place the Torture: O enforce it:
My selfe will straight aboord, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

# FINIS.

## The Names of the Actors.

( *_* )

Othello, *the Moore*
Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona*
Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant*
Iago, *a Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
*Duke of Venice*
*Senators.*
Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus*
*Gentlemen of Cyprus.*
Lodouico and Gratiano *two Noble Venetians.*
*Sailors.*
*Clowne.*
Desdemona, *wife to Othello.*
Aemilia, *wife to Iago.*
Lanc[illegible] *Messenger*

# THE TRAGEDIE OF
## Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

### Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Demetrius and Philo.*

*Philo.*

Nay, but this dotage of our Generall
O'erflowes the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny front: his Captaines heart
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The Buckles on his breast, reneages all temper
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To cool a Gypsies Lust.

*Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transformed
Into a Strumpets Foole: behold and see.
*Cleo.* If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
*Ant.* There's beyond it Measure for the Louer.
*Cleo.* Then must thou needs finde out new Heauen, new Earth.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.
*Ant.* Grates me: the summe.
*Cleo.* Nay hear them *Anthony*.
Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knowes
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar haue not sent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this,
Take in that Kingdome, and enfranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.
*Ant.* How my Loue?
*Cleo.* Perchance? Nay and most like
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar, therefore heare it *Anthony*.
Where's Fulvia's Process? Cæsars, I would say both?
Call in the Messengers. As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that blush of thine
Is Fulvias Cheeke-paies Anthony: the Messengers
Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the ranged Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man: the Nobleneſſe of life
Is to do thus: when ſuch a mutuall paire,
And ſuch a twaine can doe't, in which I binde
One paine of puniſhment, the world to weete
We ſtand vp Peereleſſe.
*Cleo.* Excellent falſhood
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not loue her?
I'le ſeeke thee ere I die: but I can tell you
That ſhall be mercy. *Anthony* will be himſelfe.
*Ant.* But ſtirred by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the loue of Loue, and her ſoft houres
Let's not confound the time with Conference harſh,
There's not a minute of our liues ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure: now what portion is't?
*Mes.* Heare me Anthonie.
*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.
*Mes.* Sir Fulvia is dead.
*Ant.* Dead.
*Mes.* Why many Starres haue fall'n, and many Kingdomes
Haue ſuffered change: but ſince the Infant Dewe
Hath fed on Vernall Flowres, a greater Soule
Hath paſſed from the Bodies of the Dead
Then Fulvia: Had ſhe Teares, that now are dry?
*Cleo.* Ile ſee thee in my Chamber: Selfe-vnkindneſſe,
Knowes it is euill: Soone Monſters that we feare:
Solue Abſence, Abſence ſhall ſolue Loue: falſe ſtreight
Weepe for with Weeping.
*Ant.* The firſt Soldiers boone
Then Rome, call Fulvia home, let her appeaſe
The Commonwealth: Catch thee Fortune, and adieu.
*Cleo.* Why ſhould he not leaue me in this minute, and ſtand
Were we but parted? we ſtand not apart now:
The cruell Element is not more ſubtle, nor ſwift
Then Anthonies Loue: Come my Queene,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speake not to vs.

*Exeunt with his Traine.*

*Dem.* Is Cæſar with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?
*Philo.* Sir ſometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great Property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.
*Dem.* I am full ſorry that he approues the common
Liar who thus ſpeakes of him at home: but I hope
Things will be better.
*Philo.* To morrow (my Lord) will you happy

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius a Soothſayer, Ramnius, Lucilius, Charmian, Iras, Alexas the Eunuch, and Alexas.*

*Char.* I. *Alexas*, Sweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you praiſed ſo to the Queene? O that I knew this Husband, which you ſay muſt change his Hornes with Garlands.
*Alex.* Soothſayer.
*Sooth.* Your will?
*Char.* Is this the man? Is't you ſir that know things?
*Sooth.* In Natures infinite booke of Secreſie, a little I can read.
*Alex.* Shew him your hand.
*Enob.* Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

*Cleo.*

*Cleopatra's* health to drinke.

*Char.* Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foretell.

*Char.* Pray then, foretell me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

*Char.* He meanes in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid.

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

*Char.* Hush.

*Sooth.* You shall be more beloving, then beloued.

*Char.* I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay heare him.

*Char.* Good now some excellent Fortune. Let me be married three times ere supper time, and my best wish is, I haue power enough to endure it. I haue one braue thing more to aske thee. When thou dost prophesie of Cæsar Augustus (*Cæsar*, I meane) aske me what my Wish is.

*Sooth.* You haue spoke already to the Lady what you desire.

*Char.* Quicke, quicke, good Diuine. Spit it out.

*Sooth.* You shall be more beloued, and haue more cause to be beloued.

*Char.* Then bring me my Coronation robes, and let me hold my Crowne vpon my head. Prythee now many boyes and wenches must I haue.

*Sooth.* Euery one of your wishes was a wombe, & foretels euery wish a Madam.

*Char.* Oh Excellent, I loue long life better then figges.

*Alex.* You haue seene and proued a fairer former fortune then that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then belike my Children shall haue no names. Prythee how many boyes and wenches must I haue.

*Sooth.* If euery one of your wishes had a wombe, & foretels euery wish a Madam.

*Char.* Oh Excellent, I loue long life better then figges.

*Alex.* You haue seene and proued a fairer former fortune then that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then belike my Children shall haue no names. Prythee how many boyes and wenches must I haue.

*Sooth.* If euery one of your wishes had a wombe, I cannot but foretell you, you are fruitfull.

*Char.* Is this well done?

*Sooth.* It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse descended of so fruitfull a Nile-mud.

*Char.* Diuine Seruant, what comfort is there in thy Art, if Cæsar shall liue well by it? I haue his Sister with child, and by common report, she is as honest as the Moone.

*Sooth.* For Egypt and you, I haue spoke already.

*Char.* Prythee tell her but a worky-day Fortune.

*Sooth.* Your Fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how, giue me particulars.

*Sooth.* I haue said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better then I, where would you choose it.

*Iras.* Not in my Husbands nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts Heauens mend.

*Alexas.* Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. O let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis I beseech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grauie fifty fold a Cuckold. Good Isis I beseech thee this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis I beseech thee.

*Iras.* Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiued, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a foule knaue vncuckolded. Therefore deere *Isis* keep decorum, and Fortune him accordingly.

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but they'ld do't.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Enob.* Hush, heere comes *Anthony*.

*Char.* Not he, the Queene.

*Cleo.* Saue you, my Lord.

*Enob.* No Lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not heere?

*Char.* No Madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine A hoinane thought of seriousnesse cross'd him. *Enobarbus!*

*Enob.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seeke him, and bring him hither. Where's *Alexas*?

*Alex.* Heere at your seruice. My Lord approaches.

*Enter Antony with a Messenger.*

*Cleo.* We will not looke vpon him. Goe with vs. *Exeunt.*

*Mess. Enobarbus's Wife*

Fuluia the mother of the Gods?

*Ant.* Against my Brother *Lucius*?

*Mess.* I: but soone that Warre hath end,

And the time's state

Made friends of it, hauing their force ioynt 'gainst *Cæsar*,

Whose better issue in the warre, from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter driues them.

*Ant.* Well what worst?

*Mess.* The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

*Ant.* When it concernes the Fooles or Cowards. On.

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis this,

Who tells me true, though in his tale lye death,

I heare him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus

Hath with the Parthian force extended Asia,

From Euphrates his conquering Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia

And to Ionia, whilst——

*Ant.* Antony thou would'st say.

*Mess.* O my Lord.

*Ant.* Speake to me home,

Mince not the generall tongue,

Name *Cleopatra* as she is call'd in Rome,

Rayle thou in Fuluia's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full licence, as both truth and malice

Haue power to vtter. O then we bring forth weeds,

When our quicke minds lye still, and our ills told vs

Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

*Mess.* At your pleasure my Lord. *Exit Mes.*

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Ant.* From Sicyon how the newes? Speake there.

1. *Mes.* The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

2. *Mes.* He stayes vpon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appeare.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must breake,

Or lose my selfe in dotage.

*Enter another Messenger with a Letter.*

What are you?

3. *Mes.* Fuluia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where dyed she?

*Mes.* In Sicyon, her length of sickenesse,

With what else more seruious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

*Ant.* Forbeare me.

There's a great Spirit gone thus did I desire it.

What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,

We wish it ours again. The present pleasure,
By reduction is working does become
The opposite of it: for I saw's good to me ong gon,
The hand could pluck her back that fell her on
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten times vilanie harmes more then the best know
My idle selfe doth hurt me.

*Enter Enobarbus.*

How now *Enobarbus*.

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, Sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Vnder a compelling occasion let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though, betweene the losing and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the least noyse of this, dies instantly. I haue seene her die twenty times vpon farre poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act vpon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past mans thought.

*Eno.* Alacke Sir, no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and teares, they are greater storms and Tempests than almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her, if it be, she makes a shower of Rayne as well as Ioue.

*Ant.* Would I had neuer seene her.

*Eno.* O sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to haue been blest withall, would haue discredited your Trauaile.

*Ant.* *Fulvia* is dead.

*Eno.* Sir.

*Ant.* *Fulvia* is dead.

*Eno.* *Fulvia*?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why sir, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice: when it pleases their Deputies to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when the Bootes are worne out, they are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia* then is it well you are rid of a new. Those petty browne Corriuals, worne-out Stockes of Ladies whom you desire not, are gone of course. Desire them not at their best.

*Ant.* The beauties of the wide world driue breadth than the Scale,
Can not enlarge my entertaine.

*Eno.* And it could, well might you haue broach'd heere comfort. You haue subdued *Pompeys* eye at *Cleopatra*, which drowned more Sailes than heere.

*Ant.* No more of this. Answeres
Let our Friends
Heere I leaue what to propose I shall breake
The matter of *Fulvia* and my hast to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs, but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giuen the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
*Pompey* the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life stands vp
For the main Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courser heere hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is,
Who's with him, what he does.
I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in Mirth, report
That I am sudden sicke. Quicke, and returne.

*Char.* Madam me thinkes if you did loue him deerely,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a foole the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

*Enter Antony.*

But heere comes *Antony*.

*Cleo.* I am sicke and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.

*Cleo.* Helpe me away deare *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustaine it.

*Ant.* Now my deerest Queene.

*Cleo.* Pray you stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know by that same eye there's some good news.
What says the married woman you may go?
Would she had neuer given you leaue to come.
Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,
I haue no power ouer you: Men you are
*Ant.* The Gods best know.

*Cleo.* O neuer was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* *Cleopatra*.

*Cleo.* Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in swearing shake the Throanes of the Gods)
Who haue beene false to *Fulvia*?
Riotous madnesse
To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themselues in swearing.

*Ant.* Most sweet Queene.

*Cleo.* Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell and goe.
When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words. No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes and Eyes,
Bliss in our browes bent, none our parts so poore,
But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Liar.

*Ant.* How now Lady?

*Cleo.*

*Cleo* I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.
*Ant.* Heare me Queene
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Services awhile, but my full heart
Remaines in use with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with Civil swords: Sext. *Pompeius*
Makes his approach to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domestique powers,
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated grown to strength
Are newly grown to Love: The condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his Fathers Honour, creepes apace
Into the hearts of such, as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten,
And quietnesse, growing sicke of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is *Fulvias* death.
*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childish fondnesse. Charge me not
*Ant.* She's dead my Queene.
Looke here, and at thy Soldiers eye read
The Garboyles she awakes: at the last, best,
See when, and where she died.
*Cleo* O most false Love
Where be the Sacred Vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see
In *Fulvias* death, how mine receiv'd shall be.
*Ant.* Quarrell no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I beare: which are or cease,
As you shall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.
*Cleo* Cut my Lace *Charmian* come,
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Antony* loves.
*Ant.* My precious Queene forbeare,
And give true evidence to his Love, which stands
An honourable Triall.
*Cleo.* So *Fulvia* told me.
I prythee turne aside and weepe for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honour.
*Ant.* You'll heat my blood no more?
*Cleo* You can not hear it yet: but if you can
*Ant.* Now by my sword
*Cleo* And target. Still he mends,
But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.
*Ant.* I'le leave you Lady.
*Cleo.* Courteous Lord, one word.
Sir you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir you and I have lov'd, but there's not it:
That you know well: something it is I would:
O my Oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.
*Ant.* But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse your subject, I should take you
For Idlenesse it selfe.
*Cleo* 'Tis sweating Labour
To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my unpractis'd Feare.
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit Laurell Victory, and smooth successe
Be strew'd before your feete.
*Ant.* Let us go.
Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goes yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt*

*Enter Octauius reading a Letter, Lepidus and their Traine.*

*Octa.* You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not Noble Nature, to be
Th'absolute Soldiers of Triangular Roome:
Nor the Ammunition of our Mind
Our Wing and Buckler, to the brawny hand
Of our wilde Opposer. And to that end,
Your Ability in Warre,
*Lep.* I shall nothing take
Upon what I have done before, unlesse
*Octa.* Yesterday I told you of a Parley, even at
*Lep.* Antony and Pompey
Are you prepar'd to meet them?
*Octa.* Else should I much forget my selfe, Lepidus.
*Lep.* Would I had done well with you in Spaine.
*Octa.* But I did not good hope,
Least my Sword made there should grow up in my house.
You are an Old Soldier Lepidus,
Good Limmets
*Lep.* I must not think
There are Evils enow to darke all Greekish Rome,
How it may grow and have no Nurse,
Where fore the Patient Citizen, the matron,
Are you prepar'd to meet Mark Antony
And Pompey presently?
*Octa.* Yesterday I told you of it.
*Lep.* 'Tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entertaine it
With so full a Love, as you deale Courtesie
To Pompey, your Ambassador, at Sea,
And Antony, whose Absence seales the Feare
Which might else call him on, to the Moore Sea,
Lepidus, I have heard in Egypt
*Octa.* Nay certainly, I have heard the Ptolomies Pyramises are very goodly things, without contradiction I have heard that.
*Lep.* Pompey bad me aske you for his Kinsman, but you have answered before me.
*Octa.* Do you plot, Sir, on Pompey?
*Lep.* No, Caesar, I work not on him, whom I think honest.
*Octa.* Not honest to him, whom I call honest.
*Lep.* Why Caesar, Pompey is not honest to you, without he have those Vertues in him, that I account him of.
*Octa.* Those Vertues are in him, as Mountaines are in the Sea. Common as good Captaines are in a Theefe. As high Dales as the Alpes are in Rome. For the Vice of Pompey, it is growne so much, that it drinkes his Vertues up, as the Sunne Rivers: but his Vertues living in his Badnesse, are to him, as the Showre to the Ditch, that makes it both unsauerie alike. Is it not strange, *Lepidus*, that Antony should be a Drunkard, and Pompey should know it, and neither of them have the Vertue to auoyd it?
*Lep.* Will you go see the Barres?
*Octa.* Will you lead your Army through the Field? I feare you make short Iourneys, in regard of the Citie.
*Lep.* I have direct them how they should follow. But pray you go.
*Octa.* I am not pleas'd inly, that I am present with this Preparation, which wounds my Purse in the leuying. Pompey's Stile of Dealing with Antony, makes his Demands like a Reasonable Foe, that sounds not when he parleys for Defiance. Many a time and oft, haue I found him marching, euen to the Ensigne of his Enemies, downe with his Bonnet, his Neck bare, his Eyes like Sutlers clapt vpon their Sacke, his Speech tame, like a Bankrupts, that had almost forgot to draw: he is quite lost in his Base, that he is carried into by Antony. For this vile Peace, I doubt he shall as well be hated of his Friends, as loued of his Foes: and deserues to lose both, as he that with the Feare of a Woman, or Boy, embraces the Life of the Enemie.
*Lep.* Your Speech is passion: but pray you stirre no Embers up. Here comes the Noble Pompey.
*Mes.* Him and his Longing Friends: we have neither Fleet nor Battaile, but they grow Pale with meere Feare, and make the Sea serue them, which they ear and wound with keeping it. Not a Ship in the Port, but can report of a Nauie fit for the Warre preparing, and expect to be dispatch'd ere look to be.
*Octa.* Welcome to Rome.
*Lep.* Thanke you.
*Octa.* Sit.
*Lep.* Sit Sir.
*Octa.* Nay then.
*Lep.* I learne this Meeting tends to Peace.
*Pom.* Were they prophane that said I left my Father unrevenged, for I will not know my Hands are whetted for his Loue, till I have his Honour tride.

[illegible]

*Mes.* [illegible] long-tayle word,

[illegible] *Mes.* [illegible] Pirates

[illegible] word

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Wife [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

[illegible] I have every day a seuera[l] greet[ing]s, or I e[nvi]o-
ge Egypt. Exeunt

*Enter Pompey, Menecrate, and Menas, in warlike manner.*

*Pom.* If the g[reat] Gods be [just], they shall assist
The deeds of [just] Cause,
*Mene.* Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do delay,
[illegible] for ay.
*Pom.* Well and [illegible] time, they serues
[illegible]
*Mene.* Well [illegible],
Beggers [illegible] Power
Do [illegible],
By [illegible]
*Pom.* [illegible]
The [illegible] Sea
My power are [illegible]
Saues [illegible] *Menas*)
I [illegible]
[illegible], where
He [illegible],
Or [illegible],
Nor [illegible]
*Mene.* *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are [illegible]
Vnguess strength [illegible]
*Pom.* We [illegible]
*Mene.* From *Silvius* Sir
*Pom.* He dreams: I know they are [illegible] together)
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charms of Loue,
Salt *Cleopatra* [illegible]
Let Atheisme [illegible], [illegible]
Except [illegible],
Keepes his Brow [illegible] and [illegible],
[illegible] Honour,
[illegible]

*Enter Varrius.*

[illegible]
*Var.* I [illegible]
*Mene.* [illegible]
Expect [illegible]
A [illegible]
*Pom.* [illegible]
A [illegible]
To [illegible]
[illegible]
Except [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] *Anthony*
*Mene.* I [illegible],
*Cæsar* and *Anthony* have well [illegible],
His Wife that [illegible],
His Brother [illegible],
Not [illegible] *Anthony*
*Pom.* I know it, *Menas*,
How else it may give way to greater,
Were it not that we stand vp against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselues,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their Swords: but how the feare of vs
May cement their diuisions, and binde vp
The petty difference, we yet not know.
But as our Gods will haue it, enuy'd hands
Our Lots [illegible] to our strongest hands
Come *Menas*. Exeunt

*Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.*

*Lep.* Good *Enobarbus* 'tis a worthy deed,
And [illegible] becomes you well, to intreat your Captaine
To [illegible]
*Enob.* [illegible],
For [illegible],
Let [illegible],
And [illegible],
Were [illegible]
I [illegible]
*Lep.* [illegible]
*Eno.* Euer [illegible] to their [illegible] with
honesty.
*Lep.* But [illegible]
*Eno.* [illegible]
*Lep.* [illegible]
No [illegible]

*Enter Antony and Ventidius.*

*Eno.* [illegible]
*Enter* [illegible] *Antony*
*Ant.* [illegible]
He [illegible]
[illegible]
I [illegible]
A [illegible]
My [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
No [illegible]
[illegible],
Were [illegible] *Exeunt*
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
*Cæs.* [illegible] of age
[illegible]
*Ant.* No more.
I know [illegible]
Very [illegible],
Your [illegible]
[illegible]
I will [illegible],
I [illegible],
You [illegible]
*Egyp.* [illegible] Queenes teares
might [illegible],
[illegible]
Make [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], Cæsar, [illegible],
but [illegible]
*Ant.* I was [illegible], when not [illegible] Antonius
Do [illegible]
Do [illegible]
*Ant.* Sit here [illegible]
Tye [illegible]
Or [illegible]
[illegible]
Are [illegible]
Thy [illegible]
Cæsar. You [illegible], Antonius,
when you [illegible]
*Ant.* Sir Cæsar
*Ant.* No Lepidus, excuse me,
The [illegible],
[illegible],
The [illegible]
*Cæs.* [illegible], [illegible],
[illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible], power
[illegible]
To [illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]
To [illegible]
*Lep.* [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible]
To [illegible]
Were [illegible],
[illegible]
*Lep.* Noble [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible] I [illegible] for the
[illegible], [illegible] more [illegible]
*Egyp.* [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible], one word, speake no more
*Egyp.* [illegible] should be [illegible], I had a moft for-

[illegible] presence therefore [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible] Confederate ſtone,
*Cæs.* [illegible]
To [illegible] for it cannot be,
We [illegible]
So [illegible] Yet [illegible],
What Hope [illegible] Raunch [illegible] to cage
Ariſwood. I [illegible]
*Agr.* Give me leave Cæſar.
*Cæs.* Speake *Agrippa*.
*Agr.* [illegible] Sweet by the Mother of [illegible],
[illegible] Great *Marke Anthony* is now a widdower.
*Cæs.* Say not, ſay *Agrippa*. Cleopater [illegible] you, your
proofe [illegible].
*Ant.* I am not [illegible] yet [illegible] heere *Agrippa*
further [illegible].
*Agr.* To [illegible] perpetuall [illegible],
[illegible] you Bonds [illegible] your hearts
[illegible] *Anthony*.
[illegible] with [illegible]
Now [illegible] whose
Vertue, and [illegible] praiſes [illegible]
[illegible] from [illegible],
And [illegible],
[illegible], whose [illegible]
Are [illegible] Traines would betrayes,
Where now [illegible] betweene her loue to both,
Would [illegible]
Draw [illegible] [illegible] ſpake,
[illegible]
[illegible]
*Cæs.* Now [illegible] how *Anthony* is [illegible],
With [illegible] already.
*Ant.* [illegible], *Agrippa*,
[illegible],
To [illegible]
*Cæs.* [illegible] to *Cæſar*,
And [illegible].
*Ant.* Nay [illegible].
(The [illegible] that ſo [illegible] ſhewes)
Dreaded [illegible] me [illegible] by hand
Further [illegible] from [illegible],
To [illegible] Brothers [illegible],
And [illegible]
*Cæs.* [illegible]
And I beſeech [illegible] Brother
Do [illegible] deeply [illegible]
In [illegible], and our hearts, and neuer
[illegible]
*Ant.* Happily, Amen.
*Ant.* I [illegible] to draw my Sword 'gainſt *Pompey*,
For [illegible] [illegible], and great
Of [illegible] [illegible],
Leaſt [illegible] [illegible].
A [illegible],
*Ant.* [illegible],
Or [illegible] *Pompey* [illegible],
[illegible]
*Ant.* Where [illegible]?
*Cæs.* About the Mount-Meſena.
*Ant.* What [illegible] by land?
*Cæs.* Great, and encreaſing:
But by Sea he is an abſolute Maſter.
*Ant.* So is the fame,
Would we had ſpoke together. Haſt we for it,
Yet [illegible] we put our [illegible] in Armes, diſpatch we
The buſineſſe we have [illegible] of
*Cæſar.* With moſt gladneſſe,
And do [illegible] you to my Siſters view,

Whether straight ile lead you
*Anth.* Let vs *Lepidus* not wracke your company
*Lep.* Noble *Anthony*, not heare ile thou vnderame me.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.*

*Mec.* Welcome home *Enobarbus*
*Eno.* Hale sir, hale sir, welcome my worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable friend *Agrippa*
*Agrip.* Good *Enobarbus*
*Mec.* We haue cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You staid well by't in *Egypt*
*Eno.* I, sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
*Mec.* Eight wilde Boares roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelue persons there.
*Eno.* Truely it was the report of a sober man, but I made it more than it was: for there was no breakfast to speake of, no body ate but I, and that I did eate before I came, that it was in the world notable.
*Mecenas.* She is a rare Queene, she must be square other.
*Enob.* When she first met *Marke Anthony* she purst vp his heart vpon the riuer of Sidnis.
*Agrip.* There she appear'd indeed, or my reporter deuis'd well for her.
*Eno.* I will tell you.
The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht throne
Burnt on the water: the poope was beate gold,
Purple the Sailes, and so perfumed that
The Windes were loue-sicke
With them the Owers were dier,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroake, and made
The water which they beate to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person
It beggerd all discription: she did lye
In her Pauilion cloth of Gold of Tissue,
O'repicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes like smiling Cupids,
With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose wind did seeme,
To glowe the delicate cheekes which they did coole
And what they vndid did
*Agrip.* Oh rare for *Anthony*
*Eno.* Her Gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many Mermaides tended her i'th eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helme
A seeming Mermaide steeres. The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The City cast
Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th Market place did sit alone,
Whistling to the ayre, which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature
*Agrip.* Rare Egyptian.
*Eno.* Vpon her landing *Anthony* sent to her,
Inuited her to Supper. She replyed
It should be better, he became her guest
Which she entreated: our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom neuer the word of No woman heard speake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast
And for a ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely
*Agrip.* Royall Wench:
She made great *Cæsar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her and she cropt
*Eno.* I saw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publike streete
And hauing lost her breath she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection
And breathlesse power breathe forth
*Mece.* Now *Anthony* must leaue her vtterly
*Eno.* Neuer, neuer, he will not
Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselues in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her when she is Riggish
*Mece.* If beauty, Wisedome, Modesty can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octauia* is
A blessed Lottery to him
*Agrip.* Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe
my guest whilst you abide here
*Eno.* Humbly sir I thanke you. *Exeunt*

*Enter Anthony, Cæsar, Octauia between them.*

*Anth.* The world and my great office, will
Sometimes diuide me from your bosome
*Octa.* All which time before the Gods my knee shall bow my prayers to them for you
*Anth.* Good night sir. My Octauia
Read not my blemishes in the worlds report
I haue not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night deere Lady
Good night sir
*Cæsar.* Good night. *Exeunt*

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Anth.* Now sirrah you do wish your selfe in Egypt
*Sooth.* Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither
*Anth.* If you can, your reason?
*Sooth.* I see it in my motion, haue not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt againe
*Anth.* Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher *Cæsars* or mine?
*Sooth.* *Cæsars*. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side.
Thy Demon (that's the spirit that keepes thee) is
Noble, Courageous, high vnmatchable,
Where *Cæsars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare, as being ore-powr'd: therefore
Make space enough betweene you.
*Anth.* Speake this no more
*Sooth.* To none but thee: no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with all thy skill, thou shalt
Not be expos'd with euidence to Non-suite,
Not be exprest in stone, stampes, moneys, and
Publish'd through the Ayre. Your part is this
Your Starre is noble, and
Rules where
*Anth.* Well
Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher *Cæsars* or mine? *Exit.*
Hence with your stamps. Go
Out of my sight. Were it other Men, Dice obey him,
And in high amorous hearts blowing paints,
Victory is of two themselues rebukeable.
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,
When it is all to naught, and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (inhoop'd) at odds. I will to Egypt:

And

As I haue made mine Embassage for my peace,
I shall my pleasure see. O welcome Ventigius.

*Enter Ventigius.*

You must to Parthia your Commission see ye.
Follow me, and receiue it. *Exeunt*

*Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.*

*Lepidus.* Trouble your selues no further, pray you
hasten your Generals sayle.

*Agr.* Sir *Mecenas* and my selfe but bid farewell to *Octauius*,
and wee come.

*Lep.* To shame me at your Souldiers dressing,
Which will become you both to haue seene.

*Mec.* We shall as I conceiue the iourney, be at
Mount before you *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, or else would your company.

*Agrip.* Sir good successe.

*Lep.* Farewell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Giue me some Musicke, Musicke, moody foode
of vs that trade in loue.

*Omnes.* The Musicke hoa.

*Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone, let vs to Billards, come *Charmian*.

*Char.* My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

*Cleopa.* As well a woman with an Eunuch, plaid as
with a woman. Come you'le play with me sir?

*Mard.* As well as I can Madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is shewed,
Though't come too short
The Actor may plead pardon. Play me Nine holes,
Giue me mine Angle, wee'le to the Riuer there
My Musicke playing farre off, I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy iawes, and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them euery one an *Antonius*,
And say, ah, ha, y'are caught.

*Char.* Twas merry when
You wagerd on your Angling, when your diuer
Did hang a salt fish on his hooke, which with
A lusty sweat he drew vp.

*Cleo.* That time? O times
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience, and next morne
Before the clocke did take the Commons part,
I made him sicke with drinking.
In time of my Tawny *Antonius*, and I
I wore his Sword *Philippan*. O from Italie.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue been barren.

*Mess.* Madam Madam.

*Cleo.* Antonius dead?
If thou say so Villaine,
Thou kil'st thy Mistris
But well and free,
If thou so yeild him.
There is Gold, and here
My bluest veines to kisse,
A hand that kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First Madam he is well.

*Cleo.* Why there's more Gold.
But sirrah marke, we vse
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee will I melt and powre
Downe thy ill vttering throate.

*Mess.* Good Madam heare me.

*Cleo.* Well go too I will
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Antony*
Be free and healthfull, so tart a fauour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou should'st come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

*Mess.* Will't please you heare me?

*Cleo.* I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st
Yet if thou say *Antony* liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not Captiue to him,
Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and hayle
Rich Pearles vpon thee.

*Mess.* Madam he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* *Cæsar*, and he, are greater friends then euer.

*Cleo.* Make thee a Fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet Madam

*Cleo.* I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
But yet is as a Gaolor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,
In state of health thou say'st, and thou say'st free.

*Mess.* Free Madam, no I made no such report,
He's bound vnto *Octauia*.

*Cleo.* For what good turne?

*Mess.* For the best turne i'th bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale *Charmian*.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to *Octauia*.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence vpon thee.

*Strikes him downe.*

*Mess.* Good Madam patience.

*Cleo.* What say you? *Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes
Like balls before me, Ile vnhaire thy head,

*She hales him vp and downe.*

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say 'tis so, I do Prouince I will giue thee
And make thy fortunes proud to blow vpon you.
Shall make a peace or warre, as meete you iudge,
And are you glad the two are married well.

*Mess.* If she be faire we tell her so, and she
Is faire, who knowes it better then her selfe.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long. *Draw a knife.*

*Mess.* Nay then I'll runne.
What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. *Exit.*

*Char.* Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nyle, and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue againe,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call?

*Char.* He is afeard to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my selfe: since my eyes
Haue giuen me cause to caute them. Come hither Sir.

*Enter the Messenger againe.*

Though it be honest, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes: giue to a gratious Message

An suit of tongues, but as ev'ry dying soul
The nerues, when they be tost.
*Mes.* I haue done my duty.
*Cleo.* Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser then I do,
If thou again say yes
*Mes.* He is married Madam.
*Cleo.* The Gods confound thee.
Do I looke old?
*Mes.* Should I not Madam?
*Cleo.* Oh, would thou had'st neuer seene me!
Sohot'ning Egypt were (ere) merry, and made
A Cesterne for scal'd snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had thou Antonies eyes to command,
Thou would'st appeare most ougly (ly) married?
*Mes.* I craue your highnesse pardon.
*Cleo.* He is married?
*Mes.* Take no offence that I would not offend you,
To punish me for what you make me do
Seemes much as if you did command me one
*Cleo.* Oh that he were here with his head on his shoulders,
That art not worth the breath of my displeasure,
The Matchlesse Roman would confound the world Rome
And all too deere to me
Eyes they are cruell, else they would be kinder,
*Cleo.* Good your highnesse patience.
*Cleo.* In praising Antony I haue dispraised Cæsar.
*Cleo.* Many times Madam.
*Cleo.* I am paid for't now, lead me from hence,
I faint, oh Iras Charmian, 'tis no matter,
Go to the Fellow, good Alexas bid him
Report the feature of Octauia, her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leaue out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for euer depart (Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other waies a Mars. Bid him Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me Charmian,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber
*Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter Pompey at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another Cæsar, Lepidus, Agrippa, Menas, Soldiers, Musicke.*
*Pom.* Your hostages I haue, so haue you mine
And we shall talke before we fight
*Cæs.* Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purposes before vs sent,
Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,
If 'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
*Pom.* To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and friends since *Iulius Cæsar*
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That moued pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made all-honor'd honest, Romane *Brutus*,
With the armed rest, Courtiers of beauteous freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Haue one man but a man? and that is it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean foames, with which I meane
To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Cast on my Noble Father.
*Cæs.* Take your time
*Ant.* Thou can'st not feare vs Pompey with thy sailes
We'le speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o're count thee.
*Pom.* At land indeed
Thou dost o're count me of my Father house:
But since the cuckoo builds not for himselfe,
Remaine in't as thou may'st.
*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell vs
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we haue sent you.
*Cæs.* There's the point
*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth imbrac'd.
*Cæs.* And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.
*Pom.* You haue made me offer
Of Cæsar, Pompey, but not the remainder
Of mine owne goods.
*Lep.* 'Tis your suit. Be pleas'd
To let vs heare it *Pompey*.
*Pom.* Let me haue your hand *Menas*:
*Ant.* Let me heare it *Pompey*.
*Pom.* Let me haue your hand *Agrippa*:
*Ant.* Let me heare it *Pompey*.
*Pom.* Let me haue your hand *Menas*:
I did not think sir to haue met you here,
*Ant.* For I haue kept me from the Cup. Prythee Peace,
*Pom.* I know you are,
What colour is it shall be hoysted on my face,
For in my Conscience I must call you Coward,
To make vp mine, their valiant
*Lep.* Be pleas'd
*Pom.* I haue spoke *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
Let our compositions may be written
And seal'd betweene vs,
*Cæs.* That's the next to do
*Pom.* Weele feast each other, ere we part, and let vs
Draw lots who shall begin.
*Ant.* That will I *Pompey*.
*Pom.* No Antony take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue
heard that *Iulius Cæsar* grew fat with feasting there.
*Ant.* You haue heard much.
*Pom.* I haue fair meaning Sir
*Ant.* And fair words to them
*Pom.* Then so much haue I heard,
And I haue eate *Ant.* Pompey can't be
*Eno.* No more that too much.
*Pom.* What sayst you
*Eno.* A certaine Queene to *Cæsar* in a Mattes
*Pom.* I know thee now, how art thou Souldier?
*Eno.* Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue

Foure Feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauiour.

*Enob.* Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did.

*Pom.* Inioy thy plainenesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee
Aboord my Galley: I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

*All.* Shew's the way, Sir.

*Pom.* Come. *Exeunt. Manet Enob. & Menas.*

*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne're haue made this Treaty. You and I haue cause to burne our Nights.

*Enob.* Ant. Say, this becomes him,

*Men.* Or else he is a verie Asse.

*Enob.* You haue spoke already vnwisely enough, I pre'thee.

*Men.* And well too, I thinke.

*Enob.* And well too, if they bleed.

*Men.* Marke Antony.

*Enob.* Tye vp thy discontented Sword, and carry it as you finde it.

*Men.* Shall we take vp the Captaines, and Lepidus, since he sleepes out the Maine of this Businesse?

*Enob.* Let's to Billiards: come Menas.

*Men.* I'le follow.

*Enob.* Rare Egyptian Queene!

*Men.* Of Egypt, Sir, he married the Widdow Queene.

*Enob.* Her husband is dead, Menas.

*Men.* Pray you, Sir?

*Enob.* 'Tis certaine.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he, for euer knit together.

*Enob.* If I were not to Dine at this Feast, I would not Prophesie so.

*Men.* I think the policie of that purpose made more then a Marriage betweene Cæsar and Cleopatra.

*Enob.* That's not so good. But you haue made the band to assemble: they'l seeke their Treasure together, we'l beene very merry (if I be not deceiued in the Fortune of my hope) and I thinke to Egypt.

*Men.* Would we had all such wives as we thinke of!

*Enob.* Come, let's all take a Whiffe, and purge vp Wit'h Marke Antony I dare him therefore to the Fray, and command him wedding Cæsar, and as I finde his Squandring shake the Feast vpon Cæsar, and at the Stratagem of his Fleet depriue Antonie of halfe his Nauie, for mocking me to my Beard. Here comes the Captaines.

*Men.* I shall not need to say much more, for I perceiue by you that you may be Come Sir, will you aboord?

*Enob.* I'le take it for I haue vs'd my Throate in Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

*Musicke plays.*

*Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.*

1 Heere they'l be man. Some o'th'their Plants are ill rooted already, the least winde i'th'world will blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, no more: reconciles them to his entreatie, and himselfe to th'drinke.

1 But it raises the greatest warre betweene him & his discretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowship: I had as liefe haue a Reede that will do me no seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pittifully disaster the cheekes.

*A Sennet sounded.*

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captaines.*

*Ant.* Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid: they know
By'th'height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth
Or foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels,
The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsman
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Harueste.

*Lep.* You'haue strange Serpents there?

*Ant.* I Lepidus.

*Lep.* You Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit, and some Wine. A health to *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be,
But I'le not out.

*Enob.* Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay certainely, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramises are very goodly things: without contradiction I haue heard that.

*Menas.* *Pompey*, a word.

*Pom.* Say in mine eare, what is't.

*Men.* Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.

*Pom.* Forbeare me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*
This Wine for *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shap'd sir, like it selfe, and it is as broad as it hath bred: It is iust so high as it is, and moues with it owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of it owne colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange Serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfie him?

*Ant.* With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, else he is a very Epicure.

*Pomp.* Go hang, Sir, hang: tell me of that? Away!
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare me,

Ride from thy Bosome.
*Pom.* I thinke th'art mad: the matter?
*Men.* I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.
*Pom.* Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's else to say? Be iolly Lords
*Ant.* These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,
Keepe it fast from you.
*Men.* What say'st thou?
*Pom.* What a Wretch
*Men.* Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
That's twice
*Pom.* How should that be?
*Men.* But entertaine it, and although thou think me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.
*Pom.* Hast thou drunke well?
*Men.* No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the Cup.
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skye inclippes,
Is thine if thou wilt ha't.
*Pom.* Shew me which way?
*Men.* These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cables,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.
*Pom.* Ah this thou should'st haue done
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie:
In thee it had been good seruice. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour: it. Repent that e're thy tongue
Hath so betraide thine act. Being done vnknowne,
I should haue found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now. Desist, and drinke.
*Men.* For this,
I'le neuer follow
Thy pall'd vnthrifts more,
Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.
*Pom.* This health to *Lepidus*
*Ant.* Beare him ashore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.
*Eno.* Heere's to thee *Menas*.
*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome
*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.
*Eno.* There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.
*Men.* Why?
*Eno.* A beares the third part of the world man; seest not?
*Men.* The third part then is drunke: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles
*Eno.* Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.
*Men.* Come.
*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.
*Ant.* It ripens towards it. Strike the Vessels hoa.
Here is to *Cæsar*
*Cæs.* I could well forbeare't, 'tis monstrous labour
When I wash my braine, and it grow fouler
*Ant.* Be a Child o'th' time.
*Cæs.* Possesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one.
*Eno.* Ha, my braue Emperor, shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals and celebrate our drinke?
*Pom.* Let's ha't good Soldier
*Ant.* Come: let all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.
*Eno.* All take hands.
Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,
The while I'le place you, then the boyes shall sing,
The holding euery man shall beate as loud,
As his strong sides can volley.

*Musicke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

The Song.

*Come thou Monarch of the Vine,*
*Plumpie Bacchus with pinke eyne:*
*In thy Fats our Cares be drown'd,*
*With thy Grapes our haires be crown'd,*
*Cup vs till the world go round,*
*Cup vs till the world go round.*

*Cæs.* What would you more? Pompey good night. Good brother
Let me request you off: our Graues must haue
A time to ope. Good Antony excuse vs,
You see we haue burnt our cheekes: Strong Enobarb
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleets his meere infirmity. Good Antony
Excuse your weaknesse. Pardon we do you wrong,
Good Antony excuse
*Pom.* Let me request you off:
*Ant.* Your Letters did withhold our breake-faste then.
*Pom.* Good night, good Emperor
*Ant.* Good Antony, your hand.
*Pom.* Good night, Noble Captaine, and braue Admirall
Before we part, we'll plot what's to be done.
*Men.* Hoa, Noble Captaine, come. *Exeunt*

*Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, with the dead body of Pacorus before him.*

*Ven.* Now darting *Parthia*, art thou strooke, and now
Possest with flight? Rome should not else be safe,
Make eyes of Heauen, Enobarbus Sword is warme,
The fleeting *Parthian* seemes to waste it's Meds,
Meanes not his pace to reach. And now with *Antony*
Let me offer vp my gratulations
Of Conquest to the Gods. Let me
Pay Captaine
*Ven.* O Emperor,
Thy Captaine had not power place noted well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Silius*,
Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serue away.
Caesar and Antony haue euer wonne
More in their officer, then person. Sossius
One of my place in *Syria* his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiu'd by the minute, lost his fauour.
Who does i'th' Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
The Souldiers vertue rather makes choose out loſſe
Then gaine which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Shou'd

Shouldmy performance perish.

*Rom.* Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Antony*

*Ven.* Ile humbly signifie what hath past,
That may call word of Parthia we have effected,
How with his Banners and his well paid ranckes,
The ne're-yet-beaten Horse of Parthia,
We have quited our selves.

*Rom.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposes to Athens, whether with what haste
The way we meet the time may well permit
We shall appeare before him. On Octavia, passe along.
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.*

*Agr.* What are the Brothers parted

*Eno.* They have dispatcht with Pompey, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. Octavia weepes
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey feasted, as the Romanes use, is troubled
With the Greene Sicknesse

*Agr.* 'Tis a Noble Lepidus

*Eno.* A very fine one: oh, how he loves Cæsar

*Agr.* Nay but how deerely he adores Mark Antony

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why he's the Jupiter of men

*Agr.* What's Antonius, he's the God of Iupiter?

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How, the non-pareil?

*Agr.* O Antonius, O thou Arabian

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say Cæsar: go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Marke Antony, yet he loves Pompey,
Hoo Hearts, Tongues, Figures,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number hoo,
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so.
This is to horse: Adieu Noble Agrippa

*Agr.* Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

*Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Lepidus and Octavia.*

*Antho.* No further Sir

*Cæsar.* You take from me a great part of my selfe,
Use me well in it. Sister prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest bond
Shall passe on thy approofe. Most Noble *Antony*
Let not the peece of Vertue which is set
Betwixt us as the Cyment of our love
To keepe us better knit, now serve the turne to batter
The Fortresse of it: for better might we
Have lou'd without this meane, if on both parts
This be not cherisht.

*Ant.* Make me not offended,
In your distrust.

*Cæsar.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious the least cause
For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romanes serue your ends.
We will heere part

*Cæsar.* Farewell my deerest Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kinde to thee, and make
Thy spirits all comfort: fare thee well

*Octa.* My Noble Brother.

*Ant.* The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loves spring,
And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerefull.

*Octa.* Sir, looke well to my Husbands house; and—

*Cæsar.* What *Octavia*?

*Octa.* I'le tell you in your eare.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tongue.
The Swannes downe feather
That stands upon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weepe?

*Agr.* He has a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

*Agr.* Why *Enobarbus*
When *Antony* found *Iulius Cæsar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at Philippi he found *Brutus* slaine.

*Eno.* That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Believe't till I weepe too.

*Cæsar.* No sweet *Octavia*,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strength of love,
Looke heere I have you, thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

*Cæsar.* Adieu, be happy

*Lep.* Let all the number of the Starres give light
To your faire way.

*Cæsar.* Farewell, farewell. *Kisse Octavia.*

*Ant.* Farewell. *Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt*

*Enter Cæsar, Mecenas, Agrippa, and Attendants.*

*Cæsar.* Where's Antony?

*Mec.* He's not with Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* Foolish Lepidus! Come hither Sir.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

*Agr.* Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd his worst, and dar'st not looke upon us, but when he is farre off, raile'st.

*Cæsar.* I have many times heard Lepidus but now? When *Antony* is not enough who all might command at once,
Come hither Sir.

*Mes.* My Noble Lord Marke Antonie

*Cæsar.* What saies he of my Sister *Octavia*?

*Mes.* He does not call her Sister.

*Cæsar.* Why?

*Mes.* My Lord is come home, I looke her in the face: and
Saw her Cæsar her Brother, and Cæsar Antony.

*Cæsar.* Of the base stile of a meane

*Mes.* Name of Marke.

*Cæsar.* Did she not heare her speake?
Is she shrill Tongu'd or low?

*Mes.* Madam I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

*Cæsar.* That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

*Cleo.* Like her? O Isis, 'tis impossible

*Cæsar.* I think so too. *Cleopatra* dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Majesty is in her gate, remember
If ere you look't on Majestie.

*Mes.* She creepes her motion, & her station are as one
She shewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather

*Cæsar.* Is this certaine?

*Mes.* Or I have no observance.

*Cæsar.* Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

*Cæsar.* He's very knowing, I do perceive't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow has good iudgement.
*Char.* Excellent.
*Cleo.* Guesse at her yeares, I pry'thee.
*Mess.* Madam she was a widow.
*Cleo.* Widdow? *Charmian* hearke.
*Mess.* And I do think she's thirtie.
*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
*Mess.* Round euen to faulting with't.
*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her haire what colour?
*Mess.* Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
*Cleo.* There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
*Char.* A proper man.
*Cleo.* Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing.
*Char.* Nothing Madam.
*Cleo.* The man hath seene some Maiestie, and should know.
*Char.* Hath he seene Maiestie? *Isis* else defend: and serving you so long.
*Cleopa.* I haue one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me where I will write, all may be well enough.
*Char.* I warrant you Madam. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony and Octauia.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay *Octauia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*: Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure: lent me,
When the best hint was giuen him: he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.
*Octauia.* Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods will mocke me presently,
When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, warre Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extreames at all.
*Ant.* Gentle *Octauia*,
Let your best loue draw to that point which seekes
Best to preserue it: If I loose mine Honour,
I loose my selfe: better I were not yours
Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raise the preparation of a Warre
Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest haft,
So your desires are yours.
*Oct.* Thanks to my Lord.
The Ioue of power make me most weake, most weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men
Should soader vp the Rift.

*Ant.* When it appeeres to you where this begins,
Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be so equall, that your loue
Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Choose your owne company, and command what cost
Your heart he's mind to
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Enobarbus and Eros.*

*Eno.* How now Friend *Eros*?
*Eros.* There's strange Newes come Sir.
*Eno.* What man?
*Eros.* *Cæsar* & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*
*Eno.* This is old, what is the successe?
*Eros.* *Cæsar* hauing made vse of him in the warres 'gainst *Pompey*: presently denied him riuall, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him: so the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.
*Eno.* Then would thou hadst a paire of chaps, no more and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le grinde one another. Where's *Antony*?
*Eros.* He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey*.
*Eno.* Our great Nauie rig'd.
*Eros.* For Italy and *Cæsar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
I might haue told heereafter.
*Eno.* 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.
*Eros.* Come Sir,
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæsar*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome he has done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:
I'th' Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd,
*Cleopatra* and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet sate
*Cæsarion* whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria Cyprus, Lydia absolute Queene.
*Mece.* This in the publike eye?
*Cæs.* I'th' common shew place, where they exercise.
His Sonnes he there proclaim'd the King of Kings,
Great Media Parthia, and Armenia
He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he assign'd,
Syria Silicia and Phœnicia. She
In th' abiliments of the Goddesse Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gaue audience,
As 'tis reported so.
*Mece.* Let Rome be thus informed.
*Agri.* Who queazie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.
*Cæs.* The people knowes it,
And haue now receiu'd his accusations
*Agri.* Who does he accuse?
*Cæs.* *Cæsar*: and that hauing in Sicilie
*Sextus Pompeius* spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate should be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.
*Agri.* Sir, this should be answer'd.
*Cæsar.* 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:
I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
*Mec.* Hee's neuer yeeld to that.
*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

*Enter Octauia with her Traine.*

*Octa.* Haile *Cæsar*, and my Lord, haile most deere *Cæsar*.
*Cæsar.* That euer I should call thee Cast-away.
*Octa.* You haue not cause to, nor haue you cause.
*Cæs.* Why haue you stay'd vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cæsars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an Vsher, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by the way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-man: one that's come home, and haue presented
The ostentation of our loue, which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnlou'd: we should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.
*Octa.* Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.
*Cæs.* Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract 'tweene his Lust, and him.
*Octa.* Do not say so, my Lord.
*Cæs.* I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: what is he now?
*Octa.* My Lord, in Athens.
*Cæsar.* No, my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
*Bocchus* the King of Lybia, *Archelaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adallas*,
King *Manchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comagene, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The King of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger List of Scepters.
*Octa.* Ay me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth
*Cæs.* Welcome hither:
Your Letters did with-holde our
Prosperous Artes when you were wronged,
And were he neuer so ingrate, there your heart,
Be it not tainted with the Crime, which drawes
Our vengeance, and detestings,
But let deere passage gaine your eare
How well you're come. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more dere to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iustice, make their Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcome to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.
*Mec.* Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pity you,
Only th'adulterous *Anthony*, most large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyses it against vs.
*Octa.* Is it so sir?
*Cæs.* Most certaine. Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister. *Exeunt*

*Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

*Cleo.* I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.
*Eno.* But why, why, why?
*Cleo.* Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it is not fit.
*Eno.* Well, is it, is it.
*Cleo.* If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
We be there in person.
*Eno.* Well, I could reply: if we should serue with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meerely lost:
the Mares would beare a Souldiour and his Horse.
*Cleo.* What is't you say?
*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Manage this warre.
*Cleo.* Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

*Enter Anthony and Camidius.*

*Eno.* Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.
*Ant.* Is it not strange *Camidius*,
That from Tarentum, and Brandusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)
*Cleo.* Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.
*Ant.* A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.
*Cleo.* By Sea, what else?
*Cam.* Why will my Lord, do so?
*Ant.* For that he dares vs to't.
*Eno.* So hath my Lord, dar'd him to Single fight.
*Cam.* I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.
*Eno.* Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, people
Ingrost by swift Impresse. In *Cæsars* Fleete,
Are those, that often haue 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.
*Ant.* By Sea, by Sea.
*Eno.* Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-marke-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Giue vp your selfe meerely to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.
*Ant.* Ile fight at Sea.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* I haue fifty Sailes *Cæsar* none better.
*Ant.* Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæsar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger*
Thy Businesse?
*Mes.* The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
*Cæsar* has taken Toryne.
*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that power should be. *Canidius*,
Our hundreth Legions, the Horse by Land,
And our twelue hundreth Archers, meete me on my Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.
*Enter a Souldier.*
How now worthy Souldier?
*Sould.* O Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten Planke: Do you doubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds? Let th'Egyptians
And the Phœnicians goe a ducking: We
Vse to ride all a horse, and vent our Land
As well as other men.
*Ant.* Well, well, away. *exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob*
*Sould.* By Hercules I thinke I am i'th right.
*Cam.* Soldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: So our Leaders leade,
And we are Women's men.
*Sould.* You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse whole, do you not?
*Ven. Marcus Octauius, Marcus Iusteius,*
*Publicola*, and *Celius* are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Cæsars*
Carries beyond beleefe.
*Sould.* While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguil'd all spies.
*Can.* Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
*Sould.* They say one *Taurus*.
*Can.* Well I know the man.
*Enter a Messenger.*
*Mes.* The Emperor calls *Canidius*.
*Can.* With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some. *exeunt*

*Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching*

*Cæs.* *Taurus*?
*Tau.* My Lord.
*Cæs.* Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*
*Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.*
*Ant.* Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Cæsars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *exit.*

*Canidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the Stage, and Taurus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.*

*Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer:
*Thantonia* the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.
*Enter Scarrus*
*Scar.* Gods & Goddesses, all the whole Synod of them
*Eno.* What's thy passion?
*Scar.* The greater Cantle of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we haue kist away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.
*Eno.* How appeares the fight?
*Scar.* On our side, like the tokened Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o'take, and gleeke!) when vantage like a paire of Twines appeard
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The Breeze vpon her, like a Cow in Loue,
Doth follow, and flies
*Eno.* That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
*Scar.* She once so high at it,
The Noble ruine of Magnes *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the fight in height, flies after her:
I neuer saw an Action of such shame,
Experience, Manhood, Honor, neuer before,
Did violate so it selfe.
*Eno.* Alacke, alacke.
*Enter Canidius.*
*Can.* Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Been what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
O he has giuen example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne.
*Eno.* I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeede.
*Can.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
*Scar.* 'Tis easie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.
*Canid.* To Cæsar will I render
My Legions, and my Horse, six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
*Eno.* I'le yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.
*Enter Anthony with Attendants.*
*Ant.* Hearke the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a Ship,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it, flye,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.
*Omnes.* Fly? Not we.
*Ant.* I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it. Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny, for the wiues
Of those that I haue kill'd, and they them
For fear, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replyes of loathnesse, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it selfe: to the Sea-side straightway:
I will possesse you of that shipping and
Treasure.

[illegible] me I prevaile [illegible] prayer vnto you,
[illegible] to [illegible] I [illegible] compound,
Therefore I [illegible] [illegible] Dram [illegible]
*Eros* [illegible]
*Eros* [illegible] Messenger [illegible] him.
*Ant.* [illegible]
*Cleo.* [illegible]
*Cleo.* [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible]
*Eros* [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible]
*Cleo.* [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible] Empresse
*Eros* [illegible]
*Ant.* Yes my Lord yes he at Parthos passe
Had [illegible] [illegible]
The [illegible]
That [illegible] and Fortune on him
Do [illegible]
Lose [illegible]
*Cleo.* [illegible]
*Eros.* The Queene my Lord, the Queene
*Ant.* [illegible]
Hee [illegible]
*Cleo.* [illegible]
*Eros.* Most Noble Sir, the Queene
Her [illegible]
Your [illegible]
*Ant.* Thou [illegible]
A [illegible]
*Eros* Sir, the Queene.
*Ant.* O [illegible]
How I [illegible]
By [illegible]
Strou'd [illegible]
*Cleo.* O my Lord, my Lord
Forgi [illegible]
You [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible]
My [illegible]
A [illegible]
That [illegible]
To [illegible]
*Cleo.* [illegible]
*Ant.* Now [illegible]
To [illegible] Trenches, dodge
And [illegible]
[illegible]
Make [illegible]
How [illegible]
That [illegible]
Do [illegible]
*Ant.* [illegible]
A [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Lose [illegible]
Wee [illegible]
Your [illegible]
*Ant.*

*Ant.* To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coate-Shippes, Legions,
May be a Coward, whose Minister would prevaile
Vnder the seruice of a Child, as soone
As't's Commander of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selues alone: Ile write it. Follow me.
*Eno.* Yes like enough, high-battel'd *Cæsar* will
Vnstate his happinesse, and be Staged to'th'shew
Against a Sworder. I see mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptinesse; *Cæsar* thou hast subdu'de
His iudgement too.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Ser.* A Messenger from *Cæsar*.
*Cleo.* What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir.
*Eno.* Mine eyes euen sympathize. If *Cleopatra* dead,
The Leuerty we lift do to his pride, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.

*Enter Thidias.*

*Cleo.* *Cæsars* will.
*Thid.* Heare it apart.
*Cleo.* None but friends: say boldly.
*Thid.* So happy are they Friends to *Anthony*
*Eno.* He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæsar* has,
Or needs not vs. If *Cæsar* please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend. For vs you know,
Whose heads, we are, and that is *Cæsars*.
*Thid.* So Thus then thou most renowned, *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then he is *Cæsars*.
*Cleo.* Go on, right Royall.
*Thid.* He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you fear'd him.
*Cleo.* Oh.
*Thid.* The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserued.
*Cleo.* He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.
*Eno.* To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony*. [
Sir, sir, thou art so leakie
That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit Eno.*
*Thid.* Shall I say to *Cæsar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your selfe vnder his shrowd, the vniuersall Landlord.
*Cleo.* What's your name?
*Thid.* My name is *Thidias*.
*Cleo.* Most kinde Messenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this in disputation,
I kisse his conquering hand. Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.
*Thid.* 'Tis your Noblest course:
Wisedome and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay
My duties on your hand.
*Cleo.* Your *Cæsars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

*Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.*

*Ant.* Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou Fellow?
*Thid.* One that but performes
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To haue command obeyed.
*Eno.* You will be whipt.
*Ant.* Approch there: ah you kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a muse, hounds would start forth,
And cry your will. Haue you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.
*Ant.* Moone and Starres,
Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I finde them
So sawcy with the hand of she here, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
*Thid.* Marke *Anthony*.
*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Cæsars* shall
Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?
*Cleo.* Good my Lord.
*Ant.* You haue been a boggeler euer,
But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.
*Cleo.* Oh, is't come to this?
*Ant.* I found you as a Morsell, cold vpon
Dead *Cæsars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, besides what hotter houres
Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?
*Ant.* To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you: be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Basan to outroare
The horned Heard, for I haue sauage cause,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like

[illegible] necke who ludo's the Hangman thanke,
[illegible]
*Enter a Servant to them.*
[illegible] Sound, my Lord
[illegible]
[illegible] hence forth
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] *Exit Thid*
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Nyle
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Lord

[illegible] Captaines to my Lord,
*Ant.* Do so wee speake to them,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Come on my Queene,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Each with his speedy Sword. *Exeunt.*
*Ene.* Now see you three Lightning, to be turned
To be behaved out of these and that mode
I tell thee wife peake of Kings and Emperors
And mutation in our Captaines straine,
Remember heart we have our praise to reason,
Unites the Sword it fights with, Lord make
Some way to cause on. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia with Army, Cæsar reading a Letter.*

*Cæs.* Hees less me Pay [illegible] glad power
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

He shall not heare thee, or from *Cæsars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
*Ant.* What say'st thou?
*Sold.* Sir he is with *Cæsar*.
*Eros.* Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.
*Ant.* Is he gone?
*Sol.* Most certaine.
*Ant.* Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe gentle adieu's and greetings,
Say, that I wish he never finde more cause
To change a Master. O my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*

*Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Cæsar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.*

*Cæs.* Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Antony* be tooke alive:
Make it to knowne.
*Agrip.* *Cæsar*, I shall.
*Cæs.* The time of vniuersall peace is neere:
Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* *Anthony* is come into the Field.
*Cæs.* Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that haue reuolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may seeme to speed his fury
Vpon himselfe. *Exeunt.*
*Enob.* *Antony* did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on
Affaires of *Antony*, there did dissuade
Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Cæsar*,
And leaue his Master *Antony*: for this paines,
*Cæsar* hath hang'd him. *Canidius* and the rest
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely
That I will ioy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsars.*

*Sol.* *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.
*Eno.* I giue it you.
*Sol.* Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Best you safe the bringer
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine office,
Or would haue done my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a Ioue. *Exit*
*Eno.* I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so most. O *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed
My better seruice, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my heart,
If swift thought breake it not, a swifter meane
Shall outstrike thought: but thinking will not do't. I feele
I fight against thee! No I will go seeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foulest best fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*

*Alarum. Drummes and Trumpets.*

*Enter Agrippa.*

*Agrip.* Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:
*Cæsar* himselfe has worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*

*Alarums.*

*Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.*

*Scar.* O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had droue them home
With clowts about their heads. *Far off*
*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.
*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
*Ant.* They do retyre.
*Scar.* We'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for six scotches more.

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
For a faire victory.
*Scar.* Let vs score their backes,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.
*Ant.* I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
*Scar.* Ile halt after. *Exeunt*

*Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others.*

*Ant.* We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
before the Sunne shall see's, we'l spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had been
Each man like mine: you haue shewne all *Hectors*.
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'st they with ioyfull teares
Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
The Honour'd gashes whole.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

Giue me thy hand,
To this great Fairy, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thankes bleed anew. Oh thou day o'th'world,
Chaine mine armed neck, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through proofe of Harnesse to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
*Cleo.* Lord of Lords.
O infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from
The worlds great snare vncaught.
*Ant.* My Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can
Get goale for goale of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy fauouring hand,
Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Destroyed in such a shape.
*Cleo.* Ile giue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.
*Ant.* He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Palace the capacity
To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,
And drinke Carowses to the next dayes Fate

Which promises Royall peril. Trumpeters
With brazen dinne blast you the Cities eare,
Make mingle with our rattling Tabourines
That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt*

*Enter a Centery, and his Company, Enobarbus Followes*

*Cent.* If we be not relieued within this houre,
We must returne to the Court of guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattaile
By the second houre in the Morne
*Watch.* This last day was a shrewd one to vs.
*Eno.* O bear me witnesse night.
3 What man is this?
1 Stand close, and listen him.
*Eno.* Be witnesse to me O thou blessed Moone,
When men reuolted shake their Codes of Brother-hood
When men shall breake Lawe in their owne behalfe,
Call on thee fayre and true at all Markes,
And send thy shine through Hearts corrupted. Hearke,
*Watch.* O Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poyson of the garden finde it out,
Ere it embrace his life. Another speake.
*Eno.* O Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poyson of the garden finde it out,
Ere it embrace his life. Another speake.
2 Peace, Hearke further

The Soule and Body rise not more in parting,
Then greatest feare going off
Cæs. To'th Monument
*Mardian* go tell him we lament his fortune,
Say that the fact I spoke was *Antonie*,
And word it prythee, pregnantly: hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death: to'th Monument.
*Exeunt*

*Enter Anthony, and Eros.*

*Ant.* *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me?
*Eros.* I Noble Lord
*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare or Lyon
A towred Citadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine or blew Promontorie
With Trees upon't that nodde unto the world,
And mocke our eyes with ayre.
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.
*Eros.* I my Lord
*Ant.* That which is now a Horse even with a thought
The Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water
*Eros.* It does my Lord
*Ant.* My good knave *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Even such a body: here I am *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my knave)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whilst it was mine, had annext unto't
A Million more (now lost) she *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Cæsar*, and false-plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
Our selves to end our selves.
*Enter Mardian.*
O thy vile Lady: she has robb'd me of my Sword.
*Mar.* No *Antony*,
My Mistris lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine entirely
*Ant.* Hence: horrible villaine, or Ile spurne thee hence:
Prythee away.
*Mar.* Not for the feare of death.
*Ant.* Hence horrible villaine, or Ile spurne thee hence,
And shall see me no more: away.
*Mar.* Death of one person, can be paid but once,
And that the worst gift Cæsar hath: he cannot do
Is done vnto thy hand: the last he spake
Was *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*
Then in the midst a teare dropt from his eye,
The name of *Antony* it was divided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life
Thy name so buried in her.
*Ant.* Dead then?
*Mar.* Dead.
*Ant.* Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes task is done,
And we must sleepe. That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian*
Off pluck off,
The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. O cleave my sides.
Heart, once be stronger than thy Continent,
Crack thy frayle Case. Apace *Eros*, apace
No more a Souldier: bruised pieces go,
You have been Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*
I will o'retake thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and stray no further. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
Itselfe with strength: Seale then and all is done.
*Eros!* I come my Queene. *Eros!* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, we hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghosts gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*

*Enter Eros*

*Eros.* What would my Lord?
*Ant.* Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I have held in such honour, that the Gods
Detest my baseness. I, this day, with my Sword,
Quarried the World, and o're green Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities, condemned to facke
The Conge of a Woman, base Ne'r ennobled
Thus she who (even) by her death, our Caesarean
Hath Conquerour of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
That when the exploits done and come, when now
Is come indeed. When I should see behinde me
The inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st do it to me.
Do't, the time is come. Thou strik'st not me,
'Tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.
*Eros.* The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though enemy) lost aym, and could not.
*Ant.* *Eros*,
Wilt thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleach'd Armes, bending downe
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'de
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd Seate
Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawne before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?
*Eros.* I would not see't.
*Ant.* Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
Most use-full for thy Country.
*Eros.* O sir, pardon me
*Ant.* When I did make thee free, sworst thy not then
To do't when I bad thee? Do't at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
*Eros.* Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
*Ant.* Lo thee
*Eros.* My hand is Lawfull.
*Ant.* Let it do at once
The thing why thou hast sworne to do.
*Eros.* My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor: Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell.
*Ant.* 'Tis said man: and farewell.
*Eros.* Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?
*Ant.* Now *Eros*. *Kills himselfe.*
*Eros.* Why there then.
Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Antonies* death.
*Ant.* Thrice-Nobler than my selfe!
Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not: my Queene and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got vp on me
A Nobleness in Record: But I will be
A Bridegroome in my death, and run into't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler: to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? O dispatch me.

*Enter*

*Enter a Guard.*

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

*Ant.* I haue done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

*All.* Alas, and woe

*Ant.* Let him that loues me, strike me dead.

1 Not I

2 Nor I

3 Nor any one. *exeunt*

*Dercetus.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly
This sword but shewne to *Cæsar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter Diomedes.*

*Dio.* Where's *Anthony*?

*Derce.* There *Diomed* there.

*Diom.* Lines he: wilt thou not answer man?

*Ant.* Art thou there *Diomed*?
Draw thy sword, and giue mee,
Sufflising strokes for death.

*Diom.* Most absolute Lord
My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did shee send thee?

*Diom.* Now my Lord.

*Anth.* Where is she? (feare

*Diom.* Locks in her Monument: she had a Prophesying
Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
(Which neuer shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

*Dio.* What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

*Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.*

*Ant.* Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we sir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out.

*All.* Most heauy day.

*Ant.* Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp.
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thankes for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with Charmian & Iras.*

*Cleo.* Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence

*Char.* Be comforted deere Madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not:
All strange and terrible euents are welcome,
But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

*Enter Diomed*

How now? is he dead?

*Diom.* His death's vpon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither

*Enter Anthony, and the Guard.*

*Cleo.* Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th'world. O *Antony*, *Antony*, *Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace,
Not *Cæsars* Valour hath o'erthrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthonie's* hath Triumpht on it selfe.

*Cleo.* So it should be,
That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis so.

*Ant.* I am dying Egypt, dying; onely.
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay vpon thy lippes.

*Cleo.* I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not.
Least I be taken: not th'Imperious shew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæsar*, euer shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, sting, or operation. I am fate:
Your Wife *Octauia*, with her modest eyes,
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me. but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp
Assist good Friends.

*Ant.* Oh quicke or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Heere's sport indeede.
How heauy weighes my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heauinesse,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Iuno's* power,
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,
And set thee by Ioues side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

*They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome. Dye where thou hast liu'd,
Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

*All.* A heauy sight.

*Ant.* I am dying Egypt, dying.
Giue me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word (sweet Queene)
Of *Cæsar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle heare me,
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

*Cleo.* My Reuolation, and my hands, Ile trust,
None about *Cæsar*.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greatest Prince o'th'world,
The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't dye?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Stye? Oh see my women:
The Crowne o'th earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone
*Char.* Oh quicke elfe, Lady.
*Iras.* She's dead too, our Soueraigne
*Char.* Lady.
*Iras.* Madam.
*Char.* O Madam, Madam Madam.
*Iras.* Royall Egypt, Empreſſe
*Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras*
*Cleo.* No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By ſuch poore paſſion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And does the meaneſt chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theirs,
Till they had ſtolne our Iewell. All's but naught
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it time,
To ſmile at the ſcorne of Fate, when it moſt ſtrikes,
And death is neereſt. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women, Looke
Our Lampe is ſpent, it's out. Good Sirs, take heart,
Wee'l burie him. And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This caſe of that huge Spirit now is cold
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Reſolution, and the breefeſt end.
*Exeunt, bearing off Anthonies body.*

*Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Mecenas with his Companie of Warre.*

*Cæſar.* Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawſes that he makes
*Dol.* *Cæſar*, I ſhall.
*Enter Decretas with the ſword of Anthony*
*Cæſ.* Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'ſt
Appeare thus to vs?
*Dec.* I am meſſenger of *Decretas*,
*Marke Anthony* I ſerued who beſt was worthie
Beſt to be ſerued: whileſt he ſtood vp and ſpoke
He was my Maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend vpon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Cæſar*: if thou pleaſe not,
I yeeld thee vp my life.
*Cæſar.* What is't thou ſay'ſt?
*Dec.* I ſay, O *Cæſar*, *Antonie* is dead
*Cæſar* The breaking of ſo great a thing, ſhould make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue ſhooke Lyons into ciuill ſtreets,
And Citizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is part of this world: but it ſtrange day
Nor the nature of the world
*Dec.* He is dead *Cæſar*,
Not by a publique Miniſter of Iuſtice,
Nor by a power knowne: but by that fierce hand
Which wrought with his Honour in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt Noble blood.
*Cæſ.* Looke you ſad friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To waſh the eyes of Kings.
*Dol.* And ſtrange it is,
That Nature muſt compell vs to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.
*Mec.* His taints and Honours, wag'd equall with him
*Eno.* A Rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Cæſar* is touched.
*Mec.* When ſuch a ſpacious Mirror's ſet before him,
He needes muſt ſee himſelfe.
*Cæſar.* O *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diſeaſes in our Bodies. I muſt perforce
Haue ſhewne to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not ſtall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all deſigne; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, ſhould diuide our equalneſſe to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter Season,
The buſineſſe of this man lookes out of him.
We'l heare him what he ſayes
*Enter an Ægyptian.*
Whence are you?
*Ægyp.* A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my miſtris
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her Monument
Of prayers, feares, griefe, doubts,
That ſhe preparedly may frame her ſelfe
To'th way ſhe's forc'd to.
*Cæſar.* Bid her haue good heart,
She ſhall know of vs, by ſome of ours,
How honourable, how kindly, Wee
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot leaue to be vngentle
*Ægyp.* So the Gods preſerue thee. *Exit.*
*Cæſ.* Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and ſay
We purpoſe her no ſhame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require,
Leaſt in her greatneſſe, by ſome mortall ſtroke
She do defeate vs. For her death in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeecheſt'ſt bring vs what ſhe ſayes,
And how you finde of her.
*Pro. Cæſar* I ſhall. *Exit Proculeius.*
*Cæſ* *Gallus* go you along. Where's *Dolabella*, to ſecond *Proculeius*?
*All.* *Dolabella*.
*Cæſ.* Let him alone: for I remember now
How he's imployd: he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre.
How calme and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my Writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. *Exeunt*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian*

*Cleo.* My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæſar*
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortunes knaue,
A miniſter of her will. And it is great

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shames ates accidents, and blurs vp change;
Wiues sleepes, and neuer palates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Cæsars*.

*Enter Proculeius.*

*Pro.* *Cæsar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And words to make true vertue what faire meanes
From meanes'd to haue vs grant thee
*Cleo.* What's thy name?
*Pro.* My name is *Proculeius*.
*Cleo.* Anthony
Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I doe not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vse for trusting. If your Master
Would haue a Queene his Beggar, you must tell him,
That Maiesty to keepe decorum, must
No lesse beggre things then Kingdomes: Pleasure
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He gaues me so not what I owe
Would willingly haue in my gift.
*Pro.* Be of good cheere:
You're fallen into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that needes: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancie, and you shall find
A Conqueror that will pray in aydes for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
*Cleo.* Pray you tell him,
I am his fortunes Vassall, and send him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourely learne
A Doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th' face.
*Pro.* This I'le report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.
*Pro.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd.
Guard her till *Cæsar* come.
*Iras.* Royall Queene.
*Char.* O *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.
*Cleo.* Quicke, quicke, good hands.
*Pro.* Do not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releeu'd, but not betraid.
*Cleo.* What of death too that rids our dogs of languish
*Pro.* *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see
His Nobleneſſe well acted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.
*Cleo.* Where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.
*Pro.* O temperate Lady.
*Cleo.* Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastiz'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octauia*. Shall they hoyst me vp,
And shew me to the shouting Varletarie
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines
*Pro.* You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde cause in *Cæsar*.

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* *Proculeius*,
What thou hast done thy Master *Cæsar* knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.
*Pro.* So *Dolabella*,
It shall content me best. Be gentle to her,
To *Cæsar* will speake, what you shall please,
If you imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius.*
*Cleo.* Say I would dye.
*Dol.* Most Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me.
*Cleo.* I cannot tell.
*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.
*Cleo.* No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne.
You laugh when boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your trade?
*Dol.* I vnderstand not, Madam.
*Cleo.* I meane I had rather see you smile then know
Our selfe to be so lightly tempted, and
Burne in your thought, mad.
*Dol.* If it might please ye.
*Cleo.* His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
The little O'th' Earth.
*Dol.* Most Soueraigne Creature.
*Cleo.* His legges bestrid the Ocean: his rear'd arme
Crested the world. His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quaile, and shake the Orbe,
He was as rattling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin like, they shew'd his backe aboue
The Element they liu'd in. In his Liuery
Walkt Crowners and Crownets: Realmes & Ilands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.
*Dol.* *Cleopatra.*
*Cleo.* Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreampt of?
*Dol.* Gentle Madam, no.
*Cleo.* You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor euer were one such
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuffe
To vie strange formes with fancie, yet to imagine
An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst fancie,
Condemning shadowes quite.
*Dol.* Heare me, good Madam:
Your losse is as your selfe, great: and you beare it
As answering to the weight, would I might neuer
Ore-take pursu'de successe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a grace sincere
My very heart at roote
*Cleo.* I thanke you sir.
Know you what *Cæsar* meanes to do with me?
*Dol.* I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
*Cleo.* Nay pray you sir.
*Dol.* Though he be Honourable.
*Cleo.* He'le lead me then in Triumph.
*Dol.* Madam he will, I know't. *Flourish.*
*Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Maecenas,*
*and others of his Traine.*
*All.* Make way there *Cæsar*.

Or I [illegible] Cæsar's eyes
Thought [illegible] Were there a man,
[illegible]
[illegible], I'd be [illegible]
[illegible] I know [illegible] are mightiest
For [illegible] that [illegible] and when we fall,
We [illegible] name
And [illegible]
[illegible]
Now [illegible] could not what acknowledg'd
[illegible] Rome Conquer'd [illegible] bee yours,
[illegible]
[illegible] Martha [illegible]
[illegible] Mee [illegible] The [illegible] cheer'd,
Make [illegible] your [illegible] Neece Queen,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Our [illegible]
That we [illegible]
[illegible] Mee Mad[illegible], Lord.
[illegible] *Honorio.*
[illegible] *and Irene.*
*Cleo.* How [illegible] Cæsar [illegible]
[illegible] Notorylate.
[illegible]
[illegible], [illegible], [illegible] bright day is done,
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ahead, and [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], will,
*Enter Dolabella*
*Dol.* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] your command
[illegible]
[illegible] never yet,
[illegible] before,
[illegible], I have [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] your debter.
[illegible]
[illegible] Cæsar. *Exit*
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] shewne
[illegible]
[illegible] Heroes shall
[illegible]
[illegible] wed,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] *Iras* fawcie Lictors
[illegible]
[illegible]
Extemporall [illegible]
Our Alexandrian Revels: Anthony
[illegible] and I shall see
Some [illegible]
[illegible]
*Iras.* O the good Gods!
*Cleo.* Nay [illegible]
[illegible] I never see: But I am sure my Nailes
Are stronger then mine eyes.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* W[illegible] the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their most abus'd intents.

*Enter Charmian.*

Now *Charmian.*
Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go to
My best Attyre; I am againe for Cydnus,
To meete [illegible]
(Now [illegible]
And when [illegible]
[illegible]

W[illegible]

*Enter Clowne.*

[illegible]
The [illegible]
Hee'l [illegible]
Cleo. Let him come in. [illegible]
What poore an Instrument
May do a noble deede: he brings me Liberty.
My Resolution's plac'd, and I have
Nothing of feare in me. [illegible]
Is Antonie dead?
[illegible]
Cha. O Sir, Sir,
Cleo. A [illegible]
Haue [illegible]
The [illegible]
Cha. [illegible] but [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] power.
Cleo. Remember (thou) yet hast bodyed eares?
Cha. Very many: Madam, to [illegible] of
[illegible] they [illegible] a very poore one.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Cleo. Farewell.
Cha. I haue you a joy: the Worme.
Cleo. I prethee
Cha. Yet [illegible] you,' make
Worme will [illegible]
Cleo. I prethee
Cha. Your [illegible] the Worme is not to be [illegible],
but [illegible] to [illegible] there is
no [illegible] the Worme
Cleo. Take [illegible]
Cha. Very [illegible]
Cleo. Will [illegible]
Cha. Your [illegible] Law [illegible], you have
[illegible] new [illegible] Woman [illegible], [illegible] her
not Beleeve, [illegible] their [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] their [illegible], [illegible]
make [illegible]
Cleo. Well, [illegible] gone, farewell.
Cha. Yes, [illegible] I will [illegible] worme. *Exit*
Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have
Immortall [illegible] in me. Now no more
The [illegible], Charmian shall [illegible]
Haue [illegible] Now [illegible] Mee [illegible]

Anthony [illegible]
[illegible] my Noble Act. I feare
I [illegible] Cæsar, when [illegible]
To [illegible] the [illegible], He [illegible]
Now [illegible]
I [illegible],
[illegible]
Charmian, I [illegible]
[illegible]
Haue [illegible]
[illegible], Now [illegible]
The [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
O [illegible] *Exit*
[illegible]
[illegible]
Now [illegible]
A [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Crowne-way,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

*Dol.* [illegible] you ſtare vpon a Augurer!
That [illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible],
That was my Barber.
[illegible] Pompeyes
[illegible] Ouerdone
This Charmer [illegible] ſhe
Drew the trimming [illegible],
On her dead Anthonies [illegible],
And on the [illegible]
*Cæſar.* Oh Nouerſeakeneſſe
If they had ſwallowed poyſon, 'twould appeare
By externall ſwelling: but her face and neckes take no
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*
In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.

*Dol.* Heere on her breſt,
There is a vent of Blood, and ſomething blowne,
The like is on her Arme.
[illegible] Aſpickes trace,
Applyed cleaues haue ſlime vpon them, ſuch
As the Aire [illegible] vpon the Caues of Nyle.
*Cæſ.* Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe dyed; for her Phyſitian tells mee
[illegible] ſhe hath purſu'de Conclusions infinite
[illegible] to dye. Take vp her bed
And [illegible] Women from the Monument,
[illegible] be buried by her *Anthony*,
No Graue vpon the earth ſhall clip in it
A payre ſo famous. High euents as theſe
[illegible] thoſe that make them: and their Story is
[illegible], ſhall [illegible] Glory weepe
Braſt [illegible] to be lamented. Our Army ſhall
[illegible] ſhew, aſ[illegible] ouerall,
And [illegible] Rome. *Cæſar Lentulus* [illegible]
[illegible] Ouer, and this great Solemnity *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

# THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

## *Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 Gent. Our poorest Subiects
Our Gentlemen
Our Lords
And Subiects
2 Gent. Beyond Sea.
1 Gent. But I pray you, what's the reason
Why the King his Daughter
That late married against
Your pleasure, but rather
Her Husband banished
Her Father
Is out-ward
Be such dat very heart.
2 Nay but the King
1 He that hath offended the Queene,
That most offended the Maiesty. Before a Creature,
Although they wear their faces to the ayre
Of the King, looke as if he heard that set
Glad at the thing they frowle at.
2 And why so?
1 He that hath misus'd the Princesse, is thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd, is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the regions of the Earth
For one, his like, there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So fayre an Outward, and such stuffe within
Endowes a man, but he.
2 You speake him fayre
1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vntold
His measure duly.
2 What's his name, and Birth?
1 I cannot delate him to the roote. His Father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serued with Glory and admir'd Successe
So gain'd the Sur-addition *Leonatus*
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit being: and his gentle Lady
Big of this Gentleman our Theame: deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do Ayre, fast as 'tis ministred,
And in Spring became a harvest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the youngest: to the more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the Graue
An eare-full. What hee can well do, is well worth the hearing,
For you must know, the Emperor accounts him
His Seruant.
2 You speake him properly.
1 His meane Mariage
Do's more then breed suspition.
2 What's his name?
1 Is it fit I speake it, being done: and to none
To whom it is spoke in time, which will be
Since it is done, not yet.
2 Is it a Mayd?
1 Verily I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge:
It is a Mayd.
2 If it be sinne to say so, I yoake mine Oxe
As soone as I engage it.
1 Before well thought on.
The two young Apprehenders were about the Businesse,
Hauing knowledge of the Mariage, and
Watch to marke when Fauour finish'd.
2 Is it true?
1 Most true, if euer truth were pregnant by circumstance.
But that you shall not want, some will say.

Enter two Ladies.

1 How? how? your Mistris.
Enioy her honor'd Spirit.
2 And with her leaue, so doe I.
1 Good dames, bright eyes, we met the Court well.
2 But that the Beautious Imogen is sad,
My Husband's Mistris.
1 Madame, know you not
The Riches of the Spirit of Leonatus?
2 Yes, but better, if you please to tell.
1 Only this (let the rest go)
2 All of his Wealth.
1 That he enchants Societies into him,
Halfe all mens hearts to take, or leaue his part.
2 Why men and women
1 Cannot but part with part of their wits, than
Their loues, at first sight: they are rather frighted
Than in loue, that may sweare, they are made worse:
And not the best of their good Lookes, their Finenesse,
Their Clothes are left worse. But not to heape
Feathers vpon Swallowes, or Ice vpon Seas,
Or Odours amongst Roses, or Waters in the Ocean,
More then in him I heare (which is indeed
Almost beyond beleefe) of great and good
If linked to what is fame, goes to vnderstood.
How comes it all heapes vp to perfection?
Vpon what Meanders of the Sea, Ouer-peering
What Rocke, the Tributary of what Vertue
Which workes with him?
2 Both Male and Female.
1 You haue me, you haue me.
2 Your Husband's his Companion.
1 He deserues such Blessings,
As euer Father yet saw: some speed to heare
How I speake of him.
2 It may be griefe to her.
1 Hearing of him much.
2 Allow my Husband, less than a publike Moone.
1 Then you haue an vnder-taking.
2 Faith not much.
1 Good Madame, pardon me.
2 Do you meane it?
1 I know not how it tooke her,
But it did seeme to shake her.
2 Sir, as I told you alwayes, her Sorrow is
Her owne Companion, and Space enough
Betweene her and her Ayre.
1 Pray leaue her alone.
2 Sir, she alone should presse her selfe, and shee shall:
A Mile or two hence.
1 I pray you do, we'll speake
More of her soone.
2 Come your way.
1 Whensoeuer
You haue cause to thinke on any part of this Businesse,
Thinke on me.
2 Euery day.
1 Not as a Doctor may thinke by his Patient's Symptomes,
Nor as a Louer thinke by the Paine he sees
Confin'd from the Beloued, nor as a Friend
Vsing his Freedome, nor as the Sicke vse
Effects of their Fantasie, nor as Women vse
To Feares created, when not Feares are due:
Beleeue it.
2 Will you walke not with vs?
1 Madame, my Businesse is not to the purpose.
I take my Leaue of you.
2 Good Sir, you apprehend him well.
1 Attend the Queene, and Princesse.

*Exeunt*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.*

Qu. No be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-eyed vnto you: You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes

Qu. Pray walke a while.

Lord. Let's see the Boy at Tennis.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, Lords, Gentlemen, Guard.

Cym. Now say what would Augustus Lucius with us?

Luc. This Princes, the requiring of your Queene
Hath thus commanded.

2 Now say what tribute of late pay'd it to him?

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsars Ambition
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th' World, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon's, which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selves to be.

2 Know you the reason on't?

Cym. Before we were subdued,
Our Kingdome stood alone for Tribute, and
Would so have kept for ever.

2 Then Britaine
Must be subdued again.

Cym. Not to be parted
With our old Liberty, gain'd and eas'd so long
That due to us, as Earth to the Center.

2 Your Highnesse
Knowing the mortall'st of this Action: Note
The dangers, which incurre by not complying:
Perhaps, he hath
Some mutiny at home, to check him here
And make him faint abroad.

Queene. Remember sir,
My Liege, the Britaines hold their Libertie
Above their Lives. And I doubt not, you
Will stir up your Subjects, to a spirit
Of Honour and Courage equall to
Your Progenitors.

Cym. Lucius, I am sorry
That this effect of mine intended love
Is counted Theame of Honour: But must not
Change my Profession: My Kingdome stands on it
The Romans must have Tribute of us, so
Have we subscribed.

Luc. Then Warre is Royall.

Cym. Yes Lucius, with your King.

Luc. Then no more Tribute, Sir.

Cym. Our Scorne hath sworne it.

Luc. Let proud Augustus know,
What the Britaines will do: Scorne for Scorne,
And as they smile at Danger, when it comes,
When it is gone, they Scorne it: And Augustus
Shall know, that Britaine dreads not his Alliance,
More then his Warre.

Cym. Nor must his Friendship, Sir
Preserve him from our Anger: How warre prospers
We shall within this houre understand.

Luc. Then Iupiter, I spread my Complaint
On thy Lowd Eagle: Tell the Crabbed Bird
That Mars bestrides the Lazie Pacing Clouds,
And Dekes in Sweat, 'twixt his Stiffe Sinewes, fixing
Beneath his Shaking Helmet. Thus Augustus
Doth make his Entrance more easie: Prosperous
Be your Abode in Britaine, as the Mind
Of mighty Warre shall answer.

Cym. Thus farre with Honour.

Luc. Farewell Great King,
Till Warre have blunted his taste of our Swords,
And Noyse so parted.

Cym. Stay Lucius with the Queene.

Luc. Sir, that I will.

Cym. Come with my Sister, you
Our Wars are blamelesse, but our hands are Cruell.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Iachimo, Posthumus, Philario, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards.

*Iach.* Believe it Sir, I have seene him in Britaine:
And he was then accounted for your Rich
And unparagon'd Mistris is dead, and I am
Advis'd to give her Sorrow a Sleepe,
That it may waken longer then the Widowes
That have mourn'd for last Husbands.

*Iach.* Will you hear more?

*Post.* Spare your Arithmetick, never count the Turnes:
Once, and a Million.

*Iach.* I shall but deceive you longer:
And the Businesse I have spoke of, is
Not a Commodity for every Dealer,
Nor Customer for every Price.

*Post.* Sir, I commend you well.

*Iach.* But you have heard the Story elsewhere: His Father
Being I can say, almost Bankrupt in Legacies,
Besides what he hath spent in Warres, can lay
But weake Injunctions: Which he hath now Commanded
Shall be executed Doubly: Halfe to me,
Halfe to his Friend.

*Post.* I do not envie his Fortunes,
Nor anything belonging to him: He best can
Limit the Gentlenesse of his Kindnesse: He is a Man
I know not how much more, then he himself
Can well report of: As little as a Man's Modesty
Can speake him: And his Pleasures, to boot, as great
As do become a Man: Touching the Weight
Of his Other Graces, let them speake of them
That know them better.

*Iach.* His Stay in France can make him better known:
Or that Crosse Starres, that raigne at his Nativity
Perform'd that Office too.

*Post.* He had the Dregges
Of a Cold Disposition to Temperance.

*Iach.* Sir, he spent Practise more to the Swift Delights of a Horse, then Grounds for Science, for the Idle Spending of Time, then any Proofe of Capacity.

*Post.* I wish no better, then have him hold that Purpose, and succeed in't.

*Iach.* Will you continue Belou'd Sir, in the good Opinion of the Lady?

*Post.* She holds me worthy.

*Iach.* Will you hold her worthy Sir, that is worthy to hold you?

*Post.* Sir, you extend my Action.

*Iach.* Then Sir, you hold part with the Queene.

*Post.* Sir, I hold my Mistris as I cherish my Honour, without Comparison.

*Iach.* Sir, the Loue of Wife and Husband, is not like this: That may loose it selfe by Disunion: One may Ride behinde another: One may Weare a Feather, another Weare the Horse that beares it: One may Keepe the Doore, another Enter: One may be Glad, another Sad: And the Indifferent Children of one Pye, Loaf, or Dish, may Quarrell: But the Neere Bond of Man and Wife, Sir, is Vnsensible, like the Sister Vnities, and cannot fall Asunder without Dismembring.

Color Patch

to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without less quality. But how comes it, all's well that ends well yet, Still the fine's the crowne: Whose praise?

*Post.* Not her's that laies vp her prayse, Not to let speech runne before her Modestie, or make her blush at the description of that which shee hath done, beeing like our Statues, purer and more weighty then our Coine, which were they not grac'd by the Princes stamp, would but counterfeit Lead guilded, and passe for what they are not, but for what they seeme, which shall be ever to me, as the Inscription of Caesars Superscription, Tribute I owe it, and pay it, Custome bids me, and by her selfe I am well assur'd to pay what I owe.

*Iach.* What lace of her Chastitie could he haue, to bring him thus to talke of it?

*Post.* Me thinkes I see him now.

*Iach.* I, so you doe, and taste his Tongue with the tincture of Seas and Countries: Based on the Testimonie of your owne sight, (I must thinke) a Sharpe appetite, Loyalty, and Affection, all chain'd, all bonded, may coupe with Men of any Clymate, and Complexion, and digest what it findes there. But put the case that she would direct her obedience to this mans Honour, or that this Gentleman would breake his Faith to his Master, for the worke, and the place which you and I know of, where could he finde a Purer Woman?

*Post.* Still close, as sure as Heauen holds a quire out of wicked Spirits.

*Iach.* You make my all of the Diuell, though he do the right note to the Hower of the Clocke. Is she not a Faire Creature?

*Post.* Faire to looke vpon, the best Coniunction, the Moone and Starres, to speake truely, she growes with.

*Iach.* Why should I write this to you, vnlesse you were the Grasse that should feed my Horse, that I might nimbly and speedily turne him to my purpose? Cannot a neate Seruice, a quicke Obedience, your owne Affaires, still worke you in mine? Or the like, the loue you beare to the Partie you worke for, binde you to my turne? I feare not.

*Post.* Before I take Commission with you, I beseech you informe me, what is the instruction? for then I know what the businesse is, what the losse is, what the hinderance, what the hazard is of this taske? Say your mind to my Vnderstanding.

*Iach.* Well then, there is one in Britaine, who I serued before his Exile, his Mistris hath her Picture; is of her Beautie a Parragon, but of her Feature, she hath that which well naturde, may make vnboly Theeuery no Sinne to looke on: Gods blessing on his Face, if he neuer see it more than I haue done, which hauing bin view'd with a iudicious eye, is the Treasure of her Frame, she has one more rich.

*Post.* Well, you haue this her Face, the Mole vnder her left Pap to friend it withall.

*Iach.* Will you hearken further?

*Post.* Your Ring may be stolne too, so your braue Mistris liuery: Close your quarrell in it with the Gentleman that owes it: If I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: And to bate you an aduantage, I doubt not of your good knowledge, either to keepe or gaine me my Ring, I hold it as your voluntarie Motion, and not my Deseruing.

*Post.* Why, I can but deliuer you what she has giuen me, and suppose her ability and my Diligence will not be wanting, whereupon I will in her name, pray her to accept your loue, which else would grow cold and sterue with griefe.

*Iach.* This is her Honour? Let me request from you a Token, that I may speake of her truely? My Ring I hold deare as my finger, 'tis part of it.

*Post.* You may speake of her as well as I can, for I am much more obliged to her Honour than you can imagine.

*Iach.* But my Ring, let me haue some signe of it to enforce the speech of your Perswasion.

*Post.* Well, I haue not cost it you, for your Ring I will haue none of it.

*Iach.* Why, you are too curious, good Sir, to lay on my Trifle, and you are full sorrie you haue bid me returne so much, mistaking the worth of your Gift: Perchance you are sorrie you haue rayl'd so infinitely at me, but your Gentlenesse (I see) is yet vnwounded, for your better defence, you will take your Ring againe, and not offer it to him that did but call him Villaine: For which twenty times I take my leaue of you.

*Post.* Yours by the Gods.

*Iach.* Do not swear by them vnworthily: For I am sorrie I haue giuen occasion to you to doubt that I haue done any thing but what hath appeared Noble to me: If you shall please to thinke me worthie of an Honourable Trust, vse it freely, you are as well acquainted as any Man I know, with your owne Estimation, and my Report shall goe no further than you shall please: You shall no sooner command, than I will doe: I doubt not but you will finde me readie: And now vpon my Faith and Honour, adieu.

*Post.* Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till my Ring can come to you: Time, I hope, will not grow slacke.

*Iach.* Nay, you may take it againe when you please for that.

*Post.* Will my Lord say so?

*Iach.* I, and write to me soone

[illegible] your Diamond too [illegible] come off, and [illegible] in
[illegible] you have craft in, See your Iewell, this
your owne, and now Gisni are y' [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

## Scena Septima.

*Enter Imo*

*Imo* A
A
M
Ver
Arm
Is
How
We

*Enter*

*P.* Ma
Com
*Iach.*
The Wo
And greetes
*Imo* I
You're
*Iach.* A
If the
Have lost
Arm me A
O like
Ratified

*Imo*

Sot
but
Is
You
Have
In all
*Iach*
What
To
I
Twe
*Iach.*
Two
Not
Now
*Imo*
*Iach*
For
Long
*Imo*
To

*Iach* Thanks Madam well Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He is strange and peevish
*Pis.* I was going Sir,
To give him welcome *Exit.*
*Imo* Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you
*Iach* Well Madam
*Imo* Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is,
*Iach* Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is called
The best of Reuelers
*Imo* When he was here
He did incline to sadnesse, and often times
Not knowing why
*Iach.* I never saw him sad
There is a Frenchman, his Companion one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loues
A Roman Conquest, and his Fellowes
Are nightly pleasant guests with us: he is brought
Your Lord I meane laies siege to my poore thoughts, and
Commands them downe to yeeld to his subiection.
But his Reputation is as high
With women, yet that hee hath thought worthy
Comparison with what thou art, well knowne
Not to be perishable, not aduisedly
Attempt your Honour, or your Homage?
*Imo* Why my Lord, what say'st?
*Iach* Madam, were his eyes as firmly bent with iudgment,
As they are apt to be by
The view of obiects: the Frenchman
Has not his equall: no more men are much too blame.
*Imo* Not he I hope.
*Iach* Not he:
But your Honour's bounty towards him might
Be vsed more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In the imputation of a Kingdome, Talents
Which, I doubt not, you sometime will bestow
To my Master.
*Imo* Noble sir, you goe?
*Iach* More then my life
*Imo* I long
To hear from him, is all we wish for you
Before you part from vs. We'd beg your stay,
But that the heate and trouble of your iourney
Doth make vs pitty you. We'll see you in the euening.
*Iach* Long liue the Queene!
To your command. Once more Madam all health and solace
Be with your Highnesse.
*Imo* I pray you Sir
Deliuer with what vnrestrained loue and solace
Your Master doth expect my welcome. Will you, pray you?
*Iach* I shall not feare
(I was about to say) enough: but how
Should I feare to doe too much for such
Noble entertainment? Please you
*Imo* You are very welcome.
Some other time, or what concernes me; pray you
Take good note of things: I loue it: it is more
Fit for me then they do. For certainties
Either past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
What both you spare to tell.
*Iach* Had I this cheeke
To bathe my lips upon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose every touch would force the feelers soule
To the oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)

Slaue

Stauder with Lippes as common as stile Bayres
That runne into Caroches some crownes with hands
Made [illegible]
With [illegible]
Bate [illegible]
That [illegible]
That [illegible]
Enough [illegible]
*Ime.* My Lord [illegible]
Hasle [illegible]
*Ith* [illegible]
Inestimable [illegible]
Here [illegible] Graces
That [illegible]
Coasters [illegible]
*Ime.* Become [illegible]
*Ith* Obeyed [illegible]
With piety, [illegible]
So tasts [illegible]
Worldlinke [illegible]
With Embowes [illegible]
Wanton [illegible]
That [illegible]
Which [illegible]
As we [illegible]
Or [illegible]
Resolv'd [illegible]
*Ime.* [illegible]
How [illegible]
As I [illegible]
Most [illegible]
How should [illegible]
*Ith* [illegible]
Inchaled [illegible]
Wolfesnes [illegible]
Invocate [illegible]
Inchaste [illegible]
More Nobler [illegible]
As [illegible]
Still close as [illegible]
*Ime.* [illegible]
*Ith.* Let me [illegible]
*Ime.* Away, I [illegible]
So long [illegible]
Your [illegible]
Fortune [illegible]
Thou wear [illegible]
From [illegible]
So [illegible]
Thee [illegible]
For [illegible]
Of [illegible]
As [illegible]
As in [illegible]
His beauty [illegible]
Her [illegible]
He [illegible]
*Ith* [illegible]
There [illegible]
Deserves [illegible]
Her [illegible]
A Lady [illegible]
Commit [illegible]
Fetch [illegible]
I have [illegible]
Were [illegible]

That [illegible]
There [illegible]
That [illegible]
Here [illegible]
*Ime.* Your [illegible]
[illegible])
[illegible]
Me [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Made [illegible]
Where [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Made [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Let [illegible]
[illegible]
As [illegible]
[illegible]
*Ith* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
To [illegible]
To take [illegible]
*Ime.* [illegible]
Any [illegible]
My [illegible]
[illegible]
*Ith* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

2 What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

3 If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would haue run all out.

*Clot* When a Gentleman is disposed to sweare: it is not for any Standers by to curtaile his oathes. Ha?

2 No my Lord, nor crop the eares of them.

*Clot* Whoreson dog! I gaue him satisfaction? would he had been one of my Rancke.

2 To haue smelt like a Foole.

*Clot.* I am most vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every Iacke Slaue hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cocke, that no body can match.

2 You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cocke, with your comb on.

*Clot.* Sayest thou?

2 It is not fit your Lordship should vndertake euery Companion that you giue offence to.

*Clot.* No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 I, it is fit for your Lordship only.

*Clot* Why so I say.

1. Did you heare of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

*Clot* A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2 He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

*Clot* *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascall, and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 One of your Lordships Pages.

*Clot* Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2 You cannot derogate my Lord.

*Clot* Not eas'ily I thinke.

2 You are a fit Foole if they are: you are a Foole and gentleman scarce, therefore your Issues being foule, may do not disgrace.

*Clot.* Come, I'le see this Italian: what I haue lost to day at Bowle, I'le winne to night of him. Come go.

3 I attend your Lordship. *Exit.*

That such a crafty Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeeld the world this Asse! A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,
Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thoughts it is,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourely coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hateful than the [illegible]
O thy deere Husband! Then hast lost the dearest
O the diuorce, he'l take the Heauens boldnesse
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
That Temper'd as thy mind, that thou maist stand
T'enioy thy banish'd Lord, and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.*

*Imo.* Who's there? My woman, *Helen*?

*La.* Please you Madam.

*Imo.* What houres is it?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, Madam.

*Imo.* I haue read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou can'st awake by course o'th'clock,
I prythee call me. Sleepe hath seiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech yee. *Sleepes.*

*Iach me from the Trunke*

*Iach.* The Crickets sing, and man's o're-labor'd sense
Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed, fresh Lilly,
And whiter than the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,
How deere they doo't. 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the flame o'th Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids,
To see the enclosed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder these windowes, White and Azure, lac'd
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe:
Such, and such pictures. There the window: such
The adornement of her Bed, the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th Story.
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off,
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th bottome of a Cowslippe. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger than euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath but late reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, here the leafe's turn'd downe
Where *Philomele* gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th'Trunke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift swift you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the Rauen's eye. I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

*Clocke strikes*

One, two, three: time, time. *Exit*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Clotten, and Lords.*

1 Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.

*Clot* It would make any man cold to lose.

1 But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you win'st

*Clot*

Exeunt

Exeunt

Exeunt

The conueyance o't Crowne, and more o't eyle
The preci[ous] note o't, what's due to both
Attending for a Tribute, and requires Ours,
A Pantler; not to omit
*Imo.* Prepar'd to follow
With those o'th Sonne of *Tyber*, and no more,
But what [illegible] to be
To be no Competitor, where we were
Then to the point o'th Warre. Whereof the
Comparat[illegible] of your Vassals to be
The vnder-taking of [illegible] come, and
For being preferr'd to serue.
*Cor.* [illegible]
*Imo.* Heere's a Prince, if Rome [illegible] come, then come
To be but nam'd of Rome. His Steed can Carry
That euer [illegible]
In my [illegible]
Were they [illegible]
*Enter Pisanio.*
*Cor.* His Garments? Not to sleepe.
*Imo.* To Dreame by whose helpe
Fr[illegible]
Search for a Reue, [illegible]
Hath [illegible] Armes, Warlike Masters. Sir, we thank
If I would [illegible]
Of any King's [illegible]
I [illegible]
Is [illegible]
Thy [illegible]
Tooke [illegible]
*Pis.* [illegible]
*Imo.* [illegible]
*Cor.* You [illegible]
His meanest Garment?
*Imo.* I, [illegible] Sir,
If you were [illegible]
*Cor.* I [illegible]
*Imo.* Your M[illegible]
So [illegible] Lady, [illegible] I hope
But [illegible] No, I cannot [illegible] sir,
To [illegible] *Exit*
*Cor.* [illegible]
His meanest Garment? Well. *Exit.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Posthumus, and Pisanio.*

*Post.* Feare [illegible] I would I were assure
To owne her [illegible] as I am bold, her Honour
Will [illegible]
*Iach.* Will [illegible] make to him?
*Post.* Not [illegible] the change of Time,
[illegible] Winters fitte, and wish
That warmer dayes would come. In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue: they failing
I must [illegible]
*Pis.* Your very goodnesse, and your company,
O're-pay[illegible] I cannot. Do't, and your King,
Hath [illegible] Great *Augustus*, *Caius Lucius*,
Will [illegible] throughly. And I think

He'le grant the Tribute, send th' Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romane, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their griefe
*Post.* I do beleeue
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prooue a Warre; and you, shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, than haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Iulius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now wing-led with their courages, will make knowne
To their Approuers they are People, such
That mend vpon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*
*Pis.* See *Iachimo*.
*Post.* The two-yong'st Harts, haue posted you by land,
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell nimble.
*Pis.* Welcome Sir.
*Post.* I expect the quicknesse of your answere, made
The speed not fellow'd of your setting-forth.
*Iach.* Your Lady,
Is one the best eyes I haue look'd vpon?
*Post.* And therewithall the best, or let her Beauty
Looke through a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
*Iach.* Heere are Letters for you.
*Post.* Their tenure good I trust.
*Iach.* 'Tis very like.
*Post.* Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?
*Iach.* He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
*Post.* All is well yet.
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
*Iach.* If I haue lost it,
I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold.
I'le make a iourney twice as farre, t'enioy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne
*Post.* The Stones too hard to come by.
*Iach.* Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy.
*Post.* Make not it Sir
You lose your Sport. I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
*Iach.* Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Couenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistresse home, I grant
We were to question further, but now
Proclaime me the welcom'st Lord of her Honor.
Let me with you. Your Ring may not be wronger
Other than you haue doing, prescribe but
By bonds, and words.
*Post.* If you can make't apparant
That you haue tasted her in Bed, my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour, gaines, or loses,
Your Sword or mine, or Masterfull Leasue both
To who shall finde them.
*Iach.* Sir, my Circumstances
Being so neere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleeue, whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'l

You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shal finde
You needde it not.
*Post.* Proceed
*Iach.* First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but profesſe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hangd
With Tapſtry of Silke and Siluer: the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
And *Cydnus* swell'd aboue the bankes, or for
The preſſe of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So braue'y done, ſo rich, that it did take
In Workemanſhip, and Value, which (I wonder'd
Could be ſo rare, and not exactly Regarded
Since many holde it ſtrange
*Post.* This is true
And this you might haue heard one to queſtion,
Or by ſome other.
*Iach.* More particulars
Must iuſtify my knowledge
*Post.* So they muſt
Or doe your Honour iniury.
*Iach.* The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaſte *Diana*, bathing: neuer ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelues: the Cutter
Was as another Nature: dumbe: outwent her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
*Post.* This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewiſe reape,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of
*Iach.* The Roofe o'th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted: Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote ſtanding nicely
Depending on their Brands.
*Post.* This is her Honour.
Let it be granted you haue ſeene all this (and praiſe
Be giuen to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber nothing ſaues
The wager you haue laide.
*Iach.* Then, if I haue can
Pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: It muſt be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them
*Post.* Ioue——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
*Iach.* Sir (I thanke her) that
She ſtript it from the Arme: I ſee her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gaue it me,
And ſaid, ſhe prized it once.
*Post.* May be ſhe pluckt it off
To ſend it me.
*Iach.* She writes ſo you may feele
*Post.* Would ſhe had neuer come: Heere, take this too,
It is a Baſe-ſlaue, that with a Mercenary eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honour,
Where there is Beauty: Truth where Semblance: Loue,
Where there's another man: The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be to where they are made,
Than they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, abuſe meaſure to ſo
*Phil.* Haue patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable ſhe loſt it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath ſtolne it from her.
*Post.* Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me ſome corporall ſigne about her
More euident than this: for this was ſtolne,
*Iach.* By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.
*Post.* Hearke you, he ſweares: by Iupiter he ſweares
'Tis true, my keepe: my Ring, I am gone
Euen to my ſhip, and in a ſhort Aduantage
Ay worſe: and why ſhould I ſpeake? why ſhould you
Ay, by a Gracious, Gentle, Noble Goddeſſe,
That in this vnclaſpe: to vnlocke: Iniurie,
Is ſtronger than no truſt: Where is a Thouſand Ducats, for
This, take your Honour: all the Treaſure of Her
Doores, this Ring, and all that owes me: you.
Ile make your Vantage, ſtay
This ſwore enough to be beleeu'd
That parts not from your hand
*Post.* Neuer, neuer
Shee's with the Diuell bound
*Iach.* If you ſeeke
For further ſeruice of me, vnder her Breaſt
(Worthy her preſent) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate Lodging: By my life
I kiſſ'd it, and it gaue me preſent hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This ſtaine vpon her?
*Post.* I, and it doth confirme
Another ſtaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
*Iach.* Will you heare more?
*Post.* Spare your Arithmatike,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.
*Iach.* I'le be ſworne.
*Post.* No ſwearing:
If you will ſweare you haue not done it, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'ſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
*Iach.* I'le deny nothing.
*Post.* O that I had her here to teare her Limb-meale.
I will go there and do't, i'th' Court, before
Her Father. Ile do ſomething *Exit.*
*Phil.* Quite beſides
The Gentleman of your Profeſſion. You haue wonne:
Let his ſword make thee worke before him. If
Hee'ſ aduantage, kill him, or put the preſent wrath
Hee ſhall finde in you to't.
*Iach.* Great, how I meane to doe't. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Poſthumus.*

*Poſt.* Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be halfe-workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was I know not where
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother ſeem'd
The Dian of that time: ſo doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this. O Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency ſo rotten, as her vnchaſt ſeeming
Made me beleeue me ſeene Hercules
(Much more than man) come to her: and on her
Thus hotly: but her
As Chaſte, as vnſunn'd Snow. O all the Diuels
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.*

*Pis.* How of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus*
O Master, what a strange infection

Scæna Tertia.

Scæna Quarta.

The freezing houres away? We haue seene nothing,
We are beastly, subtle as the Fox for Prey,
Like Warlike as the Wolfe for what we eate
Our Viands haue been Caues, Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prisoned Bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
How you speake
Did you but know the Cittie Vsurers,
And fearefull Merchants rarely inhabite Court,
And you could see the dangers we abide
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle of Warre,
A paine that only seemes to seeke out danger
I'th name of fame and honour, which dyes i'th search,
And hath as oft a slanderous Epitaph,
As record of fayre Act. Nay many times
Doth ill deserue, by doing well, a worse
Must curse it selfe at the Cradle. That Boyes, but scarce
Tye Woorld may reade in me. My Body's mark'd
With Roman Swords, and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. Cymbeline loued me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off. Then was I as a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one Night,
A Storme, or robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hanging fruit, and left me bare.
And left me bare to weather
Vncertaine lyfe and
Bel. Vnder faire pretence of these harmes,
Both pitty vs, but eye vs not, as things
Beneath their Visitation. Oftentimes
Beleeue me, I (rememb'ring how much mine
Was dearer, ere a Sutor could prefer
More pouerfull to my will) haue mixt my Rewards
The Seasons of their turnes. But vpright Youth
This is not Hunters language, he that strikes
The Venison first shall eate the Hart first,
To winne our Loues we doe that often finde,
And when we haue our Prizes (which not alter'd,
Appeares poore as it did) we cast them downe,
Imagine so my Sonnes were we, their Father
Liues in their Error. Feare him not. Sit down. Exeunt.
How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature!
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to the King,
Nor Cymbeline dreames that they are aliue.
They thinke they are mine, and though trayn'd vp thus meanely
I'th Caue wherein they bow their hinges haue
The Soules of Princes, on whose noble ends
Rest on them (as doth Heauen) ruines, or rights,
Beyond their sphere, their hopes beyond their houses,
Their walkes as free as Deere that vse our ayre
In vnconfin'd disposition. As they grow
Their Mindes shall blesse them, as their Prayers are heard.
The Romane Power comes in search, and what
Shall then oppose their safeties, but our breathes?
And when they smell it, Dogges find Deere, and Deere
Fly other things. Our Liues are forfeit to them.
A Day or two determines all. Meane time
Inferior Flyes, Garded with Golden Wings,
This Pisanio
Strikes his Intelligence through. Cymbeline welcomes
His owne Reuenge with it. My Conscience knowes
Thou didst not willingly banish me, whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my Lands. Euriphile,
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her graue.
My selfe Belarius, that am Morgan call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. Exit.

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Pisanio and Imogen.*

*Imo* Thou told'st me when we came fro horse, y place
Was neere at hand. Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I haue now. *Pisanio*, Man.
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a hauiour of lesse feare, ere wild selfe
Vanquish my stayed Senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that countenance still. My Husbands hand?
That Drugdamn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be euen mortall to me.
*Pis.* Please you read,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most vnworthy to be found of Fortune

*Imogen reades.*

*My Affaires (Pisanio) haue pleased the Strumpet in my bed, the Testimonies whereof lies bleeding in me. I speak not of weake Surmizes, but I am profest to Reuenge as my Loue, and as certaine as I loue her. My Reuenge I put part, thou (Pisanio) must dispatch for me: if my Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers, let thine owne hand take away her life. I shall giue thee opportunity at Milford-Hauen. She hath my Letter for the purpose, where, if thou feare to strike, and to make me certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyall.*

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous slander enters. What cheere Madam?
*Imo.* False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weepe twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearefull dreame of him,
And cry my selfe awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?
*Pis.* Alas good Lady.
*Imo* I false. Thy Conscience witnesse *Iachimo*,
Thou did'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dst like a Villaine, now, me thinkes

[illegible] goodenough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whose mercenarie was for painting) hath betrai'd him.
Poore I am heere, a Garment out of fashion
And for I am richer then to hang by th'wayes,
I meane to scape. To peeces with me. Oh
Meere Vowes are worne as Traitors. All good seeming
By thee to me put on, and I dare skorne
Destruction. Thou, thou Iustice that thy Ballance
Iust hangs in Heaven, and dost spit fire and flames
Immediately on Villaines,
*Pis.* Mistake me not
*Imo.* I doe not tell me so my deere, that Title
Is worne out of the Booke. Alas *Pisanio*,
Were man but constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fill'd with repentance all the ensuing Ages
And mended the Worlds memorie. Be constant now.
*Pis.* Whether constancie, or no, that I know not,
It is no Treason I am sure to hold
All Vertues in a Servant, as Truth, Diligence,
Secrecie, Obedience, and the rest that follow
To his Master, and the Master of his Master.
If ever Yet in all I did deserve your Chiding,
My Master, and makes me put into contempt the Suites
Of Princes, Fellowes shall be serv'd before
You Lord of Queenes. Come, you are angry.
*Imo.* Well, well, no more of it. Obedient Seruant,
For by that Name must I henceforth call thee,
Thou should'st to this hand of mine have writ
Command as great as any Monarchs, as
Obedient as the Scroule in the Booke.
Therefore to Milford-Haven. Sir, you something
Must know concerning me. O good *Pisanio*,
Could but my Lord perceive how fondly I
Dote on his false heart. But to your Charge.
What Art thou running hence, see thou do not
Linger to looke back on him, or begin
To call thy Master backe, or speake his name
Or weep that he is gone, you must suppresse
This Passion, least it betray you, and
Be pluckt back to his Torment.
*Pis.* Madam, so I do.
*Imo.* Nay, and you doe more than so, you marre
All that you undertake. Doe as I bid you,
Grieve as I would, spend a just teare for me,
For I must looke as if I had but lost
A Neighbours Slave, not my deere Lords
Who is the Map of him, no more of him.
*Pis.* Madam, I will.
*Imo.* Then if you can, downe to the Haven,
Follow the Story once more to the Sea,
And when you there have made me mocke the Mad,
That I so long have babled to the Billowes,
Marke the Encounter. Then returne
Before the Element visit you to day,
Least after your diurnall Performance,
All greedie Eare grow Violent. Farewell.
Away, away
Cut off the Remembrance of my Lord, you must
Be Souldier to me, and obey the Tenor
Of Princely Commaund. For I am proceeding
On Enterprize to him, though Parents frowne,
Though Feare, and Heauen crosse me, though my Marriage
Their sacred Vow, though every drop of Bloud
Should chide this Resolution, I will follow
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.
*Pis.* O gracious Lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this businesse,
I have not slept one wincke.
*Imo.* Do't, and to bed then.
*Pis.* Ile wake mine eye-balles first.
*Imo.* Wherefore then
Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time inviting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be unbent? when thou hast ta'ne thy stand,
Th'elected Deere before thee?
*Pis.* But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good Lady
Heare me with patience.
*Imo.* Talke thy tongue weary, speake
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein falsehood can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottome that. But speake
*Pis.* Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe
*Imo.* Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me
*Pis.* Not so neither.
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prosper well. You cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
Land-leager to this Aire, hath done you both
This cursed injurie.
*Imo.* Some Roman Curtezan?
*Pis.* No, on my life.
Ile give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirme it.
*Imo.* Why good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
*Pis.* If you'll backe to the Court,
*Imo.* No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing.
That Cloten, whose Love-suite hath been to me
As fearefull as a Siege.
*Pis.* If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine must you bide.
*Imo.* Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't,
In a great Pool a Swanne-lesse Pond, my life thinke
Is as deepe discredited as Roman.
*Pis.* I am most glad
You thinke of other place. Th'Ambassador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Haven
To morrow. Now if you could weare a mode
Darke as your Fortunes, and but disguise
That which t'appeare it self must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily neere
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourely to your eare
As truely as he moves.
*Imo.* O for such means,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would adventure.
*Pis.* Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command into obedience. Feare and Nicenesse
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty self) into a wagtish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd saucie and
As quarrelous as the Weazel. Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke

[illegible]

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter* [illegible]

*Cym.* [illegible]

*Luc.* [illegible]

[illegible]

*Cym.* [illegible]

*Luc.* [illegible]

[illegible]

*Cym.* [illegible] to that Office

[illegible]

[illegible]

*Luc.* [illegible]

[illegible] Lucius.

*Cym.* [illegible] *Exit Lucius, &c.*

[illegible] He goes hence frowning, but it honours us
That we haue giuen him cause.
*Clo.* 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.
*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.
*Qu.* 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appeard
Before the Romane, nor to vs hath tendred
The duty of the day. She looks vs like
A thing more made of neglect, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue been too slight in sufferance.
*Exit a Messenger.*
*Qu.* Royall Sir,
Since the exile of Belarius, he on whom
Our Highnesse hath conceyu'd a noble fury,
Exceeding loue to you, you were well ridded
Of a most banefull Officer. Imagine
*Cym.* Let
Her haue her way, she is not to be found
Who cannot find him: and not to be corrected
Is worse then said amisse. You in the enuy
Of your displeased Mother, which indeed
Goes very hard, but not seuerely enough,
And little for your vertues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now, where's the Queene?
*Mes.* Madam, she hath
Purpos'd her selfe to visit the Temple,
And looke gracious on the Troopes, which
*Qu.* My Lord, will I neuer
Come sooner to offend you, which hereafter
I shall be wisely warn'd to. Good my Liege,
Be merry in your knowledge and accepting
Of what we haue decreed. Fear not our care,
And be not you too sad.
*Imo.* Hauing vrg'd my part,
Cannot amend it.
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I shall be wisely warn'd to. Good my Liege,
Be merry in your knowledge and accepting
Of what we haue decreed. Fear not our care,
And be not you too sad.
*Imo.* Hauing vrg'd my part,
Cannot amend it.

[illegible]

## Scena Sexta.

[illegible]

Take, or lend. Hoa. No more. [Exeunt.]
bed drawn. Sword [illegible]
Master at the Sword [illegible] spoke on't.
Scena Sexta [illegible] Exit.

## Scena Septima.

[illegible] Arviragus
[illegible] welcome, and
A [illegible]
W[illegible] Cousin, what ha's
I [illegible] you
Be [illegible] Come, our Mistresse
[illegible] Weare [illegible]
[illegible]
Fa[illegible] Now peace be here,
Poore [illegible] keep here.
Cym. Thankes [illegible].
Arm. [illegible], yet from [illegible]
Cym. The [illegible] Cookes
Would [illegible] be Cooke
Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our [illegible], I should take
Heere were a Fary
Cym. What straunge matter, Sir
Bel. By [illegible] Angel [illegible]
As earthly Paragon. Beyond Duration
No clutter'd with a Boy
*Enter Imogen*
Imo. Good [illegible] not:
Before I [illegible] thee, [illegible] thought
I [illegible]
I [illegible], nor with [illegible]
Good [illegible]. Heere's my [illegible] my Meate,
I would [illegible]
As [illegible] my Meate, [illegible]
We [illegible]
Cym. My [illegible]
Arm. All [illegible] come to dust,
As 'tis no better [illegible]
We [illegible]
Imo. I [illegible]
Know, if you [illegible], I should
[illegible]
Bel. Where [illegible]?
Imo. To [illegible] Have.
Bel. What [illegible]?
Imo. Fa[illegible], who
Is bound [illegible] Mistrisse,
To whom [illegible] danger,
I am [illegible]
Be. Pray [illegible]
Thankes [illegible] out [illegible]
by this rude [illegible] We [illegible],
I want'd [illegible], we shall [illegible]
Ere you [illegible] to day, and taste
Boyes, you are welcome.
Gui. Were I a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty.
I [illegible],
Arm. Be [illegible] my Comfort
Here's a man [illegible] as my Brother
And [illegible]

After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be free as you [illegible], for you are [illegible] amongst Friends.
Imo. Amongst Friends?
If Brothers: would it had been so, that they
Had been my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Been [illegible], and so more equall ballasting
To thee *Posthumus*.
Bel. He wrings at some distresse.
Gui. Would I could free't.
Arm. Or, whate're [illegible],
Whate'er [illegible], what danger: Gods!
Bel. Heare me Boyes.
Imo. Great me,
That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend [illegible] vertues, and had the vertue
Which [illegible] Conscience seal to them, saying by
That nothing-gift of differing Multitudes
Could [illegible] peere these [illegible]. Pardon me Gods,
I'ld change my [illegible] to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* [illegible].
Bel. I [illegible] before.
Boyes: wee've [illegible] our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt speake it.
Gui. Pray draw neere.
Arm. The Night to th'Owle,
And Morne to the Larke less welcome.
Imo. Thankes Sir.
Arm. I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Octava.

*Enter two Roman Senators and Tribunes.*

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ,
That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia are
Full weake to undertake our Warres against
The [illegible] that we [illegible]
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
*Lucius* Pro Consul: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long is *Caesar*.
Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?
2. *Sen.* I.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1. *Sen.* With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levie
Must be supplyant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.
Tri. We will discharge our duty *Exeunt.*

# Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter [illegible] two [illegible]*

*Clot.* I am neere to the place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments serve me! Why should his Mistris who was made by him

that made the Taylor, not be it cool? The rather (saving
reuerence of the Word) for 'tis thought a Woman shall
comes by's there. I must pay the Workman, I dare
speake it to my owne, for 'tis not Vanity in one for a man,
and the Gaile, to confesse in his owne Chamber I meane,
the Lineaments my body are as well drawne as his
[illegible] more stirring, more euident, more certaine, more
[illegible] beyond him in some one Article.
[illegible] Where is my Master? *Pisanio*, my Head will [illegible]
[illegible] Scene, [illegible] Mistresse,
[illegible] all [illegible] Ear [illegible]
[illegible] Mother [illegible] Bellarius [illegible]
[illegible] Sword [illegible] neither [illegible]
[illegible] euery [illegible] see [illegible]
and the [illegible] not deceiue me. *Exit*

## *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus and Imogen from the Caue.*

*Bel.* You are not well (Remember [illegible] Cadence,
Welcome to your Winter Hearing.
*Arui.* Welcome, my Heere
Are we not Brothers?
*Imo.* So man and man should be,
But [illegible] and Clay, [illegible]
Were I [illegible] alike. I am very [illegible],
[illegible] Go not about my Sex, I doubt it not Sir.
*Imo.* So I hope I am not, yet I am not well.
But not [illegible] as
To [illegible] to dye, ere [illegible] please you, leaue me,
Stick to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach enough. I am sick: for your being by me
[illegible] the Society is no comfort
[illegible] sociable. I am not very sicke,
[illegible] pray you stay here,
[illegible] a worse [illegible]
Stead my [illegible].
*Gui.* I [illegible] I haue [illegible]
[illegible] Country, I wish [illegible],
As [illegible] my Father.
*Bel.* What [illegible]?
*Arui.* I [illegible] to Cry to 'Sh? Forsake me
Lest [illegible] Fairies and [illegible] know not why
I [illegible] and I haue heere you all,
[illegible] Treason, [illegible] Treason. The Heere at doore,
And [illegible] I [illegible] dye, I'le stay.
My [illegible]
*Bel.* [illegible]
O [illegible], Nature breeds Gentlenesse!
[illegible] Cowards & Beetles [illegible]
No [illegible], and Brasse, Courage, and Grace.
[illegible] Father yet were this [illegible],
[illegible] would better seeme.
[illegible] Mome.
*Arui.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye [illegible]
*Arui.* You [illegible] so please you Sir.
*Imo.* [illegible] Creatures.
Cause, what yet I [illegible]
Our Courtiers say, all's [illegible] Court
[illegible], and [illegible] Rome
[illegible] as [illegible] Dish,
Poore Tributaries, [illegible]
[illegible] are [illegible]
[illegible] Image
[illegible]
[illegible] betweene [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible],
*Arui.* [illegible] one, cry'd [illegible] together,
[illegible]
*Bel.* [illegible]
We'll [illegible] sometime, come answer'd.
*Arui.* [illegible]
*Bel.* [illegible]
For you must [illegible]
*Imo.* Well, [illegible]
[illegible], *Exit*
[illegible] Are [illegible]
Two [illegible] were I [illegible] happier Caues [illegible] and
Gentler [illegible]
*Arui.* [illegible] Angels [illegible]
[illegible] Cowards,
[illegible] Rocks, Caues,
As [illegible] Brothers, as [illegible],
As [illegible]
*Arui.* [illegible]
As [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] Temple
[illegible] Soule
[illegible] Aye
[illegible]
[illegible] Sayes [illegible]
[illegible],
The [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]
*Arui.* [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] Creatures [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible]
*Bel.* [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] that [illegible]
Hath [illegible].
*Bel.* [illegible]
[illegible] know [illegible]
[illegible] I [illegible] Ambush.
I [illegible], and yet
I know't [illegible] Heere
[illegible] you, and [illegible]
[illegible], pray you away,
Let [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Mountaines?
[illegible] What, [illegible]?
[illegible]
[illegible] Answering
[illegible]
[illegible], [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible] Therse.
[illegible]? Haue not I
An [illegible] Heart, [illegible]
[illegible] for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

[illegible] What company
[illegible]
[illegible] Noble
Cymbeline [illegible] Britaine, at Cesars
[illegible] Sonne: I long as first
[illegible] Queene, I, and at
[illegible] Nor feare,
[illegible] could stare him and
[illegible] were one, strong: perhaps
[illegible] Court, for wee
[illegible], Seruice, as hard-lawes, and in time
[illegible] trooper can, I dare it: cheering,
[illegible] breake her and weare
[illegible] probable
[illegible] bring, the Capers ground we feare,
[illegible] feare the bodyguard to take
Macedon, was [illegible] he was
[illegible] I could haue
[illegible] Noble Fidele
[illegible] Boy Fidele sicknesse
[illegible], may [illegible]
[illegible] sweet,
[illegible] throat, I haue true
[illegible] Creeke
[illegible] Sea,
[illegible] once Queene,
[illegible] Euill
[illegible] or lost (though valour
[illegible] deme Polidore
[illegible] Reuenges
[illegible] would teare vs through
[illegible] for danger
[illegible] to our Rocke,
[illegible] delay
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] blood,
[illegible]. Exit.
[illegible] Fidele
[illegible] thou blazon'st
[illegible], But yet they are as gentle
As [illegible] Violet,
[illegible] and answer, as rough
[illegible] the rudest winde,
[illegible] not take the Mountaine Pine,
As [illegible] peere. Vse. I'm wonder
That a [illegible] should name them
[illegible], honour vnsought,
[illegible] from other Valour
That [illegible] growes in them, hee's a crop
As [illegible] fowl'd yet, 'tis strange
What [illegible] here to vs portentous,
Or what [illegible] vs.

*Enter Guiderius.*

*Gui.* Where's my Brother?

I have sent Cloten walking not to bed
In Embassie to her Mother his Bodies hostage
For his return.
*Bel.* My ingenuous instrument,
(Hearke *Polydore*, it sounds but what occasion
Hath Cloten thus now to give notice, hearke.
*Gui.* Is he at home?
*Bel.* He went hence even now.
*Gui.* What does he meane?
Since death of my dear Mother
It hath not visited his
Should answer
Two
Is't day
Is't
*Bel.* Look
And
O
*Arm.* I
I have
Have kept from Cocke
I have
Cloten's
My Brother wears
As
*Bel.* O Master
As
The Gods
Must
Not
Repeat
*Gui.* Where?
*Arm.* O
His
My
Answer
*Gui.* Why
I'le
With
And
*Arm.* With
Will
Or
Of
Or
Or
Or
To
*Gui.* Prethee
And
With
And
Is
*Arm.* Say where

*Gui.* By good *Euripide*, our Mother
*Arm.* Beetle
And
Have
As
Save
*Bel.* Hear
For Cloten
Hewes
(
Yet
Were
*Arm.* Peace
*Bel.* Nay
Mate
*Arm.* Hush
*Gui.* Nay
*Arm.* So, so.

SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heate o' the Sunne,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and tane thy wages
Golden lads and girles all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust.
Fear no more the frowne o' the great,
Thou art past the Tyrants stroake,
Care no more to clothe and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must
All follow this, and come to dust.
*Gui.* Fidele's more than dead.
*Arm.* Boy
*Gui.* Why
*Arm.* Should
*Bel.* Hark
*Gui.* Are
*Arm.* Consider
*Gui.* Or
Have
Or
Or
Or
*Arm.* Or
*Gui.* Or
Have
*Arm.* Or
*Gui.* Or
Have
*Arm.* Or
*Gui.* Or
Have

*Imo.*

Yet Sacred Murther, how it walkes the way
[illegible] thy love are neither?
Oh [illegible]
I have [illegible]
[illegible]
I shall [illegible] Where
I shall [illegible] I have [illegible]
[illegible]
I was [illegible]
And [illegible]
Thou [illegible]
With the [illegible] Eyes, Ever eye,
[illegible] Good faith
[illegible]
You [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] make us
[illegible]
[illegible] Summer
[illegible]
Hath [illegible]
Enchaw [illegible] face—
Murther [illegible] one *Hamo*,
[illegible] *Hercules* Greeke,
And [illegible] to boot [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] I sweare I read,
He [illegible] Dam[illegible]
His [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Where [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
I [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

A maiden fle, of which her life's in danger. Heauens,
How dee, 'y you at once do touch me. *In open.*
The great part of my comfort, gone. My Queene
Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time
When feareful Warres point at me. Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present: it stroakes me, ay?
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seeme so ignorant, we'l force it from thee
By a sharpe Torture.
*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours
I haue by fetch at your will. But for my Mistris,
I nothing know where she remaines (why gone,
Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant.
*Lord.* Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here,
I dare be bound he's true and shall performe
All parts of his subiection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.
*Cym.* The time is troublesome.
We'l slippe you for a season, but our iealousie
Do's yet depend.
*Lord.* So please your Maiesty,
The Roman Legions all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
Of Romane Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.
*Cym.* Now for the Counsell of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.
*Lord.* Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſſe (ready-
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The worlds, but to put those Powres in motion,
That long to moue.
*Cym.* I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the time as it seekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We grieue at chances here. Away. *Exeunt*
*Pisa.* I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange.
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke
Wherein I am falſe, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th'King, or I'le fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. *Exit*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus*

*Gui.* I cannot finde those Runnagates, that haue
*Bel.* I saw them not.
*Arui.* What pleasures, would the finde in this, to locke it
From Action, and Aduenture.
*Gui.* Nay what hope
Haue we in hiding vs? For this way the Romanes
Must or for Britaines slay vs, or receiue vs
For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During this life, we still day-light feare

*Bel.* Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure vs.
To the King's party there's no going: newnesse
Of *Cloten's* death (we being not knowne, not muſſer'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd, and so extort from's that
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.
*Gui.* This (sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor satisfying vs.
*Arui.* It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horſes neigh,
Behold their Quarters with their trampling broke
And expectation clowded with their dust,
That we will stay to question: poore the day,
To know from whence we are.
*Bel.* O, I am known
Of many in the Army. Many yeeres
(Though Cloten then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deseru'd my seruice, nor your loues,
Who finds in my exile the wrong I bore
The certainty of this hard life: aye hopelesse
To haue the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be paſt the Suns remotest Line,
To land vpon a Shore of Venus,
*Gui.* Leaue vs to
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to th' Army
I am not growne so tender: but I haue
Therein a mind that dares me to a greater care,
Then dare for what.
*Arui.* By heauens I do not know
Why I can owe my Country more, then you:
You haue me, rather you my Father. Such
For loue, you call me Brother, and such we are
For loue, and duty, and as he hates our hinderer
Let him finde fortune's stormes as we do his,
Who seeks a minute what a life together
May make vp to a yeare. Goe with me as with
Your Father: for your kindnes I will thanke you
Like Brothers, and command as Masters, actiue
As Knights of Rome, and no lesſe honoured
Then Captaines of Cassibelan. Sir, you
Are not your Children yet, but they are mine:
For this from stiller seates we look not on,
Then when they sit on Thrones, nor do we meane
To know (before the dreſſed) how many
Wounds make a seruice: nor how many dead
Prouoke a slaughter. Were the matter mine,
If all the Legions of the Empire stood
Leuied to make this day good, I would
Not draw a Target in't, nor helpe to saue
The life of any Roman. Pray you now,
You and your sonne are well met: the day
Your enemies power gathers, we shall stretch
Our vtmost vertues well in't. I am gone.
Looke through a Rocke, and goe to Duty with you.
*Bel.* Well said, braue Boyes,
Would Nature that you were not (as you are)
My Children: you haue such a Father there:
But (what thing'ſt thou) that I could not looke dead,
Did I stand by thy wife? Thou'ſt stroke me, Boy,
To the worlds mirth, and mine, where I did scarce
Know sorrow further off. But thy faire Mother,
And my good Mistris, would haue answer'd well
Her Sonnes reproofe. Who shall I swear is false?
Pisanio? Haue I not seene him true?
Or Imogen? That any humane power
Could driue me to a thought of falſehood in her?
Nor tremble at the thought. Yet I did more than
To looke vpon the bloody Cloten, to haue
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne.
*Gui.* By heauens I'le go
If you will bleſſe me Sir, and giue me leaue,
I'le take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans.
*Arui.* So say I, Amen.
*Bel.* No reason I (since of your liues you set
So slight a valuation) should reſerue mine
My crooked life more care. Haue with you Boyes.
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my bed too Lads, and there I lye.
Lead, lead. The time seemes long, their blood thinks scorne
Till it flye out and show them Princes borne. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Posthumus alone*

*Post.* Yea bloody cloth, I'le keep thee, for I wish'd thee.
Shall after quit my mone. Can skill in Wounds
Haue seene more, and from whence? Come on, how many
Haue with a Wound made better these, then these
Those

## Scena Secunda.

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Enchantment, and a Roman Lord.*

*Lor.* Cam'st thou from Rome? when we set out they made the land?

*Ench.* [illegible]

*Lor.* [illegible]

*Ench.* [illegible]

*Lor.* [illegible]

*Ench.* [illegible]

*Lor.* [illegible]

Scæna Quarta.

To tame a Noble part & braine, with needlesse trouble,
And to become the geeke and scorne o'th others vlany-
2 *Bro.* For vs, from farther Seas we came,
our Parents, and vertue,
That strikes [illegible] our Countries cause,
to braces, and were [illegible]
Our Fealty, & Tenants [illegible], with Honor to maintaine.
1 *Bro.* Like hardned [illegible] Pannonian hath
to Cynthia's [illegible]
Then Iupiter [illegible] Oakes, my wife [illegible] adiourn'd
The Graces [illegible] Mercy rode, be[illegible] doores turn'd?
*Sicil.* The Christall window ope, looke,
looke out, no longer exercise
Vpon a valiant Race, your selfe, your [illegible]
*Mach.* Since vp[illegible] our Soules grow,
take off his miseries.
*Sicil.* Peepe through [illegible] Marble Mansion, keepe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry
To th'shining Synod of the rest, against a [illegible]
*Brothers.* Hope ([illegible]) or we appeale,
and [illegible]
*Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vpon an Eagle: he throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*
*Iupiter.* No more you petty Spirits of Prouidence
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt you know)
Sky-planted batt'ring all rending Oake,
Poore shadowes of Elizium, peace, and rest
Vpon your never-withering banks of flowres,
Be not with mortall accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I loue, I croſſe; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted: be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will uphold
His Comforts ſtrucke, his Ire, as we are neere,
Our louing Starre reigne on a Birth, a [illegible]
Our Temple was he married. Riſe, and hence,
He ſhall be Lord of Lady, Queene.
And happier much by his Affliction made
This Ile ſhall vnto his Britaine, and his
Our pleaſure, his full Fortune, doth confeſſe,
Add to away no farther with your noyſe
Expreſſe Impatience, eaſily will vs pleaſe:
Mount Eagle to my Palace Cryſtalline. *Aſcends*
*Sicil.* He came in Thunder, his Celeſtiall breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the fiery Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Aſcention is
More ſweet then our bleſt Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloves his Beake,
As when his God is pleaſed.
*All.* Thankes Iupiter.
*Sicil.* The Marble Pauement cloſes, he is entered
His radiant Roofe. Away, and to be ſtill
Let vs [illegible] what's not to be tri'd. *Vaniſh*
*Poſt.* Sleepe, ſlaue, and thinke of this: a Garment ſhe,
A Father to me, and thou haſt created
A Mother and two Brothers. But how came
Good [illegible] and Harſh: Faire Weather comes, that depend
On Creatures, Fauour, Dreame as I haue done,
Wake and find nothing. But alas I ſwerue.
Many [illegible] are the Aduerſities of darkneſſe,
And cheriſh'd [illegible] Errour, ſo am I
That [illegible] Gaoler cleare, and knowe not why.
What's yonder that [illegible] this ground? A Booke. O rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers
As good as promiſe.

*Reades*

*When as a Lyons whelpe ſhall to himſelfe vnknowne, without ſeeking finde, and be imbraced by a peece of tender Aire: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after reuiue, be ioyned to the ſtocke, and freſher grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flowriſh in Peace and Plentie.*

'Tis ſtill a Dreame: or elſe ſuch ſtuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or ſenſeleſſe ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot vnrowle. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for ſimpathy.

*Enter Gaoler.*

*Gao.* Come Sir, are you ready for death?
*Poſt.* Ouer-roaſted rather: ready long ago.
*Gao.* Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well Cook'd.
*Poſt.* So I hope a good repaſt to the Spectators, the diſh payes that ſhot.
*Gao.* A heauy reckoning for you Sir. But the comfort is you ſhall be cal'd to no more payments, leaſt to mere Tuctoe Pigs, which are often the ſadneſſe of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: ſorry that you are payed too much, and ſcarſe and Browne, both empty: the Brauer he beares, for being too light, the Purſe too light, being drawne of teares: the Cord, in contradiction you ſhall now loſe for the want of a penny Cord, it ſtrikes vpon mine owne account. You haue no more Debtor, and Creditor but it: of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge: your neceſſity Sir, is this booke and Counters; to the Acquittance it owes.
*Poſt.* I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.
*Gao.* Indeed Sir he that ſleepes, feeles not the Toothache: but a man that were to ſleepe your ſleepe, and a hangman to helpe him to bed: I think he would change places with his Officer: for look you Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.
*Poſt.* Yes indeed do I, fellow.
*Gao.* Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not ſeene him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your ſelfe that which I am ſure you do not know: or iump the after-inquiry on your owne peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your iourneyes end, I thinke you'l neuer returne to tell one.
*Poſt.* I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as winke, and will not vſe them.
*Gao.* What an infinite mocke is this, that a man ſhould haue the beſt vſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſſe: I am ſure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Priſoner to the King.
*Poſt.* Thou bring'ſt good newes, I am call'd to be made free.
*Gao.* I'le be hang'd then.
*Poſt.* Thou ſhalt be then freer then a Gaoler, no bolts for

for the dead.

*Gen.* Vnleſſe a man would marry a Gallowes & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer ſaw one ſo prone: yet on my Conſcience, there are verie Knaues deſire to liue, for all he be a Roman, and there be ſome of them too that die againſt their wils; ſo hould I if I were one. I ſhould we were all for one minute, and then to come againe to my preſent paine, but my will hath a ſtrange deſire to ſtay

*Exeunt*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline Queene Cornelius, Ladies, Lords, Pisanio, and Lucius.*

*Cym* Stand by me, Cornelius, ſtand: I am
Prethee ſolace my Heart, wee is my heart,
That the poore Soules that ſtand in feare of me
Whoſe raggies, ſhaming gilded Armes, that make
Their baſeneſſe (more apparant) cannot be ſtain'd
Neſſe, be happy that can make their peace
Our Grace can ſeale vnto
*Luc.* I neuer ſaw
Such Noble fury in ſo poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promiſes
But beggery, and poore lookes.
*Cym.* No tydings of him?
*Pisa.* He hath been ſearch'd among the dead & living
But no trace of him
*Cym.* To my griefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward: which (I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart and Braine of Britaine)
By whom I grant he liues. Tis your part
To ſeale it (where you ſee) beyond it.
*Bel.* Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen
Further to boaſt, were neyther true nor modeſt,
Vnleſſe I adde, we are honeſt.
*Cym* Bow your knees:
Ariſe my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your eſtates.
*Enter Cornelius and Ladies.*
There's buſineſſe in theſe faces: why ſo ſorrie?
Greet you our Victorie? you know not how
A mother of Great Britaine
*Corn.* Hayle great King,
To ſowre your happineſſe I muſt report
The Queene is dead.
*Cym* Who worſe than a Phyſitian
Would this report become? but I conſider,
By Medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?
*Corn.* With horror, madly dying like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Moſt cruell to her ſelfe. What'ſ more to fear'd,
I was to report to your Maieſtie: the Queene
Cam'ſt in her Cloſet; where we (with wet cheekes
Were preſent) ſeeing her diſtilled
*Cym* Prythee ſay
*Corn.* Firſt ſhe confeſſ'd ſhe never lou'd you: only
Affected Greatneſſe got by you, not you
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your perſon
*Cym* She alone knew this:
And but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed
*Corn* Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to loue
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſſe
Was as a Scorpion to her ſight, whoſe ſting
(Whilſt yet ſhe had her powre to finde the life
Of her deſigne) ſhe did confeſſe ſhee had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waſte you. In which time ſhe purpoſed
(By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſes) to
Oreome you with her ſhew, and in time
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft to worke)
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne.
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Growing ſhame-ſtricken at her impudence,
Dreaded Gods anger, haſted her to exact
Her ſeaſon'd death.
*Cym.* Heard you all this her Women?
*Lad.* We did ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe.
*Cym* Mine eares
Were not nice to ſo foule a Speech: which leaues
Me cares (that I ſhould feare) nor griefe, nor ſtay
For in a Miſtreſſe which I thought her Huſband
Hath her not only dyed poyſoner to me,
But fell & bitter. A Miſtreſſe to my Bed,
Such a Traytreſſe to my Throne, that ſtriues
To take from me the day-light. Out of doores,
Stay not to anſwer me: eſcape the preſence
Of my incenſed eye, leſt what is paſt
Should take new form in you. Our ſorrowes were
Eaſie, if ſharpe ſenſe (as their ſtrong motiue is)
Could make an end of all. Proceed Cornelius,
How does the Queene?
*Corn.* She ſtrangled her Women
*Luc.* Worſe and worſe:
Poore Ladies will be found as full of Cruelty
And power (if they will practiſe) as their Lords.
This comes too ſtrong a ſtreſſe: if ſhe had liu'd
Long, it is like ſhe did not thinke you fit
For more than ſorrow. Will you heare more?
*Cym* Like a bell
Downe-beaten with the ſame meaſure he
Which he times others. You haue ſtaid me long:
Expect me not without more ſtrength, leſt I
Chance to ſtumble: Hee that comes alone
To ſeeke a ſtranger without bloud, I know
Feares worſe than death, and death it ſelfe. You do
Like Theeues, who ſtanding in their owne offence,
Preſume that Iuſtice hath it ſelfe condemn'd
What it does threaten. Let me haue no more
Of your reſpect than in our Princely ſeruice
You did deſerue accompt vpon your Honours,
And ſcarce ſhall haue the Cuſtome. Baſhfull ſinne
Keepes honeſt Creatures dumbe. Morne, and next day
Expect to be commanded: prythee Cornelius,
Withdraw, and take the Ladies. Who is next?
*Exeunt Cornelius and Ladies.*
Then comes the time
Of thoſe foule deeds your wrongs haue often done
Vnchaſtiſed by Lords. Be not as theſe are,
Afraid to ſpeake at full. Pisanio,
Stand forth: and by thy bluſhes, let me read
What thy tongue dares not: whom doſt thou yet adore
Hath thy maſter
*Pisa.* Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to loue
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſſe
Was as a Scorpion to her ſight, whoſe ſting
(Whilſt yet ſhe had her powre to finde the life
Of her deſigne) ſhe did confeſſe ſhee had
For you a mortall Mineral

Some

[illegible] a Traitor.
*Cym.* Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.
*Pis.* Not too hot:
First pay me for the Nurse-hood of your Sonnes,
[illegible] the cost of their lost
[illegible]
*Cym.* Nurse of my Sonnes?
*Pis.* I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee:
[illegible] Sonnes,
[illegible] Mighty Sir
[illegible]
And [illegible] Lords, to my Legge,
[illegible]
*Cym.* How now Pisanio?
*Clo.* Sonnes, your Fathers loue (*Megge*)
And Brothers: when you lou'd me boy so much
Your pleasure was my neere offence: my punishment
Itselfe, and all my Treason: that I suffer
[illegible] Three gentle Graues
(For [illegible] two yeares ouerwatch'd my yeares
Haue wasted poore Arthegall and me: alas
(Good mother-in-law. My breeding was sir)
As you haue mine: Leonatus Posthumus
Whom [illegible] Iachimo wedded: [illegible]
Vpon my Father-banishment: his Father,
[illegible] the publike state of
[illegible] which had then Heire-hope of Britaine,
Lou'd him as I did: Oh Heire of Britaine,
Let it be sung for Treason, That I lou'de,
[illegible] more then life:
[illegible] But pardon Sir,
[illegible] and I must loose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
[illegible] Heauen
All [illegible] like dew, as they are wasted
Tom-by [illegible]
*Cym.* Thou weep'st and speak'st
The Seruice [illegible]
Vouchsafe [illegible] children,
[illegible] I knew [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Starre,
[illegible]
[illegible] Pompe
was [illegible]
[illegible]
A [illegible] Nere Mother
Receiue [illegible], as you be,
That [illegible] from you Orbes,
[illegible] Oh *Imogen*,
[illegible]
[illegible] But O my gent'le brothers,
[illegible]

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed.
*Cym.* Did you ere meete?
*Arm.* I my good Lord.
*Gui.* And at first meeting lou'd,
Continu'd so, vntil we thought he dyed.
*Cor.* By the Queenes Drammes she swallow'd.
*Cym.* O rare instinct!
When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgement,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Roman Captiue?
How parted with your Brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you not to me? And with what stricture?
All your three Actions with the Basenesse wrapt
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the Time by euery what? How time,
From what (there's but an houre since it was Morne)
Vnto this instant? Name, Birth, Parentage?
Of euery these are yet vnspoken, and hearke Boy
Immediately.
*Pos.* Let me pause.
The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better.
*Cym.* Nobly doom'd.
We'll learne our freedome of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.
*Arm.* You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.
*Post.* Your Seruant princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Soothsayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle backt
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I waked, I found
This Label on my bosome, whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can

Make

Master Collect. not to. Let him shew
His skill in the contraction.
*Luc. Pontremus.*
*South.* Here, my good Lord.
*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Reads*

When as I was sending letters [illegible]
[illegible]
Are [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
For I cannot speak (I know) to Volumnia,
The [illegible]
Being *Leonatus* [illegible]
To speed to her, and Valeria, and the rest
Where we can [illegible]
We cannot *Marcius*, what [illegible]
Is not so [illegible]
A sworn gulf of [illegible]
Vnless we come to you suddenly, we are gone
With [illegible]
*Cym.* This is most fearful.
*South.* Therefore [illegible]
Pertonates thee. And thy [illegible]
Thy two Sonnes [illegible]
For many yeares [illegible]
To see Marcius Coriolanus [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
My [illegible]
Although [illegible]
And [illegible]
To [illegible]
We [illegible]
We [illegible]
Have [illegible]
[illegible]
To [illegible]
Which [illegible]
O [illegible]
In [illegible]
From [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
In [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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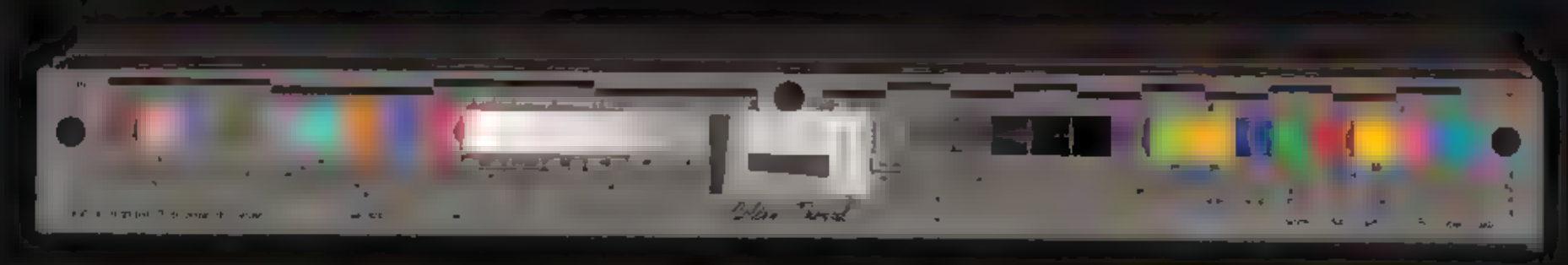

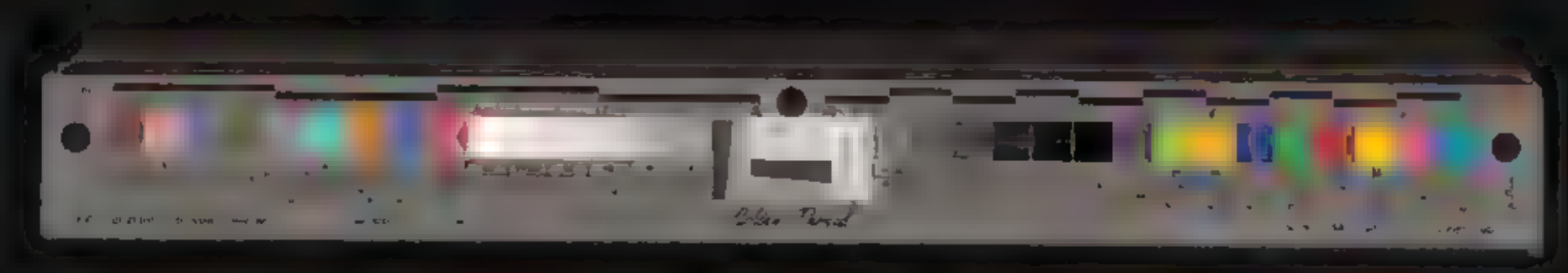

SHAKESPEA
WORKS